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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

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VOLUME XLII.

PART I.—NOVEMBER, 1914, TO APRIL, 1915.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME XLII.

### PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1914, TO APRIL, 1915.





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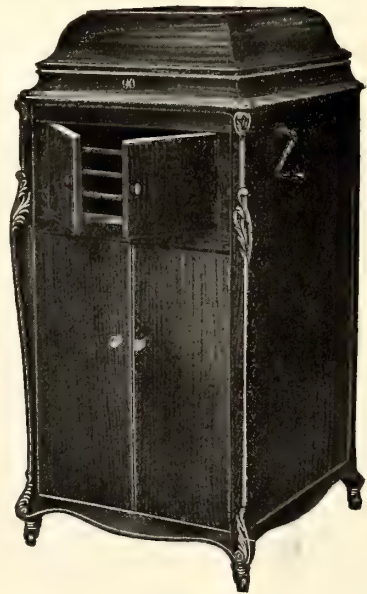
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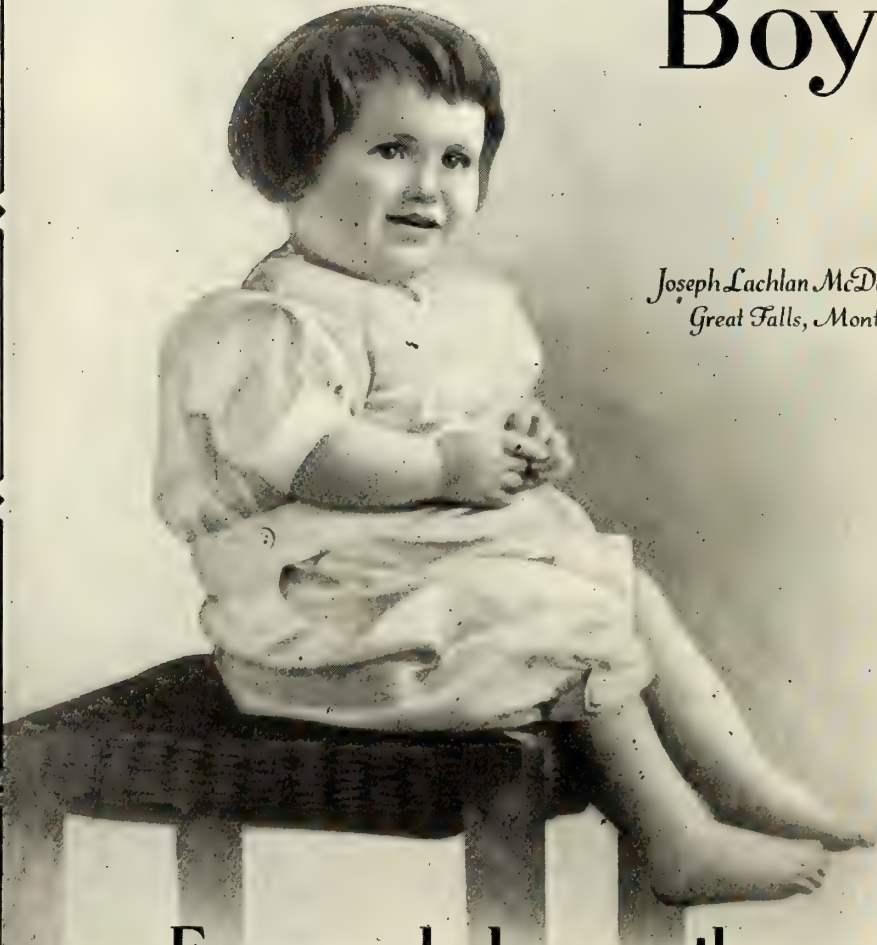
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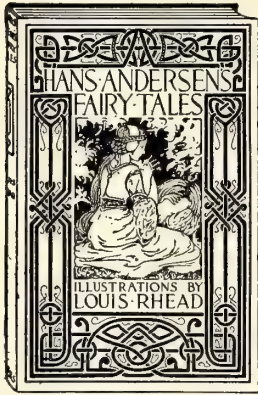
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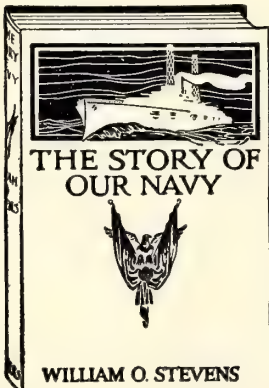


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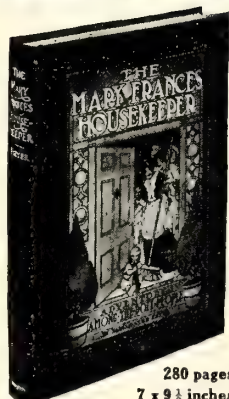
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, beginning with this November number, will interpret to its readers what lies back of the bare facts of bulletin and despatch. A notable group of CENTURY contributors is already engaged on this important work.

In New York, W. Morgan Shuster, author of "The Strangling of Persia," and Samuel P. Orth, professor at Cornell University, will write of the war and its effects from an ethnic and political point of view.

From London, James Davenport Whelpley, author of "The Trade of the World" and of recent CENTURY papers on diplomacy, will contribute articles dealing with the personalities of the war lords and the spirit of the nations.

Estelle Loomis, the brilliant short story writer, now in Paris, will be sending THE CENTURY sketches of vivid human interest.

Dr. Hendrik Van Loon, historian and journalist, has gone to his native land, Holland, where he will write of the Lowlands in wartime.

Arthur Bullard, the well-known novelist and travel writer, is to leave for Europe in the near future with a roving commission from THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. His mission is to help build the literature that will grow out of the war itself.

## CHEERFUL *Short Stories*

Stories that present the brilliant, the unusual, and the humorous side of life will be one of the main features of the magazine each month. Among the contributors:

ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT	HARVEY O'HIGGINS
HOLWORTHY HALL	ALICE HEGAN RICE
JEAN WEBSTER	CAROLINE DUER
ESTELLE LOOMIS	JULIAN STREET
JENNETTE LEE	KATHERINE F. GEROULD
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD	MAX BEERBOHM
ELLIS PARKER BUTLER	STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN
ETC., ETC., ETC.	

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 Such a Little Queen, with Mary Pickford as the Star  
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 Marta of the Lowlands, with Mme. Bertha Kalich  
 The Man from Home, with Charles Richman

What's His Name, with Max Figman  
 Wildflower, with Marguerite Clark as the Star  
 Where the Trail Divides, with Robert Edeson  
 The County Chairman, with Maclyn Arbuckle  
 Behind the Scenes, with Mary Pickford  
 Rose of the Rancho, with Bessie Bariscale as the Star  
 The Man from Mexico, with John Barrymore  
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# ST. NICHOLAS

*for* 1915

is to have a twelve-month serial, a stirring and beautiful romance of today

## THE LOST PRINCE

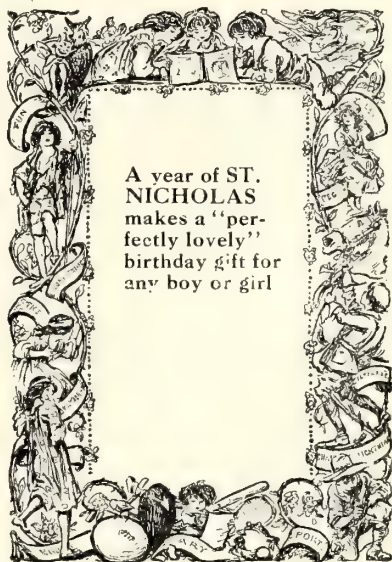
*by*

### Frances Hodgson Burnett

With the November number, ST. NICHOLAS, universally recognized for three generations as the ideal magazine for young folk and for all who would keep young in mind and heart, begins the forty-second volume, with a program of special richness and variety.

*See next page*

# St. Nicholas for 1915



Around the legend of the Lost Prince told in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, Mrs. Burnett has woven with surpassing skill and art the beautiful story that is to be published in the new year of ST. NICHOLAS. For her hero, the young "Prince of Samavia," is the descendant in our own time of the Lost Prince who vanished five hundred years ago; and his story is that of a boy who is a prince but does not know he is one, though he has always the noble image of a prince before him—making his way through Europe in the guise of a stalwart little tramp but secretly carrying a sign and a message to stray men in crowded streets, at palace gates, in forest and on mountain sides—he himself ignorant of all but that he must obey and pass on in silence. Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will want to follow the story of

## The Lost Prince

By

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

While the legend of which the Lost Prince is the central figure belongs to an actual country, his beautiful "Samavia"—like the mythical land of Zenda—may not be found in any atlas. Yet so powerful is the wizardry of Mrs. Burnett's art that it seems quite as real to us as any principality out-lined on the map of Europe. Indeed the reader is tempted to place a finger upon the very spot where it ought to be; and, as with Fauntleroy, will be sure to declare that, whether these beautiful and thrilling incidents ever happened or not, they certainly ought to have happened and in just the way in which they are depicted in the story.

Every long story by Mrs. Burnett bears the impress of her genius, and is a work of literature, and the narrative of "The Lost Prince" will win all hearts as one of the finest romances which its beloved author has given to the world.



# St. Nicholas for 1915

Among the other serials of the new volume will be the one beginning in this number written by special request of many St. NICHOLAS readers

## Peg o' the Ring or, A Maid of Denewood

By Emilie Benson Knipe  
and Alden Arthur Knipe

The authors of this story contributed to St. NICHOLAS three years ago the serial "A Lucky Sixpence," a full-fledged novel for boys and girls abounding in surprises and telling incidents. It met with instant popularity both as a serial and in book form. And so the further fortunes of its leading characters were narrated in a sequel, "Beatrice of Denewood," published the next year. And now comes the third and final story of the set, in which *Peggy* of Denewood, a bewitching little figure in these stories, meets with a series of adventures quite as interesting and exciting as those of the two preceding books.

The third story, intended mainly for girls but of interest to the whole family, and with a remarkable mystery element which will keep all its readers in eager suspense, is

## The Boarded-up House

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

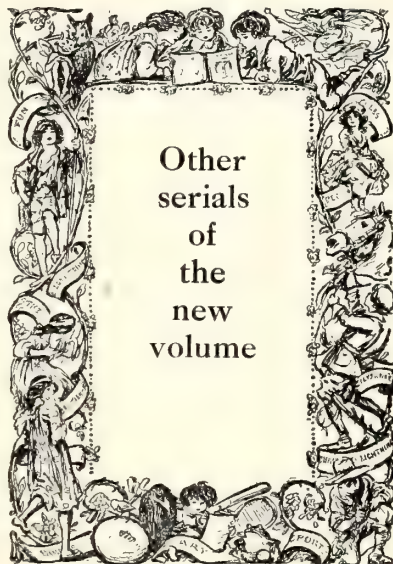
author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-pigeons," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," "Little Mam'selle of the Wilderness," etc.

How the two girl chums invaded "the boarded-up house" to rescue their impetuous cat, Goliath, when he plunged through one of its cellar windows, what mysteries they found there, and how they unraveled them, make as tense a narrative as a good detective story; and their redemption of "the boarded-up house" is a beautiful climax to a very unusual and entertaining story.

Still another serial, though a short one, is intended for younger boys and girls, and bears the pretty title of

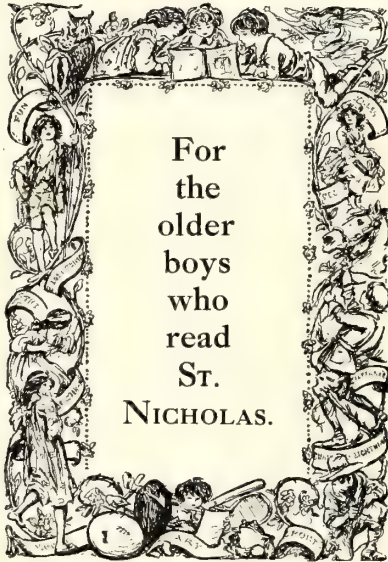
## Silverheels

a story of a wandering boy and his wonderfully trained horse, written by Gabrielle E. Jackson, whose well-known story of "Denise and Ned Toodles" (a charming little pony), delighted St. NICHOLAS readers some years ago. Since that initial success, Mrs. Jackson has published some twenty-four books for young readers, and "Silverheels" will be widely welcomed by the thousands of her boy and girl friends.





# St. Nicholas for 1915



As for the older boys who read ST. NICHOLAS—the new volume will offer them so many attractive features that only a few of them can be mentioned here. One of the best is a serial which a boy who has read it describes as “a rattling good adventure yarn,” with the alluring title of

## Chained Lightning by Ralph Graham Taber

author of many short stories and poems in leading periodicals, and of a series of arctic tales entitled “Northern Lights and Shadows.”

“Chained Lightning” contains a wealth of exciting incidents and happenings, as well as of beautiful description. It narrates the adventures (and real adventures they are!) of two American boys who are telegraphers at lonely stations on a western railway, and who resolve to go to Mexico in search of a less humdrum life and incidentally of a gold mine. But it is no mere travelogue, for its chronicles are as vivid as a moving-picture show, and in the main are based on fact. The author, when scarcely more than a boy, became a telegraph operator, went to Mexico and worked on the construction of the Mexican Central Railway, and thence up the route which the story describes to Acapulco. Many of the other characters were drawn from life.

For the pluck and luck of these boys in the Mexican wonderland, “Chained Lightning” is a fitting title. And the way in which the chapters are strung together—by a wire of electric terms, so to speak—will appeal to all boys of a mechanical turn of mind or who are interested in electricity. For instance:

**Part I: Key and Sounder**

**Part III: Shocks and Flashes**

**Part II: Sparks and Larks**

**Part IV: Pluck and Luck**

**Part V: The Completed Circuit**

DEAR SIRs:

### *A Letter from a Friend*

Enclosed find check to cover the subscription price of ST. NICHOLAS for one year. We have been subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS for eight years at least. It is a household necessity to old and young alike.

Its stories are clean, healthy, strong, helpful, and true to the best ideals of manhood and womanhood. The money invested in these years I have counted as a gilt edge investment for my girls. We do not want to miss a number.

As a minister it helps me to keep in touch with the young people in the most wholesome way. I have recommended it to a number of families.

Yours for the success of old ST. NICHOLAS,

Rev. \_\_\_\_\_

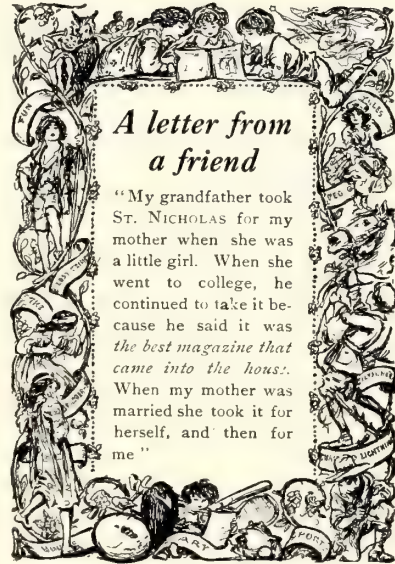
# St. Nicholas for 1915

The new volume will make an especial feature too of

## Practical Mechanics for Boys

in fact the pages devoted to this subject will virtually mean a new department for the magazine. The countless things that boys can do and make will receive more attention than ever before, both in the way of special articles and of numerous brief items with photographs and explanatory diagrams.

But "doing things" and playing games are not all there is of life, and the devotion to art and literature which has made ST. NICHOLAS, from the first, a welcome and beloved guest in thousands of homes and schools will be maintained and advanced in the issues for the coming year.



### *A letter from a friend*

"My grandfather took ST. NICHOLAS for my mother when she was a little girl. When she went to college, he continued to take it because he said it was the best magazine that came into the house. When my mother was married she took it for herself, and then for me."

## Books and Reading

so ably conducted by Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, will present, during the winter, a series of articles, in Miss Hawthorne's most appreciative style, concerning the great writers of recent times who have established, and will always hold, an imperishable claim upon the interest and affection of young readers. Three articles of this series,

Andrew Lang, Collector of Fairy Tales—Robert Louis Stevenson, the Great Imaginer—and the Author of "The Swiss Family Robinson,"

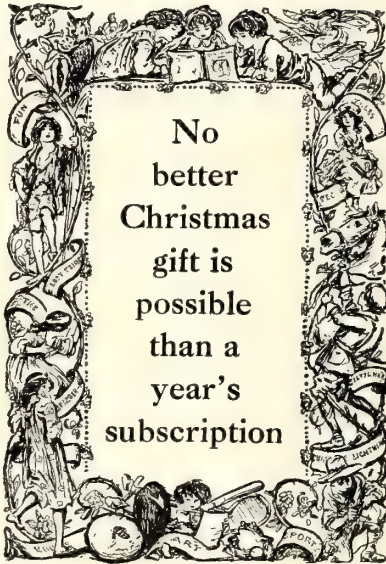
have already appeared in the August, September, and October numbers. Other sketches soon to follow will be:

Eugene Field, Lover of Childhood—Mark Twain and the Immortal Tom—Rudyard Kipling, Worker of Magic—Joel Chandler Harris, Who Knew Uncle Remus—Charles Kingsley and the Golden Age of England—Howard Pyle, and his Heroes and Pirates—and Louisa M. Alcott, the Best-Beloved.

And in the field of biography, besides the important sketches of Beethoven and Pasteur, the series of brief stories represented by the article in the October number, on "The Tomboy of Bordeaux" (Rosa Bonheur), will be continued by several other charming and beautiful illustrated biographical stories.

*For special get-acquainted offer, see next page.*

# St. Nicholas for 1915



No  
better  
Christmas  
gift is  
possible  
than a  
year's  
subscription

The December St. Nicholas  
will be a great Christmas  
number

containing two color drawings by Arthur Rackham, new chapters of "The Lost Prince," and a special list of Christmas stories and verses, including

"The King of the Christmas Feast"

by Elaine Stern, winner of the thousand-dollar prize offered by the New York *Evening Sun* in a recent competition for a moving picture play, and

"Molly's Sketchbook and Mine"

telling most entertainingly how a boy and girl contrived to obtain fascinating and characteristic autograph sketches from many of the most famous illustrators of the day.

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**USE THIS COUPON TODAY**

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St. N. 11



## Practical

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What common bird robs the eggs and young of other birds?

What wild flower has two distinct types of blossoms in one season?

The name of our most beautiful bird?

Where the "pin oak" gets its name?

These with hundreds of other interesting facts, are told in

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700 color plates—1,000 text pages—bound in limp leather. Size 3½ x 5½.

WHAT a satisfaction it is to know the trees, the wild flowers, the habits and peculiarities of the birds! How much more enjoyment you will get from your motor trips, your drives through the country, your walks through the woods, if you know them.

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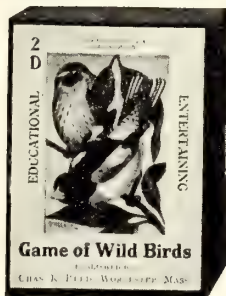
These books should be wherever there are children.

**Land Birds East of the Rocky Mountains**—C. A. Reed.

**Flower Guide East of the Rocky Mountains**—C. A. Reed.

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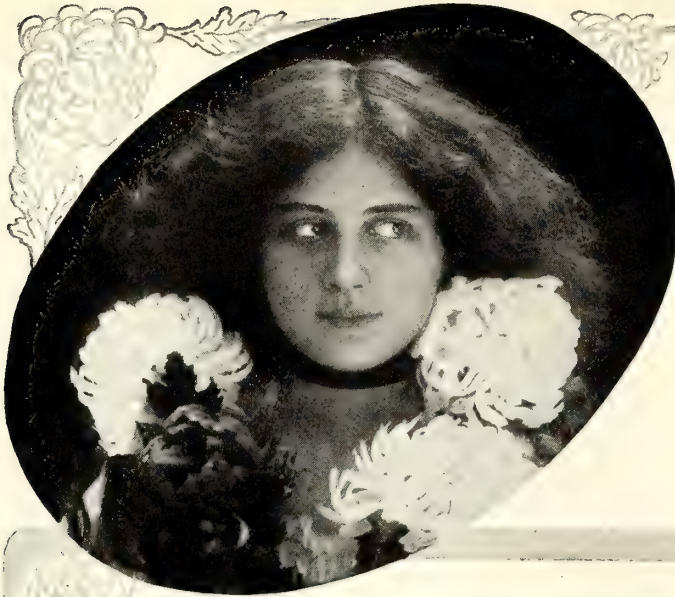
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And what is commonly done with this great boon? Often, by one neglect or another, the skin is allowed to deteriorate and lose its freshness; and then to make matters worse, recourse is had to cosmetics and other unnatural "aids to beauty." But the truth is, nothing is of any use except what is in strict accord with Nature's own beautifying process—the BEST THING OF ALL being

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**OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST**







ELVES.

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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

NOVEMBER, 1914

No. 1

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## THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

### CHAPTER I

#### THE NEW LODGERS AT NO. 7 PHILIBERT PLACE

THERE are many dreary and dingy rows of ugly houses in certain parts of London, but there certainly could not be any row more ugly or dingier than Philibert Place. There were stories that it had once been more attractive, but that had been so long ago that no one remembered the time. It stood back in its gloomy, narrow strips of uncared-for, smoky gardens, whose broken iron railings were supposed to protect it from the surging traffic of a road which was always roaring with the rattle of busses, cabs, drays, and vans, and the passing of people who were shabbily dressed and looked as if they were either going to hard work or coming from it, or hurrying to see if they could find some of it to do to keep themselves from going hungry. The brick fronts of the houses were blackened with smoke, their windows were nearly all dirty and hung with dingy curtains, or had no curtains at all; the strips of ground, which had once been intended to grow flowers in, had been trodden down into bare earth in which even weeds had forgotten to grow. One of them was used as a stone-cutter's yard, and cheap monuments, crosses, and slates were set out for sale, bearing inscriptions beginning with "Sacred to the Memory of." Another had piles of old lumber in it, another exhibited second-hand furniture, chairs with unsteady legs, sofas with horsehair stuffing bulging out of holes in their covering, mirrors with blotches or cracks

in them. The insides of the houses were as gloomy as the outside. They were all exactly alike. In each a dark entrance passage led to narrow stairs going up to bedrooms, and to narrow steps going down to a basement kitchen. The back bedroom looked out on small, sooty, flagged yards, where thin cats quarreled, or sat on the coping of the brick walls hoping that sometime they might feel the sun; the front rooms looked over the noisy road, and through their windows came the roar and rattle of it. It was shabby and cheerless on the brightest days, and on foggy or rainy ones it was the most forlorn place in London.

At least that was what one boy thought as he stood near the iron railings watching the passers-by on the morning on which this story begins, which was also the morning after he had been brought by his father to live as a lodger in the back sitting-room of the house No. 7.

He was a boy about twelve years old, his name was Marco Loristan, and he was the kind of boy people look at a second time when they have looked at him once. In the first place, he was a very big boy—tall for his years, and with a particularly strong frame. His shoulders were broad and his arms and legs were long and powerful. He was quite used to hearing people say, as they glanced at him, "What a fine, big lad!" And then they always looked again at his face. It was not an English face or an American one, and was very dark in coloring. His features were strong, his black hair grew on his head like a

mat, his eyes were large and deep set, and looked out between thick, straight, black lashes. He was as un-English a boy as one could imagine, and an observing person would have been struck at once by a sort of *silent* look expressed by his whole face, a look which suggested that he was not a boy who talked much.

This look was specially noticeable this morning as he stood before the iron railings. The things he was thinking of were of a kind likely to bring to the face of a twelve-year-old boy an unboyish expression.

He was thinking of the long, hurried journey he and his father and their old soldier servant, Lazarus, had made during the last few days—the journey from Russia. Cramped in a close third-class railway carriage, they had dashed across the Continent as if something important or terrible were driving them, and here they were, settled in London as if they were going to live forever at No. 7 Philibert Place. He knew, however, that though they might stay a year, it was just as probable that, in the middle of some night, his father or Lazarus might waken him from his sleep and say, "Get up—dress yourself quickly. We must go at once." A few days later, he might be in St. Petersburg, Berlin, Vienna, or Budapest, huddled away in some poor little house as shaky and comfortless as No. 7 Philibert Place.

He passed his hand over his forehead as he thought of it and watched the busses. His strange life and his close association with his father had made him much older than his years, but he was only a boy, after all, and the mystery of things sometimes weighed heavily upon him, and set him to deep wondering.

In not one of the many countries he knew had he ever met a boy whose life was in the least like his own. Other boys had homes in which they spent year after year; they went to school regularly, and played with other boys, and talked openly of the things which happened to them, and the journeys they made. When he remained in a place long enough to make a few boy-friends, he knew he must never forget that his whole existence was a sort of secret whose safety depended upon his own silence and discretion.

This was because of the promises he had made to his father, and they had been the first thing he remembered. Not that he had ever regretted anything connected with his father. He threw his black head up as he thought of that. None of the other boys had such a father, not one of them. His father was his idol and his chief. He had scarcely ever seen him when his clothes had not been poor and shabby, but he had also never

seen him when, despite his worn coat and frayed linen, he had not stood out among all others as more distinguished than the most noticeable of them. When he walked down a street, people turned to look at him even oftener than they turned to look at Marco, and the boy felt as if it was not merely because he was a big man with a handsome, dark face, but because he looked, somehow, as if he had been born to command armies, and as if no one would think of disobeying him. Yet Marco had never seen him command any one, and they had always been poor, and shabbily dressed, and often enough ill-fed. But whether they were in one country or another, and whatsoever dark place they seemed to be hiding in, the few people they saw treated him with a sort of deference, and nearly always stood when they were in his presence, unless he bade them sit down.

"It is because they know he is a patriot, and patriots are respected," the boy had told himself.

He himself wished to be a patriot, though he had never seen his own country of Samavia. He knew it well, however. His father had talked to him about it ever since that day when he had made the promises. He had taught him to know it by helping him to study curious detailed maps of it—maps of its cities, maps of its mountains, maps of its roads. He had told him stories of the wrongs done its people, of their sufferings and struggles for liberty, and, above all, of their unconquerable courage. When they talked together of its history, Marco's boy-blood burned and leaped in his veins, and he always knew, by the look in his father's eyes, that his blood burned also. His countrymen had been killed, they had been robbed, they had died by thousands of cruelties and starvation, but their souls had never been conquered, and, through all the years during which more powerful nations crushed and enslaved them, they never ceased to struggle to free themselves and stand unfettered as Samavians had stood centuries before.

"Why do we not live there?" Marco had cried on the day the promises were made. "Why do we not go back and fight? When I am a man, I will be a soldier and die for Samavia."

"We are of those who must *live* for Samavia—working day and night," his father had answered; "denying ourselves, training our bodies and souls, using our brains, learning the things which are best to be done for our people and our country. Even exiles may be Samavian soldiers—I am one, you must be one."

"Are we exiles?" asked Marco.

"Yes," was the answer. "But even if we never set foot on Samavian soil, we must give our lives



to it. I have given mine since I was sixteen. I shall give it until I die."

"Have you never lived there?" said Marco.

A strange look shot across his father's face.

"No," he answered, and said no more. Marco, watching him, knew he must not ask the question again.

The next words his father said were about the promises. Marco was quite a little fellow at the time, but he quite understood the solemnity of them, and felt that he was being honored as if he were a man.

"When you are a man, you shall know all you wish to know," Loristan said. "Now you are a child, and your mind must not be burdened. But you must do your part. A child sometimes forgets that words may be dangerous. You must promise never to forget this. Where-soever you are, if you have playmates, you must remember to be silent about many things. You must not speak of what I do, or of the people who come to see me. You must not mention the things in your life which make it different from the lives of other boys. You must keep in your mind that a secret exists which a chance foolish word might betray. You are a Samavian, and there have been Samavians who have died a thousand deaths rather than betray a secret. You must learn to obey without question, as if you were a soldier. Now you must take your oath of allegiance."

He rose from his seat and went to a corner of the room. He knelt down, turned back the carpet, lifted a plank, and took something from beneath it. It was a sword, and, as he came back



"HE STOOD NEAR THE IRON RAILINGS WATCHING THE PASSERS-BY."

to Marco, he drew it out from its sheath. The child's strong, little body stiffened and drew itself up, his large, deep eyes flashed. He was to take his oath of allegiance upon a sword as if he were a man. He did not know that his small hand opened and shut with a fierce understanding

grip because those of his blood had for long centuries past carried swords and fought with them.

Loristan gave him the big bared weapon, and stood erect before him.

"Repeat these words after me sentence by sentence!" he commanded.

And as he spoke them Marco echoed each one loudly and clearly.

"The sword in my hand—for Samavia!

"The heart in my breast—for Samavia!

"The swiftness of my sight, the thought of my brain, the life of my life—for Samavia.

"Here grows a man for Samavia.

"God be thanked!"

Then Loristan put his hand on the child's shoulder, and his dark face looked almost fiercely proud.

"From this hour," he said, "you and I are comrades at arms."

And from that day to the one on which he stood beside the broken iron railings of No. 7 Philibert Place, Marco had not forgotten for one hour.

## CHAPTER II

### A YOUNG CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

He had been in London more than once before, but not to the lodgings in Philibert Place. When he was brought a second or third time to a town or city, he always knew that the house he was taken to would be in a quarter new to him, and he should not see again the people he had seen before. Such slight links of acquaintance as sometimes formed themselves between him and other children as shabby and poor as himself were easily broken. His father, however, had never forbidden him to make chance acquaintances. He had, in fact, told him that he had reasons for not wishing him to hold himself aloof from other boys. The only barrier which must exist between them must be the barrier of silence concerning his wanderings from country to country. Other boys as poor as he was did not make constant journeys, therefore they would miss nothing from his boyish talk when he omitted all mention of his. When he was in Russia, he must speak only of Russian places and Russian people and customs. When he was in France, Germany, Austria, or England, he must do the same thing. When he had learned English, French, German, Italian, and Russian he did not know. He had seemed to grow up in the midst of changing tongues which all seemed familiar to him, as languages are familiar to children who have lived with them until one scarcely seems less familiar than another. He did remember, however, that his father had always been un-

swerving in his attention to his pronunciation and method of speaking the language of any country they chanced to be living in.

"You must not seem a foreigner in any country," he had said to him. "It is necessary that you should not. But when you are in England, you must not know French, or German, or anything but English."

Once, when he was seven or eight years old, a boy had asked him what his father's work was.

"His own father is a carpenter, and he asked me if my father was one," Marco brought the story to Loristan. "I said you were not. Then he asked if you were a shoemaker, and another one said you might be a bricklayer or a tailor—and I did n't know what to tell them." He had been out playing in a London street, and he put a grubby little hand on his father's arm, and clutched and almost fiercely shook it. "I wanted to say that you were not like their fathers, not at all. I knew you were not, though you were quite as poor. You are not a bricklayer or a shoemaker, but a patriot—you could not be only a bricklayer—you!" He said it grandly and with a queer indignation, his black head held up and his eyes angry.

Loristan laid his hand against his mouth.

"Hush! hush!" he said. "Is it an insult to a man to think he may be a carpenter or make a good suit of clothes? If I could make our clothes, we should go better dressed. If I were a shoemaker, your toes would not be making their way into the world as they are now." He was smiling, but Marco saw his head held itself high, too, and his eyes were glowing as he touched his shoulder. "I know you did not tell them I was a patriot," he ended. "What was it you said to them?"

"I remembered that you were nearly always writing and drawing maps, and I said you were a writer, but I did not know what you wrote—and that you said it was a poor trade. I heard you say that once to Lazarus. Was that a right thing to tell them?"

"Yes. You may always say it if you are asked. There are poor fellows enough who write a thousand different things which bring them little money. There is nothing strange in my being a writer."

So Loristan answered him, and from that time if, by any chance, his father's means of livelihood were inquired into, it was simple enough and true enough to say that he wrote to earn his bread.

In the first days of strangeness to a new place, Marco often walked a great deal. He was strong and untiring, and it amused him to wander



through unknown streets, and look at shops, and houses, and people. He did not confine himself to the great thoroughfares, but liked to branch off into side streets and odd, deserted-looking squares, and even courts and alleyways. He often stopped to watch workmen and talk to them if they were friendly. In this way he made stray

he had seen the same things, and they always made him feel that he wished he had something to do.

Suddenly he turned away from the gate and went into the house to speak to Lazarus. He found him in his dingy closet of a room on the fourth floor at the back of the house.



"THE CHILD'S STRONG, LITTLE BODY STIFFENED AND DREW ITSELF UP."

acquaintances in his strollings, and learned a good many things. He had a fondness for wandering musicians, and, from an old Italian who had in his youth been a singer in opera, he had learned to sing a number of songs in his strong, musical boy-voice. He knew well many of the songs of the people in several countries.

It was very dull this first morning, and he wished that he had something to do or some one to speak to. To do nothing whatever is a depressing thing at all times, but perhaps it is more especially so when one is a big, healthy boy twelve years old. London as he saw it in the Marylebone Road seemed to him a hideous place. It was murky and shabby-looking, and full of dreary-faced people. It was not the first time

"I am going for a walk," he announced to him. "Please tell my father if he asks for me. He is busy, and I must not disturb him."

Lazarus was patching an old coat as he often patched things—even shoes sometimes. When Marco spoke, he stood up at once to answer him. He was very obstinate and particular about certain forms of manner. Nothing would have obliged him to remain seated when Loristan or Marco was near him. Marco thought it was because he had been so strictly trained as a soldier. He knew that his father had had great trouble to make him lay aside his habit of saluting when they spoke to him.

"Perhaps," Marco had heard Loristan say to him almost severely, once when he had forgotten



himself and had stood at salute while his master passed through a broken-down iron gate before an equally broken-down-looking lodging-house—"perhaps you can force yourself to remember when I tell you that it is not safe—*it is not safe!* You put us in danger!"

It was evident that this helped the good fellow to control himself. Marco remembered that at the time he had actually turned pale, and had struck his forehead and poured forth a torrent of Samavian dialect in penitence and terror. But, though he no longer saluted them in public, he omitted no other form of reverence and ceremony, and the boy had become accustomed to being treated as if he were anything but the shabby lad whose very coat was patched by the old soldier who stood "at attention" before him.

"Yes, sir," Lazarus answered. "Where was it your wish to go?"

Marco knitted his black brows a little in trying to recall distinct memories of the last time he had been in London.

"I have been to so many places, and have seen so many things since I was here before, that I must begin to learn again about the streets and buildings I do not quite remember."

"Yes, sir," said Lazarus. "There *have* been so many. I also forgot. You were but eight years old when you were last here."

"I think I will go and find the royal palace, and then I will walk about and learn the names of the streets," Marco said.

"Yes, sir," answered Lazarus, and this time he made his military salute.

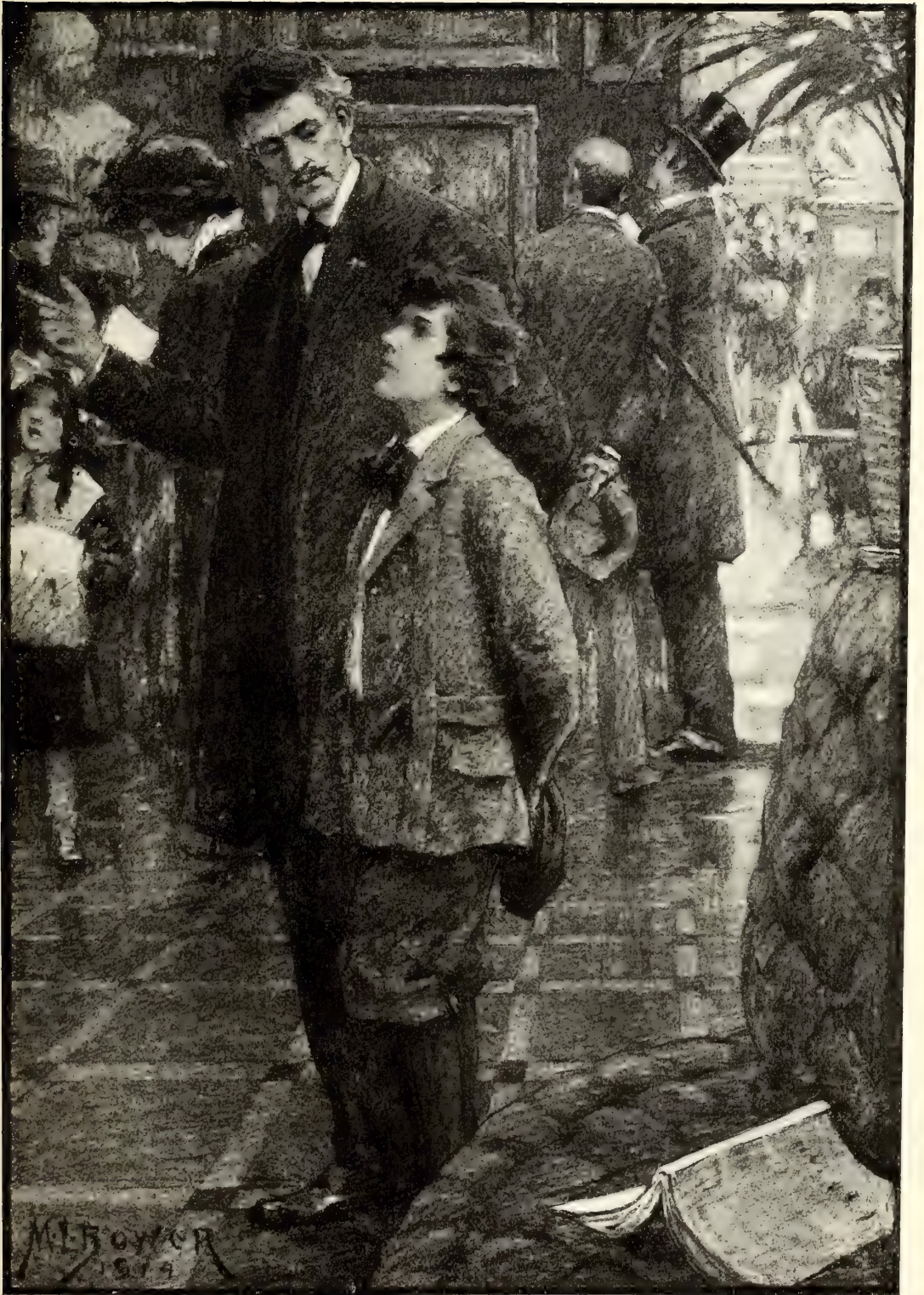
Marco lifted his right hand in recognition, as if he had been a young officer. Most boys might have looked awkward or theatrical in making the gesture, but he made it with naturalness and ease, because he had been familiar with the form since his babyhood. He had seen officers returning the salutes of their men when they encountered each other by chance in the streets, he had seen princes passing sentries on their way to their carriages, more august personages raising the quiet, recognizing hand to their helmets as they rode through applauding crowds. He had seen many royal persons and many royal pageants, but always only as an ill-clad boy standing on the edge of the crowd of common people. An energetic lad, however poor, cannot spend his days in going from one country to another without, by mere every-day chance, becoming familiar with the outer life of royalties and courts. Marco had stood in continental thoroughfares when visiting emperors rode by with glittering soldiery before and behind them, and a populace shouting courteous welcomes. He knew where in

various great capitals the sentries stood before kingly or princely palaces. He had seen certain royal faces often enough to know them well, and to be ready to make his salute when particular quiet and unattended carriages passed him by.

"It is well to know them. It is well to observe everything and to train one's self to remember faces and circumstances," his father had said. "If you were a young prince or a young man training for a diplomatic career, you would be taught to notice and remember people and things as you would be taught to speak your own language with elegance. Such observation would be your most practical accomplishment and greatest power. It is as practical for one man as another—for a poor lad in a patched coat as for one whose place is to be in courts. As you cannot be educated in the ordinary way, you must learn from travel and the world. You must lose nothing—forget nothing."

It was his father who had taught him everything, and he had learned a great deal. Loristan had the power of making all things interesting to fascination. To Marco it seemed that he knew everything in the world. They were not rich enough to buy many books, but Loristan knew the treasures of all great cities, the resources of the smallest towns. Together he and his boy walked through the endless galleries filled with the wonders of the world, the pictures before which through centuries an unbroken procession of almost worshiping eyes had passed uplifted. Because his father made the pictures seem the glowing, burning work of still-living men whom the centuries could not turn to dust, because he could tell the stories of their living and laboring to triumph, stories of what they felt and suffered and were, the boy became as familiar with the old masters—Italian, German, French, Dutch, English, Spanish—as he was with most of the countries they had lived in. They were not merely old masters to him, but men who were great, men who seemed to him to have wielded beautiful swords and held high, splendid lights. His father could not go often with him, but he always took him for the first time to the galleries, museums, libraries, and historical places which were richest in treasures of art, beauty, or story. Then, having seen them once through his eyes, Marco went again and again alone, and so grew intimate with the wonders of the world. He knew that he was gratifying a wish of his father's when he tried to train himself to observe all things and forget nothing. These palaces of marvels were his school-rooms, and his strange but rich education was the most interesting part of his life. In time, he knew





"HIS FATHER MADE THE PICTURES SEEM THE GLOWING, BURNING  
WORK OF STILL-LIVING MEN."



exactly the places where the great Rembrandts, Vandykes, Rubens, Raphaels, Tintoretts, or Frans Hals hung; he knew whether this masterpiece or that was in Vienna, in Paris, in Venice, or Munich, or Rome. He knew stories of splendid crown jewels, of old armor, of ancient crafts, and of Roman relics dug up from beneath the foundations of old German cities. Any boy wandering to amuse himself through museums and palaces on "free days" could see what he saw, but boys living fuller and less lonely lives would have been less likely to concentrate their entire minds on what they looked at, and also less likely to store away facts with the determination to be able to recall at any moment the mental shelf on which they were laid. Having no playmates and nothing to play with, he began when he was a very little fellow to make a sort of game out of his rambles through picture-galleries, and the places which, whether they called themselves museums or not, were storehouses or relics of antiquity. There were always the blessed "free days," when he could climb any marble steps, and enter any great portal without paying an entrance fee. Once inside, there were plenty of plainly and poorly dressed people to be seen, but there were not often boys as young as himself who were not attended by older companions. Quiet and orderly as he was, he often found himself stared at. The game he had created for himself was as simple as it was absorbing. It was to try how much he could remember and clearly describe to his father when they sat together at night and talked of what he had seen. These night talks filled his happiest hours. He never felt lonely then, and when his father sat and watched him with a certain curious and deep attention in his dark, reflective eyes, the boy was utterly comforted and content. Sometimes he brought back rough and crude sketches of objects he wished to ask questions about, and Loristan could always relate to him the full, rich story of the thing he wanted to know. They were stories made so splendid and full of color in the telling that Marco could not forget them.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE LEGEND OF THE LOST PRINCE

As he walked through the streets, he was thinking of one of these stories. It was one he had heard first when he was very young, and it had so seized upon his imagination that he had asked often for it. It was, indeed, a part of the long-past history of Samavia, and he had loved it for that reason. Lazarus had often told it to him, sometimes adding much detail, but he had always

liked best his father's version, which seemed a thrilling and living thing. On their journey from Russia, during an hour when they had been forced to wait in a cold wayside station and had found the time long, Loristan had discussed it with him. He always found some such way of making hard and comfortless hours easier to live through.

"Fine, big lad—for a foreigner," Marco heard a man say to his companion as he passed them this morning. "Looks like a Pole or a Russian."

It was this which had led his thoughts back to the story of the lost prince. He knew that most of the people who looked at him and called him a "foreigner" had not even heard of Samavia. Those who chanced to recall its existence knew of it only as a small fierce country, so placed upon the map that the larger countries which were its neighbors felt they must control and keep it in order, and therefore made incursions into it, and fought its people and each other for possession. But it had not been always so. It was an old, old country, and hundreds of years ago it had been as celebrated for its peaceful happiness and wealth as for its beauty. It was often said that it was one of the most beautiful places in the world. A favorite Samavian legend was that it had been the site of the Garden of Eden. In those past centuries, its people had been of such great stature, physical beauty, and strength, that they had been like a race of noble giants. They were in those days a pastoral people, whose rich crops and splendid flocks and herds were the envy of less fertile countries. Among the shepherds and herdsmen there were poets who sang their own songs when they piped among their sheep upon the mountain sides and in the flower-thick valleys. Their songs had been about patriotism and bravery, and faithfulness to their chieftains and their country. The simple courtesy of the poorest peasant was as stately as the manner of a noble. But that, as Loristan had said with a tired smile, had been before they had had time to outlive and forget the Garden of Eden. Five hundred years ago, there had succeeded to the throne a king who was bad and weak. His father had lived to be ninety years old, and his son had grown tired of waiting in Samavia for his crown. He had gone out into the world, and visited other countries and their courts. When he returned and became king, he lived as no Samavian king had lived before. He was an extravagant, vicious man of furious temper and bitter jealousies. He was jealous of the larger courts and countries he had seen, and tried to introduce their customs and their ambitions. He ended by introducing their worst faults and



vices. There arose political quarrels and savage new factions. Money was squandered until poverty began for the first time to stare the country in the face. The big Samavians, after their first stupefaction, broke forth into furious rage. There were mobs and riots, then bloody battles. Since it was the king who had worked this wrong, they would have none of him. They would depose him and make his son king in his place. It was at this part of the story that Marco was always most deeply interested. The young prince was totally unlike his father. He was a true royal Samavian. He was bigger and stronger for his age than any man in the country, and he was as handsome as a young viking god. More than this, he had a lion's heart, and before he was sixteen, the shepherds and herdsmen had already begun to make songs about his young valor, and his kingly courtesy, and generous kindness. Not only the shepherds and herdsmen sang them, but the people in the streets. The king, his father, had always been jealous of him, even when he was only a beautiful, stately child whom the people roared with joy to see as he rode through the streets. When he returned from his journeyings and found him a splendid youth, he detested him. When the people began to clamor and demand that he himself should abdicate, he became insane with rage, and committed such cruelties that the people ran mad themselves. One day they stormed the palace, killed and overpowered the guards, and, rushing into the royal apartments, burst in upon the king as he shuddered green with terror and fury in his private room. He was king no more, and must leave the country, they vowed, as they closed round him with bared weapons and shook them in his face. Where was the prince? They must see him and tell him their ultimatum. It was he they wanted for a king. They trusted him and would obey him. They began to shout aloud his name, calling him in a sort of chant in unison, "Prince Ivor—Prince Ivor—Prince Ivor!" But no answer came. The people of the palace had hidden themselves, and the place was utterly silent.

The king, despite his terror, could not help but sneer.

"Call him again," he said. "He is afraid to come out of his hole!"

A savage fellow from the mountain fastnesses struck him on the mouth.

"He afraid!" he shouted. "If he does n't come, it is because thou hast killed him—and thou art a dead man!"

This set them aflame with hotter burning. They broke away, leaving three on guard, and ran about the empty palace rooms shouting the

prince's name. But there was no answer. They sought him in a frenzy, bursting open doors and flinging down every obstacle in their way. A page, found hidden in a closet, owned that he had seen His Royal Highness pass through a corridor early in the morning. He had been softly singing to himself one of the shepherds' songs.

And in this strange way out of the history of Samavia, five hundred years before Marco's day, the young prince had walked—singing softly to himself the old song of Samavia's beauty and happiness. For he was never seen again.

In every nook and cranny, high and low, they sought for him, believing that the king himself had made him prisoner in some secret place, or had privately had him killed. The fury of the people grew to frenzy. There were new risings, and every few days the palace was attacked and searched again. But no trace of the prince was found. He had vanished as a star vanishes when it drops from its place in the sky. During a riot in the palace, when a last fruitless search was made, the king himself was killed. A powerful noble who headed one of the uprisings made himself king in his place. From that time, the once splendid little kingdom was like a bone fought for by dogs. Its pastoral peace was forgotten. It was torn and worried and shaken by stronger countries. It tore and worried itself with internal fights. It assassinated kings and created new ones. No man was sure in his youth what ruler his maturity would live under, or whether his children would die in useless fights, or through stress of poverty and cruel, useless laws. There were no more shepherds and herdsmen who were poets, but on the mountain sides and in the valleys sometimes some of the old songs were sung. Those most beloved were songs about a lost prince whose name had been Ivor. If he had been king, he would have saved Samavia, the verses said, and all brave hearts believed that he would still return. In the modern cities, one of the jocular cynical sayings was, "Yes, that will happen when Prince Ivor comes again."

In his more childish days, Marco had been bitterly troubled by the unsolved mystery. Where had he gone—the lost prince? Had he been killed, or had he been hidden away in a dungeon? But he was so big and brave, he would have broken out of any dungeon. The boy had invented for himself a dozen endings to the story.

"Did no one ever find his sword or his cap—or hear anything or guess anything about him ever—ever—ever?" he would say restlessly again and again.

One winter's night, as they sat together before a small fire in a cold room in a cold city in Aus-

tria, he had been so eager and asked so many searching questions, that his father gave him an answer he had never given him before, and which was a sort of ending to the story, though not a satisfying one:

"Everybody guessed as you are guessing. A few very old shepherds in the mountains who like to believe ancient histories relate a sort of story which most people consider a kind of legend. It is that almost a hundred years after the prince was lost, an old shepherd told a story his long-dead father had confided to him in secret just before he died. The father had said that, going out in the early morning on the mountain side, he had found in the forest what he at first thought to be the dead body of a beautiful, boyish, young huntsman. Some enemy had plainly attacked him from behind and believed he had killed him. He was, however, not quite dead, and the shepherd dragged him into a cave where he himself often took refuge from storms with his flocks. Since there was such riot and disorder in the city, he was afraid to speak of what he had found; and, by the time he discovered that he was harboring the prince, the king had already been killed, and an even worse man had taken possession of his throne, and ruled Samavia with a blood-stained, iron hand. To the terrified and simple peasant the safest thing seemed to get the wounded youth out of the country before there was any chance of his being discovered and murdered outright, as he would surely be. The cave in which he was hidden was not far from the frontier, and while he was still so weak that he was hardly conscious of what befell him, he was smuggled across it in a cart loaded with sheepskins, and left with some kind monks who did not know his rank or name. The shepherd went back to his flocks and his mountains, and lived and died among them, always in terror of the changing rulers and their savage battles with each other. The mountaineers said among themselves, as the generations succeeded each other, that the lost prince must have died young, because otherwise he would have come back to his country and tried to restore its good, bygone days."

"Yes, he would have come," Marco said.

"He would have come if he had seen that he could help his people," Loristan answered, as if he were not reflecting on a story which was probably only a kind of legend. "But he was very young, and Samavia was in the hands of the new dynasty, and filled with his enemies. He could not have crossed the frontier without an army. Still, I think he died young."

It was of this story that Marco was thinking

as he walked, and perhaps the thoughts that filled his mind expressed themselves in his face in some way which attracted attention. As he was nearing Buckingham Palace, a distinguished-looking, well-dressed man with clever eyes caught sight of him, and, after looking at him keenly, slackened his pace as he approached him from the opposite direction. An observer might have thought he saw something which puzzled and surprised him. Marco did not see him at all, and still moved forward, thinking of the shepherds and the prince. The well-dressed man began to walk still more slowly. When he was quite close to Marco, he stopped and spoke to him—in the Samavian language.

"What is your name?" he asked.

Marco's training from his earliest childhood had been an extraordinary thing. His love for his father had made it simple and natural to him, and he had never questioned the reason for it. As he had been taught to keep silence, he had been taught to control the expression of his face and the sound of his voice, and, above all, never to allow himself to look startled. But for this he might have started at the extraordinary sound of the Samavian words suddenly uttered in a London street by an English gentleman. He might even have answered the question in Samavian himself. But he did not. He courteously lifted his cap and replied in English:

"Excuse me?"

The gentleman's clever eyes scrutinized him keenly. Then he also spoke in English.

"Perhaps you do not understand? I asked your name because you are very like a Samavian I know," he said.

"I am Marco Loristan," the boy answered him.

The man looked straight into his eyes and smiled.

"That is not the name," he said. "I beg your pardon, my boy."

He was about to go on, and had indeed taken a couple of steps away, when he paused and turned to him again.

"You may tell your father that you are a very well-trained lad. I wanted to find out for myself." And he went on.

Marco felt that his heart beat a little quickly. This was one of the things which had happened during the last three years, and made him feel that he was living among things so mysterious that their very mystery hinted at danger. But he himself had never before seemed involved in them. Why should it matter that he was well behaved? Then he remembered something. The man had not said "well-behaved," he had said "well-trained." Well-trained in what way? He



felt his forehead prickle slightly as he thought of the smiling, keen look which set itself so straight upon him. Had he spoken to him in Samavian for an experiment, to see if he would be startled into forgetting that he had been trained to seem

had assassinated the then reigning king and his sons, and since then, bloody war and tumult had raged. The new king was a powerful man, and had a great following of the worst and most self-seeking of the people. Neighboring countries had interfered for their own welfare's sake, and the newspapers had been full of stories of savage fighting and atrocities, and of starving peasants.

Marco had late one evening entered their lodgings to find Loristan walking to and fro like a lion in a cage, a paper crushed and torn in his hands, and his eyes blazing. He had been reading of cruelties wrought upon innocent peasants and women and children. Lazarus was standing staring at him with huge tears running down his cheeks. When Marco opened the door, the old soldier strode over to him, turned him about, and led him out of the room.

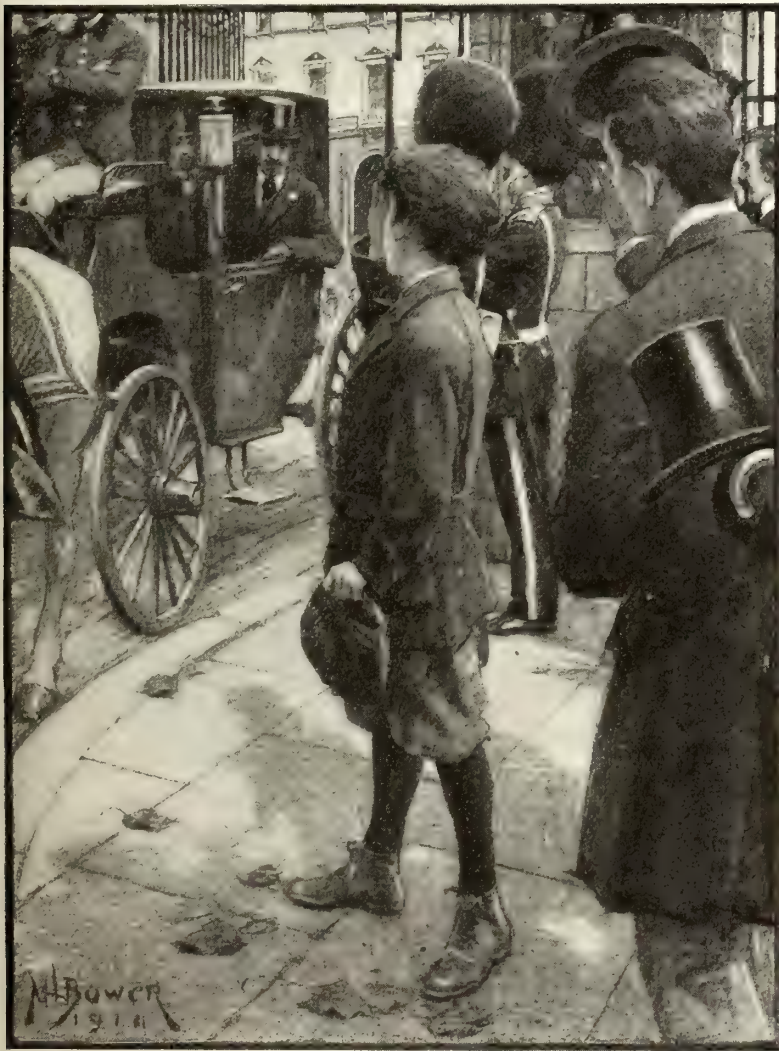
"Pardon, sir, pardon!" he sobbed. "No one must see him, even you. He suffers too horribly."

He stood by a chair in Marco's own small bedroom, where he half pushed, half led him. He bent his grizzled head, and wept like a beaten child.

"Dear God of those who are in pain, assuredly it is now the time to give back to us our lost prince!" he said, and Marco knew the words were a prayer, and wondered at the frenzied intensity of it, because it seemed so wild a thing to pray for the return of a

youth who had died five hundred years before.

When he reached the palace, he was still thinking of the man who had spoken to him. He was thinking of him even as he looked at the majestic gray stone building and counted the number of its stories and windows. He walked round it that he might make a note in his memory of its size and form and its entrances, and guess at the size of its gardens. This he did because it was part of his game, and part of his strange training.



"HE WAS THE MAN WHO HAD SPOKEN TO HIM IN SAMAVIAN."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to know only the language of the country he was temporarily living in? But he had not forgotten. He had remembered well, and was thankful that he had betrayed nothing. "Even exiles may be Samavian soldiers. I am one. You must be one," his father had said on that day long ago when he had made him take his oath. Perhaps remembering his training was being a soldier. Never had Samavia needed help as she needed it to-day. Two years before, a rival claimant to the throne



When he came back to the front, he saw that in the great entrance court within the high iron railings an elegant but quiet-looking closed carriage was drawing up before the doorway. Marco stood and watched with interest to see who would come out and enter it. He knew that kings and emperors who were not on parade looked merely like well-dressed private gentlemen, and often chose to go out as simply and quietly as other men. So he thought that, perhaps, if he waited, he might see one of those well-known faces which represent the highest rank and power in a monarchical country, and which in times gone by had also represented the power over human life and death and liberty.

"I should like to be able to tell my father that I have seen the king and know his face, as I know the face of the czar and the two emperors."

There was a little movement among the tall men-servants in the royal scarlet liveries, and an elderly man descended the steps attended by another who walked behind him. He entered the

carriage, the other man followed him, the door was closed, and the carriage drove through the entrance gates, where the sentries saluted.

Marco was near enough to see distinctly. The two men were talking as if interested. The face of the one farthest from him was the face he had often seen in shop-windows and newspapers. The boy made his quick, formal salute. It was the king; and, as he smiled and acknowledged his greeting, he spoke to his companion.

"That fine lad salutes as if he belonged to the army," was what he said, though Marco could not hear him.

His companion leaned forward to look through the window. When he caught sight of Marco, a singular expression crossed his face.

"He does belong to an army, sir," he answered, "though he does not know it. His name is Marco Loristan."

Then Marco saw him plainly for the first time. He was the man with the keen eyes who had spoken to him in Samavian.

*(To be continued.)*

## DOROTHY PERKINS

THERE 's many a rose that refuses to grow  
Unless it is planted and tended just so,—  
Just the right kind of soil in the right sun and shade,  
Just the right kind of toil with the right kind of spade,—  
Then, if you protect it from insect and blight,  
The rose will reward you with blooms of delight.  
But Dorothy Perkins, so lusty and fair,  
Is easily pleased. Give the others your care!  
She 'll lavish her lovely pink sprays anywhere.

Wherever you plant her, she 'll do all she knows  
To make your friends joyfully cry, "What a rose!"  
She 'll do what she can with what Nature provides,  
For the favors of man she 'll be grateful besides.  
O'er trellis and arbor her garlands are spread;  
But she 'll be just as kind to the hovel or shed,  
And, if you give nothing her streamers to bear,  
They 'll twine on each other. For what does she care?  
She still throws her fragrant bouquets to the air.

Oh, dozens of roses she bears on a stem  
And spiciest perfumes she crowds into them!  
She just seems to live for the pleasure of giving,  
She just seems to give every day that she 's living,  
For even in winter, when blossom time passes,  
Glad birds find her hearty red berries in masses.  
Oh, generous flower, sweet-tempered and bright,  
So strong and so cheery! I know it is right  
To try to be like you—with all my might.

*Stella George Stern Perry.*



Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

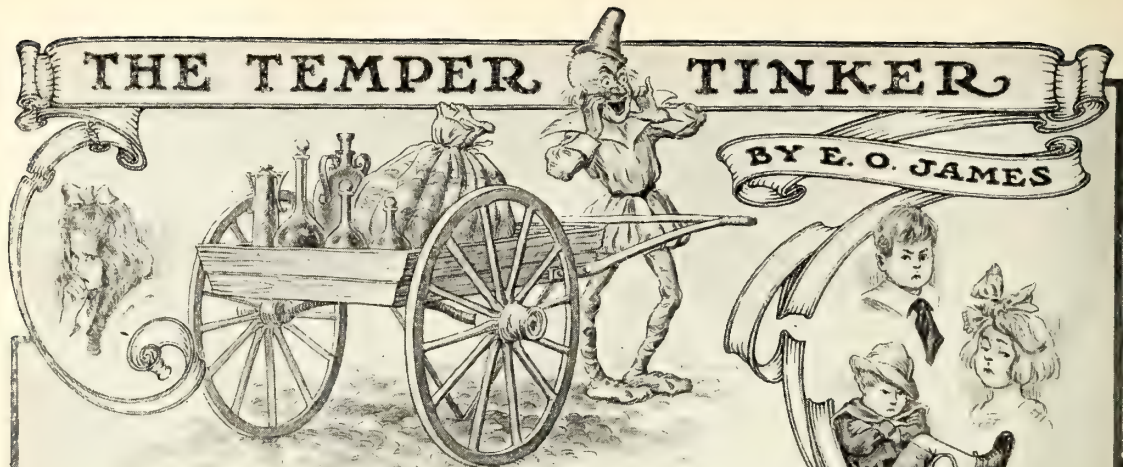
From photograph by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."



# THE TEMPER TINKER

BY E. O. JAMES



DOWN the wide street, with his push-cart a-trundle,  
A droll little tinker comes limping along,  
With the queerest-shaped tools in his magical bundle,  
Puzzling the town with this comical song:  
"Tempers to mend! Temper to mend!  
Any bad tempers to mend?  
Crooked ones—spoiled ones—double-edged keen ones—  
Fuss-button snappy ones—pickle-sour mean ones—  
Sharp ones that cut when you did n't intend.  
Temper to mend! Bad tempers to mend! To mend!"



Other men tinker your furniture flimsy,  
Your broken umbrella, or leaky saucepan;  
But never, I warrant, a tinker so whimsy,  
So nimble and deft as this gay little man:  
"Temper to mend! Temper to mend!  
Ho! Bring me your tempers to mend!  
Prickly ones—thorny ones—sputtery, squeaky—  
Latches off—hinges loose—raspy and creaky—  
Fly-off-the-handle and hurt your best friend!  
Temper to mend! Bad tempers to mend! To mend!"



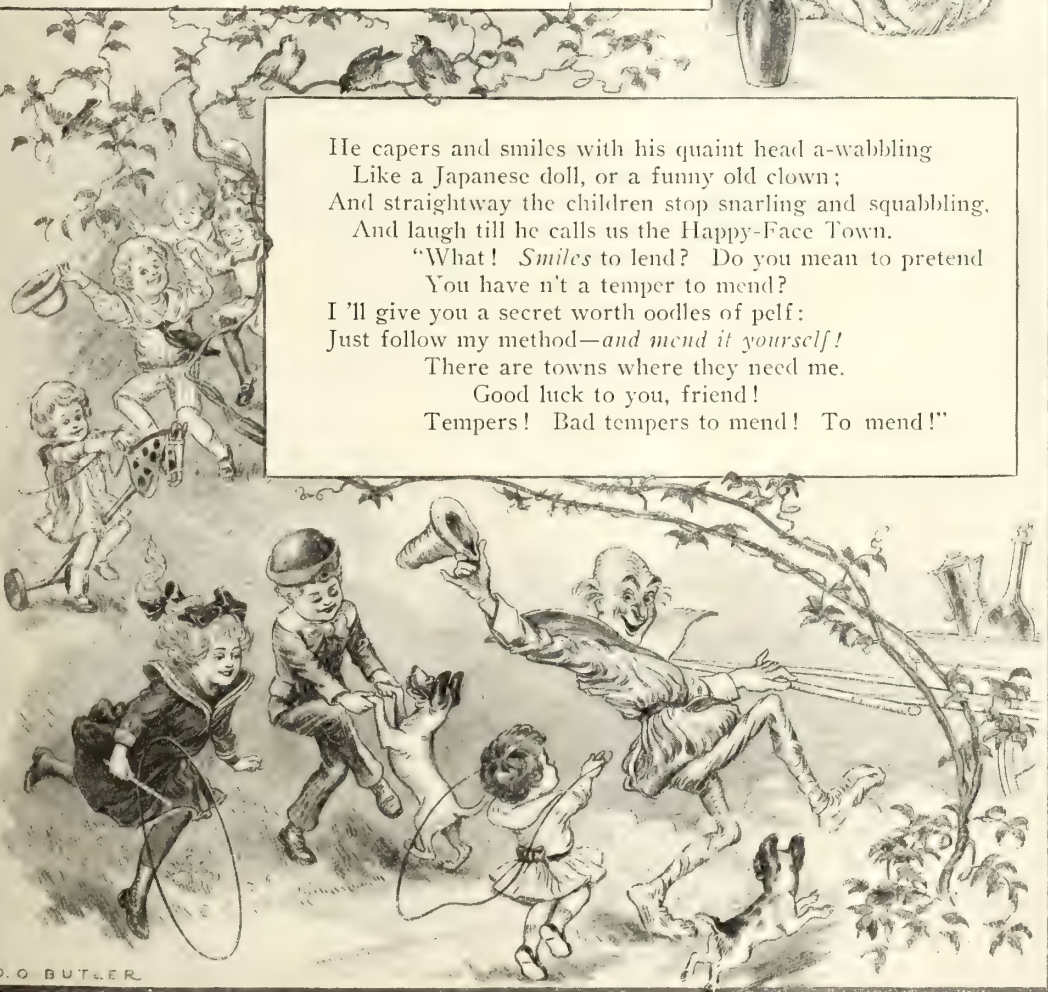
BUTLER.



He rubs them with patience and sweet-oil. He patches  
 The holes that gape ugly from overmuch use.  
 He files down each claw-pointed corner that scratches.  
 He shines them with essence of Bide-a-wee Juice.  
 "Tempers to mend! Temper to mend!  
 Oh say, are there tempers to mend?  
 Mend them in time, if you wait they 'll grow double,  
 Leak you a heart full of bitterest trouble,  
 Put out the firelight of love in the end.  
 Temper to mend! Bad temper to mend! To mend!"



He capers and smiles with his quaint head a-wabbling  
 Like a Japanese doll, or a funny old clown;  
 And straightway the children stop snarling and squabbling.  
 And laugh till he calls us the Happy-Face Town.  
 "What! *Smiles* to lend? Do you mean to pretend  
 You have n't a temper to mend?  
 I 'll give you a secret worth oodles of pelf:  
 Just follow my method—and *mend it yourself!*  
 There are towns where they need me.  
 Good luck to you, friend!  
 Temper to mend! Bad temper to mend! To mend!"





# The H Black Hero of the Ranges

by Enoch J. Mills



THE pungent odor of the camp-fire drifted down the swale, and carried with it the savory smell of the cooking supper. All afternoon, the Diamond H riders had been arriving; word had been passed that a feast would be spread at sundown, in honor of the owner of the "Diamond H" ranch, who had arrived for his first visit to the ranch in three years.

The riders had all arrived but young "Hank"—he of the shiny spurs and new "chaps." No rider in the outfit possessed such complete trappings. Though Hank was not a regular "puncher," it pleased him mightily to be called one. He was a kind of messenger-boy for the outfit, and rode far and wide carrying orders from the foreman, or going down to the post for the mail. When in camp, he assisted the cook, a task he detested as being beneath his dignity. But Hank was proud of the Diamond H, and boasted that no ranch in Nevada had such riders and ropers.

The feast was nearing the end in the soft dusk of evening, when Hank charged down upon the scene at a reckless gallop, and stopped abruptly within the circle of the firelight.

The foreman straightened up with observing eye upon the foaming horse. "Did n't I tell you not to run Old Baldy any more?"

Every cow-puncher eyed Hank, and several tried to divert the foreman by witty remarks and laughter.

But Hank did not wither under the accusation.

"I had a try at the Black Stallion," he observed, as he fixed his eyes on the owner.

"Where?" came a half-dozen demands at once. "Where?" rapped out the owner. It was like an explosion in their midst. The feast was scat-

tered, and instantly there was a stampede of talk. Each rider was possessed of the same thought—to capture that wonderful steed that had so long led his herd whither he would, defying capture, daring to go where no horse ever had gone before, and upon whose head was set a price.

"I thought you said the black stallion never came down from the rough country?" The owner waited eagerly for the foreman's answer.

"It's the first time he's shown up, down here, since we had the chase after him two years ago."

"Jess, I'd like to have that horse, and I'm willing to go to any amount of trouble to get him. But the question is, 'can we?'"

The foreman looked into the fire and ran his hands thoughtfully through his hair. At length he turned to the owner. "I believe we've got the best chance at him, now that he's left the rough country, that we've ever had. He's an old fox, though, and there's nothing he does n't know about being chased. It's about as easy to round up a bird as to try to corner him. Still, the water's all gone, higher up, and he's got to range down here. If we only had more men and a mustang outfit, I believe we could—" The owner's heavy hand reached the foreman's shoulder and stopped him midway of the prediction.

"Get the men and the outfit. I'll foot the bills. If you get him, I'll hand you a year's salary. You can promise the men whatever reward you like, but the thing is, *get that horse!*"

Hank moved opposite the two men, and leaned forward across the embers of the fire.

"Where did you see him, Hank?"

"About three miles up the valley by the spring. There were twenty in the herd he was leading."

"All right, Hank; get a fresh horse and ride down to the post and pick up every rider you can. Find old Sam Higler, and tell him he 's to be here with his canvas corral outfit by to-morrow night. Tell every one you see that the black 's come down, and there 's a reward of a thousand dollars for the man who drops his rope on him and brings him in." Hank vanished in the direction of the rope corral, and five minutes later was riding rapidly toward the post. After he had gone, the owner turned to the foreman. "Jess," said he, "did I ever tell you where the stallion came from?" The foreman's interested face invited him to proceed.

"It was five years ago that a Syrian peddler was killed by a couple of half-breeds because he had this wonderful black stallion. The Indians took the horse clear across the desert to make their escape, but just when they were about to sell him, the stallion killed one, and lamed the other with his heels, and got away. It was not long before he appeared with a wild-horse herd, and since then he 's been the terror of the range, and there 's not a man in Nevada who can boast of ever getting near enough to drop his rope on him. I doubt if he 's ever taken alive. Before I quit the ranch three years ago, I 'd ridden in a couple of chases after him, and I tell you he 's got sense, and legs that can put him over a hundred miles any day."

They sat in silence, each looking into the embers of the fire.

TWENTY Diamond H riders surrounded the valley early in the morning, and from the passes looked down at the wild-horse band led by the big black stallion. It was a long, narrow valley, and the eastern wall had but a single pass where anything but winged creatures could escape. At the upper end the valley narrowed, and leading down into it was an old, time-worn pass; here were posted three men with as many extra horses. West of the valley, the ridge rose abruptly. In ten miles it had only five breaks, where steep cañons penetrated its rocky top and broke the barrier. At each break, two men posted themselves and waited. They gained these passes by circuitous routes. The lower end of the valley was guarded by three men, who lounged about, allowing their horses to graze.

At noon, Hank arrived upon a jaded horse, and singly, or by twos and threes, the other "punchers" came in during the afternoon, each mounted on his best horse, and with carefully coiled ropes. At dark, Sam Higler put in appearance with his mustang trap, which was set up over night across the lower end of the valley. This trap consisted

of a brown canvas twelve feet high, which represented an impassable wall. Near the center the wall curved sharply, making a natural corner with an inviting opening leading into a canvas corral beyond. It was a cunning contrivance, and in it scores of wild mustangs had been captured. It was here that they hoped to capture the famous stallion.

Extra men were sent to reinforce the guards at all the passes. Fifteen of the best ropers were kept at camp, and these were to take part at the finish of the chase.

From the main ranch there had been sent up a dozen thoroughbred, long-legged, racing horses, which were to be used in case the stallion broke through the barrier and escaped from the valley, or were to be held in reserve until the chase had tired out the crafty leader. Then they were to appear suddenly from behind the canvas wall, and go after the herd like the wind.

Orders were to shoot the stallion if he broke through the lines. The rest of the herd was worth four thousand dollars, and their addition to the ranch stock would be valuable.

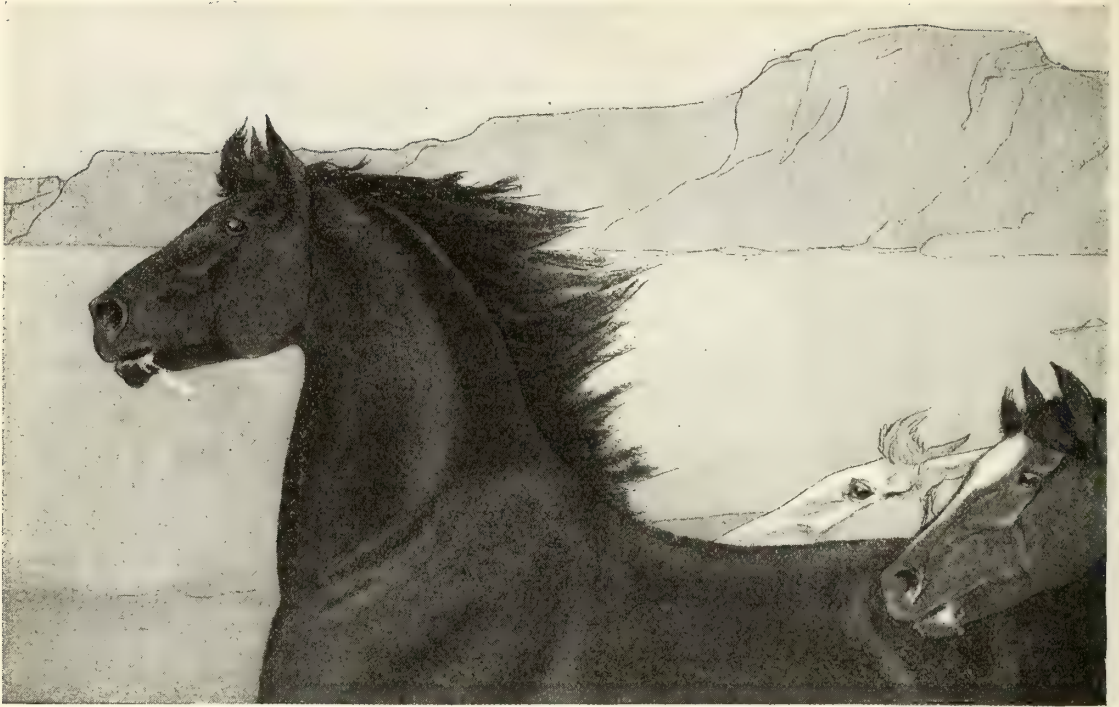
The only ones at breakfast at the chuck wagon that morning were the owner, the foreman, and Hank. While the men settled the final details of the chase, Hank tidied up the camp things and saddled his horse.

"Hank, one of the boys rode back yesterday to report that there 's still a little water at the muddy spring water-hole." Hank was silent; sudden fear had chilled him. The foreman continued: "If the foxy old stallion gets away from us in the valley, that 's the only place in a hundred miles he can get water; and I guess after we 've run him a hundred miles or so, he 'll be wanting water, too. You 'd better ride up to the muddy spring, Hank, and stick it out there until dark. There 's no telling what may happen to day, but whatever comes, the chase will end at dark."

Hank turned away, blinking fast and swallowing hard. His hopes of riding with the foreman and the owner were thus suddenly blasted, leaving behind a sense of revolt that fairly hurt. After discovering the horse, he would lose all the excitement of the chase.

Soon after daylight, the foreman and the owner rode into the valley above the canvas wall. They galloped easily toward the spring where Hank had seen the horses two days before. When they rounded a knoll a half-mile below the water-hole, they sighted the wonderful stallion on guard on a slight elevation, with the herd feeding quietly below. Instantly the band was off up the valley, and the foreman was riding rapidly in





"TEN MILES UP THE VALLEY SWEEP THE

pursuit. The owner stopped at the spring, where he would wait until the time came for the concerted dash and capture of the big black. It was a waiting game, and patience was to play an important part.

Ten miles up the valley, straight for the steep trail at the upper end, swept the black leader at the head of his herd. But a quarter of a mile from the pass he stopped, wheeled, and doubled back. The foreman was riding near the western wall, and the band passed him on its return trip without being forced into too close quarters.

One of the men on guard at the pass dashed down with a fresh horse, and five minutes later the foreman was after the herd again with the second horse. He galloped along a half-mile behind the stallion, and not once did he press the chase or excite the band unduly.

At the sight of the brown canvas wall barring his way, the stallion spun around and fled wildly up the valley again. But three of the others went straight on through the narrow opening at the center, and were easy victims in the canvas corral. On another fresh horse, the foreman continued the chase. Not once did he come nearer than the half-mile, and never did he permit the band to stop for more than a minute or two at a time.

When within a quarter of a mile of the pass,

the stallion again scented danger, and again wheeled back down the valley. Once more a man dashed out from hiding with a fresh horse, and the chase continued. It was settling down now to one of dogged endurance, with the odds against the stallion. Fresh horses were in plenty for the foreman, but the wonderful black kept on, hour after hour, leading his dwindling band with what seemed tireless energy. Ceaselessly they kept him moving. Three round trips of the valley, sixty miles, and ten of his mates were out of the chase, and before the fourth round of the valley was finished, they were dropping out rapidly, being roped and dragged in submission to the canvas corral.

Frequently now the stallion would stop and watch until his relentless pursuer was within a hundred yards; then he would be off again. His black coat was covered with foam; he was becoming uncertain on his feet, and stumbled often. He approached the water-hole, but it was guarded. Wearily he turned back down the valley because it was easier going.

The foreman fired three quick signal shots, and from behind the brown canvas wall rode the best ropers of the region, mounted on the fleetest horses. The stallion sloped his flight and went on down the valley along the western side. The riders waited across the valley until he had



BLACK LEADER AT THE HEAD OF HIS HERD."

passed, then they spread out across the level floor.

Ten abreast, and absolutely certain of success, they galloped easily along behind the stallion as he went on straight toward the canvas barrier. They did not hurry; there was no need; an easy gallop kept pace with the stallion's now unsteady gait.

A hundred yards from the barrier, he wheeled defiantly. Facing them, he waited. The foreman shouted an order, and they dashed wildly forward, each eager to be first to drop his rope over the wary head and win eternal fame in the region as the subduer of the most wonderful horse in Nevada.

The stallion waited their coming with heaving sides and flaming eyes. When the nearest riders were fifty feet away, he charged directly toward them, getting into his full stride in spite of his weariness, and by the time he reached them, he was going at top speed. His unexpected charge threw the riders into confusion. Their racing horses were not trained to the roping game like their cow-horses; besides, each rider was racing wildly, and each had his full length of rope ready for a long cast in order to be first.

Straight between two riders went the stallion. The men were alert and active in spite of their mounts. They made casts at the same instant,

and their ropes met in mid air above his head. One loop dropped short, and the other was so large that he leaped half through before the man could snake the slack with a quick backward jerk of his hand and tighten up. Even then, his horse was broadside when the plunging stallion reached the end of the rope with a tremendous charge that lifted the racer clear of his feet and flung him violently to the ground.

To save himself, the man instinctively let go the rope, which he had snubbed around the saddle horn, and at the stallion's first lunge it slipped from the saddle and went trailing off behind the black. Three leaps more, and it dropped harmlessly to the ground. The stallion was free again.

The very number of his pursuers was his advantage. A hundred feet away the side of the valley rose at half pitch, and rough rocks and dense scrub were scattered thickly up the slope. Up he went over ragged rock slabs, forcing his way through the scrub where no ridden horse could follow.

Straight up the mountain the great horse fought his way, though it was strewn with huge blocks of bare rock piled in a forbidding mass of debris. The route looked impossible to any animal except a man.

"Don't shoot! He's all in," ordered the foreman. From above came the shouts of the men



guarding the pass: "Let him come! We'll get him."

Desperately the men below tried to follow, and impatiently the men at the top waited and watched his slow upward progress. They straightened their ropes, tightened their cinches, and made sure that every detail was ready. Behind them, back of the ridge top, lay a narrow plateau, and beyond rose a second ridge. Upon this level bench

fought his mad way, always toward the top. His progress was slow and painful. Often he was minutes gaining a few feet. Still, nothing daunted nor defeated him. The men watching from above laughed, exulted at the sight.

A narrow rock-filled gully ran back across the plateau toward the ridge beyond. Scrub growth filled in between the rocks. It was to the mouth of this gully that the horse finally forced his way.

The men were waiting for him on foot. Each dropped his rope over the coveted head with a yell of triumph.

No sooner did the ropes tighten upon the stallion's neck than he became an explosion of action. Up the slope toward the level ground he charged, and the men, confident of success, let him go.

Once in the open, they stopped him by throwing their weight against their ropes. With flaming eyes, mouth open, and ears laid flat, the stallion came down at them, a terrible monster of rage.

The horse was within ten feet of the men, when one of them let go his rope and dived aside as the black bulk lurched by. The other threw his weight against his rope, and the stallion turned upon him with bared teeth, and awful, flashing eyes. He saved himself only by leaping blindly into the scrub in the gully.

When the men recovered their feet, they rushed to their horses, and were after the runaway pell-mell. But

the stallion continued along the broken top of the ridge, where it seemed as if he would surely tumble headlong back into the valley. He dared every obstacle for liberty, leaped treacherous gaps in the rock barrier where his enemies dared not follow, and made his way across fields of huge, broken rocks where no other horse had ever dared.

On the level, the fresh horses of the men could easily have overtaken him; but among the rocks and chasms of the ridge top, they had difficulty in keeping him in sight. Their horses were not



"HE LEAPED BOLDLY OVER A NARROW CHASM."

they would capture the famous stallion, and the reward.

A hundred feet from the top, the stallion doubled back, leaped boldly over a narrow chasm, and followed along a narrow ledge of bare rock that ran along the face of the cliff. It was barely wide enough for him to edge along, and there was every chance that it might pinch out.

But the ledge did not pinch out, and the stallion came to the end of it fifty yards farther, where a section of the barrier had gone out with the rock slide. Up over the rock slabs the horse

fighting a life-and-death battle, and could not follow the way the stallion went. They had to make detours where the black forged straight up the slope.

Seeing that he was about to gain the second ridge top, the men opened on him with their six-shooters, but he plunged desperately into the growth of scrub just back of the second ridge top, and went crashing headlong out of sight, and safe from the spiteful guns.

Ten minutes after the stallion disappeared into the scrub, the men reached the top of the ridge and saw the plain trail where he had entered the thicket. They separated and started circling around the copse in opposite directions, chagrined at their failure to either capture or kill the wonderful black horse. They rode desperately to intercept him when he should emerge from the far side of the sheltering growth. But, as soon as they were out of hearing, the crafty animal came out at the spot where he had entered the thicket, and started westward along the rough ridge top. Sometimes he stopped for a moment to rest, and always he watched the back trail. When he went on again, he followed the roughest way he could find.

An hour later, the men from the valley came up and found his tracks, which told once more how the big black stallion had won his freedom. In the second valley, they found where he had joined another wild-horse band. But they knew he would soon leave the band and seek shelter; so they scattered and began careful search for tracks near every thicket. They hoped to find him before he had sufficiently rested to run away from them.

It was a game for life and freedom by the stallion, and he never gave up. Leaving the wild

herd abruptly, he rested a few minutes, then pushed on to a hiding-place. But he allowed little time for rest; always he went on and on, putting as much distance between himself and his enemies as his strength would permit. Thus it was, he worked his way to the lonely water-hole.



"HE SNORTED AT THE STRANGE CRAWLING OBJECT AND CIRCLED UNTIL HE GOT THE WIND." (SEE PAGE 23.)

Through all the long hours, Hank waited at the muddy spring beside it. While he kept lonely vigil, his heart welled up against the foreman and the others. He almost hoped that the stallion would get away. Surely the chase was over, long since, for the sun was dropping low. How-



ever, his orders were to wait until dark, and he would stick it out. Not because he cared what any of them thought, or said, or did, but because he was a boy—and almost a man. They had not given him a fair chance, and he knew that they would give the stallion even less.

At four in the afternoon, Hank unsaddled Old Baldy, hobbled him, and allowed him to graze away from the spring. Behind a scrub where the sand had drifted, he scooped out a hole with his hands, and snuggled in the bottom with his six-shooter within touch. Long rides, loss of sleep, and constant vigil had wearied him more than he knew. In five minutes he was asleep. The sun touched the distant mountains and sank slowly behind them.

A wild snort awakened him, and he started up stupidly, half awake, gun in hand. He arose cautiously. Thirty feet away stood the stallion, legs braced wide apart to keep from falling, muscles all a-quiver. He was reeking with foam and dirt. But his eyes were blazing with that terrible fear and hate of man. The breeze carried the man-smell away from the stallion, and undersized Hank, standing knee-deep in the sand-pit, did not look formidable.

For a moment they faced each other across the water-hole, each immovable with surprise. Instinctively, Hank's gun hand crept out and rose slowly in front, sliding out toward the stallion. He covered a foam fleck between the blazing eyes, held the gun steady there for a second, then he lowered it. "He can't get away anyhow," he said aloud.

At the sound of his voice, the stallion pulled himself together with a jerk. Plainly though, he was at the end of his race. He must have water or perish. Slowly he advanced. A few steps from the spring he halted, his instinct warning him against nearer approach to his hated enemy. But he was too weak to run away, and, after hesitating, he staggered forward and dropped to his knees at the water-hole.

"All right, old fellow, you win!" and Hank replaced his gun in its holster and stood watching as the horse buried his nose in the muddy water and drank in great, sobbing gulps, until the water-hole was empty. Hank was glad he had dug it out in the morning. The little hole held perhaps two buckets of dark water, but it made only a taste for the stallion.

"Looks like they'd given you a run for your life, old fellow," and Hank moved forward slowly, continued talking, and edging nearer. Soothingly he talked his way forward while the horse held his hot muzzle pressed against the wet sand, eagerly sucking up the water as it flowed

slowly forth. Its slowness made him impatient, and he began pawing wildly.

"Now don't do that!" Hank chided; "don't you see you've filled up the hole?"

Far back in his mind, the stallion must have remembered that men *had* been kind to him; for he was not afraid now of this first man-being who had been kind to him since he escaped the Indians. There was something in the gentle touch of the boy that thrilled him with vague memories. He waited patiently while with bare hands Hank scooped out the water-hole.

Tears were streaming down Hank's boyish face as he loosened the two ropes and tossed them aside. Patting the foam-flecked neck, he talked on and on. The horse waited impatiently for the water that came so maddeningly slow. After his second draft, he nosed Hank and whinnied eagerly.

Darkness settled unnoticed. Suddenly the stallion lifted his head, alert and looked intently toward the east, ears pricked sharply forward, and alarm in his manner. Hank could see or hear nothing, but he watched the revived horse keenly. A moment later came distant hoof-beats, and the stallion galloped stiffly away into the darkness.

Soon the rough voice of a man greeted Hank as he stood motionless by the water-hole.

"Hello, fellows! Did you get him?" his question saved him from having to answer that question himself, and conveyed to the men exactly what he wished it to. He had scooped out a hole in the sand, tossed the ropes into it, and smoothed the sand over them.

Hank was silent on the homeward ride. His heart was filled with conflicting emotions, and he heard only part of the talk about the daredevil horse that had climbed rock walls and fought for his freedom. It seemed to be the general opinion that the stallion had joined another band.

FIFTEEN miles across the rough country Hank rode every Saturday afternoon. He had asked, then demanded, of the foreman this half-holiday, and had at last secured it through strategy. In his pockets were lumps of sugar, offerings of salt, bread, and other treats for the stallion. Twice during the first month he had sighted the wonderful black, and had coaxed him to approach and accept the offerings he had brought to cement their friendship. If the stallion failed to keep the tryst, Hank would return to the ranch dejected and morose.

It was near round-up time, and some extra work had delayed Hank past his usual starting-time. He did not take the precaution of starting

off and circling back to throw the others off his trail, but took a short cut up the valley, climbed the steep trail at its upper end, and emerged through the pass that overlooked the muddy spring. He went down the opposite slope at a

Noticing that his right toe was twisted in, he tried to reach out to it, but his hand refused to obey the summons—his collar-bone was injured, too. His head cleared, and he realized what had happened. Baldy lay with his head doubled under his body; his neck was broken.

Hank crawled painfully to his saddle and cut the thongs that bound his slicker. Out of it, with his left hand, he cut strips and slowly bound the throbbing ankle, and made a sling for his useless arm. When he had finished his bandaging, he started crawling slowly toward the spring. On one hand and both knees he dragged himself along, stopping often to rest.

The stallion snorted at the strange crawling object and circled until he got the wind; the smell convinced him, and he decided to venture nearer. Sitting quiet, Hank coaxed, gave sugar sparingly, and a little salt too. When the stallion was used to his new appearance, he pressed firmly with his left hand behind the horse's knees. "Lie down, lie down, lie down," he begged, but the black horse did not understand, and edged away.

Water at the hole revived Hank, but at times during the night he was half delirious, calling out for the stallion to come to him; and all night the stallion kept vigil about the spring. Frequently at the call, he would approach and nose the boy, whinny eagerly, and walk round and round him.

At daylight, the great black horse was still waiting beside the boy. Sometimes Hank would rouse himself with an effort and try to get the horse to lie down. Toward noon, Hank's head cleared, and he crawled slowly to an upthrust of rock and coaxed the stallion to him. With a painful effort he dragged himself upon the mighty back, and turned the stallion's head toward the ranch. They traveled slowly. Many times the rider reeled recklessly, and came near tumbling



"THE HORSE WENT FORWARD AT AN EASY PACE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

rapid pace. Baldy had once been a famous cowhorse, but had grown too old for active service. They were going down the smooth slope like the wind, when Baldy stepped into a hole and plunged downward, turning completely over in his fall. Hank was flung from the saddle, but one foot stuck in its stirrup. Then he lost consciousness.

Pain in his leg roused him after a few minutes, and he sat up, dazed.



off. At such times, the horse would stop and wait until Hank gave the word to go on again.

FIFTEEN cow-punchers were lolling away Sunday afternoon in the shade of the bunk-house. Hank's absence was being discussed. Around a point two hundred yards away came the stallion. At the sight of the men he stopped quickly, and Hank narrowly saved himself from pitching headlong to the ground.

The stallion turned his head and looked at Hank. "It's all right, old fellow; I'll see you through. Go on!" And the horse went forward at an easy pace, with Hank clinging with his left hand tightly to the flowing mane.

Fifteen punchers held the attitude they were

in when the horse appeared—they were frozen with astonishment. Not one of them broke the silence nor moved a hand.

At the gate the stallion stopped, and Hank crumpled into the arms of one of the punchers, and then to the ground. He lay quiet so long that the horse gently pawed at him and whinnied anxiously. "I'm all right, old pal," Hank said aloud, through clenched teeth. "You hit the trail; I'll see you again, when I'm able to travel."

With head and tail high, mane flowing in the breeze, the stallion galloped away, swinging his magnificent head from side to side as he went, and looking backward continually.

But not a man stirred.

## "I ALMOST GOT TO FAIRY-LAND ONE DAY"

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES



I ALMOST got to Fairy-land, one day.  
I walked just straight along the sun-path, so,  
And there were little hummings in the world;  
And moving things went through the grass, and all  
The air was just as glad as if there were  
A party, somewhere, at a fairy's house.  
I knew they had a party, and I knew  
That they had kept a seat for me, if I  
Could only find the right turn in the road.  
I was so near to Fairy-land, so near

That I could almost hear the fairy gates  
Swing open for me, waiting—just for me.

I was so near to Fairy-land—and then,  
Just then, I heard my mother calling me,  
"Come in to supper, dear," I heard her call;  
And so I never got to Fairy-land.

I know that there are fairies, though, because  
I *almost* got to Fairy-land one day!

# PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

## CHAPTER I

### A LETTER FROM MOUNT VERNON

"THEN they 'll b-be m-m-m-married at Denewood, after all!" I stuttered in my excitement, breaking in upon Mrs. Mummer as she finished Bee's letter.

"Aye, that they will, praise be!" she replied heartily, and then read again the news that had gladdened our hearts.

"It has been thought best not to have the wedding at Mount Vernon, on account of a death in the family; but Lady Washington will keep me in countenance at Denewood. His Excellency plans to be in Philadelphia in a fortnight, and the wedding must take place almost at once."

Mrs. Mummer bounced out of her chair all abustle.

"In a fortnight!" she exclaimed. "'T is well I 'took time by the forelock,' as Mummer says, and began making ready against their coming." She was across the room, hurrying toward the kitchens ere she finished speaking.

"'T is good I 'm here to help you," I cried, skipping along behind her; but in my eagerness I bumped into her, for she had stopped abruptly, struck by a new thought.

"And what of her plenishings, child?" she asked in dismay, looking at me, as if I could answer such a riddle.

"Can't she get her dresses at Mount Vernon?" I suggested, but Mrs. Mummer shook her head.

"Nay, there are no shops there to supply her fittingly, and what 's more, her outfit will be the last thing Miss Bee will be thinking of."

"Then we must e'en do it for her," I declared. "We c-could n't have Bee wedded in d-dimity."

"That we could n't, Peggy dear," Mrs. Mummer agreed. "I would n't have her dressed in aught but what was most elegant, and what does an old housekeeper like me know of fashions?"

This was true enough, for, although Mrs. Mummer was full of needle wisdom, she had no knowledge of the latest modes, and I was but a child of nine years, who could be of little help.

"Beside," Mrs. Mummer went on, "with all that must be done 'twixt now and their coming, I shall have few moments to spare on mantua-makers. Yet she must have her plenishings."

"I h-h-have it!" I cried, an idea popping into my head. "We 'll send for Polly and Betty. They know naught else but what is f-f-fashionable."

Mrs. Mummer clapped her hands at this suggestion, exclaiming: "The very thing! As Mummer says, 'all creatures have their use in this world,' though I never thought to seek help of those two girls," and without more words she went to the great desk in the library.

Laboriously, with her quill grasped in a hand that was little accustomed to it, Mrs. Mummer wrote a note to my sisters, summoning them from our home in Haddonfield. That done, she hung up her pen and despatched the letter immediately by Charley, with instructions to waste no time upon the road.

"And now to work!" she cried, as we watched the black boy disappear on the gallop; "there are a thousand things to be set to rights, and I scarce know where to begin."

"There 's the wedding-cake," I suggested.

"Aye, I must get at that soon, and it shall be such a cake as was ne'er seen in Germantown!" declared Mrs. Mummer.

"And I 'll help seed the raisins!" I exclaimed, dancing about, ready to begin on the instant.

"Nay, deary," Mrs. Mummer returned quite seriously; "no hand but mine shall touch that cake, or aught that goes into it."

Though I protested somewhat at this decision of Mrs. Mummer's, she had made up her mind and held to it, so that until the great day I never saw the wedding-cake. Nevertheless, I had my fill of seeding raisins, for there were vast quantities of different cakes and sugared cookies baked, and I had my tasks as well as every other maid and man in the house.

Inside and out, Denewood hummed with busy workers; but the kitchens were, of course, the scene of the greatest activity, for not only would there be a vast company at the wedding itself, but the neighbors for miles around would expect their share of the feast. It was not many days before all the cupboards were filled with pasties, fruit-pies, and dozens of other good things that would take no hurt for a little waiting.

Polly and Betty came at once, all atwitter over



a wedding in the family and monstrous set up at having so important a part in the preparations.

Mrs. Mummer had already engaged the most famous mantua-maker in Philadelphia to attend to the dressmaking, and this woman had sent word that, as luck would have it, the fall ships were newly arrived from Europe with cargoes of fine goods, and that we should make our purchases at once. Mrs. Mummer grumbled that she must lose the time at Denewood, but it was too good an opportunity to be missed; so the day after my sisters came, we started betimes in the great family chariot, seeing that the chaise would scarce hold the boxes and bundles we should bring back with us.

Mrs. Mummer had another errand to do in the city, of which she made somewhat of a mystery; but when I saw her slyly disappear into the shop of Mr. Twining, the silversmith, I guessed that her business was to buy the thimble and ring for the wedding-cake. But I said naught of my idea to Betty or Polly, who seemed vastly curious, although they thought it beneath their dignity to show it.

It was a most exciting day to me, and never did I know before that there could be so many different kinds of brocades, satins, laces, fine muslins, and chintzes as I saw then; and when at last we were ready to return to Denewood, there was scarce room for us in the coach. Indeed, so full was it of bundles that when the steps were folded up, there was not one of us but had something in her lap as well as under-foot.

I was a little disappointed when Mrs. Mummer decided that Bee should wear naught more gorgeous than white at her wedding. I would have had her clad in yellow satin with an overskirt of blue mantua, or, belike, purple velvet, for at that age I had a gay taste in colors; but Mrs. Mummer chose a petticoat of white satin veiled with silver tissue richly worked with flowers, and an overdress of silver brocade; and, though I murmured somewhat, when I saw the high-heeled brocade slippers (for which she said she had diamond buckles in the Denewood strong-box), I felt quite reconciled, and could not but admit it would be most elegant and fashionable.

For the bridesmaids, Betty and Polly had their choice, and they selected a peach-color and white changeable mantua with lace, that would be becoming to all. This entirely satisfied me, for heretofore I had worn but the simplest of muslins, so that I was quite set up at the thought of Mistress Margaret Travers in such elegancies.

We would all have been ready to lie late the next morning, but this in no wise suited Mrs.

Mummer, who routed us out ere the sun had fairly risen.

"Up! up!" she cried, coming into each of our rooms in turn; "up! up! I'll have no slugabeds in this house. The time is all too short for what we have to do!" And so began another busy day, with no rest nor shirking till all was accomplished.

As the fortnight drew to a close, I was impatient for the hour to come when I should see my darling Bee again. She, too, was a Travers, but of the English branch of the family, and had arrived in America just at the beginning of our war with the mother country, five years before. She had come a stranger to a strange land, but had soon won all hearts by her courage and loyalty to the home of her adoption; while to me, who was scarce more than a baby when first we met at Denewood, she was all the world.

When Mrs. Mummer, returning alone from Virginia, brought word that Cousin John Travers was to marry with Beatrice, I was at first much surprised. Soon, however, I came to see that this was the nicest thing that could have happened, and felt certain that a lucky sixpence Bee had brought with her from England had played its part in bringing it about.

No wonder that I could not sit still on the morning of their coming. Bill Schmuck, Cousin John's body-servant, had arrived the evening before with a message that the party would stay the night in Philadelphia, where Mr. Chew's house had been put at their disposal, but would reach Germantown early the following morning.

And at last they came. A big chariot with four horses led the way, General Washington upon the one hand and Cousin John upon the other, while behind them were Major McLane, my brother Bart, Mark Powell, and many of His Excellency's train whom I knew not. It was a gay cavalcade, but I saw naught save the great coach, and was dancing before the door ere the steps were let down.

"Bee! Bee!" I cried, and in a moment she was out and had me in her arms, hugging me tight.

"My own little Peg!" she whispered, kissing me; and I could only repeat, "Bee! Bee! Bee!" again and again, while I fair sobbed with excitement.

After that, Bee went to greet Mrs. Mummer and to say a word to the servants and black boys who stood about grinning with delight to see her back again, while Cousin John picked me up and kissed me.

"Y-you don't l-look as if you 'd been losted," I told him. At which every one laughed, but in truth he looked happier than I had ever seen him.

"Nay, 't is we who worried about him who are but shadows!" cried Allan McLane; "and we get no sympathy for it," he added, as he brought his great bulk down from his horse.

I wriggled in Cousin John's arms, wishing to go to Major McLane, who was a particular friend of mine, but Cousin John, setting me on the ground, still held my hand.

"You must welcome His Excellency and Lady Washington," he said, for in my excitement I had clean forgot our distinguished visitors.

Holding wide my petticoat, I made my deepest curtsy to the general, and he in his turn bowed low to me, as he might have done to a great lady, for, indeed, he was the most elegant of gentlemen. But when I turned to salute Madam Washington, who stood very dignified and straight, she came quickly to me.

"Nay, child, this would be more suitable than a formal scrape," and with that she kissed me on both cheeks. I vow it was easy to understand how the first lady in the land had won all hearts, but I was too surprised even to stutter a reply.

Then I was free to greet my older friends, and Allan McLane set me on his shoulder and carried me into the house behind the others.

Oh, how good it was to have Bee and Cousin John back, and Denewood full of people again, as in the old days before the war had come so close to us! And what a gay table it was when we all sat for dinner! Bee, at its head, in spite of her protests that Cousin John should have that honor. "Nay, Bee," he insisted, "'t is you saved Denewood, and it is yours."

And so, with His Excellency on her right hand and me on her left, Beatrice Travers once more played hostess to the guests of Denewood.

But, though I longed to have her to myself for a minute, and could scarce wait for all the questions I had to ask her, it was not till night that Bee and I were alone together. She slipped into my bed, which had been set up for the time being in the day-nursery next her room.

"Oh, Peggy dear, it was n't so, after all!" she whispered, referring to the past when all save she and I had believed Cousin John dead. For answer I kissed her and snuggled into her arms.

"T-t-tell me all about it, Bee," I murmured, and straightway she recounted the adventures that had befallen her since she had left Denewood, many weeks before.

## CHAPTER II

### LADY WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND

DIRECTLY after breakfast next morning, the men went away in attendance upon General Washing-

ton, and we stood for a moment in the portico to watch them.

"T-t-t is well they 're gone," I said gravely to Madam Washington; "w-w-we women have our hands full w-w-without them." Why she and Bee laughed so immoderate at this I could not fathom, for, to my mind, it was no jest. The tasks still before us seemed innumerable when one remembered that on the following day, "at candle-light," as the invitations read, the wedding would take place.

First of all, Bee's plenishings must be inspected. She gladdened Mrs. Mummer's heart by the surprise and delight she showed in all her finery, telling the old housekeeper she was too good to her, and thanked Polly and Betty for their share in the work, vowing she could think of naught that would be an improvement, which pleased my sisters mightily. And, indeed, even the fit of the gown was well-nigh perfect, and, save for a seam or two which could be run up in a minute, the bridal outfit was complete from lace veil to brocade slippers. But it was not quite finished that day, for Mrs. Mummer saw to it that there should be a few stitches to set on the morrow, as 't is well known that ill luck follows if the wedding-gown is completed ere the wedding-day.

There had been talk of having the ceremony at Christ Church, in Philadelphia; but, rather than take the long ride to the city, it was finally decided that they should wed at Denewood, which was large enough to accommodate all the invited guests. It was a question, however, just where the bridal party should stand during the service.

Polly and Betty had spoken for the dining-room, with the great bow-window at one end, as the most fitting place, and Mrs. Mummer, too, was inclined to such an arrangement; but there were objections to this, and the drawing-room being thought too small, no decision so far had been reached.

When the subject was broached anew, Madam Washington made short work of the matter. She marshaled us all into the great hall, and pointed to the first stair-landing, which was but a step or two up.

"The parson shall stand there!" she declared. "We will place some growing plants, or, if we can do no better at this time of the year, a bank of green boughs on either side. 'T will make a most tasteful bower."

"Aye, that 's true enough," agreed Mrs. Mummer, though she still shook her head dubiously.

"In that way," continued Lady Washington, "we shall gain the upper gallery for guests as well as the hall itself, and thus we can accom-



modate more than in the drawing-room and still have the dining-room free."

"But, Lady Washington, ma'am," said Mrs. Mummer, anxiously, "if so be we have guests in the gallery, how will Miss Bee ever win down the stair without crushing her finery?"

"She must not come down those stairs," Lady Washington asserted with decision. "I like not to look at a woman as she bobs from step to step, and in the face of so great a company it would be most awkwardish. Nay, she shall seek her maids in the dining-room by way of the back stairs. I've seen such before lined with clean sheets to save the bride's ruffles."

"Now that 's well thought of!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer, and then, with a little toss of her head, "but, begging Your Ladyship's pardon, there will be no need of sheets. My back stairs are as white as my front."

"Aye, that I 'm well assured of, Mrs. Mummer," came the quick reply. "You are too notable a housewife to make so slovenly an expedient necessary."

It was so quickly and gracefully done, that Mrs. Mummer glowed at the compliment.

"I thank Your Ladyship," she murmured, "and I 'm sure the arrangements you have suggested will be perfect."

"Yes, 't is the best plan, I 'm certain," Madam Washington went on, with a nod and a smile to us all. "Once in the dining-room, the great doors may be set wide, the bridesmaids will enter the hall in front, and, last, the bride herself, with eyes as they should be, modestly cast down, leaning upon His Excellency's arm." For General Washington was to stand in place of a father to Bee, she having no near relatives outside of England, and her own father being dead since she was a baby.

So it was agreed, and when that evening we spoke of the arrangements to General Washington, telling him how his lady had solved our difficulties, he chuckled thoughtfully to himself.

"Eh, now, 't is Her Ladyship who should have been the general!" he declared with pride. "'T is a most suitable arrangement. I like well the strategy of taking the guests upon the flank, rather than braving their fire from the front. What say you, Mistress Beatrice?"

Bee laughingly assented, but truth to tell she assented to everything, and would have said "Aye" had they wished her to wed in the kitchen.

There was no doubt Bee was happy. 'T was plain to all who saw her, but now and then I caught a wistful look on her face, as if, perchance, she longed for something she could in no wise attain.

I taxed her with it that night as she sat on the edge of my bed.

"Nay now, Peggy!" she protested; "'t is your imagination. I 'm the happiest girl in America. Sure no others see aught else in my face?"

"There 's no one loves you as I d-d-do, Bee," I answered. "I think 't was my heart t-t-told me." At that she took me in her arms and held me close.

"'T is not that I 'm sad, Peg dear," she began, "but—but I can't help thinking now and then of Granny, and of Horace and Hal, my brothers, far away in England. They don't even know yet that I am to be married, and—and a maid can't help wishing that one of her own family was by upon her wedding-day."

I had no words to comfort her. Indeed, I scarce understood, seeing that her brothers could not love her better than we at Denewood; but, to show my sympathy, I nestled close to her, and so we stayed a moment or two in silence.

Then I said, a little hurt perhaps: "Is n't a c-c-cousin a *piece* of the family, Bee?" At which she gave a low laugh.

"Your old Bee is an ungrateful girl!" she cried. "I feel ashamed to be wishing for the impossible when I have so much. Let us speak no more of it." And a little later, with a good-night kiss, she left me.

### CHAPTER III

#### BEE'S WEDDING-CAKE

I AWOKE next morning to find Mrs. Mummer standing at my bedside, looking down at me with a smile upon her face.

"Is the d-d-day fair?" I asked anxiously, for it had looked cloudy the night before.

"Aye," she answered contentedly, "'t is fair, and 'happy is the bride the sun shines on,' as Mummer says."

But I wanted to see for myself, so, jumping up, I pattered to the window in my nightrail to look out. The sky was blue, with scarce a cloud in it, and it was so warm and sunny that it seemed like a day in June rather than early December.

"'T is fine enough even for Bee's w-w-wedding," I stuttered, with a sigh of satisfaction.

Most of the day I was busy scurrying here and there upon errands for Mrs. Mummer, and was but half aware of the many arrivals at Denewood. All the wedding-party was on hand, that I knew, and the Rev. William White, of Christ Church, who was to read the service. For the rest I had little concern, though once or twice I remember running into Major McLane, who would have stopped me, vowing I was forgetting old friendships.



"SO BEE AND COUSIN JOHN WERE MARRIED."



It must have been nigh time for me to be putting on my own finery, when Mrs. Mummer sent me off with a message for the head gardener.

"'T is the last of your duties this day, Peggy dear," she said, patting my shoulder lovingly; "indeed, I know not how I should have fared had you not been here to help me," and with that praise in my ears, I sped quickly to do her bidding.

On my way back I was tempted by a glint of red in the wood bordering the roadway, and, thinking that some bright leaves might add to the show of flowers, which were none too plentiful at that season, I hurried to investigate. I was disappointed with what I found, for, though at a distance they seemed fresh enough, a closer inspection showed them rusty and withered. I was about to go back to the house, which was hidden by the trees and might have been a mile away for all one could see, when a hail from the road turned me sharp about. And there, drawn up, was a cart half filled with boxes. The driver held the reins listlessly as a tired man will, looking disconsolately at his jaded horse, while between us stood a young man, fashionably dressed, albeit very dusty.

"Can you tell me if there is a place called Denewood near?" he asked, politely enough.

"W-w-why, it 's r-r-right h-h-here," I answered, stuttering more than was my wont, because I addressed a stranger.

"Right here!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Now indeed that is good news. I thought I 'd never come at it." Then for an instant he looked at me quizzically. "On my life, I believe 't is Peggy!" he burst out finally.

Now to be greeted with such a lack of ceremony by a dusty youth off the road did not suit my taste, and I made as if to leave him.

"Hold on," he cried, vaulting the wall and stepping before me, "you are Peg, are n't you?"

"I w-w-waste no words on s-s-saucy, chance-met s-s-strangers!" I declared, with my nose in the air in imitation of Bee's haughtiest manner.

"Your pardon," he murmured, giving me the compliment of his hat, which was vastly soothing to my dignity. "I 'm Hal Travers, Bee's brother, just arrived out of England. Has n't she told you of me? She never tired talking of you."

"You Hal Travers?" I nigh shouted in my delight and surprise. "Oh, I 'm s-s-so glad! You 're just in t-time for the wedding."

"The wedding!" he exclaimed, surprised in his turn. "Whose wedding?"

"W-w-why, Bee's, of course," I explained. "She 'll be m-m-married at candle-light, and you must hurry."

"Hold on," he remonstrated, glum on the instant, "I like not this sudden news of Bee's marriage. She 's a great heiress since her cousin, John Travers, died and left her his estate."

"B-b-but he is n't dead!" I told him; "'t is John Travers she is to wed. Now will you hurry?"

Hal was for hearing more of the wedding, and was eager with a hundred questions, but I knew there was no time to be lost, and begged him to curb his curiosity. Already a plan to surprise Bee had formed in my mind.

"Have you a wedding suit?" I asked anxiously.

"Nay, I never so named it," he answered, with a glance at the boxes in the cart, "but I have a plum-colored velvet of the latest cut that might serve, if the affair is not too fashionable."

"'T will e'en have to d-d-do," I told him, "though the wedding is m-m-monstrous fashionable." Then, having instructed the carter how to find the entrance, a hundred yards or so down the road, and to drive to the stables at once, I led Hal through the trees to the back of the house.

He followed me obediently, ready to enter into my plans, and I was sure I was going to like him for his own sake as well as Bee's.

I sent at once for Bart, who came promptly, dressed in his parade uniform and jangling his sword as he hurried. He looked so handsome in his blue and buff that I was very proud as I introduced them.

"This is Bee's brother Hal, just out of England," I explained; but I was not in the least prepared for Bart's cold salutation and the stiff little bow he gave.

"'T is scarce a good year for Britishers," he growled, and I looked for a resentful answer from Hal, but was agreeably surprised.

"Sure, 't is a bad policy not to welcome a Britisher who thinks the colonies have the right of it in their fight with the king," he said easily, hitting on the instant the cause of Bart's ungraciousness.

"If that 's how the matter stands, you 're thrice welcome," cried Bart, holding out a hand to him.

The cart had arrived by this time with Hal's boxes, among which I noted a huge packing-case which seemed strange luggage for a dandy; but I was too busy explaining my plans to give much thought to it. Bart was to take Hal to his room to dress, after which we were to meet, near the dining-room door, just a few minutes before the ceremony. This being understood, I ran off to make ready, scarce able to contain myself, so excited was I at the prospect before me.

Mrs. Mummer was too busy with Bee's appareling to note how long I had been upon her er-



"'NAY!' CRIED ALLAN McLANE, 'THIS IS THE KNIFE!'"

rand, and, moreover, Clarinda was to help me, so my absence had 'gone' unremarked.

As it happened, I was almost late, for the music had begun as I ran down the stairs to meet Hal at the place appointed. He was there, waiting unnoticed among so many strangers, though in truth he looked elegant enough in his plum-colored velvet to have attracted attention at any other time.

I took his hand and led him to the dining-room, where the bridal party was already assembled. As I opened the door, I heard Bee's voice.

"Where is Peg?" she asked. "We can't start without her."

By this I was in the room, and, still holding Hal's hand, I went directly to her; but it was the first time I had seen her fully dressed for her wedding, and she looked so beautiful in her white veil that I forgot everything else and

stood dumb, staring at her, and she in turn, astounded at the sight of her brother, could make no sound. The others, seeing that something unforeseen had happened, ceased to talk, so there was silence in the room. Then I found my tongue.

"'T-t-t is the w-w-wedding-g-gift you w-w-wanted, Bee," I whispered, and at that every one began to talk again, but I had eyes only for the bride.

"Hal!" she cried, taking a step toward him, "is it really you? Now I am happy!"

"Aye," he answered, "and Granny sends her love to you, as does Horrie."

"And they're well?" asked Bee, eagerly.

"Never better," he answered.

"I'm so glad he's here," she murmured, with a nod and a joyous smile at me as she stepped back to His Excellency's side, for it was high time we were starting.

"Now, Peggy," some one said, putting a basket of flowers in my hand and setting me in front. Then the doors were opened, and, 'mid a burst of music, I led the bridal party out of the room.

There was, however, another surprise in store



for the bride. As we looked into the great hall, there, hanging on the wall above the turn of the stairs, was a portrait of Bee, so like her that it seemed as if she were walking to meet herself. This was a picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds when Bee was in England, and it had been in the huge case I had noted among Hal's boxes. He had spoken of it to Bart, who forthwith had it unpacked and hung, to every one's delight.

So Bee and Cousin John were married, but memory plays us queer tricks, and from the time I entered the hall until we were seated at table toasting the bride and groom, all is vague.

I can still bring back Cousin John, who faced us as we entered with eyes for none but Bee, and beside him Allan McLane, standing stiff and straight as if on parade; but of the brilliant assemblage of gaily dressed ladies and gentlemen, I have small recollection.

Perhaps some will find a reason for my remembering so little of the wedding itself in that I was but a very young child, though I thought myself quite grown-up. The truth is, once the service was over, my whole mind centered on the cutting of the cake, and that operation is still fresh in my memory after all these years.

The great confection was set at the top of the table reserved for the bridal party, and never before or since did I see so monstrous a cake. Mrs. Mummer had kept her word. None such had ever been baked in Germantown.

I could scarce eat for keeping my eyes upon it, while I wondered where lay the ring, the thimble, and the silver piece, and who would get them. At length, after what seemed like hours of waiting, my patience gave out.

"Oh, Bee!" I sighed, "m-m-must more healths be drunk? S-s-sure I 'd think you and Cousin John would be the healthiest p-p-people in the world already."

"What is it you want, dear?" Bee asked, smiling and leaning toward me.

"Is n't it m-m-m-most time to cut the c-c-cake?" I implored, and as if I had given a signal, every one at the table cried, "Cut the cake!"

But before it could be done, Mrs. Mummer had to be called to point out the portion that had been reserved for the bridal party, and in which the talismans were placed. She came in looking very important, albeit a little flustered at the compliments paid her cookery, and having shown Bee where to cut, she stepped back to watch, remarking with satisfaction:

"There 's not a maid in miles but will dream of her true-love to-night on a bit of that cake passed through the wedding-ring."

Bee picked up the huge knife used to carve our great barons of beef, but, ere she set to work, Allan McLane stopped her.

"Nay!" he cried, making a long arm and plucking Cousin John's sword from its scabbard, "this is the knife for a soldier's wife!" and he brought it to her. Bee took it with a smile of thanks, held it aloft a moment, and then made the first cut.

Polly and Betty, my sisters, Sally Wister, Fanny Morris, and Mary Rawle, the other brides-maidens, were served first, and when my turn came, I saw that Bee skipped a slice; but I scarce heeded that fact then, for, with a sinking heart, I heard Sally say she had bit on something hard.

Alas for Sally! It was the thimble she had found, dooming her to spinsterhood, and my spirits rose, for 't was the opposite of that I wished for.

Then Mary Rawle held up a silver thrippenny bit foretelling riches for her, and still I hoped.

But just as I was about to bite into my own slice, Betty, mantling prettily, showed the golden ring. I felt myself nigh to tears, for 't was that I had longed for, and I put my portion down untasted, sore disappointed.

"Look in your slice, Peg," whispered Bee, "I 'm sure I felt something as the sword cut through."

"Nay," said Mrs. Mummer, "'t is impossible. There 's naught else in it save good plums."

But, made hopeful by Bee's words and so scarce heeding Mrs. Mummer, I picked up my cake and bit into it, my teeth meeting at once on metal. In a moment I had it in my hand, and was stuttering violently in my excitement.

"Oh, Bee!" I cried, "I 've g-g-got the r-r-ring! I 've g-g-got the r-r-ring!"

"Nonsense, child, how could that be, when Betty has it?" asked Polly.

"Hers c-can't be the r-r-right one," I maintained stoutly, holding up a massive jeweled circle on my outspread palm.

"Now, however came that in the cake?" cried Mrs. Mummer, and her astonished exclamation brought all the company about my chair.

"Did you not put it in, Mrs. Mummer?" asked Cousin John.

"Nay, Master John!" she asserted, "I never laid eyes on it before, and what 's more, no hand but mine touched aught that went into the dough."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Cousin John, "here 's a fine mystery. How came that ring into the cake?"

"And what meaning hath it for the child?" asked Mrs. Mummer, with a worried shake of her head; but there was no answer to either question.

(To be continued.)



PORTRAITS  
OF  
AMERICAN BOYS



PAINTED BY  
LYDIA FIELD EMMET



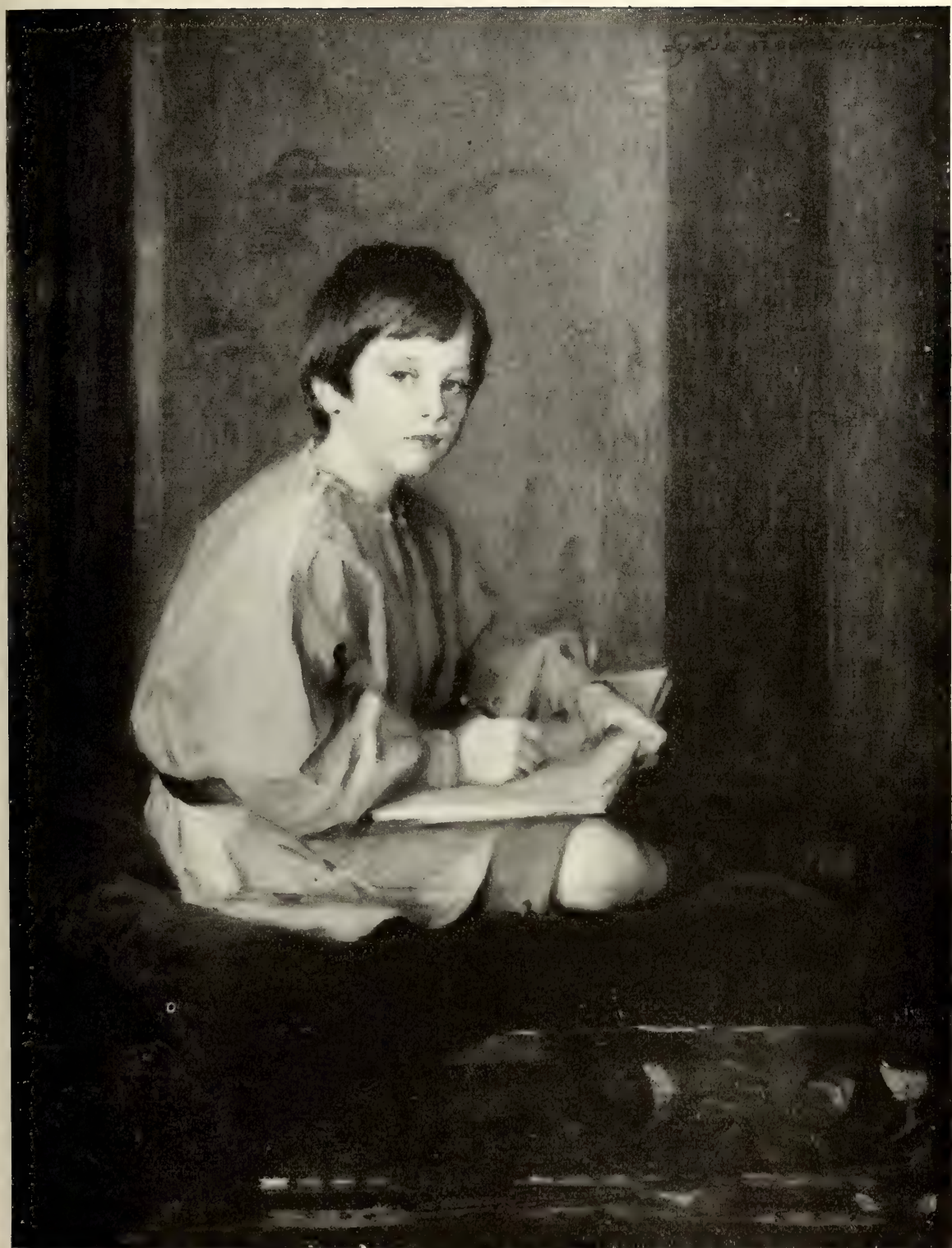
FRANK.





GORDON.





NIKKO.





PHILIP.

# TACTICS AND TACTICIANS OF THE GRIDIRON

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game," and  
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee



LORIN F. DELAND.<sup>1</sup>

VETERAN foot-ball men, like other veterans, find as keen a pleasure in the reminiscences of the past as they do in the performances of the present. Hence, when old foot-ball men come together in the happy little reunions of friends and former foes which characterize the hours that precede and follow great foot-ball games, their conversation invariably turns to the great plays and players of bygone days, and to the great tacticians who devised those plays, and thus gave to the players the mechanism by which their fame was achieved. The players of the gridiron are well known. Lads of ten and twelve can glibly call the roll of heroes of the '80s and the '90s, as well as the roll of those of the past decade. To these young comrades of the great foot-ball world such names as Camp, Poe, Cumnock, Staggs, Cowan, Sears, Bell, Heffelfinger, King, and Knipe are known and honored, although nearly fifteen years have come and gone since the last of these laid aside his moleskins.

Tactics and tacticians, however, have not been similar favorites of fame. Tactics are technical and carefully thought out; and tacticians perform their part of foot-ball in the seclusion of their study and the coaches' council-rooms. Yet the story of many of the tactical creations of the gridiron is as fascinating as its spectacular feats.

If one who has lived long in foot-ball, seen much, and remembered well were asked which are the greatest plays of all time in American foot-ball, tactically considered, he would reply: the V trick, the flying wedge, guards-back, the turtle-back, the revolving tandem, the tackle-back, and the Minnesota shift.

Ah, what thrilling memories come back to some of us at the mention of the V trick! Memories of great crowds hushed and breathless as the mighty engine of humanity plowed its ponderous way through opposing players, and of the mighty shout that went up as some daring defender

hurled his body against the gigantic wedge, and, single and alone, sent the mass of eleven men, tangled and helpless, crashing to the ground.

What was the V trick? As finally perfected, it was the formation of the eleven players of the offense into a V-shaped mass, apex forward, and solidified by the players wrapping their arms about each other. The formation massed ten yards behind the line of scrimmage,—there was no rule in those days requiring players of the offensive side to stand upon the line,—and, at the snap of the ball, the great mass, firmly locked and in step with machine-like precision, ponderously but swiftly moved forward, being in full motion before it reached the defenders. The player with the ball was hidden within this formidable mass of men, which was rendered still more powerful by having the heaviest men in the apex. This was the first of the famous momentum-mass plays of twenty-five years ago.

Skill, indeed, was necessary to execute the V trick, but courage as well as skill was necessary to stop it. When the offensive eleven fell back to form the "V," the defensive line deployed widely along the line of scrimmage, because no one of them knew in advance in which direction the "V" would come. The instant the ball was put in play and the V simultaneously moved forward, the defensive rushers leaped forward toward the mass. The first player to strike the V usually was the guard or tackle upon the side of the V's direction. If this player, with the height of skill and force, struck with his shoulder the knees of the second man in the apex of the V, the wedge with a loud report would collapse, its men would pile up a writhing heap of arms and legs, beneath which would be the player who had wrought the havoc, and the player with the ball, darting out from the rear of the disrupted wedge into the open field, would be caught in a shearing tackle by the nimble de-

<sup>1</sup>Inventor of the "flying wedge" and the "turtle-back."



fensive end, who had lain back alertly awaiting such an outcome to the manœuver.

Unlike other great tactical productions of the gridiron, this truly great play was not the result of long and laborious study and experimentation, but was the sudden conception of a player in the turmoil of a desperate battle. This game was the contest between Pennsylvania and Princeton, October 25, 1884, and the inventor of the play was Richard M. Hodge, of Princeton, a young sophomore quarter-back playing upon the team. Hodge, in response to a request for an authentic, first-hand account of the creation of this famous play, has contributed the following to the history of the sport:

"In the middle of the game, Captain Bird, of Princeton, had called upon Baker, '85, a half-back, to run behind the rush-line, which charged seven abreast down the field. It was an old play, and gained little ground the second time it was used. It suddenly struck me that if the rush-line would jump with the snap of the ball into the shape of a V, with the apex forward, we ought to gain ground. A consultation was held, and upon the next play the formation was tried, Baker plowing in the V to Pennsylvania's five-yard line, from which on the next play he was pushed over."

Following this game, the tacticians at Princeton improved this manœuver by withdrawing the eleven, for the formation, ten yards behind the line of scrimmage, thereby gaining the momentum of the ten-yard rush forward, and the trick was reserved for the opening play in the game with Yale. Achieving indifferent success in this game, the play was abandoned in 1885, but revived and improved in 1886, in which year it was employed so successfully that by 1887 and 1888 it had become the regulation opening play, supplanting the kick-off, upon all the teams in the country, and remained so until 1894. A curious feature of the play throughout all of these years was the technical preservation of the kick-off which the rules required. This ingeniously was accomplished by the player with the ball standing at the apex of the V. When the signal to begin play was given by the referee, this player touched the ball to the ground and his foot simultaneously, without releasing the ball from his hand, thereby complying with the rule to kick-off, which in those days imposed no yardage for the kick.

Thus the V trick became one of the commonplace manœuvers of foot-ball, so regularly executed that no idea, however slight, occurred to players or public that it would be supplanted. But a thunderclap in a clear sky was soon to break.

In the city of Boston was a gentleman, unknown in foot-ball but well known in many other activities, among which was a fondness for chess. This gentleman was Mr. Lorin F. Deland. Turning his propensity for problems in chess to the field of foot-ball, he quickly evolved an astounding manœuver, and secretly taught the play to Captain B. W. Trafford's team at Harvard. The play was sprung at Hampden Park, Springfield, November 19, 1892, in Harvard's game with Yale. Yale winning the toss, selected the ball and opened the battle with the time-honored V trick. The long half of forty-five minutes, fiercely fought, came to an end without a score. After the usual intermission, the teams again took the field, and Harvard had the ball for the opening play. Yale, assuming that, of course, the play would be the customary V trick, deployed widely along the line, Hinkey, Winter, McCrea, Stillman, Hickok, Wallis, and Greenway crouching low and trembling with eagerness to hurl themselves against the wedge. To the surprise of the players in blue, however, and to the consternation of the spectators, Harvard did not form a V. Instead, Trafford, Harvard's captain, holding the ball, took a position at the center of Harvard's forty-five-yard line. The remaining players, in two sections fell back to their twenty-five-yard line, each section grouping near its side-line. Without putting the ball in play, Trafford signaled with his hand, and the two groups of players leaped swiftly forward in lock-step, converging toward Trafford and gathering tremendous momentum as they ran. Just as they reached Trafford, the latter put the ball in play and disappeared within the great flying wedge as it passed him crashing into the Yale men, who, until the ball was put in play, were forced to stand still upon their line and thus with no momentum of their own be struck with the flying weight of the eleven men in crimson. Straight through the Yale team this mighty flying wedge plowed and crashed, until, torn to pieces by their fearless opponents, Frank Butterworth, of Yale, brought Trafford down twenty yards from Yale's goal.

Of all the major tactics in foot-ball, this play, the flying wedge of Lorin F. Deland, unquestionably was the most spectacular, the most famous, and the most momentous in results. Within one year, it had supplanted the V trick upon every team in the country, and brought forth hundreds of tacticians ambitious to achieve the success and fame of Mr. Deland, thereby giving an enormous impulse to the tactical department of the sport. The first result was the introduction by George W. Woodruff, the old Yale guard, famous as Pennsylvania's greatest coach, of the



THE "V TRICK."

Princeton practising the V formation for opening the game against Cornell, November 14, 1891.

flying principle into a full system of scrimmage plays at Pennsylvania. Yale drove the principle still farther, and produced a mechanism which made a flying wedge possible upon every play. Lorin F. Deland followed up his gigantic success by producing the famous turtle-back, the first play to introduce the revolving principle into interference. The turtle-back was formed by the eleven players of the offensive team grouping into an oval behind the center-rush, and so intertwining their arms about each other that, when the ball had been snapped and handed by the

quarter-back to some back hidden within the depths of the turtle-back, the formation slowly and heavily would roll or revolve to one side, and, as the defenders vainly threw themselves in front of the rolling formation, thus would unwind the runner with the ball, accompanied by an interferer, out and around the end into a clear field.

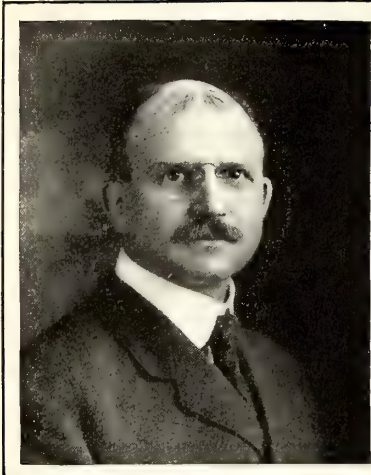
Now, the ultimate object of any offensive formation in foot-ball is to mass the greatest number of men at one point with such momentum that the impetus of the play cannot be withstood.



THE FAMOUS FLYING WEDGE.

Harvard executing the play against Yale, November 19, 1892.





GEORGE W. WOODRUFF, OF YALE.



PHILIP KING, OF PRINCETON.



DR. HENRY L. WILLIAMS, OF YALE.

George W. Woodruff, Judge of the U. S. District Court, is the inventor of guards interference, flying interference, guards-back, short end defense, quarter-back kick, and the delayed pass; Philip King is the inventor of the revolving tandem; and Henry L. Williams is the inventor of the tackle-back and the Minnesota shift.

This object these various momentum mass-plays not only achieved, but achieved with such a surplus of power that arms and legs of valiant defenders were endangered, so that the public began to protest against the unnecessary roughness of the evolutions, and the sport began to pass into a period of such disorganization that its very existence was threatened. In the quarrels that arose directly and indirectly from the execution of these momentum-mass plays, Harvard ceased to play with Yale, Princeton with Pennsylvania, and other ancient academic rivalries and friendships halted. As a consequence, the rules of the sport were changed in 1896, and the momentum-mass play, powerful, famous, and spectacular, was abolished by the simple mandate of the Rules Committee:

No player of the side in possession of the ball shall take more than one step toward his opponent's goal, before the ball is in play, without coming to a full stop.

Although this rule removed the momentum element from offensive foot-ball, yet it did not take away the mass feature. Thus two great foot-ball geniuses, famous players, famous coaches, and famous tacticians brought to a culminating perfection in 1896 two marvelous mass plays, radically different, but so powerful that they swept the team of each to victory through game after game. The first of these was the justly celebrated play of George W. Woodruff, known as guards-back, and the second was the equally celebrated play of Philip King, of Princeton, known as the revolving tandem.

Guards-back, as its name indicates, was formed

by arraying both guards behind the line and upon the same side, usually behind the opening between the opposing tackle and guard, and by shifting the back-field men also across to the side, behind the guards, with the middle back, usually the full-back, slightly in advance of the other two backs. This formation not only arrayed the preponderating weight of the team against one point, but did so in such a way that the direction of the play automatically would change during the execution. If the opposing tackle remained out, the play crashed between him and the guard; if he charged in, the play, without a signal and without a check, plowed outside of him, thus comprising in sheer power and ingenuity one of the most remarkable and one of the most successful plays ever invented. With this mechanism of attack, the University of Pennsylvania, whose coach Mr. Woodruff was, employing it continually throughout a game, won victory after victory, season after season. The manœuvre only passed away when outlawed by a rule designed to accomplish that object by requiring five men to be upon the line of scrimmage when the ball was put in play, and requiring the two line-men behind the line to be either five yards back or outside of the men on the end of the line.

Philip King's great play, the revolving tandem, was conceived and worked out in the space of two hours. It became Princeton's chief manœuvre of attack during the season of 1896, achieving for the orange and black Princeton's greatest victory over Yale in the number of touch-downs scored, and also crushing Harvard in a memorable game on Soldiers' Field, at Cambridge. King's

preliminary formation found the two ends playing two yards behind the line, just to the outside of their respective tackles. At the snap of the ball, one tackle sprang from the line, his opponent being blocked by the end stepping obliquely forward and whirling across between his center and quarter-back, aiding the opposite end and tackle to make the opening. In the meantime, the back field with lightning swiftness was in motion toward the same side, the two backs on that side cleaving between the opposing tackle and end. When the opponents' charge was felt and the opening began to choke, Princeton's formation, now compact, began to revolve toward the outside, thus whirling the player with the ball out around the end and defensive back into a clear field; or, if the defensive end warily remained out, whirling the player with the ball through the opening between the opposing end and tackle.

During the period, however, in which guards-back was winning triumph after triumph for Pennsylvania, there was an old Yale foot-ball player studying medicine in the former university. Like many veterans of the gridiron with a fondness for the tactical feature of the sport, this

medical student, with miniature field and players upon a table in his room, enjoyed the diversion from time to time of studying the tactics of the sport. This man was Henry L. Williams, well remembered as a famous half-back at Yale twenty-four years ago and also as a champion hurdler for the blue, and equally known to-day as the inventor of the two greatest foot-ball creations of the past fifteen years—the tackle-back and the Minnesota shift.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary perfection of guards-back, Williams saw that another play was possible, based upon the same idea, but wholly different in construction. To him, the necessity of playing the backs five yards behind the line, in guards-back, seemed a weakness in the great play. Therefore, after prolonged and profound study, he evolved a new formation in which a tackle from one side was brought back and stationed behind the tackle upon the other side of the line, with the three backs arrayed in the form of a triangle directly behind the rear tackle, the entire formation requiring a distance not more than three and one half yards from the rush-line in which to form, thus saving the additional yard and a half required by guards-back,

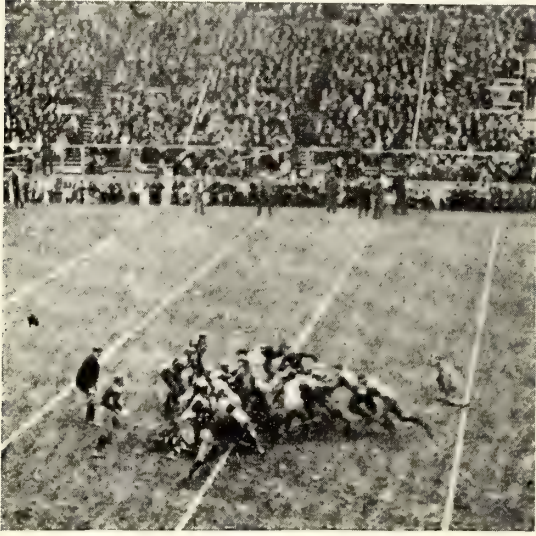


GUARDS-BACK.

Pennsylvania in formation to strike Harvard, November 20, 1897.



to cover which in the forward charge frequently had been the latter formation's undoing. From



THE TACKLE-BACK.

Yale defeating Harvard with the powerful play, November 24, 1900.

this formation Williams then worked out an entire system of plays, striking all points in the line,

The first opportunity to put these plays into execution was given Williams by Penn Charter School, of Philadelphia. This school instantly swept all opponents from the field and captured the championship of the school teams of Philadelphia. Yale, Williams's alma mater, at once investigated the system, but over-conservatism, which unfortunately characterizes the large institutions of the east, caused Yale's foot-ball leaders to reject the tactics as too radical. Penn Charter, notwithstanding, continued in employing the system and continued in winning championships. And now occurred a spectacular vindication of these plays. The final week in November, 1899, had arrived, and Army was facing its great battle with Navy, with an abundance of grit but with a weak team, poor plays, and a bad record. In this crisis, the foot-ball leaders at West Point sent for Williams. He arrived Monday evening, and, before taps had sounded that night across the Plains at West Point, had outlined to his charges the principles of his playing system. Only three playing days remained. In this brief time the Army mastered Williams's plays, and upon the following Saturday met the Navy at Philadelphia in a tremendous battle. Williams's great engine of attack lanced and hammered until the



THE REVOLVING TANDEM.

Princeton executing its great play against Yale, November 20, 1897.

straight and across, with a bewildering series of variations involving delayed and double passes.

Navy's goal-line had been crossed three times; the unexpected had happened; the Army had won.

Upon the side-lines during this game stood Walter Camp and Gordon Brown, of Yale, whose team had just been beaten by Princeton and tied by Harvard, and who thus were forced to see the demonstration of the soundness of Williams's playing system. And then Yale adopted the plays.

reinforcing the point of attack until the great Minnesota shift has swung and the attack is charging and crashing forward.

This truly great play takes its name, of course, from the University of Minnesota. It was devised especially for the team of that institution by Dr.



THE MINNESOTA SHIFT.

Minnesota swings her celebrated shift against Nebraska.

Late in the ensuing fall, their eleven burst upon public attention with an astoundingly powerful attack. Williams's system as executed by Yale had surpassed in brilliancy the expectations of those who knew it. Instantly, far and wide the play became known as the tackle-back. Yale closed the season by soundly defeating both Harvard and Princeton, and one year later every team in the country was employing the tackle-back formation of attack.

Williams's second great creation was the Minnesota shift. As generally known, the Minnesota shift is a complete and complex system of plays which are made from a rapid shift of the team from a primary central strategic formation into a wholly different formation and position for attack. The principle involved in the plays is simple. The offensive eleven knows from the signal what the second offensive formation will be, and the exact place upon the field where it will be formed, and they also know the play that will be launched from that formation. The defense, not knowing at what point the offensive line will be strengthened, are thus compelled to protect all points in their own line, and are prevented from

Williams, the university's coach, and in turn by that team was introduced to the foot-ball world.

Again it was Yale that gave Williams's new play its national popularity. Originally taught to Minnesota by Williams, it easily won its road to victory in the west. The crisis of the season of 1910 found Yale demoralized by the havoc in its preliminary schedule wreaked by minor elevens. One week before the team's final trials, Harvard and Princeton grimly awaited their battles with Yale, confident of an overwhelming victory, with their chief ambition not to win but to make a record score. In this crisis for the blue, Thomas L. Shevlin, Yale's old end-rush and captain, came to New Haven, took the team in charge, and in one week taught the eleven the system of the Minnesota shift. The following week Yale met Princeton and beat the Tiger five points to three. One week later, Yale met Harvard, and Harvard left the field beneath a score board which read "Harvard o, Yale o."

From that day to this, the Minnesota shift has been the dominating formation in present-day tactics of the gridiron.



# At the Crossing

by Elizabeth  
Lincoln  
Gould

I

I 'm not of much account at home,  
For when I 'm on my steed  
Commanding all the regiments  
That follow where I lead,  
Why, that 's the time I 'm sure to hear  
"Oh, Johnny! there 's a thick  
White bundle in my table drawer,  
Run up and get it, quick!"  
Or, "Johnny! Grandma 's lost her specs,  
Look 'round and find them, dear."  
Or else it 's "Hop along to bed!"  
Just when I want to hear  
The rest of what they 're laughing at.



"RUN UP AND GET IT, QUICK!"



"HOP ALONG TO BED!"



"AND THEN HE LIFTS HIS HAND."

## II

But on my way to school,  
Just where I have to cross the street,  
Stands Mr. James O'Toole—  
The biggest p'liceman anywhere;  
He says, "Good morning, sir,"  
To me, and then he lifts his hand,  
And they don't dare to stir—  
The wagons, nor the trolley-cars,  
Nor motors, until we  
Are 'way across, and then he 'll touch  
His cap and say to me,  
"I trust we 'll meet again at two."

I guess my folks would stare  
And think I 'm of some consequence  
If they could see me *there*!



"I TRUST WE 'LL MEET AGAIN AT TWO.'"



# "AND PIPED THOSE CHILDREN BACK AGAIN!"



BY

JOSEPHINE SCRIBNER GATES

Author of "The Story of Live Dolls," etc.

Don't you love the Pied Piper story, and did n't your heart almost stop beating when the door in the mountain closed, shutting the children in?

And though you were glad one mother had her dear little boy left behind, no doubt your tears mingled with his as he limped alone down the mountain path, trying in vain to comfort himself with his fleeting glimpse of that joyous country where horses had wings and bees no stings, where the birds were brighter than peacocks here, and flowers of rare beauty grew in profusion.

Can't you just see his beautiful upturned angel face? How could that great door close and leave *him* on the wrong side!

But let me tell you a splendid fact. Sometimes the things that seem all wrong are the grandest things that ever happened, and true it is, though it may seem hard to believe, this little fellow was really on the right side of the door, after all. And though he seemed shut out from the glad times awaiting them in that blissful land, just because of this he was able to ring the joy-bells of the village with his own hand, because he was the only one there who could finally enter the magic door and carry the message that brought the children to their own again. And now I must tell you this beautiful thing that happened:

After the little hamlet was bereft of her children, the parents turned sadly back to their





homes, while the muffled tones of the Pied Piper came no more to their ears. They could hardly believe it true. It must be a bad dream from which they would soon awaken.

Many times a day, the thrifty housewives stepped to their doors and listened in vain for the shrill baby voices to call to one another in their play.

The wooden soldiers stood straight and stiff with their guns at "Present arms!" waiting for the cry of "Attention!" but no order was given, no sound of fife or drum disturbed the silence.

The Dutch-faced dollies sat in corners smiling so sweetly, waiting expectantly for their little mothers to rock them to sleep; but no lullabies came to their ears.

The parents gazed at the various toys till their eyes were dim with tears, and one night, when the moon was big and round, and, oh, so silvery, the mayor tossed sleeplessly on his bed. Presently he arose, dressed, and crept out into the cool, sweet night. His wife heard and followed.

When they reached the street, they found it peopled with many parents, waiting for they knew not what.

The silvery light of the moon shed its glow upon the mountain, and, as they looked, suddenly the portal opened wide, disclosing an inside gate of golden fretwork.

Silently and slowly the portal swung back, and they whispered to one another, "Was that the great door that shut the children in?"

With bated breath they waited, and suddenly sweet strains of music filled the air.

"The Pied Piper!" cried the mayor, with up-raised hand.

Never had they heard such notes, as clear and silvery as the moonbeams themselves. Then came the sound of children's voices, singing as never children sang, and though it was sweet, it was so sad they could scarcely bear to listen; but it seemed to beckon them on.

They hurried up the path taken by the children,





and as they neared the door, the words of the song amazed them, and drew forth exclamations.

"Keep your promise and we can come back!" was the burden of the song; and the mayor cried:

"Come! The piper must be told that we are ready and eager to give him what we owe."

He led the way, but, alas, they found the inside gate so small, only a child could enter. They called many times, but the only response was the sad little song of the children.

"They cannot hear us. What shall we do?" cried one mother on her knees before the door, trying in vain to push her way through.

"The lame boy, where is he?" queried the mayor, in anguished tones.

"Fast asleep in his bed," replied his mother.

portal and could go no farther, for the beauty of the scene almost overwhelmed him.

Such flowers! Such trees, whose waving branches of tender green were filled with the most beautifully colored birds he ever saw! Such shrubs with silvery leaves, fluttering timidly in the gentle breeze!

Here the moon shone with a light that was never on land or sea.

The boy gazed in raptures at the marvelous picture, then glanced keenly about for the piper.

Presently he saw him, standing beneath an arched bower of twining roses, but so sad did he seem, the boy hesitated to approach him.

He took one step, then paused, amazed. What had happened? He took another. Oh, joy of



"THE PARENTS, WITH TEARS OF JOY, FOLLOWED—

"Go quickly and bring him!" cried the mayor. "No one knows how soon the portal may swing shut."

The father and mother hastened to the little home and to the crib where the boy lay sleeping sweetly, bathed in the glow of the silvery light.

"Come," whispered the mother. "Come!"

The boy opened his eyes, sprang into his father's arms, and they hastened again up the mountain path.

"The door is open," he cried joyously. "Now I can have some one to play with!"

"I hope so," breathed the mother. "Go in and find the piper. Tell him we beg of him to let us keep our promise. If he will only give us back our children, we will give him all we have!"

The little fellow limped through the golden

joys! he was lame no more! He dropped his crutch and ran. Ran as he had dreamed of running, just as other children did. Ran straight to the piper.

As the piper clasped him in his arms, a heavenly smile lighted his face, and he cried:

"At last they have heard the song. You can never know the joy you have brought to me this day. It was my anger that closed the gate, and when it clanged to, I said, 'Never will I forgive them. Never!' Ever since, the gate has been as though frozen shut. I knew why, but I would n't forgive. I did my best to make the children happy, but, you see by their sad song, I failed. Have you noticed them?"

The boy looked, and for the first time really saw his playmates.

"What pretty clothes they have!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the boys are clad in green and silver leaves. The girls' gowns are of flowers. Flowers such as grow only here. They may have a fresh gown every day, or oftener. They sleep on beds of rose petals."

"Where are their homes?" asked the boy.

"They live like the birds in the trees. Look!"

The boy gazed in wonder up into the tree-tops, to see many tiny bowers woven of vines and flowers.

"The wind rocks them to sleep, and the birds carol their lullaby. The humming-birds hover over them as they dream. They drink honey with the bees. They eat luscious fruits such as one dreams of but never sees. With all of this

gold they withheld from me?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes, indeed! They beg of you to take it."

"Then tell them when the mountain path is paved with guilders, I will bring the children."

The boy bounded away, but, as he passed the children, he was at once swept into the ring and in some mysterious way he also was clad in garb of silvery leaves, while on his head was placed a crown of wondrous beauty, a crown of flowers which breathed forth a rare perfume.

As they danced round and round, the song was no longer sad, but rang out like joyous bells, filling the air with showers of gladness, while the piper piped, and the birds twittered and trilled the gayest of tunes.

They danced nearer and nearer the portal, and



ENRAPTURED WITH THE MAGIC NOTES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

they are not happy. They sigh for their dolls and soldiers, and weep for their parents.

"Lately, I have felt my anger melting, and last night I suddenly knew I had forgiven all, and that instant the gate swung open. Soon I heard voices, but I could not move. Only a little child could break the spell. I am so thankful you could not follow with the others, since only a child could pass the portal to bring the message."

"Oh!" cried the boy, in ecstasy. "See! I can walk! I can run! I am so happy!"

"Yes," said the piper, "I know. No one could be lame here now that the gate is open, but tell me, boy, why did you come? Do tell me they sent you."

"They did. They want to keep their promise."

"They do? Will they give me the gold—the

presently saw without a sea of hungry faces and many outstretched arms.

The boy shook himself loose and ran through the door. With shining eyes, he cried:

"See! I can walk! I can run! I have more good news, too; but you must obey. Bring the gold quickly, and you will soon have your children."

They rubbed their eyes and stared, then turned and ran down the mountain. Ran faster than the rats ever dreamed of running. Soon they came trooping up again, each carrying a bag of gold.

"The piper said when the path was paved with gold, he would bring the children. Quick! I will help!" cried the boy.

You should have seen them dropping the gold pieces in place, and in a twinkling the bags were empty and the road was one glittering ribbon.



The boy ran through the portal to the piper, crying, "It is finished, come!"

The piper hurried to the entrance, looked down the shining path, paused, and waited. The silence was tense, while all gazed into his face wondering.

"The road is not finished," he said gently. "Look for yourselves. Some one has kept back gold that is still due. We will wait."

The mayor flushed and knelt at his feet. "It was I. I could n't give quite all. Forgive me, and I will bring more than enough."

He strode down the path, soon to return carrying a leathern bag which clanked as he walked. At the feet of the piper he shook out the golden circlets, which seemed bewitched as one after another rolled toward the empty spaces, where they spun round and round like so many golden tops, and finally settled into place. Those remaining piled themselves about the piper's feet.

The onlookers gazed in astonishment till suddenly they heard heavenly music. At once they stood either side of the golden pathway, watching the piper followed by the children.

All the little boys and girls,  
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, . . .

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after  
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

On and on they went, their tiny feet treading silently the golden ribbon.

The parents, with tears of joy streaming o'er their faces, followed, enraptured with the magic notes.

Where the gleaming pathway ended, the piper paused, the parents embraced their little ones, then knelt at the feet of the piper.

"Arise!" he cried, in beseeching tones; "I, too, am guilty. We have both made amends. Let us forget all wrong-doing and be happy. You have emptied your coffers, but you are richer than ever.

"I do not want the gold. Let it lie a glittering pathway to the land of joy where the children may dance and play to their hearts' content.

"As long as we do right, the golden portal will never close. Farewell."

With these words, he turned and walked toward the mountain door. The parents hurried to their homes, to find the boys ordering out the wooden soldiers, and the dolls drowsily smiling into mother-eyes and listening to the far-away lullaby of the dear Pied Piper.

## WITH HOWARD IN CHARGE

BY JULIEN JOSEPHSON

As Mrs. Ford picked up the invitation that had come several days ago and read it over again, a wistful look came into her face. Social events were rare indeed among the scattered, hard-working fruit-growers of the Umpqua valley; and, as this was the time of year when Mrs. Ford's work was most severe and monotonous, the party at the big Farrington place promised a welcome bit of recreation. Her face brightened at the prospect. But the next moment it wore a look of quiet decision as she turned to her husband and said, "I don't think we had better go, Albert."

Mr. Ford, struggling manfully with a tight collar, looked up at his wife with an expression of mingled surprise and concern. It was not like her to change her mind this way at the last minute. "Why not, dear?" he asked gently. "Are n't you feeling well?"

"Oh, I 'm all right," returned Mrs. Ford, quickly, noticing the worried look on her hus-

band's face. "I was thinking about Howard. I don't like the idea of leaving him alone on the farm at night."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Ford, in tones of great relief. "If that 's all that 's worrying you, you can quit worrying right now. I forgot to tell you that when the Wilsons stop for us with the auto, they are going to leave Walter here with Howard until we get back. We 'll be home by midnight, at the latest."

"Then we 'll go!" cried Mrs. Ford, gaily. "I 'll hurry and get dressed, so as to be ready by the time the Wilsons get here."

Half an hour later, the Wilsons drove up in their big gray car, and a few minutes afterward, the jolly little party was whirling down the road on its way to Farrington's. As Mrs. Ford turned for a parting glance at their farm before rounding a bend in the road that would hide it from view, her face suddenly became serious and she touched her husband on the arm. "Albert," she

whispered, "do you think the orchard is perfectly safe?"

Mr. Ford smiled. "Why, Kate, this is June!" he exclaimed confidently. "Who ever heard of a frost in June—at least a frost hard enough to hurt prunes that are as far along as ours? You surely don't mean to say seriously that you think there's any danger of frost to-night! Why, it's balmy!"

"I suppose it is a foolish fear, Albert," replied Mrs. Ford, with a trace of anxiety still in her voice. "But I was just thinking how much depended on our getting a good crop this fall, and I guess it made me a little nervous."

It was now her husband's turn to look thoughtful. But he was not a man to borrow trouble, and his face quickly cleared as he said reassuringly, "Don't worry, dear. There is n't the slightest chance of a frost to-night."

Mrs. Ford was not entirely reassured. She was thinking about the June frost that old Charlie, the hired man, had told her about that morning. True, it had happened thirty years ago, and there had never been a June frost since. But it *could* happen again—it *might* happen again. And this was the thought that was troubling her now. Still, she reflected, a June frost was at best a highly improbable thing, so she decided not to worry her husband by mentioning what old Charlie had said.

The Fords had bought their prune farm three years ago, paying half the purchase price in cash and giving a mortgage on the place to secure payment of the balance, which was to be paid within three years under penalty of foreclosure of the mortgage. The first year, they had a good crop of prunes; and, as the market-price was excellent that season, they realized enough from the orchard to make a substantial payment on the mortgage. The second year, the crop was almost a failure; and it was only by the hardest kind of pinching and scraping that the Fords were able to pay the expenses of the farm and the interest on the mortgage. The final payment on the mortgage had to be met this year, so that everything depended on the year's prune crop. A good crop, and the farm would be theirs; a poor crop, and they must lose not only much of the money they had put into the place, but also the hard, grinding toil of three years.

Small wonder that the thought of a killing frost made Mrs. Ford look worried. But as she leaned back comfortably against the big, padded seat of the Wilsons' car and listened to the soothing whirl of the smooth-running motor, her fears gradually died away. By the time they were half-way on their journey, she had forgotten

them entirely, and was chatting gaily with Mrs. Wilson.

In the meantime, and almost before the last shrill rattle of the big auto siren had died away, Howard and Walter, who had been left in charge of the Ford farm, were preparing for a pleasant evening by themselves. The crokinole board was set up, and delighted preparations made for a contest of unlimited length to decide the long-disputed championship. The boys were great friends, and, incidentally, great rivals at this particular sport. An exciting game was soon in full swing.

Time passes swiftly when one is doing something absorbingly pleasant. It is therefore not surprising that when the boys, from sheer weariness, finally stopped playing, the hands of the big wooden clock had crept round to eleven. It had been quite warm earlier in the evening, and the fire in the fireplace, which had not been a large one in the first place, had been allowed to die down to a flat bed of coals. Howard looked at the clock in surprise and shivered slightly. "My!" he exclaimed. "It must be turning chilly. We'd better fix up a good fire in the fireplace, the folks will be pretty cold by the time they get home."

As the boys opened the door to go out to the woodpile for some big fir chunks, a stinging draft of air blew into their faces. As they came back into the house with their load, Howard Ford looked thoughtful. Although only a little past fifteen, he was a well-grown, bright, self-reliant young American, and his training had been of a nature to give these qualities unusual development. He had helped with the orchard work every vacation for the past two years, working under the competent instruction of old Charlie Foss, an orchard man of thirty years' experience. He had made good use of his brain, as well as of his hands, and was a practical young prune-grower to his finger-tips. He turned to Walter. "Do you think it could get cold enough to freeze?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course not!" replied Walter, vehemently. "It does n't freeze in June!"

Howard did not seem entirely reassured. He, too, had heard what old Charlie had said that morning about the memorable June frost thirty years ago that destroyed every prune crop in the valley. He knew, too, something about how much was depending on the prune crop this year, and the anxious look on his face deepened. "I think I'd better call up father on the 'phone," he said quietly. He went into the hall where the telephone hung, and was gone several minutes. When he came back, his face wore the same



anxious look. "I can't get anybody," he explained. "Our line must be out of order."

"What 's the difference!" exclaimed Walter, a little testily. "There 's no danger." Walter's father was wealthy, and did not grow prunes.

Howard did not reply at once, but looked at the clock and drew considerable comfort from the fact that it was now nearly half-past eleven. "The folks will be here in a few minutes, anyway," he remarked more cheerfully.

The boys heaped up the fir chunks on the fire until the flames were crackling and dancing merrily. Then each pulled up a big chair in front of the fire, and they talked and gazed sleepily into the bright flames. Gradually conversation began to lag. The eyes that looked into the fire drooped more and more, until both boys were sound asleep.

They had been sleeping for perhaps ten minutes, when both awoke with a start. "*Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!*" galloped the swift, sharp strokes of the frost alarm in Mr. Ford's bedroom, sounding as loud through the half-opened door as if it were right against their ears. The boys sprang out of their chairs, and, for a moment too startled to move, stood looking at each other with frightened faces.

Howard was first to recover his presence of mind. His face stiffened with resolution as he gripped Walter's arm. "Walter," he said, speaking in sharp, rapid tones, "do you know what that means? It means that it 's already within eight degrees of freezing-point in the orchard. If it drops to freezing-point before we can get the smudge-pots going, our prunes will be ruined—and so will we. Charlie 's gone to town to-night, and won't be back until to-morrow. It 's up to us to get the pots lighted!"

"And we 'll do it!" was Walter's ringing response.

"Come on then!" cried Howard. Pulling on their sweaters, they started on the run for the tool house, where the torches and cans of gasoline were always kept in readiness during the frost season. Then, each with a torch and a large can of gasoline, they made for the orchard. When they came to the prune drier, a small, low building at the entrance to the orchard, Howard stopped a moment to glance at the thermometer that hung outside the door in a protected niche. The temperature had not fallen any more as yet. It was still eight degrees above freezing-point. Howard turned to Walter with a grimly hopeful face. They hurried into the orchard.

This thermometer that hung outside the drier was called a frost thermometer. It was of the same outward appearance as an ordinary good-

sized dial thermometer, and was equipped with a steel hand like that of a clock, only much more delicate. This moved across the dial, controlled by the rise and fall of a concealed mercury column. When the steel hand approached within a certain number of degrees of freezing-point, it touched a small iron pin projecting from the face of the dial. This pin was connected with a small battery inside the thermometer case. The moment that the steel hand touched the iron pin, a contact was formed and an electric circuit completed, exactly as is done when one presses the button of a door-bell. From the small battery inside the thermometer case a wire ran to Mr. Ford's bedroom, where it was connected with an electric bell. The moment that the temperature dropped dangerously near to freezing-point, the bell in Mr. Ford's room would send out its warning alarm, and make it possible, with prompt work, for the smudge-pots to be lighted in time to protect the prunes from the deadly frost.

As Howard led the way rapidly into the orchard, he realized that there was not a moment to lose. The temperature might begin dropping at any minute. It was after twelve now, and within the next hour the mercury was almost certain to go down to freezing-point. He realized that the safety of the orchard to-night depended on two possibilities: the immediate arrival of his father with adequate assistance; secondly, the ability of Walter and himself, unaided, to get the smudge-pots lighted before the frost struck the orchard. And, as he reflected on how many pots must be lighted, and the short time in which it must be done, he felt, with a sinking heart, that it was almost a hopeless task. But at least they would save what they could.

These smudge-pots were simply tins about the size of a gallon lard-pail, filled with crude oil. This is a very low-grade oil, thick, black, and greasy. It does not ignite from immediate contact with fire, hence it is necessary to pour gasoline over the oil before it can be lighted. When burning, the smudge-pots send up a dense smoke or smudge—hence the name. The pots are set on the ground, throughout the orchard, varying in frequency from fifty to one hundred and fifty to the acre, and are so placed as to afford maximum warmth to the greatest number of trees. If the smudge-pots are properly located, and are lighted before the temperature in an orchard has dropped too low, they will keep it above the freezing-point.

Howard and Walter darted among the trees, pouring and lighting as they ran. At first it seemed quite easy, and they made splendid progress. The first half of the orchard was covered

in rapid time, and Howard's hopes began to rise. He ran to the drier and glanced at the thermometer. Then his hopes fell—lower than ever. It was just three degrees above freezing-point.

Shouting encouragement to Walter, he went frantically to work again. But the pace of the

their little remaining strength. They were fighting to save the orchard.

The orchard was by this time filled with thick, choking smoke. The boys could breathe only with painful difficulty. The harsh smudge filled their eyes, blinded them, and made their lungs



"HOWARD AND WALTER DARTED AMONG THE TREES, POURING AND LIGHTING AS THEY RAN."

past forty minutes had been a cruel one, and it now began to tell. Their backs ached from the continual stooping and darting forward; their arms hurt cruelly from the weight of the heavy gasoline cans. Their legs were beginning to sag under them, from the swift, long-sustained pace over the rough plowed ground. After ten minutes more of this grilling effort, they were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion.

Walter looked at Howard with brave but despairing face. "I'm pretty near all in!" he gasped.

Howard, himself staggering, smiled back at him grimly. "Stay with it, Walt!" he cried hoarsely.

Walter set his lips and forced himself wearily along. And so they both struggled on, dragging their tired limbs along by sheer grit, feeling with each step forward that they could go no farther, yet each time rallying with fierce determination

ache cruelly. Still they kept on. But it could not be for much longer. Human endurance had almost reached its limit. They were only lads, without the hardened frames and toughened sinews of men, yet they had already accomplished what few men could have done.

Walter was the first to fall, dropping in a heap, with the torch still clutched in his hand. Howard, feeling his strength leaving him with every second, managed to stagger about for a few moments longer. Then he, too, collapsed, within a few feet of where Walter had fallen.

ALL this because of a bursting automobile tire.

At the first intimation that the temperature was beginning to fall pretty rapidly, the Fords, alarmed for the safety of their orchard, had explained matters to the Farringtons, and prepared to leave immediately for home. As it was still early, only a little past eleven, Mr. Ford did not



feel like asking the Wilsons to take them home, and thus spoil their own evening. He was just on the point of asking Mr. Farrington to have his chauffeur take them home in one of his cars, when Mr. Wilson overheard him.

"Nonsense!" he interrupted genially. "I'll take you myself."

It was just about an even twenty miles from Farrington's to the Ford place. As the roads were in very good condition and the car a powerful six-cylinder affair, Mr. Wilson assured his friend that they could easily make the distance in forty minutes. They had been an hour in coming, but there had been no need of haste then.

The first half of the distance was covered in a little less than twenty minutes. The speed-indicator showed thirty miles an hour, and the engine was running beautifully. Suddenly there was a report like that of a heavy gun, and Mr. Wilson brought the car to an abrupt halt. One of the rear tires had burst.

"It's all right," reassured Mr. Wilson, noticing the anxious look on Mr. Ford's face. "I have extra tires, and it'll take but a few minutes to put one on." So saying, he jumped down and ran to the back of the car, where the extra tires were always kept. He came back a moment later, with a look of disappointment on his face. "Hard luck!" he exclaimed. "Pete must have forgotten to put them in when we started. We'll have to patch it."

Mr. Ford knew that this would mean at least half an hour's delay, probably much more. But there was nothing to do but wait. It was entirely too far to think of walking. They would simply have to make the best of it. While he was helping Mr. Wilson with the tire, he could not avoid noticing that the air was getting colder and colder. With every minute of delay he could see his orchard that much nearer to ruin. He did not look at his wife, for he did not want her to see his worried face.

At length after what seemed hours of waiting, but was in reality only a little more than a single hour, Mr. Wilson announced that the tire was repaired. Mr. Ford climbed wearily into the seat beside his wife. Then noticing her pale, anxious face, he placed his arm protectingly about her, and whispered: "Never mind, dear. We still have each other, and Howard!"

Mr. Wilson knew the importance of making the rest of the distance in the quickest possible time, and sent the powerful car forward at a furious speed. In a very few minutes they were at the Fords' gate. Mr. Ford helped his wife out of the auto, then ran up the front steps.

Striking a match, he glanced at the small thermometer that hung against one of the porch posts. His head dropped between his shoulders as he walked slowly into the house, and on his face was a look of utter dejection.

As he stepped into the living-room, he started in surprise. It was empty. The fire was still blazing merrily, but there was no sign of Howard and Walter. The look of hopelessness on his face changed swiftly into one of wondering hope. He turned to his wife, who had just come in with Mr. Wilson, and said, "Wait here a moment, dear. Frank and I are going to take a look at the orchard."

They had not taken fifty steps in the direction of the orchard when Mr. Ford's nostrils caught the unmistakable odor of the smudge. It was a good, strong odor, too, such as could come only from many burning smudge-pots. Filled with sudden joyful hope, he made for the orchard on the run, followed closely by Mr. Wilson. As they came nearer, they could see the huge masses of smoke rising against the starlit sky, and could catch a glimpse here and there of a smudge-pot burning steadily among the trees. Filled with sudden, overpowering emotion, Mr. Ford caught his friend's arm to steady himself. "God bless the boys!" he murmured huskily.

Going over the orchard rapidly, but with experienced eye, he glanced from time to time at the little thermometer which he had taken from the porch and brought with him. Gradually his tense features softened into an expression of gratitude and relief.

"Where are the boys?" asked Mr. Wilson.

The question brought Mr. Ford to himself with a shock. For a moment he looked puzzled, then worried. He had been almost over the whole orchard, and had seen nothing of them. "Howard! Walter!" he called in his powerful voice. There was no response. He called again, and then again. Still no response. The two men looked at each other with anxious faces.

Mr. Ford glanced thoughtfully at the many smudge-pots burning, then at a sudden thought which came into his mind, he turned pale and began to examine the ground very closely as they went along. All at once, his keen eye caught sight of a gasolene torch on the ground, still burning faintly. As they hurried toward it, a cry broke simultaneously from both men. The next moment they had the two exhausted boys in their arms, and were carrying them tenderly to the house.

But the crop was saved. And the two men who told the story a few days later were the proudest fathers in the State of Oregon.



"IS THERE ANY OTHER ERRAND AFTER I'VE DEMOLISHED LACEY?"

## GRANNY'S BUSINESS RELATIONS

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

"Must I be as cross as that, Granny?"

"Hilda, don't answer me! On what conditions did you come here to live?"

Hilda stooped to kiss her. "That I would n't argue with you, and that I 'd stand between you and the disagreeables of life."

"Well, then, stick to your side of the bargain. The butcher, and the baker, and the grocer, with their false weights and damaged goods, are the greatest disagreeables I know. I don't want to come in contact with them, but I do want them to know what I think of them. You can tell Lacey, for me, that he is a cheat, and that, if he sends me such chops again, I 'll take away my custom."

"Poor old Lacey," murmured Hilda. "After all, butchers are human creatures, are n't they?"

"Our relations are not human," said Mrs. Sidney, crisply; "our only connection is through chops and steaks and chickens; it 's my business to buy them and to eat them, and his to see that they are first-class and full weight. There is nothing else to be considered. There are only business relations between us."

"Very well, Granny," Hilda said, pulling her hat down to a more becoming line on her head. "Is there any other errand after I 've demolished Lacey?"

"Yes, stop at Fritz's, and tell him I never in my life ate anything less like muffins than those

he sent us last night. Tell him when I send to a baker-shop, I expect bread and not leather. If he keeps a tannery, that is another thing."

Hilda's smile brought out a sudden dimple.

"It 's all very well for you to laugh!" said Granny, severely. "You run around and do as you like. I sit here and eat what is fed to me and can only scold through you."

"As you do your charity," soothed Hilda. "May I lend the studious boy another volume of Parkman?"

"Certainly. Books are made to read. Bring me back a box of peppermints, by the way."

"Yes, Granny."

"No you need n't, either. I don't need it. Take the fifteen cents to buy a toy for that measles child you told me about. Then stop at Freeman's, and tell him that out of the dozen eggs he sent me, seven were uneatable, absolutely uneatable, and two oranges were spotted. You can tell him my patience is gone. I 've endured enough from him. All he lives for is to work off his poor stuff on me. Tell him he 's a smart Aleck, but that he has overreached himself. I 'm done with him, and I 'm ready to tell any one who asks me that he 's a fraud."

"Very well, dear. I won't be gone long. Will you be lonely? I 'll bring you back a bunch of daffies to cheer you up."



"I won't be lonely while I 've got myself for company. And you need n't bring me flowers. Give them to the German woman down at the bakery, if you want to. What are your errands now?"

"Tell old Lacey he is n't a human being; advise Fritz to go into the glove business, and announce to Freeman that a prison cell is awaiting him! You are sure I must be as cross as that?" and Hilda wrinkled her pretty brow. "I like to lend books and give toys better."

"Do as you 're told and don't argue!" answered her grandmother. "Charity is one thing and business another. They don't mix. The only reason I 'm so well served is that I 'm stiff with the tradespeople. They know I won't stand any nonsense."

"Good-by, Granny dear," rippled Hilda, in a voice that did not seem well for scolding.

"Not that I *am* well served," added Granny, quickly. "Don't forget one word of what I 've said."

"If I had a world," meditated Hilda, "I would n't have business and I would n't have charity. I 'd have just human relations."

"That 's only the 'sociology,' or whatever you call it, that you learned at college," grunted Granny; "it 's all nonsense! It never would work."

When Hilda was gone, Granny rocked and knitted till Hannah brought in the mail. There was only the evening paper and one letter.

"From the Amalgamated Cement Association," murmured Mrs. Sidney. "I wonder if they can be paying an extra dividend."

The Amalgamated Cement Association was her source of supply. All that she owned was in it, and she lived by means of its quarterly dividends.

She peeped into the envelop in a flutter of hope. Once they had paid an extra dividend. Hilda should have a new frock if there was more money to spend.

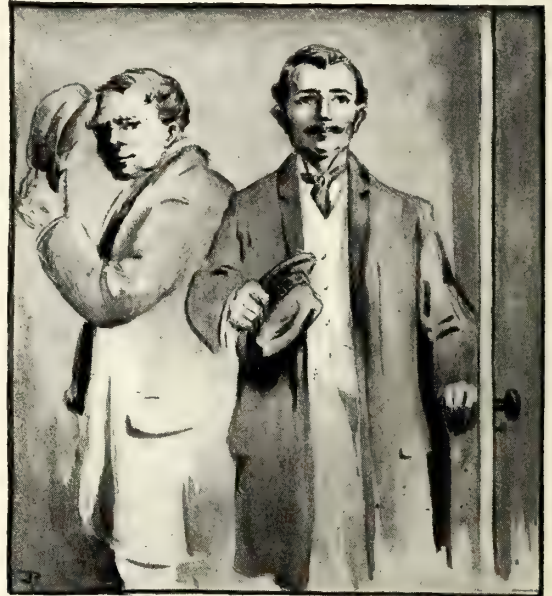
But a printed statement instead of a check came out of the envelop. Granny read it once uncomprehendingly. She read it again incredulously, and the third time in a towering rage.

"Skip a quarter's dividend! And I 'd just like to know what right they have to say whether they 'll pay dividends or not. The money 's mine, and I want my interest. I 'll have it, too! It 's all very well to say they 'll pay in full in October. I can't live on air for three months. I 'll let them know what I think of them!"

Hannah brought her writing materials, and the old lady, with a shaking hand, poured over four pages a letter of molten fire.

"That will settle them," she murmured, leaning back wearily in her big chair.

But the letter that had seemed unanswerable as she wrote it sounded futile as she read it over. The bare business statement lay at her side as inexorable as ever. She realized suddenly that her scoldings could not change it any more than



THE TRADESMEN INTERVIEWED

a mosquito can sting a stone wall. She could trample on Lacey, and Freeman, and Fritz, but a corporation was a different matter. If they did n't want to pay, one little old lady could not make them. With a heavy sigh, she tore her letter into scraps. Hilda, coming in, found her sitting limp and despondent.

"Well, Granny," she said gaily, "they 're all running around in sackcloth, with ashes fairly streaming from their heads, and they 're going to feed you on peacocks' tongues and Easter eggs forever after."

"Humph!" said Granny, grimly. "It won't even be roast chicken, let alone peacocks' tongues. We 'll be lucky if we get a crust to nibble on."

She pushed the letter across the table, and Hilda read it.

"Oh, Granny dear!" she said, her arms around the old lady, "I 'm sorry I joked. But never mind; it will be all right. There are plenty of ways I can earn roast chickens. We 'll be all right."

Mrs. Sidney straightened her cap. "There, child, don't crumple me all up. It 's not a question of earning money. I keep you busy without that. The Amalgamated Cement is perfectly

sound; it will pay in time. It merely means waiting a few months."

"If that 's all," said hopeful Hilda, "that 's too easy. The rent 's paid, and Hannah will wait, and the tradespeople must give us credit."

"Humph!" commented Granny, rubbing her chin doubtfully.

"But, Granny—"

"Don't interrupt. It can't be helped. I've got to swallow my pride and ask them all to wait. Telephone them the first thing in the morning to come and see me. The mountain can't go to Mohammed, so Mohammed must come to the mountain."



BY HILDA'S GRANDMOTHER.

She was silent all supper-time, and scarcely listened when Hilda read the evening paper aloud. Hilda missed the usual caustic comments.

"You 're not worrying, Granny?" she asked at last.

"Why should I worry? Can't a body think without being accused of worrying?"

"Tell me what you 're thinking about?"

Mrs. Sidney laughed shortly. "I was thinking just then that if I had n't anything else to eat, I could eat my own words. I told you this afternoon there were no human relations between me and my butcher, and now I've got to live on the hope of his patience and trust and kindness for three months. 'T is n't business."

"He 'll give us credit all right, Granny."

"I 'm not so sure. Why should he? I 've walked over him rough-shod. I would n't be anxious to be obliging if I were in his place."

"He 'll want to keep your custom."

"Losing it would n't bankrupt him. It is n't pleasant to acknowledge you 're wrong, but I 've been—wondering if it would n't have been wiser to be a little less—cross. I 've been plain cross. I see it now that I 'm afraid they 'll be cross to me."

"Oh, but, Granny—" began Hilda, again.

"Don't argue."

"But won't you let *me* do it?"

"No, I won't. It was my bad-tempered tongue that got me into this mess, and the same tongue will have to get me out of it. Now I 'm going to bed."

"Very well, Granny," answered Hilda, the demure.

Mrs. Sidney picked up her cane. "I suppose you 're laughing at me inside. There, you *are* laughing! I see it in your eyes."

"Oh, no, Granny dear!" protested Hilda. But her eyes were dancing, and she found it hard work to keep in her dimples.

"I suppose it is a funny sight to see an old woman eat humble-pie," said Mrs. Sidney, as she closed the door.

She ate her breakfast in grim silence the next morning. One does not chatter at the moment of going to the stake. Then, dressed in her best black silk for the solemn sacrifice, she sat enthroned in her big chair in the corner of the sitting-room, awaiting Lacey, and Freeman, and Fritz, duly summoned to appear before her. Hilda had vanished.

Lacey came first, bashfully twisting his cap. He was a smiling, round-faced little Irishman who had kissed the Blarney stone.

"Mr. Lacey," Mrs. Sidney said, "I have dealt with you for years and have always paid my bills promptly. Just now my money is delayed for a bit. I shall have to ask you to trust me until I can settle with you again."

"Sure, ma'am, sure!" exclaimed Lacey. "Don't think of it, ma'am. We all strike bad luck sometimes. It 's proud I am to serve you, an' you 'll take your own time about paying."

"That 's very good of you, Mr. Lacey," said Mrs. Sidney, swallowing hard.

"Don't mention it, ma'am. I 'm only too glad if I can do anything for you. We get a good



many hard words in business, an' we appreciate our customers who are pleasant-spoken-like, an' patient, an' make us feel we 're human bein's, after all. I 'm not forgettin' your kindness to my little girl. I 'll be sending you in some chops this morning that would make a king's mouth water."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Sidney, and Lacey took his leave.

"'Even a butcher is a human being,'" Granny murmured, repeating Hilda's words. "It was kind of him, but he could n't resist his fling at me. He appreciates his 'customers who are pleasant-spoken-like an' patient.' I suppose I can't resent his wit so long as he was obliging. And I did n't even know he *had* a little girl!"

Then Fritz entered. His broad German face also held a genial smile as he listened to Mrs. Sidney's explanation.

"Dot 's all right!" he said. "I always trust my goot customers. You always vos so kind eef I make mistake, I *like* to help you. My wife she t'anks you for the flowers, too. All our customers don't think we are human beings too, no."

"Thank you, Mr. Fritz," Granny said. Her voice was dignified, but the hand that rested on her stick trembled a little. "Good-by."

"Goot day," answered the baker. "I got de message—vot you say—about the muffins. Next time, dey 'll be just right. Goot day."

Fritz going out passed Freeman coming in.

"Good morning, Mr. Freeman," Mrs. Sidney began again. Her cheeks were flushed by this time. "My money will be delayed a little this quarter, and I must ask you to wait, too, for your bill."

Freeman seated himself comfortably in a rocker. "I 'll be glad to wait as long as you want, Madam," answered Mr. Freeman. "You pay up prompt, and I like your pleasant, considerate ways. I 'm willin' to oblige customers who treat me like a human being. My, you 've got a sight of books! Johnny does appreciate reading them."

Mrs. Sidney tapped her cane. "You 're all crazy, I think. What do you mean by 'patient' and 'considerate'? You got the message I sent you yesterday?"

"Yes 'm. Miss Sidney gave it straight. I took the eggs off the charge, and I 'll see nothing like that happens again."

Granny bit her lip. "Can you tell me just what Miss Sidney said to you?"

Mr. Freeman smiled. "Sure I can! I don't forget what Miss Sidney says. She knows her own mind, but she speaks it soft like. I tell my girls if they 'll watch Miss Sidney, they 'll know a lady all right."

"What did she say?"

"She said that you were brought up in the country, and so were very particular about your eggs, and that she took extra good care that you should have what you like because you did n't get about much. And she said you liked the last bacon so much, and would I please personally look after the eggs and see if they were just what you liked. And then she gave me the history book you lent Johnny and came away. You won't have any more trouble, Mrs. Sidney."

"I 'm very glad," said Mrs. Sidney, dryly. "Thank you for your consideration. I appreciate it. Good-by."

When Freeman was gone, Mrs. Sidney sat alone thinking. Her thoughts were varied. Sometimes she tapped the floor and frowned, sometimes she looked out of the window and smiled. Hilda, stealing into the room, caught the smile.

"Oh, Granny dear," she said, her arms once more about her grandmother's neck. "Was it very horrid? They were nice human men, were n't they?"

Mrs. Sidney tried to frown again.

"Hilda Sidney, for two years I have been sending messages through you. What have you done with them?"

Hilda raised her head to look at the old lady's face. She laughed her soft laugh again as she put her head back on her grandmother's shoulder.

"I 've given them, Granny, every one. I 've given your gifts and your messages. I only just *translated* them a little. I put them into your *heart* language instead of your *word* language. You said cross words, but your heart was always loving, and I carried the message from that."

"Humph!" grunted Granny. "So you 've been practising your 'sociological' ideas behind my back! I suppose now you think you 've got me converted too."

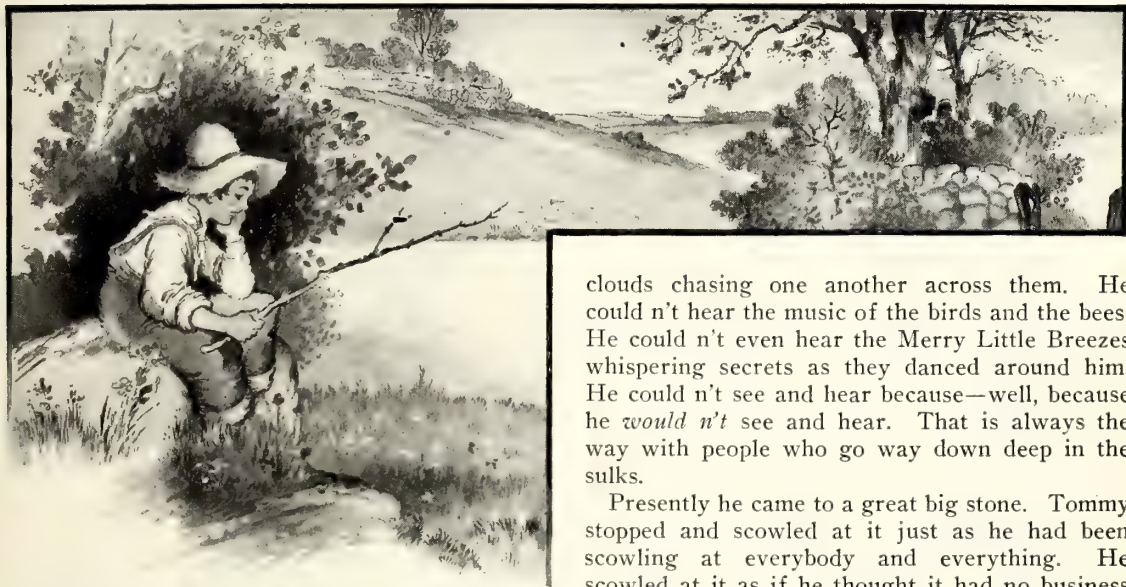
Hilda laughed and hugged her close. "You did n't need converting, Granny; only convincing. Don't you believe now that the real world is n't just business and charity, but is full up with kindly human nature that gives and takes?"

"Perhaps," said Granny.

# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.



TOMMY IS HAPPY BY BEING PERFECTLY MISERABLE.

TOMMY scuffed his bare, brown feet in the grass and did n't even notice how cooling and refreshing to his bare toes the green blades were. Usually he just loved to feel them, but this afternoon he just did n't want to find anything pleasant or nice in the things he was accustomed to. A scowl, a deep, dark, heavy scowl, had chased all merriment from his round, freckled face. It seemed as if the very freckles were trying to hide from it. Tommy did n't care. He said so. He said so right out loud. He did n't care if all the world knew it. He wanted the world to know it. It was a horrid old world anyway, this world which made a fellow go hunt up and drive home a lot of pesky cows just when all the other fellows were over at the swimming-hole. It always was that way whenever there was anything interesting or particular to do, or any fun going on. Yes, it was a horrid old world, this world in which Tommy lived, and he was quite willing that everybody should know it.

The truth is, Tommy was deep, very deep, in the sulks. He was so deep in them that he could n't see jolly round Mr. Sun smiling down on him. He could n't see anything lovely in the beautiful, broad, Green Meadows with the shadows of the

clouds chasing one another across them. He could n't hear the music of the birds and the bees. He could n't even hear the Merry Little Breezes whispering secrets as they danced around him. He could n't see and hear because—well, because he *would n't* see and hear. That is always the way with people who go way down deep in the sulks.

Presently he came to a great big stone. Tommy stopped and scowled at it just as he had been scowling at everybody and everything. He scowled at it as if he thought it had no business to be there. Yet all the time he was glad that it was there. It was just the right size to sit on and make himself happy by being perfectly miserable. You know, some people actually find pleasure in thinking how miserable they are. The more miserable they can make themselves feel, the sooner they begin to pity themselves, and when they begin to pity themselves, they seem to find what Uncle Jason calls a "melancholy pleasure." It was that way with Tommy. Because no one else seemed to pity him, he wanted to pity himself, and to do that right he must first make himself feel the most miserable he possibly could. So he sat down on the big stone, waved his stick for a few moments and then threw it away, put his chin in his two hands and his two elbows on his two knees, and began by scowling down at his bare, brown toes.

"There 's never anything to do around here, and when there is, a fellow can't do it," he grumbled. "Other fellows don't have to weed the garden, and bring in wood, and drive the cows, and when they do, it ain't just when they want to have some fun. What 's vacation for, if it ain't to have a good time in? And how 's a fellow going to do it when he has to work all the time—anyway when he has to work just when he don't want to?" He was trying to be truthful.



"Fellows who live in town have something going on all the time, while out here there 's nothing but fields, and woods, and sky, and—and cows that have n't sense enough to come home themselves when it 's time. There 's never anything exciting or int'resting 'round here. I wish—"

He suddenly became aware of two very small bright eyes watching him from a little opening in the grass. He scowled at them harder than ever, and moved ever so little. The eyes disappeared, but a minute later they were back again, full of curiosity, a little doubtful, a little fearful, but tremendously interested. They were the eyes of Danny Meadow-mouse. Tommy knew them right away. Of course he did. Had n't he chased Danny with sticks and stones time and again? But he did n't think of this now. He was too full of his own troubles to remember that others had troubles too.

Somehow Danny's twinkling little eyes seemed to mock him. How unjust things were!

found himself a little, chunky, blunt-headed, furry animal with four ridiculously short stubby legs, and he was scampering after Danny Meadow-mouse along a private little path through the meadow-grass. He was a meadow-mouse himself! His wish had come true!

Tommy felt very happy. He had forgotten that he ever was a boy. He raced along the private little path just as if he had always been accustomed to just such private little paths. It might be very hot out in the sun, but down there among the sheltering grass stems it was delightfully cool and comfortable. He tried to shout for very joy, but what he really did do was to squeak. It was a thin, sharp little squeak. It was answered right away from in front of him, and Tommy did n't like the sound of it. Being a meadow-mouse now, he understood the speech of meadow-mice, and he knew that Danny Meadow-mouse was demanding to know who was running in his private little path. Tommy sus-



"IT WAS VISITING TIME AND HE MADE A GREAT MANY FRIENDS." (SEE PAGE 62.)

"*You* don't have to work!" he exploded so suddenly and fiercely that Danny gave a frightened squeak and took to his heels. "*You* don't have anything to do but play all day and have a good time. I wish I was a meadow-mouse!"

Right then and there something happened. Tommy did n't know how it happened, but it just did. Instead of a bare-legged, freckle-faced, sulky boy sitting on the big stone, he suddenly

pected by the angry sound of Danny's voice that he meant to fight.

Tommy hesitated. Then he stopped. He did n't want to fight. You see, he knew that he had no business on that path without an invitation from the owner. If it had been his own path, he would have been eager to fight. But it was n't, and so he thought it best to avoid trouble. He turned and scampered back a little way to a tiny

branch path. He followed this until it also branched, and then took the new path. But none of these paths really belonged to him. He wanted some of his very own. Now the only way to have a private path of your very own in the Green Meadows is to make it, unless you are big enough and strong enough to take one away from some one else.

So Tommy set to work to make a path of his own, and he did it by cutting the grass one stem at a time. The very tender ones he ate. The rest he carried to an old board he had discovered, and under this he made a nest, using the finest, softest grasses for the inside. Of course it was work. As a matter of fact, had he, as a boy, had to work one tenth as much or as hard as he now had to work as a meadow-mouse, he would have felt sure that he was the most abused boy who ever lived. But, being a meadow-mouse, he did n't think anything about it, and scurried back and forth as fast as ever he could, just stopping now and then to rest. He knew that he must work for everything he had—that without work he would have nothing. And somehow this all seemed perfectly right. He was busy, and in keeping busy he kept happy.

Presently, as he sat down to rest a minute, a Merry Little Breeze came hurrying along, and brought with it just the faintest kind of a sound. It made his heart jump. Every little unexpected sound made his heart jump. He listened with all his might. There it was again! Something was stealing very, very softly through the grass. He felt sure it was danger of some kind. Then he did a foolish thing—he ran. You see, he was so frightened that he felt that he just could n't sit still a second longer, so he ran. The instant he moved, something big and terrible sprang at him, and two great paws with sharp claws spread out all but landed on him. He gave a frightened squeak, and darted under an old fence-post that lay half hidden in the tall grass.

"What 's the matter with you?" demanded a voice. Tommy found that he had company. It was another meadow-mouse.

"I—I 've had such a narrow escape!" panted Tommy. "A terrible creature with awful claws almost caught me!"

The stranger peeped out to see. "Pooh!" said he, "that was only a cat. Cats don't know much. If you keep your ears and eyes open, it 's easy enough to fool cats. But they are a terrible nuisance just the same, because they are always prowling around when you least expect them. I hate cats! It is bad enough to have to watch out all the time for enemies who live on the Green Meadows, without having to be always looking to

see if a cat is about. A cat has n't any excuse at all. It has all it wants to eat without trying to catch us. It hunts just out of love of cruelty. Now Reddy Fox has some excuse; he has to eat.



HOOITY THE OWL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Too bad he 's so fond of meadow-mice. Speaking of Reddy, have you seen him lately?"

Tommy shook his head. "I guess it 's safe enough to go out now," continued the stranger. "I know where there is a dandy lot of corn; let 's go get some."

Tommy was quite willing. The stranger led the way. First he looked this way and that way, and listened for any sound of danger. Tommy did likewise. But the way seemed clear, and away they scampered. Right away Tommy was happy again. He had forgotten his recent fright. That is the way with little people of the Green Meadows. But he did n't forget to keep his ears and his eyes wide open for new dangers. They reached the corn safely, and then such a feast as they did have! It seemed to Tommy that never had he tasted anything half so good. Right in the midst of the feast, the stranger gave a faint little squeak and darted under a pile of old corn-



stalks. Tommy did n't stop to ask questions, but followed right at his heels. A big, black shadow swept over them and then passed on. Tommy peeped out. There was a great bird with huge, broad wings sailing back and forth over the meadows.

"It 's old Whitetail, the marsh-hawk. He did n't get us that time!" chuckled the stranger, and crept back to the delicious corn. In two minutes, they were having as good a time as before, just as if they had n't had a narrow escape. When they had eaten all they could hold, the stranger went back to his old fence-post and Tommy returned to his own private paths and the snug nest he had built under the old board. He was sleepy, and he curled up for a good long nap.

When he awoke, the first stars were beginning to twinkle down at him from the sky, and black shadows lay over the Green Meadows. He found that he could see quite as well as in the light of day, and, because he was already hungry again, he started out to look for something to eat. Something inside warned him that he must watch out for danger now just as sharply as before, though the black shadows seemed to promise safety. Just what he was to watch out for he did n't know, but still every few steps he stopped to look and listen. He found that this was visiting time among the meadow-mice, and he made a great many friends. There was a great deal of scurrying back and forth along private little paths, and a great deal of squeaking. At least, that is what Tommy would have called it if he had still been a boy, but as it was, he understood it perfectly, for it was meadow-mouse language. Suddenly there was not a sound to be heard, not a single squeak or the sound of scurrying feet. Tommy sat perfectly still and held his breath. He did n't know why, but something inside told him to, and he did. Then something passed over him. It was like a great shadow, and it was just as silent as a shadow. But Tommy knew that it was n't a shadow, for out of it two great, round, fierce, yellow eyes glared down and struck such terror to his heart that it almost stopped beating. But they did n't see him, and he gave a tiny sigh of relief as he watched the grim living shadow sail on. While he watched, there was a frightened little squeak, two legs with great curved claws dropped down from the shadow, plunged into the grass, and when they came up again they held a little limp form. A little mouse had moved when he should n't have, and Hooty the Owl had caught a dinner.

A dozen times that night Tommy sat quite frozen with fear while Hooty passed, but after each time he joined with his fellows in merry-

making just as if there was no such thing as this terrible feathered hunter with the silent wings, only each one was ready to hide at the first sign



BLACKY THE CROW.

of danger. When he grew tired of playing and eating, he returned to his snug nest under the old board to sleep. He was still asleep there the next morning when, without any warning, the old board was lifted. In great fright Tommy ran out of his nest, and at once there was a great shout from a huge giant, who struck at him with a stick and then chased him, throwing sticks and stones, none of which hit him, but which frightened him terribly. He dodged down a little path and ran for his life, while behind him he heard the giant (it was just a boy) shouting and laughing as he poked about in the grass trying to find poor Tommy, and Tommy wondered what he could be laughing about, and what fun there could be in frightening a poor little meadow-mouse almost to death.

Later that very same morning, while he was hard at work cutting a new path, he heard footsteps behind him, and turned to see a big, black bird stalking along the little path. He did n't wait for closer acquaintance, but dived into the thick grass, and, as he did so, the big, black bird

made a lunge at him, but missed him. It was his first meeting with Blacky the Crow, and he had learned of one more enemy to watch out for.

But most of all he feared Reddy Fox. He never could be quite sure when Reddy was about. Sometimes it would be in broad daylight, and sometimes in the stilly night. The worst of it was, Reddy seemed to know all about the ways of meadow-mice, and would lie perfectly still beside a little path until an unsuspecting mouse came along. Then there would be a sudden spring, a little squeak cut short right in the middle, and there would be one less happy little worker and playmate. So Tommy learned to look and listen before he started for any place, and then to scurry as fast as ever he could.

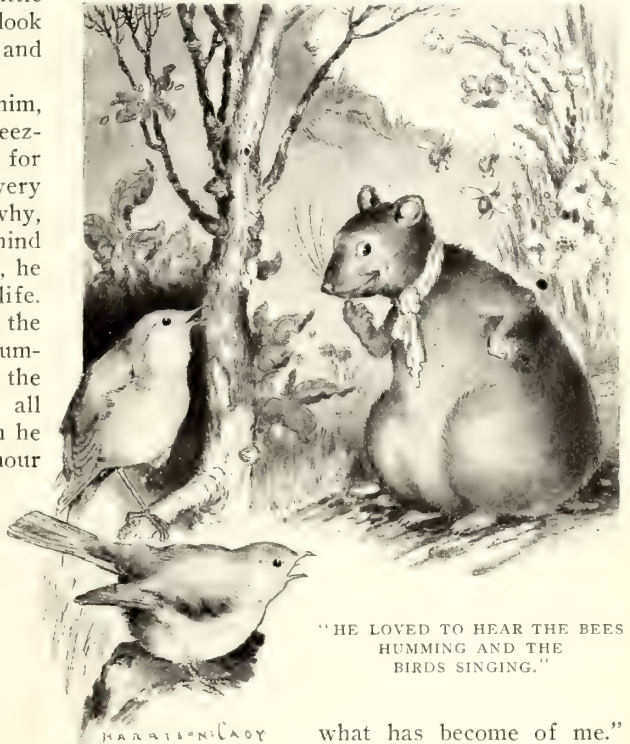
Twice Mr. Gopher-snake almost caught him, and once he got away from Billy Mink by squeezing into a hole between some roots too small for Billy to get in. It was a very exciting life, very exciting indeed. He could n't understand why, when all he wanted was to be allowed to mind his own business and work and play in peace, he must be forever running or hiding for his life. He loved the sweet meadow-grasses and the warm sunshine. He loved to hear the bees humming and the birds singing. He thought the Green Meadows the most beautiful place in all the great world, and he was very happy when he was n't frightened; but there was hardly an hour of the day or night that he did n't have at least one terrible fright.

Still, it was good to be alive and explore new places. There was a big rock in front of him right now. He wondered if there was anything to eat on top of it. Sometimes he found the very nicest seeds in the cracks of big rocks. This one looked as if it would not be very hard to scramble up on. He felt almost sure that he would find some treasure up there. He looked this way and that way to make sure no one was watching. Then he scrambled up on the big rock.

For a few minutes, Tommy stared out over the Green Meadows. They were very beautiful. It seemed to him that they never had been so beautiful, or the songs of the birds so sweet, or the Merry Little Breezes, the children of Old Mother West Wind, so soft and caressing. He could n't understand it all, for he was n't a meadow-mouse—just a barefooted boy sitting on a big stone that was just made to sit on. As he looked down, he became aware of two very small bright eyes watching him from a little opening in the grass. He knew them right away. Of course he did. They were the eyes of Danny Meadow-mouse.

They were filled with curiosity, a little doubtful, a little fearful, but tremendously interested. Tommy smiled, and felt in his pocket for some cracker-crumbs. Danny ran away at the first move, but Tommy scattered the crumbs where he could find them, as he was sure to come back.

Tommy stood up and stretched. Then he turned and looked curiously at the stone on which he had been sitting. "I believe it's a real wishing-stone," said he. Then he laughed aloud. "I'm glad I'm not a meadow-mouse, but just a boy!" he cried. "I guess those cows are wondering



"HE LOVED TO HEAR THE BEES HUMMING AND THE BIRDS SINGING."

what has become of me."

He started toward the pasture, and now there was no frown darkening his freckled face. It was clear and good to see, and he whistled as he tramped along. Once he stopped and grinned sheepishly as his blue eyes drank in the beauty of the Green Meadows and beyond them the Green Forest. "And I said there was nothing interesting or exciting going on here! Why, it's the most exciting place I ever heard of, only I did n't know it before!" he muttered. "Gee, I *am* glad I'm not a meadow-mouse, and if ever I throw sticks or stones at one again, I—well, I hope I turn into one!"

And though Danny Meadow-mouse, timidly nibbling at the cracker-crumbs, did n't know it, he had one less enemy to be afraid of!

(To be continued.)





" 'THANKSGIVING DAY OUGHT TO BE LOVELY TILL THE VERY END.' "

## THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

### THANKSGIVING DAY SUPPER

"MOTHER BLAIR, did you ever think that Thanksgiving Day has one great defect?"

"Why no, Mildred, I don't believe I ever did," smiled her mother. "Do tell me what it is."

"Well, we have to have dinner in the afternoon so the littlest cousins can go home early, and so Norah can get away in time for her regular party—she always goes to one, you know, that evening; and that leaves us with nothing to do for hours before bedtime. I don't know why it is, but that time always drags."

"That is a real defect, Mildred, and I'm glad you told me, because we don't want any part of Thanksgiving Day to drag. It ought to be lovely till the very end. What can you think of that we can do to make it so?"

"I think if all the cousins would stay on instead of going home at dark, and if we arranged something interesting, like a little play or charades, first, and then, when we got hungry, about eight o'clock, we had a nice hot supper, that would be just perfect."

"Of course! That's a bright idea, Mildred. All the cousins are old enough now to spend the evening, and we can have a lovely time together. You arrange the play, and I'll get up the supper for you."

"No, indeed, Mother Blair! We three juniors will get it—that's part of the fun. And don't

you think it would be nice to have it in here on the big library table? We could bring the things in on trays and then just help ourselves."

"That's another bright idea! Of course it would be delightful to have it in here. Then afterward we could have a wood fire in the grate, and sit around it to tell stories, and have games, and charades, and sing some songs together, and be just as thankful as possible. What shall we have for supper? I fancy we shall not want anything very heavy after our dinner."

"No, of course not; but it can be something awfully nice. Cold turkey to begin with, and something hot to go with it, and—and what else, Mother Blair?"

"Oh, cranberry jelly, and perhaps a salad, and then something sweet to finish with. Do you think that would do?"

"Yes, and some kind of a hot drink, I suppose; coffee for Father and Uncle and Aunt Mary and you, and cocoa for the rest of us; only I'm so tired of cocoa, I don't believe I could drink a drop."

"We certainly have had it pretty often for lunch lately; I've noticed it myself, and meant to speak to Norah about it. I think I can find something else for all of us which you will like better—something especially meant for Thanksgiving."

"What the pilgrim fathers had for their Thanksgiving dinner, I suppose," laughed Mil-

dred. "I'm sure it will be good, too, and we'll love it."

School closed the day before Thanksgiving, and that afternoon Mildred and Brownie began to be thankful, because there would be no more lessons till Monday. They put their books away, planned the funny little play they were going to have the next evening, and got together everything they would need for that; then they said it was time to think about the supper in the library.

"We will wait till Norah has gone out and the kitchen is all in order," said Mildred. "Then we can get out the things we want to carry into the other room, and put them on two trays; Jack and Cousin Fred can carry them when we are ready. Plates, and knives, and forks, and glasses, and napkins; and the platter of turkey—"

"And salt," said Brownie, "and bread, and butter."

"Yes; and cranberry jelly. Then we will make the hot things and bring them in afterward."

"What shall we make to-day, Mildred?"

"I wonder if Norah has made the cranberry jelly for dinner yet; if she has n't, you and I might make that now, and divide it and put part away for the supper. And we can make the dessert, or whatever Mother thinks we had better have. The salad we shall have to make to-morrow."

Norah was that very minute preparing to make the cranberry jelly, but she said she was in a hurry, and the girls could make it if they would promise not to get in her way. They got the recipe from their mother, and began in a corner as far off from Norah as they could get.

## CRANBERRY JELLY

1 quart of cranberries. Pick them over and wash them, then chop them a little.

1½ cups of cold water.

2 cups of sugar.

Boil five minutes; rub while hot through a sieve, and pour into a pretty mold.

This rule, of course, had to be doubled for two molds. They found it was not very easy to get the cranberries through the sieve; by taking turns, however, they were slowly squeezing them through when Norah came to their aid and gave them the wooden potato-masher to use instead of the spoon they were working with. The molds were set away to get hard, and then they asked their mother for something else to do.

"I've been thinking," she said, "that we ought to have for supper something the men would like

very much; they will have had turkey once already, and perhaps they will be tired of it. Would you like scalloped oysters?"

"Mother, we'd perfectly love them!" exclaimed Mildred. "But do you think we could make them? I always thought they were very hard to make."

"My dear, they are the easiest thing in the world. To save time, you may copy the rule now,



MAKING  
THE  
CRANBERRY JELLY.

and then to-morrow, when everybody is here, I will not have to stop visiting and explain it."

## SCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 quart of oysters.

2 packages of crackers, or as many loose ones—about half a pound. Roll fine.

Salt, pepper, and butter.

1 small cup of milk.

Drain the oysters and examine each one carefully to see that it is free from shell; strain and measure the juice; add to it an equal quantity of milk. Butter a deep baking-dish and put in a layer of crumbs, and cover these with a layer of oysters; sprinkle with salt and pepper and dot with butter; put on another layer of crumbs, then one of oysters, season, and so on till the dish is full, with a layer of crumbs on top; cover with small bits of butter; pour on the oyster juice and milk,



and bake about half an hour, or till brown. Serve at once—it must not stand.

"Sometimes, instead of baking these in one large dish, I fill little brown baking-dishes in just the same way; only, of course, I do not bake these so long—only ten or fifteen minutes. And sometimes for a lunch party, I get from the fish-market very large oyster, or clam, or scallop shells, and fill those instead of the little dishes, and they are very pretty."

"Mother Blair, those would be sweet—simply sweet! I think I 'll give a luncheon and have them."

"Do, Mildred, and I 'll help," said Brownie, unselfishly.

"Or you can have a luncheon and I 'll help!" Mildred replied. "And now what else can we do to-day, Mother? Make some sort of dessert?"

"Yes, I think so; try this; it 's simple and very nice."

### CHOCOLATE CREAM

- 1 pint of milk.
- 4 table-spoonfuls of sugar.
- 2 squares of unsweetened chocolate.
- 1 table-spoonful of corn-starch.
- 1 pinch of salt.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of vanilla.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of thick, sweet cream. (Or this may be omitted.)

Put the milk in a saucepan after taking out a small half-cupful and mixing it with the corn-starch; put in the sugar and salt. Scrape the chocolate (the squares are those marked on the large cake) and put this in next. When it steams, and the chocolate is melted and looks brown and smooth, stir up the corn-starch and put it in, stirring till smooth. Cool, add the vanilla, and pour into glasses. Just before serving put a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each glass.

"I do love that," said Brownie, as she wrote down the last word. "When I eat it, I always think I 'm eating melted chocolate creams."

"So do I!" laughed Mildred. "Perhaps Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary won't eat their creams to-morrow night, and then you and I can have them for lunch the next day, Brownie."

"They 'll surely eat them!" sighed Brownie. "They 're too good to leave."

When these were made and safely put away, all but the creamy tops, which were to go on just before supper the next day, Jack came strolling in.

"Smells awfully good!" he said. "Turkey, and onions, and mince-pies, and spicy things. Got any cooking for a boy to do—proper cooking, I mean?"

"I 've just thought of something," his mother said quickly, "and I need you to do it right away."

The girls are getting up a supper for Thanksgiving night, and they really ought to have some nice cake to eat with the dessert they have just been making."

"Cake!" ejaculated Jack. "I draw the line at cake, Mother Blair; making cake is not a man's job."

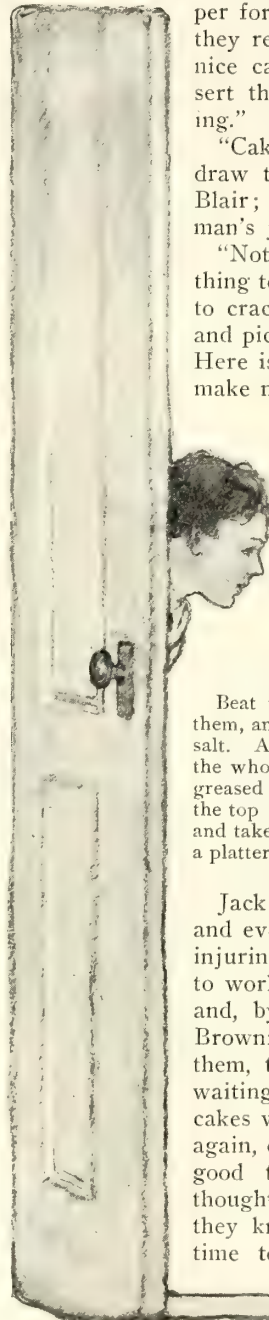
"Not cake, Jack,—only something to go in cake. I want you to crack some nuts very nicely and pick them out for the girls. Here is what they are going to make now."

### NUT CAKES

- 2 eggs.
- 1 cup of light brown sugar.
- 1 cup of nut meats, chopped fine.
- 2 table-spoonfuls of sifted flour.
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful of salt.

Beat the eggs without separating them, and stir in the sugar, flour, and salt. Add the nuts last, and spread the whole in a thin layer on a well-greased tin; bake ten minutes, or till the top is brown. Cut into squares and take quickly from the tin; lay on a platter till cold.

Jack thought he could crack and even pick out nuts without injuring his dignity, so he went to work on a panful of pecans, and, by the time Mildred and Brownie were ready to chop them, they were all ready and waiting. Before long, the little cakes were in the oven and out again, crisp and hot; almost too good to be saved, the girls thought, and so did Jack. But they knew there would not be time to-morrow to make any



"ANY COOKING FOR A BOY TO DO?"

others, so they had to keep these, and when they were cold, shut them up in the cake-box.

"Now I think you have cooked enough for to-

day," said their mother, after she had tasted one small crumb of their cakes and pronounced them perfect.

"But, Mother, what about the salad?" asked Brownie.

"Oh, do you really think we need salad with all these good things?"

"Honestly, I don't think we need it at all," said Mildred; "but I do think it would be nice to have it, because it 's a party."

"Very well! But

at any rate, we cannot get them in this town; and yet we ought to have a green salad, because, of course, nobody could possibly eat chicken or lobster salad after a Thanksgiving dinner."

"I could!" called Jack, from the next room; but nobody paid any attention.

"Well, here is an idea—string-bean salad. That is very easy to make, and very good, too, and we can make it out of canned beans and nobody will know it. I will tell you how to make it now, because I 'll be so busy to-morrow, and then, in the afternoon, you can get it ready quickly.

### STRING-BEAN SALAD

1 pint of string beans, cooked and cold.

2 hard-boiled eggs.

A little lettuce, if you have it.

French dressing.

Drain the beans well and sprinkle them with a little salt and pepper. If they are canned, let them lie on a platter for at least an hour. Arrange them on a few white lettuce leaves on plates, or omit the lettuce and use a few yellow celery leaves; put two strips of hard-boiled egg on the plate, one on each side of the beans, and, just before serving, pour a little French dressing over all. This salad must be very cold.

"Now, certainly, that is all," said Mother Blair, as they wrote this down, "and I 'm sure nobody will go home hungry after such a supper as that!"

"And what hot drink are you going to have, Mother?"

"Oh, I almost forgot that. I planned something which is especially Thanksgivingy, too. It is really and truly what the pilgrim fathers are supposed to have made for Thanksgiving Day out of wild grapes; but I am sure they had no lemons or spices, so it could not have been quite as good as this. We will have this with the turkey and oysters for the supper, and no coffee or cocoa."

### MULLED GRAPE-JUICE

1 quart of bottled grape-juice.

1 pint of water.

1 cup of sugar.

2 lemons.

2 sticks of cinnamon.

1 dozen cloves.

Put the spices in a piece of thin cloth and tie this up like a bag; put it in a saucepan with the grape-juice, sugar, and water, and let it slowly heat till it steams; stir well and let it stand on the back of the fire for ten minutes. Add the juice of the lemons and the thin yellow rind of one (you can peel this off in a strip and



"THE GIRLS ARE GETTING UP A SUPPER FOR THANKSGIVING NIGHT."

what can we have? Lettuce, and tomatoes, and other nice vegetables are really out of season, or,



drop it in); bring it all to the boiling-point, take out the lemon-peel, taste it, and, if not sweet enough, add more sugar. Serve very hot.

The next evening, just as it grew dark, Mildred and Jack hung a sheet before the double doors of the library, and they, with some of the cousins, gave a funny shadow-play, "Young Loch-invar," with a rocking-horse for the "steed," and a clothes-basket for a boat, and their father read the poem as they acted it. When everybody had stopped laughing at it, the junior Blairs brought in the supper (the oysters had been quietly cook-

ing while they played), and arranged it nicely on the library table. It was a sort of picnic. Everything was hot and delicious, or cold and delicious, just as it ought to have been, and the mulled grape-juice was almost the best of all. After everything had been eaten up, the dishes were taken out into the kitchen, and they all gathered around the fire and told stories. At last, when the visitors had gone and bedtime had come for the Blairs, Mildred said impressively:

"Now *that* was what I call a Thanksgiving Day without a flaw!"



"NOW DON'T MOVE, DOLLY, FOR I'M GOING TO DRAW YOUR PICTURE,  
AND SEND IT TO GRANDMA IN MY LETTER."

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## SEVEN BOOKS FOR MANY YOUNGSTERS

In olden days, when there was something important and interesting which people ought to know about, a personage called the town-crier would go to the market-place, and to such other spots as were likely to be frequented by the crowd in town or village, and there he would first ring a bell, and then proceed to cry aloud the news or the information, whatever it might be, in some such manner as the following:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez! Whereas it has pleased his most gracious Majesty, the King, to order a day of general rejoicing, with feasting and jousting and sports of diverse kinds, notice is hereby given to all and sundry. Oyez, oyez, oyez!" Then he would ring his bell again, and go tramping off, followed by all the small boys, tremendously excited, turning handsprings and yelling in true boy fashion.

But to-day we don't dress up in a gay doublet and striped hose, with a cloak over our shoulders and a bell in our hands, worse luck, when we have something to say that it would be worth listening to, and go shouting in all the squares and down Main Street. If we did, you might hear a ringing one of these fine mornings, and run out to see me shaking a bell, and calling aloud:

"Oyez, oyez, oyez! Here you are, boys and girls. Christmas is coming. It is little more than six weeks away, and what are you doing about it? Listen to me, while I tell you of seven books for seventy times seven children, books that will help to make Christmas what it ought to be, the best and sweetest day of all the year. I want you to know of these books. One tells the story of a brave, upstanding youth who was a "runaway," and of all that befell him. And one tells the story of a little girl who had a millionaire father, and was very much troubled in consequence. And another has for heroine a very poor and very amusing little girl who believed in fairies, and tells what occurred to her. Then there is a book full of the wonderful lives of men who were more than conquerors, as conquerors are usually thought of. The fifth book relates the splendid doings of a lot of friendly giants, the sixth tells of the adventures of a pair of the cunningest baby bears that were ever imagined, and the seventh and last sings many

lovely songs, songs as shining and light and floating as the bubble that is blown in the sunshine."

Here I would ring my bell again, and cry out once more, "Oyez, oyez, oyez!" and then make my way to the next likely corner, with a number of smiling boys and girls trailing after me to hear me tell my news all over again.

Since, however, things are managed differently nowadays, I am simply going to tell you right here in the magazine something of these same seven books, so that if you want to give a book for a Christmas present, or want to have one given to you, you will know how to choose one that appeals to you.

And this magazine is the very best place in which to tell you of them, because five of the seven have appeared, in part or entire, in *St. Nicholas* itself during the past year. So, as you will see, I am merely reminding you of stories or articles or verses that have already delighted you, and are now collected into book form. You will recognize at my first mention of it each of these friends of your reading hours during the past twelvemonth.

There are always the fine old books, to be sure, and you cannot go wrong if you put several of these on your list. But we all like stories, too, that take up our own problems and difficulties, stories that make us acquainted with people like ourselves, living the kind of life we lead, having the same sort of fun we enjoy, bearing the same troubles that come to us. That is why older persons like a good novel of contemporary life, and why boys and girls want books about young folk who are going to school, or who are off on vacation, who play and work and plan as they do themselves, or at least as they might. Besides these books of to-day, it is also good to get an adventure story or a fairy story or what-not that is quite new and fresh, and which was never heard of before this season.

In "The Runaway," by Allen French, there is a group of boys and girls (and the story is quite as good reading for brother as for sister) who are just the type of healthy minded, unaffected, and likable youngsters you are the better off for knowing. *Brian*, to be sure, is not so much—but he learns a lot during the events of the story, and comes to be thoroughly ashamed of his meanness and his wrong standards; you can see,



toward the end, that there are the makings of a pretty decent chap in him, and certainly *Harriet*, as fine, brave, and delightful a girl as you are likely to meet anywhere—certainly *Harriet* will help bring out the best side of this boy's nature.

As for the plot of the story, it is truly thrilling, and keeps you guessing very hard to the last chapter. You cannot imagine how on earth it is all coming out, for there is so much that is mysterious in the arrival of the runaway, in his lost memory, and in other matters, in which a wallet plays no small part. After you have found out, you will want to turn back and read some parts over again, partly because you like the characters so well—take old *Nate*, for instance—and partly because you may have hurried a trifle to get to that clearing up of the mystery, for it's hard not to turn the pages fast when you want so much to discover just what the whole secret is; but don't skip, or read the end last, for that is to spoil a story.

"Phyllis," by Maria Thompson Daviess, is a story told by the little heroine herself. It is a book for girls, though, of course, there are boys in it, or it would n't have quite the right snap.

*Phyllis* is bothered by something most of us don't think of as a bother at all—too much money! But though she is only fifteen, she has already found out that the most worth-while things, the things that really make her happy, cannot be bought with money at all; indeed, that money seems to keep them away. At first she has no friend for a confidant, except *Louise*.

And *Louise* is only a leather-bound blank book, into which poor little *Phyllis* writes all the loneliness and longings of her affectionate little heart. Writes, too, of the new place to which she has come, and of the *Byrds*, who are so poor and so nice and so proud, and of the girls at school who won't associate with her because her father is a millionaire.

Then things begin to happen. Some are extremely funny, some are puzzling, some are sad. Altogether, they go to make up a story you don't want to lay down a moment sooner than you have to. *Phyllis* proves such a darling of a girl, and the *Byrd* family are so unexpected and fascinating, what with the small but energetic *Lovelace*, who is up to a trick a minute, and his sister, full of courage and good spirits, whatever the odds, and last, but perhaps best, the *Idol*. Then, fluttering for just a breath over the last page, there is a hint of romance—but you must find it all for yourself as you read this charming story of a Tennessee village, as you surely will if Christmas behaves properly.

Fairy stories are good, and real fairy stories are almost too good to be true. Yet you can't help hoping that Abbie Farwell Brown's story, "The Lucky Stone," is as true as it is real.

There is a *Cinderella* in it, and a princess, and a charm, and many surprising things. The *Cinderella* is a little girl of the tenements, with a heart of gold, that is always imagining lovely things and believing them against all kinds of heavy odds. The princess of this American fairy tale is a young heiress, who is so cold and tired and selfish, so bored with all the many things she has always had, that she cannot imagine anything at all, or believe anything worth believing.

Of course the two come to know each other, or what would be the use of the lucky stone? And in the end each does a great deal for the other, though the tenement child does most. It is a story full of charm and fancy and loveliness. The pictures, by your old friend Reginald Birch, are just the right kind of pictures for this sort of story.

After these three books, with boys and girls like yourselves in them, come four of a different kind, which is good, for no one wants too much of anything.

First of the four is the group of biographical sketches by Ariadne Gilbert, called "More Than Conquerors." Here the idea has been to give you an understanding of the difficulties conquered and the obstacles overcome by a chosen number of world-famous men in their struggles toward the heights they all achieved. Here are Emerson, Beethoven, Lincoln, Agassiz, Stevenson, Scott, Saint-Gaudens, Lamb, and others. Every one of these men had what might be called a hard row to hoe, before fame and fortune or the fine influence of great work nobly done came to him. It is while they are hoeing this difficult row that they are revealed to us by Miss Gilbert. The book is full of splendid inspiration for both boys and girls, and teaches the truth that courage, not opportunity, devotion, not luck, are the ruling powers in life. The stories of these men are beautifully told, and the book is one you will be glad to have on your private book shelf. You will find that these true adventures are fully equal in interest and excitement to any that could be made up.

Another story of big men of a different kind is the one called "The Book of Friendly Giants," by Eunice Fuller.

Who is n't interested in giants? But most giants are a bad lot, and the business in hand is how to kill them off without getting hurt yourself. But here in this book the giants are quite

a new sort. They are, in fact, the best fellows in the world, though possibly at times a trifle slow and clumsy. But each one of them is only too glad to do little man a good turn. There is an Indian giant, a Russian giant, and others, all

on the cover, showing the two small bearkins up to all sorts of tricks and adventures once they get the wishing ring from the old fox. And for each picture there is an amusing rhyme.

Last of the seven is the poem book, called



"I can't help it! He's a good turkey, and I won't have him killed!"

WHEN TAD LINCOLN INTERRUPTED THE CABINET MEETING.—FROM "MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

of them folk-lore giants. The people who told their stories in the long ago past were quite sure every word was true; and as far as I know, true they were. At least there is n't any doubt that they are extremely good, simply crowded with fun and adventure and escapes and the most extraordinary feats of strength and endurance. The pictures are by Pamela Coleman Smith, and you will love to look at them, for they will bear a lot of looking at, and are just as enjoyable as the stories. The frontispiece is in color, and that is best of all.

I suppose the broad, flat book called "Baby Bears" will be bought for the youngsters of the family; but I'm perfectly sure that it will be read and looked at by every one, big or middle-sized, too. It is by Grace Drayton, whose amusing drawings are familiar to us all, and it is just as funny as you could wish. Delectable pictures, eighty of them, not to speak of the colored one

"Bubble Ballads." For the writer has imagined childhood to be like a bubble, so fleeting, so lovely, so full of light. This is how he puts it:

Perfect symbol of Childhood's day:  
The Wonder-World of the Real-Unreal;  
A Gossamer glory that melts away . . .

They are real childhood songs, and are exquisite. They sing of your day, your wishes, hopes, and fancies, wonder about the things that you wonder over, answer questions you ask—and are so sweet and swinging and full of lovely music that you will want to read them over many times, and to turn the pages and gaze at the pictures and decorations for hours on end, made so beautifully by Gertrude Kay in the very spirit of the songs. They will go well with Stevenson's and Field's poems for children, so be sure to put them down on your list.

Oyez, oyez, oyez!





## Nature and Science for Young Folks

CAROLINA PARRAKEETS.

### SOME EXTINCT AMERICAN BIRDS

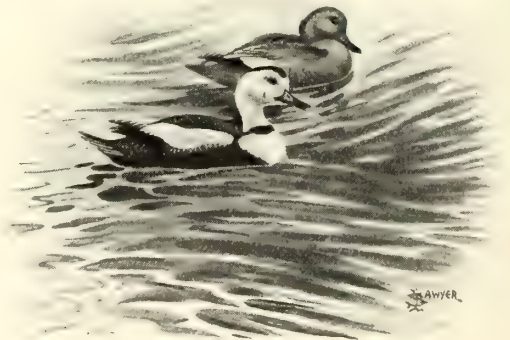
A BIRD or other animal is said to be extinct when the last one of its kind is dead. Extinction may result from natural conditions being unfavorable to the life of the species, it may be caused by man, or, again, it may be from a combination of both. The extinction of our own birds has been caused largely through the agency of man. And men, if they will, can save most of the species which remain. To that end our States have protective laws relating to game- and other birds, and much has been done and is being done to teach people the value of wild birds and the wisdom of protecting them.

The great auk is perhaps the most famous of our extinct birds. This was a flightless water-bird about the size of a goose. Though its wings

were too small for flight and it was very awkward on land, it was an expert swimmer. Its home was in northern Europe, southern Greenland, southern Labrador, and on our Atlantic coast at least as far south as Massachusetts. Funk Island, north of Newfoundland, was a favorite nesting-place. Sailors landed here and killed them by the thousand for the oil to be obtained from their bodies; by 1844 or 1845, they had been exterminated here and in Iceland. With the natives it was an article of food, and it was easily caught on land. Another circumstance which no doubt hastened its extinction is that it laid only one egg to the nest. In 1852, the last great auk was seen alive, and the last dead one was found in 1853. There exist about eighty mounted and unmounted skins, four skeletons, and a good



GREAT AUKS.



LABRADOR DUCKS.

many eggs. An egg is worth about \$1200 at auction.

The Labrador duck bred in Labrador, and was found on our Atlantic coast south to Chesapeake Bay. For many years before its final disappearance, it had not been a common duck; about 1875, it became extinct from some unknown cause. "Skunk duck" was one name by which it was known to hunters along the coast, this because of the black-and-white marking of the drake; the female was a grayish bird with a large white patch on each wing. About thirty-five skins and mounted specimens exist in museums, but not a single egg is known. In fact, the nesting of this duck, even as to where it occurred, is a matter of conjecture.

This year, the last known living passenger-pigeon died. This was a captive bird in the Cin-

As the Eskimo curlew has long been a very rare bird, and the latest specimen was taken in 1911 (at Waco, Nebraska), it is now regarded



ESKIMO CURLEW.

as extinct or on the very verge of extinction. This was a large snipe-like bird, and was much sought by gunners; they called it the dough-bird. It nested in the arctic regions and wintered in South America, so that in the United States it was found only during its migrations.

The Carolina parakeet was one of our most interesting birds; it was the only parrot-like species within our borders. It was a handsome bird, its head and neck yellow excepting the sides of the face and top of the head in front, which were orange; the bend of the wings and the upper parts of the legs were also orange; the rest of the plumage was largely green, varied below



PASSENGER-PIGEON.

cinnati Zoölogical Gardens. In the wild state the species has long been considered extinct. The last records of specimens taken are of two birds, one near Detroit, Michigan, and one at Canandaigua Lake, New York, both, by a most remarkable coincidence, on the same day, September 14, 1898. There have been many reports of birds seen since then. Possibly some of these have been true, but generally such reports are due to mistaking other birds for the pigeon. Wholesale slaughter by man was doubtless the chief cause of extermination in this case.

The wild pigeon was once extremely abundant. Early writers tell of flocks of "countless millions" which "darkened the sky" and required days to pass a given point. They nested in great colonies, every available tree over a wide extent of forest being occupied by from several to as many as forty or fifty pairs. As late as 1876, a nesting in Michigan averaged three or four miles in width, and extended for twenty-eight miles.



HEATH-HEN.

with yellowish. Formerly its range embraced the southeastern and central States. Now only ten individuals, captives, are known to exist; they



are in the Zoos of New York City, Cincinnati, and Washington. A flock of thirteen was seen in Florida in 1904, and there, if anywhere, remain the few wild survivors. It was killed in large numbers by fruit-growers because it was destructive to fruit; plumage hunters killed thousands of others for their feathers, and many were caught to be kept or sold as cage-birds. These are mainly the causes, as far as known, of the extermination of the Carolina parakeet.

Besides the above extinct or practically extinct species, certain others are unfortunately approaching the same state, while still others, perhaps a dozen of them, are so rare that they seem to have reached the first mile-post in that direction. Of all these, the heath-hen is probably represented by the smallest number of individuals; they are found in only one locality, the island of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, where there were about three hundred birds in 1910. It is hoped they will increase, for they are now closely watched and protected. Heath-hens once frequented the States of New York, New Jersey, and the mainland of Massachusetts. It is a game-bird closely resembling the prairie-hen of the West.

Others whose existence is threatened are the trumpeter swan, scarlet ibis, American egret, snowy egret, whooping-crane, long-billed curlew, band-tailed pigeon. These are all game- and plumage-birds, a fact which indicates that man is the chief cause of their decrease. It appears doubtful that the laws which now exist for their protection will have been made in time to save them from the fate of the passenger-pigeon.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

#### COUNTING THE STARS FROM THE ROOF OF THE WORLD

If you take a large map of the western hemisphere and on it draw a line due south from Boston, you will find that it passes through Arequipa, a mountain city of Peru, four thousand miles south of "the Hub." Here is located a great observatory where men are busily engaged in sweeping the heavens with their powerful telescopes and making photographs of the distant stars.

While there are plenty of observatories in the United States, most of them are near large cities, and so there is always more or less smoke and dust in the air. Now, one of the first requisites for the ideal astronomical station is a clear sky, free from clouds, smoke, haze, and dust; so, more than twenty-five years ago, Professor Solon I. Bailey, of Harvard University, started out to find just the right kind of a place to build

an ideal observatory. He tried several places in Colorado and California, and then went to Chile. Finally, he decided to build his station at Arequipa, Peru, a city more than a mile and a half up in the air.

Here has been installed the largest and most powerful telescope of its kind in the world. It is called the Bruce photographic doublet. A special camera has been attached to a driving clock



A STAR CLUSTER.

From a photograph made at the Arequipa Observatory.

to follow the stars, and, with this, more than ten thousand negatives have been taken (most of them  $14 \times 17$  inches), with exposures varying, usually, from ten minutes to eight hours.

The mighty telescope seems to possess a supernatural power. It ferrets out tiny stars so many miles away that the naked eye could never hope to see them. With this great Bruce lens an exposure of one second is sufficient for the brightest stars; by exposing the plate ten minutes, stars to about the eleventh magnitude can be shown; an exposure of sixty minutes shows stars to about the fifteenth magnitude. By increasing the length of the exposure, the number of stars that appear on the negative is enormously increased; for example, stars that do not appear at all in a four-hour exposure will become visible after an exposure of six hours. When we remember that there are three times as many stars of the second magnitude as of the first, and three times as many of the third magnitude as of the second, an idea can be gained of the countless stars there are of the twelfth magnitude, for instance; but the myriads of the Milky Way surpass human conception.



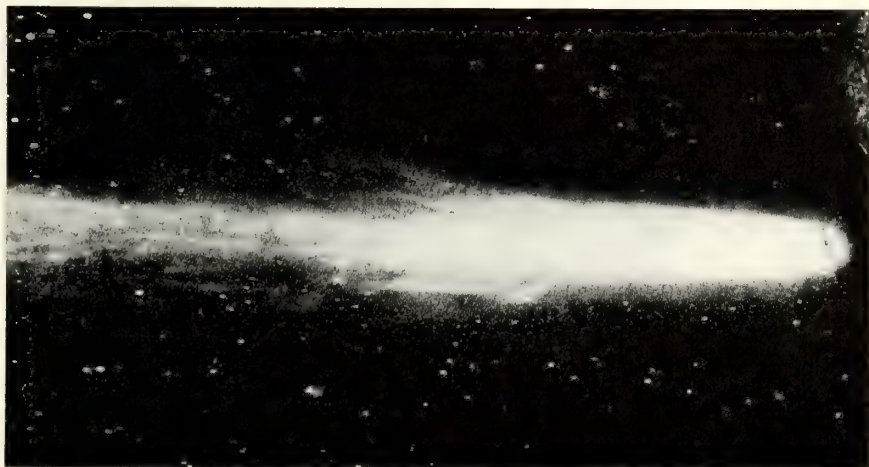
THE AREQUIPA STATION OF THE HARVARD OBSERVATORY.

Many of the charts show globular clusters of stars. At the centers of some of these clusters, the stars are packed so densely that there are 100 stars to the square minute (the sixtieth part of a degree). If the stars were equally bright over the entire sky, the number would exceed

10,000,000,000, and the sky would be so luminous that there would be no real night. These photographs must be made with the greatest care. They must then be enlarged or examined with a microscope, since the images of the stars on the original plates are like thickly scattered grains of dust.

One very interesting set of plates has been made, having exposures of four hours. These can be made only on nights when there is no moon. The approximate number of stars on some of these plates has been determined, the number varying from 1000 to 10,000 stars per square degree. On a single plate 400,000 stars have been photographed. The total

number of stars recorded in this splendid set probably approaches one hundred millions, according to the calculations of Professor Bailey. These plates also show many clusters of stars and nebulae, as well as comets and meteors. There is enough material in these plates alone to keep



VIEW SHOWING HALLEY'S COMET AS IT APPEARED IN MAY, 1910.

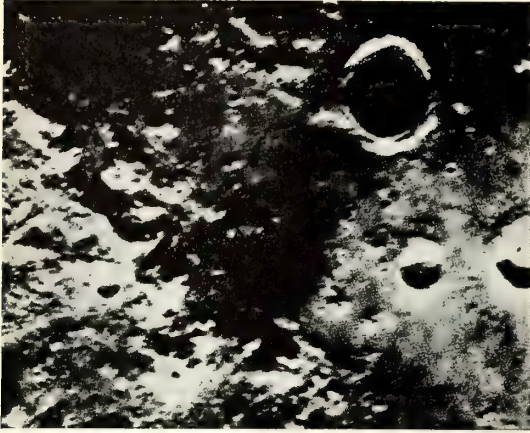
From a photograph taken at the Harvard College Observatory, Arequipa, Peru.

the most industrious astronomer busy all his lifetime.

Arequipa is a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. It lies on the western side of the Cordilleras. To one approaching it from the coast,



it seems to be a city of handsome marble, for it is built of a soft, white, volcanic stone. While it

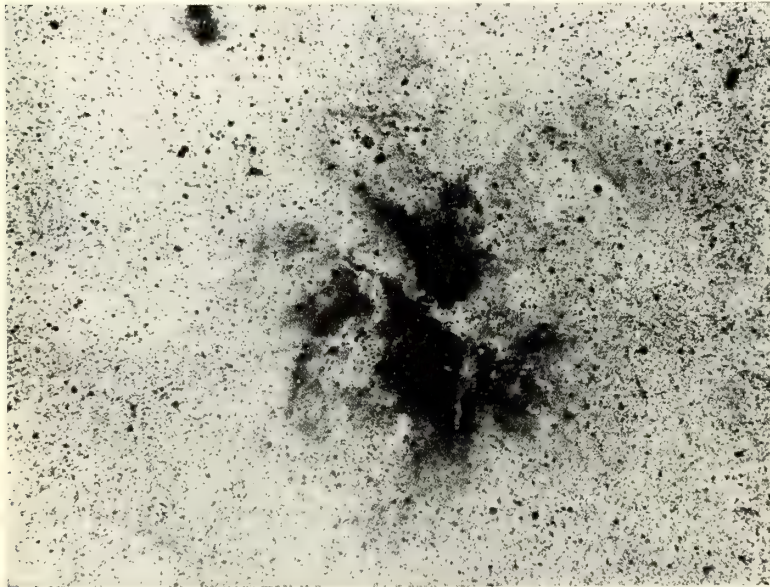


VIEW SHOWING THE LARGE LUNAR CRATER, ARCHIMEDES, AND THE TWO SMALLER ONES, ARISTILLUS AND AUTOLYCUS. THE CRATER OF ARCHIMEDES IS FIFTY MILES IN DIAMETER.

From a photograph taken at the Arequipa Observatory.

is in a region of earthquakes and volcanoes, the danger from these, either to the astronomers or the instruments, is slight.

To the north of the observatory grounds rises the great range of Chachani, with the majestic



VIEW SHOWING THE REGION SURROUNDING THE DENSEST PORTION OF THE MILKY WAY. MORE THAN 150,000 STARS HAVE BEEN COUNTED FROM THIS PLATE ALONE.

From a photograph taken at the Arequipa Observatory.

cone, El Mistí, to the northeast. High up on the summit of this mountain, 19,000 feet above sea-

level, Professor Bailey established another station, and equipped it with self-recording instruments, but, as it was found that nearly every one who ascended to this great altitude was afflicted with mountain sickness and bleeding at the nose, it had to be abandoned, after having been in operation for seven years.

GEORGE F. PAUL.

#### THIRST-PROOF ANIMALS

WATER is generally supposed to be one of the absolute necessities of existence. Yet there are various species of animals, in addition to sheep, which appear to get along very well without it.

Reports state that the sheep which range the stretches of the Nebo National Forest, Utah, the greater part of which is desert, go from four to four and a half months without water. The only moisture they get during all that time is from the dew and succulent plants. This record far, very far, surpasses that of the camel, which is commonly accepted as the typical animal that can live without actually drinking for many days. Again, sheep in the waste table-lands of Central Asia, while browsing on the green, sappy grasses and other vegetation during the spring, summer, and autumn months, frequently do not taste water for two months and more.

But the non-drinking periods of these animals are exceeded in duration by the little wild pigs living among the dry foot-hills bordering the African Sahara toward Abyssinia. Here there is no rainfall for periods of between two and three years, the water-holes are few and far between, and natural springs are seldom encountered, so the only moisture these animals can get is in the roots and other edibles they grub up, including the fleshy leaves of the cactus.

That animals and birds can adapt themselves to an existence without water has been conclusively proved by the investigations recently made on the little known and uninhabited Henderson Island, which lies 120 miles or so northeast of Pitcairn Island, in the Pacific. This island, which is no more than six miles in ex-

tent, has no springs, swampy grounds, or rain-holes. It is destitute of water. Yet on it are

found a rat, a lizard, described as being very abundant, and no fewer than four species of birds. Two of these, the crane, or rail, and the reed-warbler, are usually associated with fresh water. But they, like the others there, unless the



POCKET-MOUSE.

From specimen in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

dew can slake their thirst, live and thrive without any evidence of suffering from the deprivation of it.

But perhaps the most singular instance of a thirst-proof animal is the pocket-mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little animal—so named from the fur-lined pocket on the outside of its cheek, out of which it takes food on occasion—has no desire, no instinct, for water. Some of these mice have been kept for three years on the ordinary dry mixed bird-seed given to canaries. During this long period, not a taste of green food or a drop of water was



KANGAROO-MOUSE.

From specimen in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

given. In fact, the pocket-mice refuse to avail themselves of such treats.

The bird-seed put before them contained not more than ten per cent. of moisture, which is less than is required for digestion. Food as dry as this cannot be swallowed until it is moistened by

saliva. Yet the pocket-mice suffered neither in health nor in spirits.

Such instances afford conclusive evidence that, when absolutely necessary, Nature can so readjust her workings in the constitution of animals that what is apparently absolutely vital to us—water—is not at all requisite for their health and well-being.

N. TOURNEUR.

This sketch calls attention to some very interesting zoölogical facts, which thus far have been but little noticed. The author might also have mentioned the prong-horned antelope of the deserts, the mountain-sheep of Pinacate, the kangaroo-mouse of the Sonoran desert generally, and



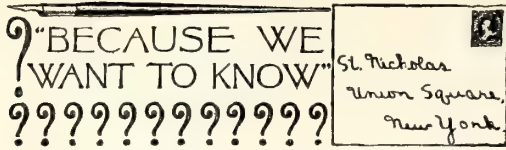
WOOD-RAT.

From specimen in the National Museum, Washington, D. C.

the wood-rat of the same region. Of course it does rain occasionally in *all* deserts; but, for all that, the desert mammals and birds are so nearly "waterproof" that the wonder is almost as great as if it never rained at all. I was astounded by what I, myself, saw in the Sonoran desert.

One point in the *last sentence* I think deserves a little modification. It is where the author says: "*Water is not at all requisite for their health and well-being.*" That is hardly correct. It is the same with desert-living creatures as with desert plants. When it rains, they store up quantities of water, and they also get the benefit of dew. In the Sonoran desert, the dew is, at times, quite heavy; and it plays its part as a water-supply for wild life.—W. T. HORNBADAY, Sc.D., Director of the New York Zoölogical Society.





*NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be answered personally.—EDITOR.*

#### IS A FROG A REPTILE?

NOROTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if a *frog* is a reptile or an animal?

Your interested reader,

ANNE F. MAURY.

A frog is *not* a reptile, but a batrachian or amphibian. Reptiles are covered with shields or scales. Batrachians have a smooth skin and begin life as a tadpole, to finally, as a rule, leave the water. The batrachians include the frogs, toads, newts, and salamanders.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

#### DOES FIRE BURN MORE BRIGHTLY IN COLD WEATHER?

ESMONT, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me if on a cold night embers of a fire die more quickly than on a mild night; and if a fire burns more brightly in cold air than in warm. If so, why?

Your interested reader,

CHURCHILL NEWCOMB.

A fire burns somewhat more quickly on a cold night, but the difference is so slight as to be hardly noticeable. There is no appreciable difference in the brightness of a fire, provided there is no wind blowing.

#### WHY SPRING COMES SLOWLY

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why the coldest part of winter is when the sun is coming back?

Your interested reader,

RICHARD NEWTON DETZENS.

The earth, the lakes, and the seas grow very cold during the winter-time, and it requires long heating to restore them to the summer temperatures. As you know, a pot of water stands a long time on the flame before it begins to get warm, and then it still takes some time for the warming water to boil. These delays in getting *hot* are due to the amount of heat which water must absorb before it *shows* any change in temperature. Earth and stones also must absorb some heat before they begin to *show* a change in their temperatures, but they do not delay as long as does water.

Therefore, as you see, when the sun begins to "come back" in the earliest spring, it has a

large amount of work to do before it can make the waters and the lands *show* any change in temperature. Thus there is some delay in the earth's warming up.

The air about us is warmed mostly by the warm ground, and, in the best of circumstances, the air, a gas, warms much more slowly than the ground. Here comes in the great delay in warming up in the spring. In all, the warming of ground and air lags behind the date when the sun begins to return by as much as thirty or forty days. I would suggest that you visit the local office of the United States Weather Bureau in Detroit; there you can see a record made by a self-recording thermometer (thermograph) that will show you how the daily temperature curve lags and how the yearly temperature curve lags. The process is reversed in the fall.

CLEVELAND ABBE, JR.

#### SOME "UNEARTHLY" GASES

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Has any mineral yet been found to exist in any heavenly body which does not exist on earth?

Your interested reader,

MILLCENT H. LEWIS.

There are certain elementary substances which, when highly heated in the stars and nebulae, produce a spectrum, or color strip, different from any that can be obtained from any of the elements on the earth, and it is undoubtedly the case that these substances actually exist in the stars but have never been found here. One of these is coronium, a gas that surrounds the sun. Another is nebulium, a gas found in many of the strange bodies called nebulae. The substance helium was for many years known to exist in the sun and in many of the stars, but it was not found upon the earth until the year 1895, no less than twenty-seven years after it had been discovered in the sun.—PROF. ERIC DOOLITTLE, University of Pennsylvania.

#### ABOUT BEARS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: (1) Will you please tell me whether the polar bear is or is not descended from the brown bear?

(2) Is there any book which I can consult for further information?

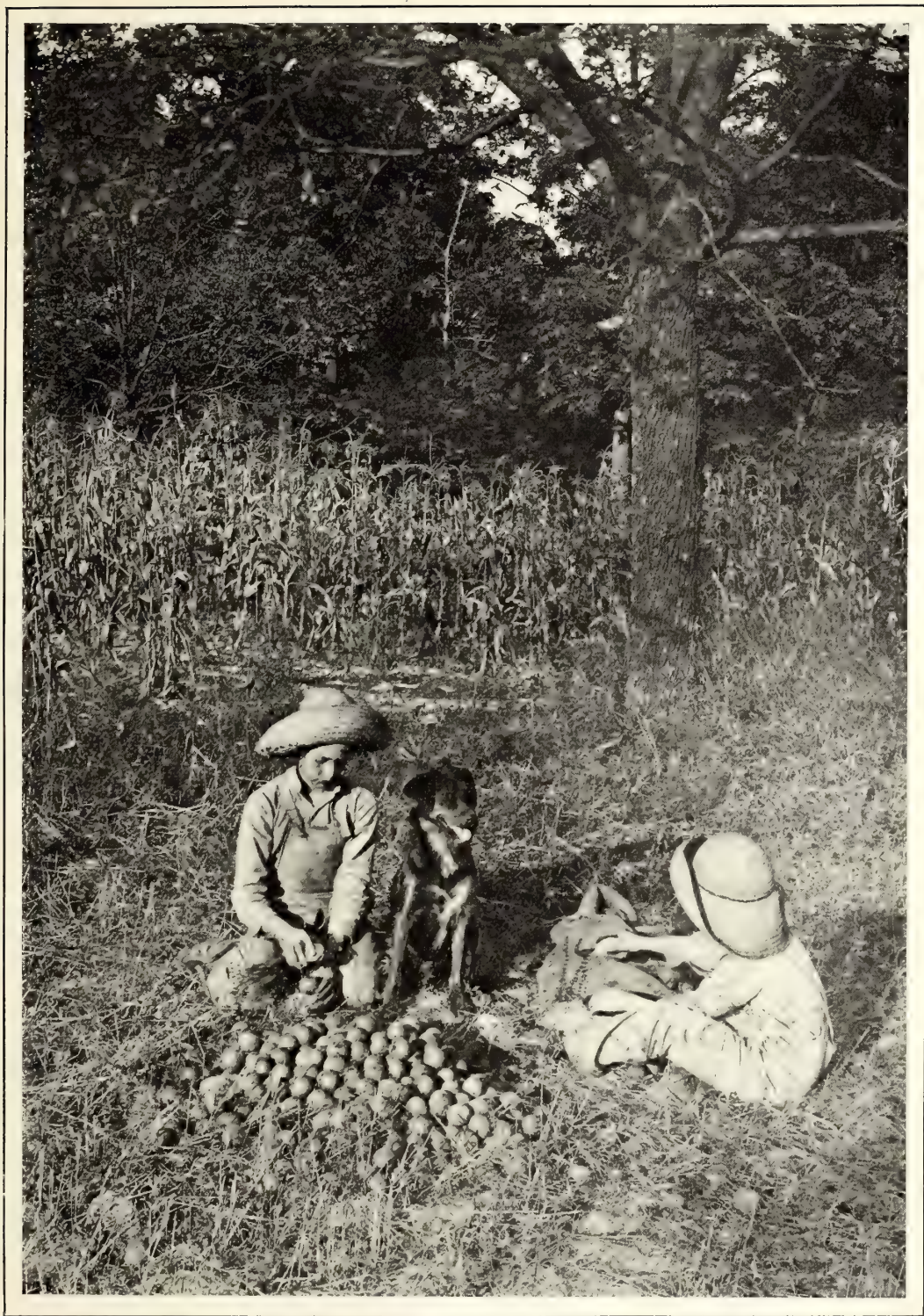
Yours truly,

ROBERTA M. PATTERSON.

(1) No, the polar bear is not descended from the brown bear. Both those species probably descended, in different lines of development, from the extinct cave bear of Europe.

(2) We should advise you to examine Osborn's "Age of Mammals."





Photograph by John Kabel.

NUTTING-TIME—"THE WOODS ARE FULL O' THEM!"



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY M. MELICENT WATTS, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

If we consider the separate localities described in this month's prose contributions as links in a chain, the entire series has zigzagged quite across the two hemispheres. In the eight sketches here printed, for instance, we find represented incidents in Holland, Denmark, Italy, Greece, Ceylon, Japan, and an Atlantic Ocean voyage; and these are, in number, but a tiny fraction of the manuscripts which dealt with all parts of our own country, from Maine to Florida, from Niagara to Yosemite,—while other chronicles wandered into England, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, the Arabian desert, Australia, and Hawaii. So the gaps in the chain were plentifully filled; and altogether it is

a remarkable fact—testifying alike to the world-wide popularity of St. Nicholas and the wonderful wayfaring of American young folk—that a single competition of our

League should have brought out a cycle of incidents that, in one sense, literally girdled the earth. It is much to be regretted, moreover, that so few of these narratives by young rovers can appear in the magazine, for all were interesting and well-told.

But what is still worse, we have only space to say that the poems, the photographs, and the drawings this month must speak for themselves—as they do most eloquently.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 177

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Helenka Adamouska** (age 13), Massachusetts.

Silver badges, **Olive E. Northup** (age 14), New York; **Elnyth Arbuthnot** (age 14), Italy; **Esther Hill** (age 14), Missouri; **Robert W. Lewis, Jr.** (age 11), Oregon; **Emily Taft** (age 15), Illinois; **Ruth Schmidt** (age 17), Denmark.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Elizabeth Mitchell Dukes** (age 12), Indiana; **Florence M. Treat** (age 15), Oklahoma.

Silver badges, **Norman Cabot** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Katharine Ward** (age 14), District of Columbia; **Sarah Frances Borock** (age 14), New York.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Virginia Palmer Bradfield** (age 16), Michigan.

Silver badge, **M. Melicent Watts** (age 13), District of Columbia.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badges, **Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.** (age 14), Ohio; **Mary S. Esselstyn** (age 14), New York; **Elsie Stuart** (age 13), New York.

Silver badges, **Suzanne L. Guilfoyle** (age 13), Kansas; **Sarah Miles** (age 13), Illinois; **Marion Lawrence** (age 12), France; **Elizabeth P. Dwight** (age 14), Maine; **Louise G. Brecht** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **Charles H. Kimberly** (age 15), New York.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, **Harry C. Bailey** (age 15), Pennsylvania; **John Foster Chapman** (age 17), Ohio.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Mary L. Ingles** (age 13), Arizona.



BY CLARA ADDENBROOK, AGE 13.



BY DOROTHY SPANGLER, AGE 13.

"SUMMER DAYS."

## THE BROOK

BY ELIZABETH MITCHELL DUKES (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won January, 1914)

"MAY I carry ye ower the foamin' burn?"

Full many a lad ha'e ask' it!

For wha would not risk a few dour looks

To carry Jeanie's basket?

"No, thank ye, lads, I 'll foot mysil' ;

These stanes seem sure and strong—"

Whoost! Up there rides a braw young carl,

Who sweeps the maid along.

"Awa'! Awa'! Come catch the thief!

Jist think the prize he 's stolen—

The queen o' a' our country-side!

Let a' the bells be tollin'!"

But while they rush for arms and help,

The stanes are all o'erthrown!

The chiel has won a bonny bride,

By brook and topplin' stone.



"SUMMER DAYS." BY STEWART S. KURTZ, JR., AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1914.)

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY HELENKA ADAMOUSKA (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1912)

ON a cool, drizzly morning, my mother, then very young, boarded the French liner *Gascogne*. She traveled alone, under the care of the captain, looking forward to her first crossing with a feeling of delightful anticipation.

One evening, the sky being clear, the water promising and with a glass-like surface, Mother exclaimed to the captain: "Oh, I hope we shall have a real storm!"

"I fear you 'll be disappointed," answered the captain, pleasantly.

On the third day, around midnight, Mother was suddenly awakened by a great crash. She clung to her bed as the ship lurched to one side, then it rose up and landed with full force on its stern. On deck was a loud clatter. Mother laughed as bells rang for stewardesses and frightened voices asked what had happened. A storm had arisen unexpectedly, and life-boats were torn away by the waves.

The storm continued all night. Next morning, the world seemed to be ending; sometimes enormous, threatening waves like walls leaped over the steamer, again it was thrown up into the air so that the bow was far out of water; occasionally, passengers found

themselves suddenly thrown off their chairs. A furious cyclone arose. Some terrible power tossed the ship like a nutshell. It was carried mercilessly northward, the gale lasting forty-one hours.

A few days later, in the night, the huge silhouettes of icebergs loomed up against the sky, and if the storm had continued one hour more, the ship might have been dashed against the shores of the Sable Islands.

The steamer fairly crawled the rest of the trip, and was battered, though still queen-like, when greeted by anxious crowds in New York.

It was due in eight days; it sailed in after seventeen.

Mother always loved travel, but then she felt she had had enough excitement for some time.

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY OLIVE E. NORTHUP (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE dawn was just deepening into a rosy sunrise as our little steamer, the ship which was to carry us into the heart of sunny Italy, steamed out into the blue waters of Lake Garda. At last our dreams had come true, and we were in Italy! Behind us, in their wild majestic solitude, the mountains of Austria stood as a barrier between the cold north and the warm southland, and before us, veiled in the mists of early morning, lay the country of our dreams.

Gradually, as we progressed southward, the mists disappeared, revealing on one side the dark, rocky sides of the mountains, and on the other, sleeping in the morning sun, hundreds of orange, lemon, and olive groves, with here and there the white marble of a summer villa shining through the foliage.

On, on, on we rode between the shores of an enchanted country, and gradually the stern mountains



"SUMMER DAYS." BY SUZANNE L. GUILFOYLE, AGE 13  
(SILVER BADGE)

softened to a distant range of purple hills, and the fruit groves slowly gave place to acres and acres of fragrant vineyards, with now and then a field of yellow grain waving in the morning sun.

The breezes wafted to us across the water were heavily laden with the spicy fragrance of crushed grapes fast being made into the famous Italian wine, while now and then a strain of music, dreamy and far-away, would mingle with our thoughts, making us feel that sunny Italy was indeed the "Fairylend of Europe."



All too soon the southern shores came into view and our journey was over; but, as we stood on the deck of the steamer breathing a mute farewell to Lake Garda, now sleeping beneath the stars of an Italian sky, we realized, as we never had before, the mystery and beauty of a southern clime.



"SUMMER DAYS." BY MARY S. ESSELSTYN, AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1913.)

### THE BROOK

BY NORMAN CABOT (AGE 14)  
(Silver Badge)

WHILE strolling on a summer's day,  
Upon a brook I chanced to stray.  
Sometimes in moss-lined pools it stood,  
Where silent dreamed the mirrored wood;  
Or, if some fallen birch-tree lay  
To halt the streamlet on its way,  
The water seemed to gather speed  
And plunge o'er moss-grown rock and reed.  
And, as I saw it bubble past,  
I knew that at the very last,  
However tiny it might be,  
'T would some day reach the mighty sea.

And so with us, who, in the strife,  
And narrow channels of our life,  
Flow calmly through our moss-grown way,  
No broader than its banks of clay,  
Knowing of naught save what we see,  
Till launched into eternity.

### A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY ELYNTH ARBUTHNOT (AGE 14)  
(Silver Badge)

THREE years ago, we landed at Ceylon on our way to Burma. The bit of travel we proposed to do was from surf-beaten Colombo, with its red earth and long-haired men, to Negombo, a little hill-station above the palm forests.

The railway is narrow and tortuous, winding through unending plantations of the most graceful, full-grown cocoanut-palms, whose monotony is occasionally broken by great swaying clusters of giant bamboos.

Negombo has memories. The Portuguese held it in the eighteenth century, and have left their mark there. A fort which time and the climate have already well-nigh demolished crowns the brow of a hill with a remnant of dignity and sternness. A half-erased inscription records the sway held over the island by men long dead and chased away, now replaced by a bored garrison of

British soldiers in very white barracks. The canal, eighty miles long, which the Portuguese dug two hundred years ago, still remains, and half-naked, wild-looking Ginese row along it in canoes cut out of the trunks of trees.

There is a brass industry there as well. The furnaces consist of holes in the floor of a tumble-down hut, and the material is cast into them. It is taken out when it is as liquid as water, and poured carefully into primitive molds, whence it comes out as though by magic, fashioned into the most lifelike animals.

When the sun, sinking in a field of blood and gold before vanishing, glowed on a gigantic banyan-tree (whose branches droop like a weeping willow and take root again in the ground, so that ever new trees are springing up), we knew that it was time to go. And so we left the little hill-station, probably never to return again, but taking with us a lasting remembrance of a charming pilgrimage to a strongly fascinating country. Truly, a bit of travel as interesting as it was unusual.

### THE MOUNTAIN BROOK

BY FLORENCE M. TREAT (AGE 15)  
(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)

DOWN from never-melted snowbanks,  
Flows the brook I love the best;  
Downward to the Uncompahgre,  
And the ocean in the west.

Where it drops, with reckless daring,  
Over cliff and rock-wall gray,—  
Pine and spruce and fir are whitened  
With its never-ceasing spray.

Flashing silvery through the aspen,  
"Come!" it laughs, in elfish glee,  
Tugging at the shining pebbles—  
"Come, oh, come, and play with me!"



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS." BY VIRGINIA P. BRADFIELD, AGE 16.  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1914.)

Slipping softly past the shadows,  
Racing down the sunny glen,  
Winding through the gold and scarlet  
Of the meadows. On again!

In the night I hear it singing,  
"Joy o' living," without rest.  
Flowing to the Uncompahgre,  
And the ocean in the west.



BY SARAH MILES, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARION LAWRENCE, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY EDITH M. MENDEL, AGE 13.



BY HENRY S. FRASER, AGE 14.



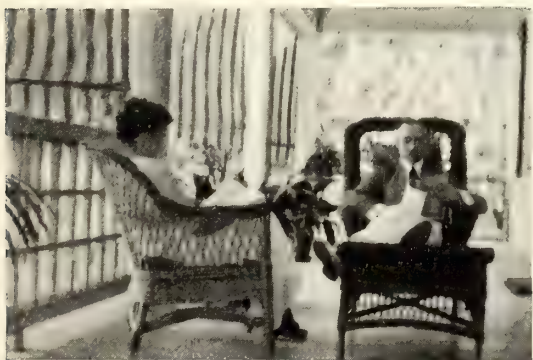
BY ANNETTE MEYER, AGE 15.



BY ELIZABETH P. DWIGHT, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY PEGGY GANTT, AGE 13.



BY GLOVER P. FALLON, AGE 12.



BY STELLA RIGGS, AGE 14.

"SUMMER DAYS."



## THE BROOK

BY KATHARINE WARD (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN gallant spring came boldly o'er the hill,  
 The rain fell softly from a pearly sky,  
 And from the lucent drops, a little rill  
 Goes coursing down the hillside valiantly,  
 Goes pushing out across a sunny lea,  
 Goes winding where the dainty wood-deer roam,  
 Goes striving onward, onward to the sea,  
 Goes hurrying from the happy hills of home.

With what a merry song it tumbles past!  
 How patiently it curves about the trees!  
 How gaily runs into the fields at last!  
 How sweetly breaks in ripples from the breeze!  
 How madly, wildly, hastily it flees;  
 How bravely it has borne itself from birth;  
 How eagerly goes forward to the seas,  
 Undaunted in its courage and its mirth!

Ah, little brook, when cruel winter 's come  
 And stilled your pretty chatter with its cold,  
 When birds are gone, and trees stand gaunt and numb  
 That lately flaunted high their crowns of gold,  
 Still hasten forward, ever brave and bold,  
 Though prisoned in by ice, 't is not for long,  
 For springtime comes, and gaily as of old  
 We hear the hopeful laughter of your song.

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

*(My tenth birthday party)*

BY ESTHER HILL (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

FROM Rotterdam, Holland, where my tenth birthday found us, we took a boat down the Maas to Dordrecht, and found a street-fair in progress.



"SUMMER DAYS." BY LOUISE G. BRECHT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

At some of the many gaily-colored booths which lined the street, they were selling "waffeln" and "poffertjes." The latter were a kind of pancake, piled high on plates with plenty of sugar and butter in between them. We ate two dozen apiece.

One of the attractions was an old-fashioned merry-go-round, turned by an old white horse, and grinding out gay music. I, of course, wanted to take a ride, and, while I proudly sat my yellow giraffe, a small boy came up to my mother and asked her for a cent, a small Dutch coin equal to about one third of our cent. He wanted to take a ride. Several other boys came up,

and, when Mother had exhausted her supply of coppers, my father went up to the man who ran the merry-go-round and made him understand that he was to let every one who wanted to take a ride, and Father would



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS." BY MARGARET BRATE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

pay him afterward. The man told the boys, and they made a rush for that merry-go-round. They did n't stop to find places, but just caught hold anywhere, and started off, a cheering, chattering cargo.

The news seemed to have scattered like magic, for the children came running down every street, and soon we were fairly swamped.

There was nothing to do but go as quickly as possible, and, after we had sent off three merry loads, we hurried away. Every time the children caught sight of us they cheered, and some followed us far down the street.

It was quite the nicest, queerest, most unexpected birthday party I had ever had.

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY ROBERT W. LEWIS, JR. (AGE 11)

*(Silver Badge)*

IN the late spring and early summer of 1910, I had my first long journey. The trip took me from Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco, California, and then across the big Pacific Ocean to Japan and China.

The most interesting and instructive experience occurred in Nagasaki, a city on the western coast of Kiusiu Island, Japan.

The steamer *Manchuria*, on which I was, had anchored in the morning and was to stay for the whole day to be coaled.

For a ship to be coaled really takes a lot of work, even with machinery; but to do it with the hands is nothing short of marvelous.

Soon after we anchored, flat barges loaded with coal were coming from all directions. In an hour, the Japanese made ladders about four feet in width, and of various lengths, the rounds being boards, and the two supporting sides of bamboo poles bound with hemp rope.

The men on the barges shoveled coal into baskets, which were passed by the women up the ladders to the top, where men threw each basket's contents into an opening in the side of the ship. They then handed the baskets to boys, whose work it was to stack them up and throw them into the barges to be used again.

It is a known fact that this method, although done by the hands, is the fastest yet employed.

## THE BROOK

BY SARAH FRANCES BOROCK (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

I STARTED from the mountain side, a silver-threaded stream,  
 I leaped from cliff ravines down to the vale;  
 And by the small, white cottages I caught the sun's gold beam,  
 And sang a song of gladness in the dale.

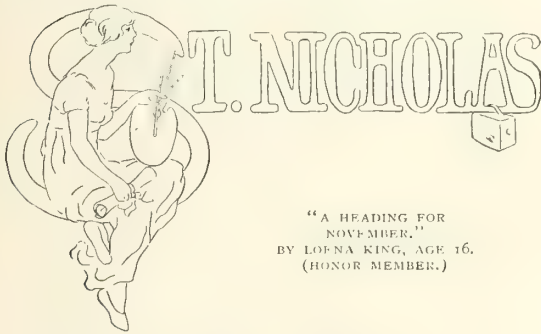
I babbled like a gleeful child 'neath hanging branches wide,  
 In forests, where, away from noise and din,  
 The weeping willows mourned in me, tall ferns  
 o'erlapped my side,  
 And, Quakerlike, wild flowers peeped shyly in.

And then I flowed into the world, the farmer's grain I ground.  
 I turned the mills of labor on my way.  
 I rose, white-capped and foaming, as I made the wheels go round,  
 And busily dashed off my silver spray.

I slipped into the countryside and glided thro' the lea,  
 I laughingly reflected cloud-flecked blue.  
 The sheep, the cows, and horses often quenched their thirst in me,  
 And cropped the verdure that about me grew.

The children love my shady banks, my flowers delight their eyes,  
 They wade in my cool waters, laughing, gay.  
 The boys oft come down to my brink to catch the trout that lies  
 Alert, as if 't were eager for the fray.

I trickle slowly down a hill and end my journey there,  
 For at its base the river waits for me;  
 Together we join forces, and then many join us ere  
 We reach our mighty mother—the great sea.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER,"  
 BY LOENA KING, AGE 16.  
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (AGE 15)

*(Honor Member)*

It is a late September morning, and the year is 1831. In the little city of Albany, an expectant crowd has gathered to watch the first train start on its trip to Rochester. Some confident, some doubtful, all eager, they press closer and closer together. Suddenly there come a terrific snort and a puff of heavy black smoke. A tremble throughout the little train, a moment of suspense, and they are off.

Within the swaying, jolting coaches, the white-faced passengers gaze straight ahead in unaffected terror. Look! here comes a hill! They are slipping faster and faster and yet faster! Will they ever reach the foot in safety? Flying poles, fields, and houses, shouting people, barking dogs, all are one great frightened blur.

"Hang on! Here 's the curve!" They clutch their seats with stiff, white fingers, and wait numbly for the crash. Oh, oh, how they rock and tremble! Over? No, the curve is past and they are safe.



"SUMMER DAYS." BY ELSIE STUART, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.  
 SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1913.)

Round sharper corners, down longer hills, through fields and fields of grain and meadow-land, past groups of little houses, up a short incline, and down again with fiercer speed. How the mile-stones chase one another past the cars! Faster and faster! Eighteen miles an hour! Can it be right, this awful speed?

But see! far ahead lies Rochester; their journey is almost over. Nearer and nearer they come. Here again are the shouting, wondering crowds and the frightened animals. More and more slowly they go, till at last, with a lurch that fairly throws them from their seats, they stop. This is Rochester, and their first real bit of travel is safely over.

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY EMILY TAFT (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

For a while we stood in silence gazing at one of man's most wonderful structures—the Parthenon. I have heard some say that its ruins are pitiful, but I never can believe that. Indeed, it seemed to me supreme among temples. It stood so tall and majestic, still guarding its beloved Athens. There was pride in its splendor, for it was not ashamed of its many wounds. It even seemed to say to me, "I was built by the Athenians, and have stood here for centuries. Time and again men have tried to shatter and annihilate me; but still I stand, and so shall I stand for ages hence, telling man of the glory of Athens." Its grace was increased by the simplicity of the style of architecture. There was not a line in its form that did not add to its beauty. The fallen walls even gave it that touch of sorrow that made me feel that it could understand and sympathize, if it were only to speak. Yes, both the Acropolis and the glorious temple were sacred to me. And then, behind the Parthenon, the soft rich colors of the setting sun, that now were flooding it, seemed to be at last granting it the halo it so long had deserved.



## THE BROOK

BY FLORA MC DONALD COCKRELL (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

The rosy gleams of the rising sun  
Have touched the trees, for the night is done,  
And earth awakes at the kiss of dawn.  
The skylark welcomes the new day's birth,  
The brooklet chuckles in elfin mirth,  
And laughs again as it ripples on.

The warm sun smiles from a turquoise sky,  
A wood-thrush sings as it flutters by,  
The brown brook echoes its silver song.  
The woods are dim and their shade is cool,  
In murmur'ing shallow or silent pool,  
And the brooklet laughs as it slips along.

The world is wrapped in a dreamless sleep,  
The woods are dark where the shadows creep,  
The light and life of the day are gone.  
Yet through the silence faint sounds are heard,  
The breeze's sigh, the chirp of a bird,  
And the brooklet's laugh as it ripples on.

## A BIT OF TRAVEL

BY RUTH SCHMIDT (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

ONE summer afternoon, we walked along beside the harbor in Elsinore until we reached the narrow neck of land which leads to Kronborg, the home of *Hamlet*, the famous Prince of Denmark.

After crossing the moats, we entered the courtyard. It is merely an open, paved one, with no fountain or flowers; but all about were soldiers in gay blue uniforms.

I found nothing quite so interesting as the casemate, as the dungeons and passages underground are called.



"SUMMER DAYS." BY CHARLES H. KIMBERLY, AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

As we passed through the gates, with our soldier guide, a breath of cold, damp air touched our faces. Before us was a statue of Holger Danske, the old Danish hero.

The soldier lit a torch, which only made the darkness more gloomy. We went through passages and around corners, then down some stairs and through a door so low that we had to stoop to get in. Down here, the floor and walls were wet, for we were directly beneath the moat.

Here, also, are the dungeons, which, of course, are no longer used. You go into a V-shaped room, and in the very point of the V is the dungeon. Here, in a space scarcely large enough to turn around, the prisoners lived, sometimes for years. You can still see the iron in the wall where the door hung, but that is all that is left.

Here are found two fragments of wood, which were the table and chair where Holger Danske sat and still sits, invisible to mortal eyes.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY F. THEODORE NELSON,  
AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

We went through more passages, until a dim light in the distance, which grew brighter as we went on, proved to be a door which led into the courtyard.

Although the entire castle is very, very interesting, the little journey through the casemate is by far the most fascinating.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

## PROSE, 1

Elizabeth White  
Elwyn B. White  
Margery Andrews  
Dorothy M. Goodhue  
Mary Verner  
Margaret E. Hoogs  
Hilda F. Gaunt  
Mary L. Tucker  
Frances Gillmor  
Elsie L. Lustig  
Morris H. Scofield  
Alice Loughran  
Gjems Fraser  
Minnie Gottlieb  
Marshall A. Best  
Elizabeth Skeele  
Ethel J. Earle  
Adelaide Morey  
Caroline Owsley  
Anna M. Sanford  
Mildred A. Morgan  
Margaret Walker  
Dorothy D. Smith  
Anita L. Grannis  
Altha G. Cuneo  
Irene Embler  
Lillian W. Baker  
Elizabeth B. Loring  
Frances E. Mills  
Phoebe Q. McKeon  
Laura Hadley  
Helen F. Smith  
Marjorie Guy  
Pensive Cocke  
Harriet B. Pratt  
I. Winifred Colwell  
Ruth Hooper  
Beatrice L. Pitney  
Elizabeth Armstrong  
Lois Burnham  
M. Angela Magee  
Adelaide H. Noll  
Frances Kestenbaum  
Marcella H. Foster  
Glory M. Dwyer  
Eunice Neckerman  
Elizabeth F. Bradbury  
Arthur Krom  
Edward Keller

Phyllis P. Fletcher  
Constance E. Hartt  
Agnes Nolan  
Elinor R. Warren  
Edith M. Smith  
Maxine Goldmark  
Clarita C. Lourie  
Louise Brucholz  
Cherry Greve  
Alice V. Franklin  
Kathleen Rodgers  
Tudor Gardner  
Aletha Deitrick  
Edith Emmons  
F. Alma Dougherty  
Katharine E. Sheldon  
Alice Heyl  
Pauline F. May  
Lillian Green  
Marjorie Bier  
Ruth Blumenfeld  
Helen A. Morgan  
Hugh L. Willson  
Ethel Satterlee  
Alice B. Young  
Dorothy Von Olker  
Sally Symonds  
Elizabeth Dennis  
Ione Cocke  
Margaret Loughlin  
Alice M. Towsley  
Margreta S. Kerr  
Nancy De G. Toll  
Lora C. Coons  
Martha C. Tucker  
Birdee Krupp  
Florence Swallow  
Barbara W. Jarrell  
Geraldine B. Beach  
Ruth Williamson  
Eileen Hayes  
Julius F. Muller

Thomas R. Birch  
Gertrude McPeck  
Beth Lyon  
Virginia Perkins  
Jessie Edgerly  
Lois Rule  
Sam Churgel  
Sophie Singer  
Louise Emery  
Jean MacColl  
Stella Klauber  
Florence Allerton  
Mildred Ogden  
Diana Wertheim  
Jean E. Blish  
Nell F. Hiscro  
Christiana R. Jordan  
Adela M. Pond  
Ruth Richards  
Mollie Greenfield  
Pauline Ussher

## VERSE, 1

Eleanor Hebblethwaite  
Claire H. Roesch  
Nell Adams  
Helen A. Winans  
Vernie Peacock  
Emelin McCallie  
Peggy Norris  
Eleanor Mason  
Helen U. Hoyt  
Ferris Neave  
Amy M. P. Smith  
Elizabeth Elting  
Mary C. Sherman  
Max Konecky  
Rachel E. Saxton  
Nora R. Swain  
Elizabeth W. Stryker  
Ethel Ranney  
Mabel Roberts  
Margaret C. Eland  
Marion B. Potter  
Nora Lee Williams  
Lucy Newman  
Dorothy Levy  
Rebecca S. Hill  
Miriam Hussey  
George P. Ludlam

## PROSE, 2

Malcolm Davis  
Helen Knubel  
Mary H. Jones  
V. Minerva Darlington  
Louise Barber

Lucile H. Quarry  
Adelaide G. Hewitt  
Constance C. Ling  
Dorothy B. Crouse  
Esther J. Lowell  
Mabel E. Maltby  
Dorothy F. Robinson  
Flora M. Rowlands  
Marion Munson  
Henrietta Shattuck  
Lois Adams  
Pearl K. Weiss  
Francis H. Dickson  
Leonora B. Kennedy  
Jessie E. Alison  
Katharine F.  
Woodward  
Kathryn P. Culver  
Eleanor Johnson  
Margaret Laidlaw  
Sally R. Davis  
Marguerite A. Wing  
Alice Q. Rood

## VERSE, 2

Virginia Sterry  
Ilse T. Backer  
Gertrude Woolf  
Edith E. Smith  
Ethelyn B. Crusel  
Lucille E. Witke  
Louise Dittmore  
Catherine E. Cook  
Lena Klarman  
Elizabeth Sheble  
Arthur D. Lionberger  
Kate Tucker  
Gladys Fliegelman  
Robert H. Walter  
Rosalie Dunlap  
Beatrice Traub  
Mary S. Benson  
Harry Allen  
Ellen Garden  
Casilda Clark  
Minna Frank  
Alfred Laurence  
Mary T. Huss  
Beatrice T. Constant  
Morris H. Horowitz

## DRAWINGS, 1

Jessie L. Remington  
Ralph G. Demaree

Louis Marchiony  
Robert C. Osborn  
Margaret  
Hebblethwaite  
Muriel V. McClure  
Hester Bancroft  
Katharine Gerry  
Venette M. Willard  
Frank Bisinger  
Dorothy S. Pontious  
Mary Marquand  
Jack Field  
Paul Sullivan  
Marie C. Bouniol  
Ethel W. Kidder  
Jane D. McIntyre  
R. Adele Jones  
Janet House  
Margaret Phelps  
Helen G. Barnard  
Mary L. Thibault  
Eunice Jackson  
Anna Lincoln  
Janet Ward

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Viola Homer  
Norman Johnson  
Marion Shape  
Elsie Reid  
Tilly Jaroszynska  
Dorothy A. Kuill  
Julia M. Hicks  
Muriel W. Wiswell  
Hughes Beeler  
Ruth Barcher  
Margaret Pratt  
Alethea Carpenter  
Eleanor C. Whiting  
Elizabeth J. Vaughan  
Eva P. Jamison  
Sarah Riggs  
Stanley Hughes  
Marion T. Jones  
Barbara Burrage  
Margaret J. Schmidt  
Virginia du V. Brown  
Dean A. Clark  
Dorothy Koch  
Alice Richards  
Kenneth Bryden  
Katherine D. Fowler  
Osgood S. Lovekin  
Louise Lusk  
Elizabeth Hammond

Helen Weir  
Audrey McLeod  
Felix Turner  
Elizabeth A. Diller  
Ruth Belda  
Edith Carruthers  
A. Burroughs  
Philip M. Alden  
W. Arthur Morgan, Jr.  
Watson C. Cady  
Alice Hogg  
Annie D. Egbert  
Charlotte P. Speakman  
Marian G. Howard  
Katharine K. Spencer  
Frieda E. Haden  
Marguerite Hayne  
Idelle Kidder  
Katharine Davidson  
Margaret Davidson  
Mary E. Hughes  
Mary Livingood  
Elizabeth Cairnes  
Louise S. May  
Alfred W. Brestress  
Margaret Van V.  
Powers

Marjorie Townsend  
Ethel Phillips  
Margaret A. Biddle  
Elizabeth C. Kimball  
Frances Arnold  
Dorothy E. Lloyd  
Louis de St. John  
Jeannette I. Hossack  
Alice L. Walter  
Eleanor Peckham  
Margaret L. Davidson  
Richard Charnock  
Eugenia Meneely  
Margaret M. Horton  
James Stokley, Jr.  
Carmen Mc Kercher  
Ruth Livingood  
Harriet M. Butler  
Katharine F. Pitcher  
Katrina Hilker  
W. C. Seward, Jr.  
Elizabeth Bray  
Leane G. Zugsmith  
Emily R. Burton  
Otis W. Balis  
Mabel H. Child  
David Rutter  
Esther Norton  
Dorothy Gilman

Roberta E. Taylor  
Frederick Winsor, Jr.  
May Campbell  
Elizabeth Cope  
Harriet C. Marble  
Joe Earnest  
Katharine Van Bibber  
Jeanne Lewenthal  
Arthur P. Woolfolk  
Anita Louise Scott

## PUZZLES, 2

Constance E. Hartt  
Joseph D. Elder  
Fred Floyd, Jr.  
Helen McDonell  
Donald G. McCloud  
Ann C. Hoague  
Kirkland Hallam  
Mary Cunningham

Margaret Speare  
Alice Alexander  
Julia Fox  
Marjorie Ridley  
Katharine Ferriday  
Albert Harris  
Jane Norton Grew  
Gladys M. Randall  
Sallie Crawford  
Dorothy Arnote

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 181

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 181** will close **November 24** (for foreign members **November 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Quest."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Conqueror."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Taking Things."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "An Accident," or a Heading for **March**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

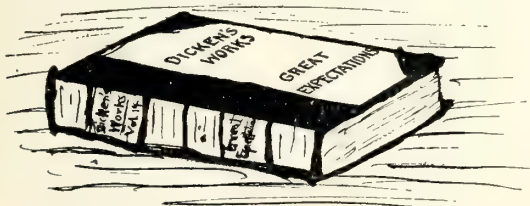
## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS." BY JESSIE M. THOMPSON, AGE 12.

Raymond E.  
Tomlinson  
Cicero H. Lewis, 2d  
Leo O'Donnell  
Philip Elliot  
Winifred Harrower  
Mary G. Wilcox  
Francis S. Watts  
Ralph Schubert  
Robert Martin  
John B. Matthew  
Edwin M. Gill  
Florence B. Bartram  
Chas. M. Serson  
Harriet A. Palmer  
Marion Monroe  
Dorothea Burnard

## DRAWINGS, 2

Dorothy Wilder  
Josephine Hopkins

Bertha M. Crawford  
Barbara Westmacott  
Dorothy Barker  
Elizabeth Ten E.  
Brooks  
Anna T. Cooke

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Esther Stewart  
Mae Block  
Margaret Griffith  
Grace T. Richards  
Mary C. Jarvis  
Elizabeth Ellison  
Ferris Atkinson  
Frances Flood  
Genevieve Blanchard  
Dorothy Steffan  
Mary B. Hall  
Tom Ewing  
Agnes W. Bacon

J. Spencer Brock, Jr.  
Gerrit van S. Henry

## PUZZLES, 1

Bernard Candip  
Helen L. Beach  
Elsie De Witt  
Eloise Peckham  
Jessica B. Noble  
Edith Pierpont  
Stickney  
Dorothy K. Oppenheim  
Margaret Anderson  
Bessie Rodlofsky  
Bessie H. Rockwood  
Charles E. Schley  
Sydney Borock  
Helen Marie Rohe  
William F. Lewis  
Carl F. Muckenaupt  
Lois Levy



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## Fluffy's and Muffy's Famous Ride

by Winifred Arnold



FLUFFY and Muffy were two of the prettiest gray kittens that ever purred, and their little mistress, Betty, loved them dearly.

When school was over, in the afternoon, Betty would run home as fast as she could, and hunt up Fluffy and Muffy. She had great, big, big pockets in her little red coat, for Mother had made them big enough to carry books in, and she would put Fluffy in the right-hand pocket and Muffy in the left one, and off she would run to find Polly Dean; and then the two little girls and the two little kittens would play together until it was dark, and they all had to go home to supper.

One day, Fluffy and Muffy were playing tag in the hall and waiting for Betty to come home, when the door opened and in walked a strange lady. Fluffy and Muffy thought nothing of that, for Betty's father was a doctor, and strange people came every day to see him, and often stopped and played with the kittens too. But just behind this strange lady came a strange black dog; and when the lady went into the office and shut the door, she left the black dog in the hall.

The minute they saw him, Fluffy and Muffy arched their little, little backs, and the strange black dog said, "Gr-r-r-r!" at them in the most frightful way.

"Gr-r-r-r! I'm hungry!" he growled. "Gr-r-r-r! I'd like a little gray pussy-cat to eat!"

That is what they *thought* he said, though, maybe, all he meant was: "Don't scratch me with your sharp little claws!" Anyhow, they did n't wait to find out. Away they scampered, just as fast as their little feet would carry them.

Kitties always run for a tree, you know, when they are frightened, so off they dashed to the hat-rack at the end of the hall, and up they went, scramble, scramble, scramble! And there on a hook hung the Doctor's great, nice, woolly overcoat. My, but the kitties were glad to see that! They knew all about coats, and the fine hiding-places in them; and up the coat they flew, too, scramble,

scramble, scramble, and "pop!" went Fluffy into the right-hand pocket, and "pop!" went Muffy into the left-hand pocket, and before that black dog could get his breath to say "Gr-r-r-r!" again, there was n't even so much as the tip of a gray tail to be seen anywhere in that hall! So the dog had to sit down and be quiet, for he could n't keep on growling with nobody to growl at.

Very soon, out came the strange lady, and along with her came the Doctor, and what do you think? *He* was growling, too! At least, Muffy and Fluffy thought he was saying "Gr-r-r-r!" just like the dog, and it did sound rather like it, though if you had been there you would have known that he was saying, "Bless my soul! The Thanksgiving Day party given up this year! No, indeed, it sha'n't be given up! Why, the kiddies' hearts will be broken! I must see about it right away. Bless my soul!"

You can understand perhaps that if a very kind doctor with a rather gruff voice said all that several times over, two little gray kitties would naturally think he was growling too. And so they kept just as still as two little mice while he bundled himself into the great, woolly coat and ran outdoors and helped the strange lady into her automobile, and jumped into his own little car. Then, whiz, whiz! off they flew! It did n't seem to the kittens much like their daily walks in Betty's red coat pockets, but every time they would start to poke their little heads out to see what was going on, the Doctor would growl something about "No party!" again, and two little gray noses would pop back into the pockets before you could say "Jack Robinson"!

By and by, they stopped in front of a great brick building, and up the steps ran the Doctor, and down the hall and into a great big room where a number of people were seated around a long table. Everybody turned to look at the Doctor, and somebody pushed a chair toward him, but he did n't even wait to sit down.

"What's all this I hear?" he said. "No Thanksgiving Day party for the kiddies? What's the matter?"

Several people answered at once. "No money for foolishness!" said some one.



"SHE WOULD PUT FLUFFY IN THE RIGHT-HAND POCKET AND MUFFY IN THE LEFT ONE."



"Not good for them!" said another. "We voted not to have it!" said a third. Fluffy knew then that something was very wrong. None of Betty's friends ever talked like that! The voices sounded so cold and cross, too. She did n't like them a bit. "Me-ow!" she cried all at once, and made a wild little scramble over the edge of the pocket. "Me-ow!" and she dashed up the front of the Doctor's coat. "Meow! Meow! Meow!" and there she was safely on his broad shoulder.

Then Muffy thought it was time to say something too. "Meow!" she cried softly. She was n't so bold as Fluffy, and she did n't care to stir out of the pocket.

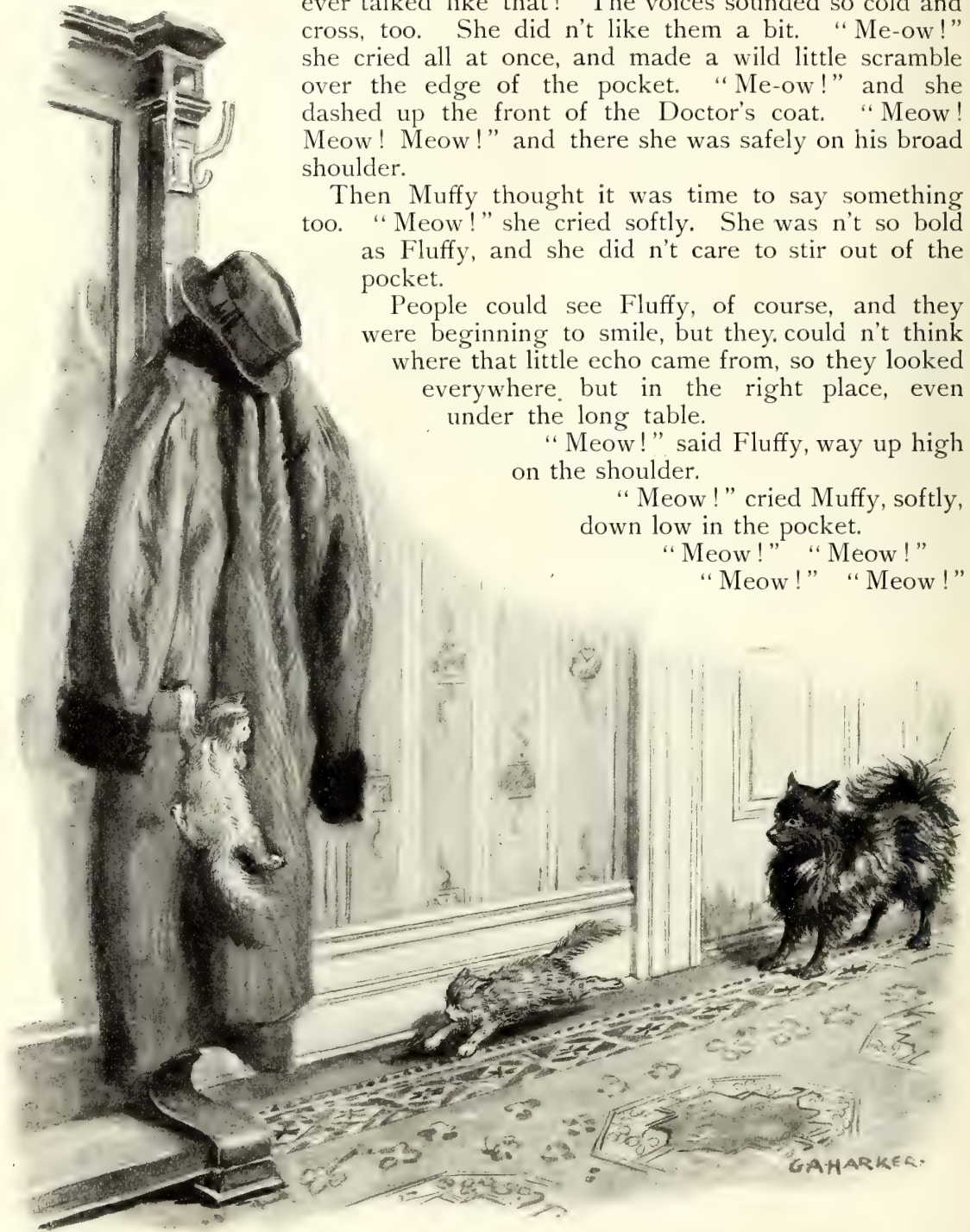
People could see Fluffy, of course, and they were beginning to smile, but they could n't think where that little echo came from, so they looked everywhere, but in the right place, even under the long table.

"Meow!" said Fluffy, way up high on the shoulder.

"Meow!" cried Muffy, softly, down low in the pocket.

"Meow!" "Meow!"

"Meow!" "Meow!"



"AWAY THEY SCAMPED, JUST AS FAST AS THEIR LITTLE FEET WOULD CARRY THEM."

All the people were smiling by this time, and when the Doctor suddenly guessed where the sound was, and pulled out a surprised little gray Muffy from his pocket, they all leaned back in their chairs and laughed and laughed!



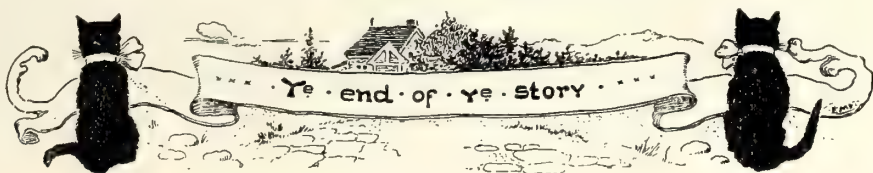
"MEOW!" SAID FLUFFY, WAY UP HIGH ON THE SHOULDER.

The Doctor laughed too, of course, but he stopped before anybody else stopped, and he began talking "Thanksgiving Day party," for he knew nobody could keep on being cold and cross after such a jolly time together.

Then everybody wanted to pet Fluffy and Muffy, and their little backs were stroked and their little throats rubbed till they purred just like two little gray tea-kettles, and did n't listen to a single word that anybody said. But everybody seemed very sorry when the Doctor suddenly looked at his watch, and bundled Fluffy and Muffy into his pockets, and whizzed away in his automobile. And he chuckled all the way home. Not one single "Gr-r-r-r," did he say, to frighten two little gray kittens.

In the hall they found Betty, who had been hunting high and low for her pets. How she laughed when she saw the two little gray heads peeping out of Father's pockets! "Where have you been, you naughty kitties?" she cried. "I was getting awfully frightened about you!"

"Don't scold them," pleaded Father-doctor, pulling them out carefully. "They've just been to a committee meeting up at the Children's Home. And thanks to Muffy and Fluffy, those kiddies are going to have the nicest Thanksgiving Day party this year that they've ever had in all their born days!"







THE DOLL THAT REPRESENTED *ST. NICHOLAS* AT THE RED CROSS BAZAAR,  
AT NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, AUGUST, 1914. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

# THE LETTER-BOX

## THE "ST. NICHOLAS" DOLL

To the ST. NICHOLAS family of Boys, Girls, and Grown-ups all over the world, Greeting:

Such a pleasant happening has lately befallen us that we want the whole family to know about it.

As you may have heard, there was held at Newport, Rhode Island, late last August, a bazaar for the benefit of the Red Cross fund—upon which there is such a heavy call in these heartbreaking, soul-stirring days—and it popped into the head of one of the grown-up members of our family, who was working heart and soul for this great cause, that our dear Saint would certainly want to lend a helping hand. So the chance was given him to send a doll to represent ST. NICHOLAS, and of course he promptly accepted it.

Such an "envoy extraordinary" must properly represent her "home government," there could be no doubt on that point; in other words, one should know where she hailed from, the moment one's eye fell upon her. To this end we enlisted the kindly aid of Mrs. Wheelan, one of ST. NICHOLAS's clever illustrators, who made the sketch for a costume that was not only pretty as a picture, but also proclaimed as loudly as if the words were spoken: "I come among you, ladies and gentlemen, as the representative of hundreds of thousands of children who know and love ST. NICHOLAS."

Our Patron Saint, as we all know, comes of Dutch ancestry, so a picturesque Holland cap was perched on the doll's bobbing brown curls, and on the orange ribbon (the Dutch color, you see) that encircled it was traced the words "Thinking Cap," an article almost universally worn by members of our family—as any one may easily see who reads our League, and Letter-box, and Riddle-box pages month by month. At her neck, suspended by an orange cord, was the button of the ST. NICHOLAS League, showing her to be a duly enrolled member.

The dainty apron, of sheerest muslin, had two pockets, labeled, so that there should be no mistake about it, Letter-box and Riddle-box (honored institutions, dear to us all), and in one was a real letter, in the other a "truly" riddle. At her side, attached by strands of orange ribbon, hung a pen, a pencil, a brush (without which implements there could be no magazines made, of course), and a tiny globe of the world, saying, as plainly as anything could, that the whole round earth and all the wonderful things that take place on it interest us, and that our great, big, growing family is to be found all over its surface.

But quite the most "fetching" thing in our child's costume was her dress—really a picture book in itself, for on it were printed the most wonderful figures ever found on a frock—crimson-roofed Noah's arks, geese, horses on wheels, sheep, green trees, and most delect-

able purple elephants. Finally, slung by a band of ribbon across one shoulder was a tiny mail-pouch (decorated with a bunch of holly to keep the ST. NICHOLAS idea in mind), from which peeped four miniature numbers of the magazine, containing verses familiar to most of us; and—best of all—each had as a frontispiece a beautiful drawing, made by our very own Mr. Birch.

When our winsome little maid was finally ready for her journey into the world, we had to confess to one another that we just could n't bear to let her go! We did, of course, but we rewarded our self-sacrifice by first having her photographed, so that all the members of our widely scattered family might make her acquaintance.

At the bazaar, an eager throng gathered about her all the afternoon. Then, when the day drew to its close, she found herself safe in the arms of one of her warmest admirers, and had the further satisfaction of knowing that she had added her small share to the wonderful total of over forty thousand dollars, which had been coaxed from warm hearts and willing pockets in the space of the few short hours that the bazaar had lasted.

HERE is a letter which will interest all lovers of football—to whom it explains itself. But it is certainly due the University of Minnesota that so remarkable an incident as is here described—*two full-field runs for touch-down from kick-off in a single game*—should be recorded in ST. NICHOLAS, which, last year, printed Mr. Parke H. Davis's full list of the thirteen players who had accomplished this feat in college games. Mr. Johnson's letter, moreover, forms a fitting pendant to Mr. Davis's article in the present number, in which the credit is given to the University of Minnesota of having introduced the famous "Minnesota shift."

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA,  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:

A year ago you published in ST. NICHOLAS an article by Parke H. Davis, entitled "The Full-Field Run," describing the thirteen touch-downs from kick-off made in college games during the history of the sport in America. In the article you say, "Actually, however, it has been accomplished thirteen times against elevens of major strength in the past forty years, and probably has been achieved as many more against minor teams."

It may be of interest to you and your readers to know that two touch-downs from kick-off were made in a single game by the Minnesota team of 1904 against the Minneapolis and St. Paul high schools.

The opening game of the season was played on Northrop Field on the University campus—the first half against the St. Paul high school team, and the second half against the Minneapolis high school team. Minnesota's second team was pitted against the St. Paul team, and early in the game Albert R. Varco, who was playing quarter-back on the second team, caught the ball on the kick-off and carried it ninety yards for a touch-down.



In the second half, when the first team was lined up against the Minneapolis high school team, Fred Hunter caught the ball on the high school kick-off and carried it ninety-five yards for a touch-down.

It is altogether probable that there is not another record in the history of foot-ball equal to these two touch-downs from kick-off made in two twenty-minute halves in the opening game of the season. The Minnesota team of 1904 was remarkable for its scoring ability, and piled up a total score of 725 points to 12 points made by opponents during the whole season. Thirteen games were played that year, and every game was won.

Very truly yours,

E. B. JOHNSON.

LAKESIDE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This last spring, the squirrels have been unusually tame about taking nuts from us. One



day, my little brother, Charles, was feeding them. He held the nut tight in his hand. Soon a little squirrel, having five babies and living in the big oak, spied the nut. She crept closer and closer to the nut, eying Boy Charles suspiciously. She had reached the nut, still held tightly in the baby's hand. After thinking an instant, she decided she must have that nut. With a quick movement she jumped at the nut; still Boy Charles held tightly. Then the squirrel put her little paws on the child's hand and fastened her teeth in the nut. Snap! went the camera. I had snapped it just in time. Off scampered Mrs. Squirrel with the nut in her mouth. She jumped up on a little white fence near by, and happily cracked and ate her nut, while baby sat watching her, his face alight with a broad grin.

I am inclosing a picture showing you the tug-of-war between the two.

ST. NICHOLAS is now my most beloved of all magazines, and I am a member of its League.

From your most devoted reader,

ELEANOR F. BYE (age 14).

SAINT LEONARDS-ON-SEA, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you how I like your stories and pictures, in fact everything that goes toward making you what you are, a most interesting magazine. I do not say "children's" magazine, be-

cause I am sure grown-ups find you just as interesting as we younger ones. As you will see by this address, I am an English girl. Saint Leonards is a very pretty town, and it joins Hastings, which is very pretty too, and is also historically interesting, because it was here that William the Conqueror landed and fought the Battle of Hastings.

It is said that when William the Conqueror went to war against Harold, King of England, he said that if he won the battle, he would build an abbey on the exact spot where the battle was fought. He conquered, and built the abbey near Hastings, which is now called Battle Abbey. It stands in a pretty little country town called Battle.

I go to school, and like it very much. The school is quite near to where I live, so I have not far to go; the hours are from nine till one o'clock.

I should like to see your New York very much, and compare it with our London.

Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, please accept the heartiest wishes for prosperity and a long life, of

Your loving reader,

DOROTHY CATT (age 15).

ANTIGNANO, ITALY, NEAR FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you since I can remember you. My grandfather (Robert Underwood Johnson) has a lot of ST. NICHOLASES in his library. I have been in Florence for almost two years, but my parents are in New York since last August, and won't come back till October.

We are at the sea, as I have told you, and enjoy ourselves very much; we do baths and go in the boat.

I am trying to get fifty subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS. I have already seven or eight. When I come back, I will perhaps get some more.

I am making a collection of stamps, and I have already fifty or sixty stamps, not different though.

Now I must say good-by, always remaining your devoted reader.

KATHARINE JOHNSON (age 11).

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and could n't get along without you.

I am very excited over "The Runaway." You leave off in such exciting places, it seems as if I could n't wait till next month, especially till October.

I also like "The Story of the Star-Spangled Banner" and "More Than Conquerors."

We had a great pageant here in June. People came from all over to see it. It was about the story of Fort Massachusetts and the early settlers here. They are going to use the money to set up the bronze statue of an Indian where the Mohawk Trail came over the mountain.

I will say one thing: every boy and girl who does n't take ST. NICHOLAS is missing a very great deal.

Your devoted reader,

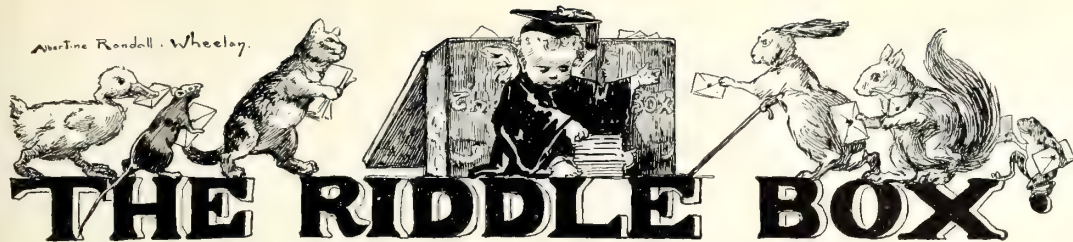
MARGARET A. GUSS (age 11).

MONTPELIER, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eager to tell you how much pleasure you bring me and how interested I am in your stories. Even my father has carried you secretly off to his room, and my brother was found reading you in a distant corner.

Hoping you will forever be my companion, I remain,  
Your enthusiastic reader,

ELIZABETH DE BOER.



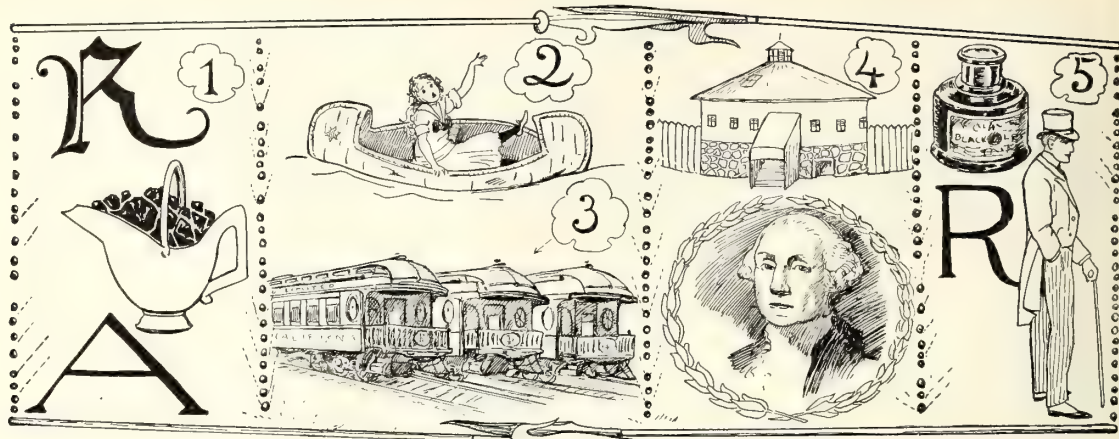
## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

NOVEL SYNCOPATIONS. Cervantes. 1. Pit-c-her. 2. Pan-e-led.  
3. Cur-r-ant. 4. Can-v-ass. 5. Car-a-van. 6. Fur-n-ace. 7. Con-t-  
our. 8. Cat-e-red. 9. Top-s-ail.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Carol. 2. Aware. 3. Raven. 4. Oread. 5. Lends. II. 1. Rumor. 2. Uvula. 3. Music. 4. Olive. 5. Races. III. 1. Sever. 2. Exile. 3. Vines. 4. Elect. 5. Rests. IV. 1. Under. 2. Nerve. 3. Drain. 4. Evict. 5. Rents. V. 1. Satin. 2. Alone. 3. Tongs. 4. Ingot. 5. Nests.

DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail : 1. Reverses, and leave a word of denial. 2. A number of voices singing together, and leave a conjunction. 3. Conferred, and leave a man's garment. 4. Formed, and leave to consume. 5. A space of time, and leave a pronoun. 6. Revolted, and





### A BATTLE PUZZLE

EACH of the five pictures shown represents a battle that was fought in the month of November. What are the names of the five battles?

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

\* . 5 14 . . ALL the cross-words contain the same number of letters. When  
\* . 4 6 9 23 rightly guessed and written one  
\* . 17 1 10 . below another, the initial letters  
\* . 16 3 11 21 (indicated by stars) will spell the  
\* 15 19 . . . surname of a President of the  
\* 2 . . . 12 United States. The letters indicated  
\* . 8 . 13 . by the numbers from 1 to 8,  
\* . 20 18 22 . 9 to 14, 15 to 18, and 19 to 23  
will each spell the surname of a President.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A collection of hymns. 2. Sanctions. 3. A fiber used for making baskets. 4. Actually. 5. The home of Ulysses. 6. Sweet, liquid substances. 7. One of the United States. 8. Tidier.

JULIAN L. ROSS (age 11), *League Member*.

### WORD SYNCOPATIONS

EXAMPLE: Take to gain from wound around and make a masculine nickname. Answer, T-win-ed, Ted.

1. Take ancient from a supporter, and leave a pronoun. 2. Take a measure of weight from a Roman name, and leave some. 3. Take consumed from thin, and leave twisted. 4. Take a rug from a vegetable, and leave also. 5. Take a grown person from kind, and leave color. 6. Take an inclosure from that which opens anything, and leave a poetic contraction for "over." 7. Take an implement for rowing from cried loudly, and leave a color. 8. Take an organ from approached, and leave a masculine nickname. 9. Take a feminine nickname from followed, and leave the finish.

The initials of the nine words before being syncopated will spell the surname of a famous man; the initials of the nine little words will, when rearranged, spell a ditch and metrical compositions.

HENRY S. JOHNSON (age 14), *League Member*.

### SUBTRACTED WORDS

In the following puzzle take a letter from the first word to form the second word. Example: subtract a small bottle from important. Answer, vital, vial. The removed letter may be at either end of a word, it is not always one of the middle letters.

1. Subtract a man-servant from a scoundrel. 2.

3. Subtract the upper stratum of earth from to destroy. 4. Subtract to talk foolishly from a sea-robber. 5. Subtract a small nail from a pile. 6. Subtract a shallow dish from part of the mouth. 7. Subtract a confederate from to delay. 8. Subtract a Russian coin from a low, heavy sound. 9. Subtract to gain by labor from to long for.

When the eight discarded letters are properly rearranged they will spell the name of the most interesting structures in the world.

ALVIN E. BLOMQUIST (age 16), *League Member*.

### WORD-SQUARE

1. A MASCULINE name. 2. An elevated platform. 3. A junto. 4. A reptile. 5. To abate.

DUNCAN SCARBOROUGH (age 17), *Honor Member*.

### GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1911)

86 34 1 64 13 38 41 84 67 10  
19 93 31 73 26 79 . 72 46 3  
5 59 92 32 69 51 44 27 56 76  
29 96 71 88 16 48 42 . 36 60  
7 52 54 49 91 39 75 66 21 80  
40 23 30 82 45 90 . 63 43 6  
28 12 62 . 53 35 89 78 24 18  
68 57 81 15 20 17 83 95 22 58  
25 14 47 2 61 55 77 50 94 9  
4 70 8 37 33 65 85 74 11 87

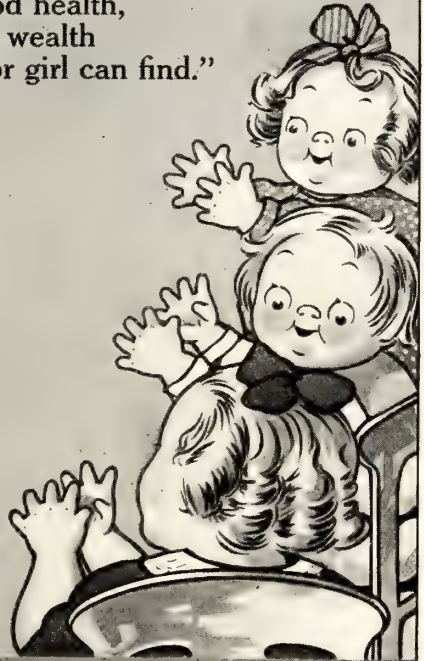
CROSS-WORDS: 1. The capital of Denmark. 2. One of the United States. 3. A great river of North America. 4. A large city in Turkey. 5. A town in Lake County, Illinois. 6. The capital of one of the United States. 7. A city in the southern part of Sweden. 8. The capital of one of the United States. 9. A region in western Africa. 10. A Canadian province.

When the foregoing names have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter (86) and ending with the lower, right-hand letter (87), will spell the name of one of the United States. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 12, 13 to 18, 19 to 27, 28 to 33, 34 to 41, 42 to 47, and 48 to 55 will each spell the name of one of the United States; 56 to 60, Candia; 61 to 66, a famous country of Europe; 67 to 73, a town in Dubuque County, Iowa; 74 to 80, a town in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania; 81 to 85, a town on the Susquehanna River; 86 to 90, a famous African city; 91 to 93 and 94 to 96 are abbreviations for two of the United States.

HARRY C. BAILEY (age 15).



"This platform grand  
On which I stand  
Suits every thinking mind.  
It means good health,  
The greatest wealth  
Which boy or girl can find."



### The safe and sane platform

*Good health first of all!* That means nourishing food and good digestion. And half the time this means using

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

Yes, almost every day, in fact, you'll find the benefit from this wholesome soup is as certain as its taste is delicious. Ask for it *today*. Notice how it helps along the whole dinner; and how good you feel afterward. Then you'll vote for it early and often.

21 kinds

10c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



**Y**OU have your troubles with children's hose supporters; you know what they are:

Inferior quality of elastic webbing; stockings cut or torn by clasps; waist torn or out of shape by slipping or sliding of the pin; stockings loose or baggy by coming unfastened.

Put an end to these troubles—buy  
**Children's Hickory Garters**

**Protect the stockings between rubber and rubber**

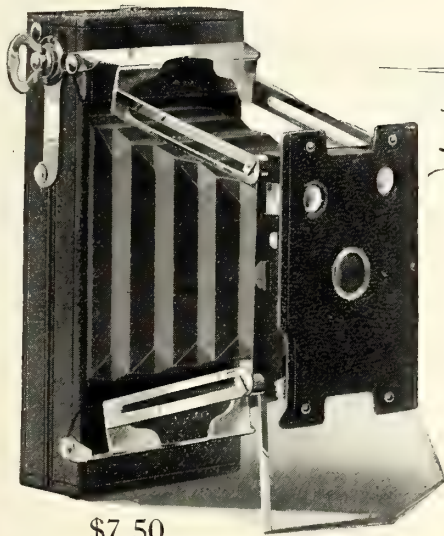
The elastic and non-elastic web are of extra strength and durability. The clasp does not come loose—see the rubber cushion loop. Metal parts are covered so that they will not touch the wearer; the pin is extra strong and rustless. Made in black, white and jasper, a black and white stripe.

Ask your dealer for **Hickory**; they're 15 to 25 cents, according to size. If he doesn't have them, send 20 cents for trial pair; state age of child.

**A. Stein & Company, Makers**  
326 Racine Avenue, Chicago



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



\$7.50

Takes a picture  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$  inches.



*"Say, That  
Turned Out  
Great, Bob!"*

"JUST couldn't help it, Frank. You know I use an Ansco Vest Pocket, and I'm here to say it's the finest little camera that ever sold for the price." That's right, Boys and Girls; Bob has the right idea about this little picture-maker. You'll find it's never a case of *luck* in getting good results when you use the

# ANSCO *Vest Pocket* *Camera*

Many a time you've failed to get a "great" picture because you couldn't get your camera into action quick enough. It would have been different if you had had an Ansco V. P. on the job. This little camera is *quick*. There's no worrying about focusing. Just pull out the morocco leather bellows—"click"—and you have your picture. Simple enough, isn't it?

On your next outing, be sure to take an Ansco Vest Pocket Camera with you; you'll bring home pictures that will always remind you of good times. The six-exposure film cartridge of any make fits this little camera, but we suggest that you use Ansco film and also have your prints made on Cyko, the prize-winning paper, if you would get the best results.

*The Ansco dealer in your town will be pleased to show you this camera or any other make of Ansco. Write for Holiday booklet.*

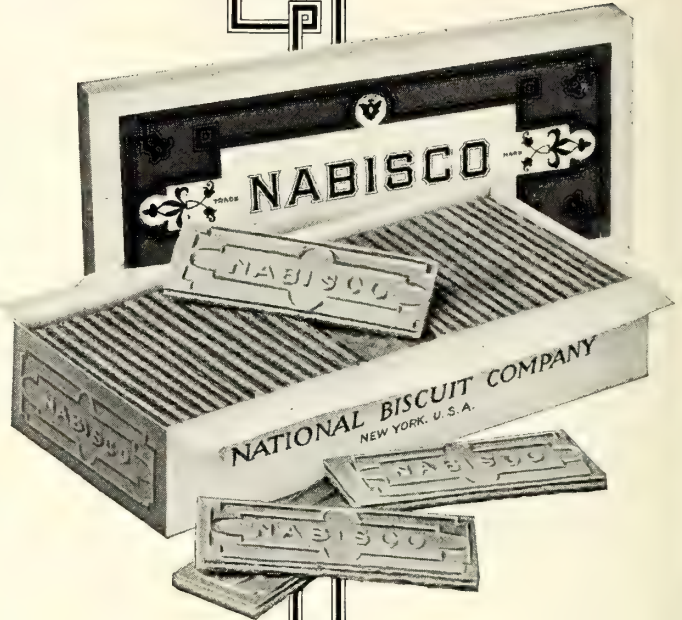
ANSCO COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.



## NABISCO

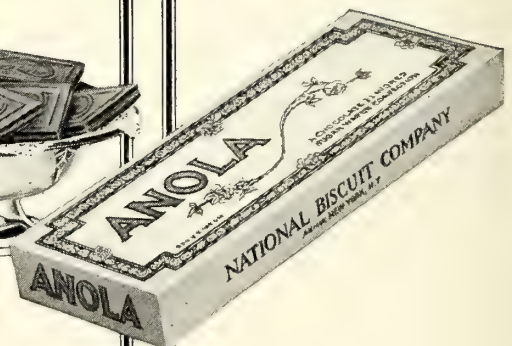
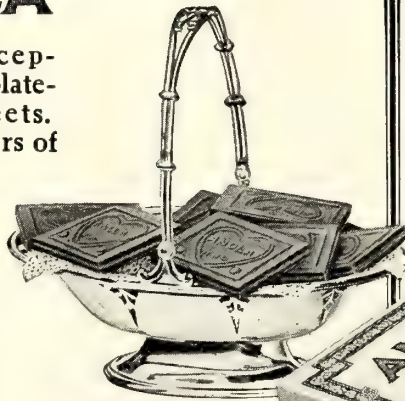
### Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



## ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



**NATIONAL  
BISCUIT  
COMPANY**



## Holeproof Stockings Need No Darning

Let your children wear *Holeproof Stockings*, and play as hard as they want to.

Three pairs in a box for \$1.00 are guaranteed to need no darning for three months. If any of the three pairs should need darning within that time we will replace them with new hose free. Six pairs for \$2.00 are guaranteed *half a year*.

These hose are made from Egyptian and Sea Island Cotton Yarns, costing an average of 74c per pound. That is the top market price for cotton yarns. Common yarns sell for 32c.

Ours are of long-fibre cotton, and the long fibres mean extra strength. The hose therefore can be made light in weight, soft and stylish.

Nearly two million people—men,

women and children—now wear Holeproof Hose. Buy a trial box of three pairs for each of *your* children. Try Holeproof yourself and ask your husband to try them.

When the whole family wears them, as thousands of families do, your darning will be ended.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproof.

**Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.**

**Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.  
London, Canada**

**Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley  
Liverpool, England**



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1906  
*Carl Busch*

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN



By invitation,  
member of Rice  
Leaders of the  
World Association.

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's; \$2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's and children's; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants'. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's *silk* Holeproof socks; \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's *silk* Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*.

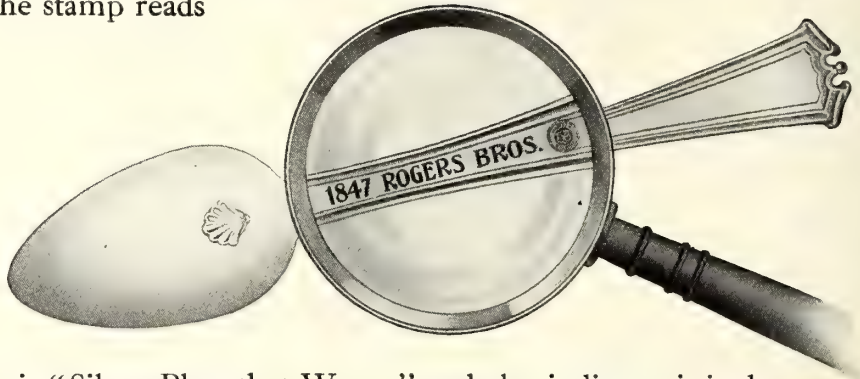
**Holeproof**  
*Silk Gloves*  
FOR WOMEN

Write for the free book about Holeproof Silk Gloves, and ask for the names of the dealers who sell them. These are the *durable*, stylish gloves that every woman has wanted. Made in all sizes, lengths and colors. [581]



# Ask Your Mother

to look on the back of her spoons and forks and tell you the name of the maker as shown by the trade-mark stamp. If the stamp reads



it is "Silver Plate that Wears," and also indicates it is the brand which has been made for over sixty-five years.

Ask your mother to answer these questions:

1. What is the trade-mark stamp on her spoons?
2. How long have they been in use?
3. Have they proven satisfactory?
4. Would she like to see a catalogue of new designs?

Write the answers to these questions on a postal card, and mail it to us and we will send you

## This Set of Poster Stamps FREE



An entirely new idea in collecting, which is just being started in this country, although long a craze in Europe. The set you will receive are beautifully printed in colors, and made specially for us in Germany, arriving on the "President Lincoln," which was one of the last ships to reach this port after the declaration of war.

**International Silver Company**  
MERIDEN, CONN.



## The Natural Complexion

when fresh and clear is the most attractive. This condition is secured and maintained by the use of



## *Hinds* HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream*

*Guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.*

It keeps face, lips and hands soft, smooth and free from chapping in spite of wind and cold. Hinds Cream soothes and restores rough, irritated skin to its normal condition. It is not sticky and will not cause hair to grow.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c; Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

*Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage*

**A. S. HINDS** 242 West Street **Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.







**Good Teeth**

**Good Health**

**Good Spirits**

**T**O get all three—  
and keep them—

begin today to care for your teeth with

# COLGATE'S

## RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE-MARK

Good teeth make you able to chew your food, which means good digestion—the foundation of good health and good spirits.

You enjoy a thorough cleansing twice-a-day with Colgate's because of its delicious flavor. Use it faithfully and your dentist will find less to do.

Get a large tube today—or send us 4 cents in stamps for a trial tube and our animal rhyme book for your little brother or sister. Ask for the Jungle Pow Wow.

**COLGATE & CO., Dept. 60, 199 Fulton Street, New York**

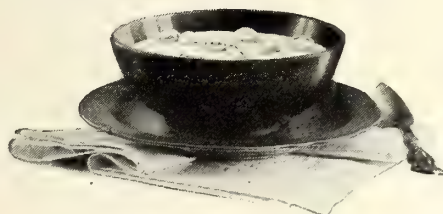
*Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined*

Suppose your children had their choice of homes to which to go for breakfast. And one home offered them a dish like this—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. Dainty grains, flaky, crisp and tempting—eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.



Where would they go for breakfast?

Suppose your folks, for a dairy-dish supper, had their choice of bread or crackers, or Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. And they saw these toasted Puffed Grains—airy, thin, inviting—floating in bowls of milk. Grains four times as porous as bread.



Which would they choose for their milk?

**Puffed Wheat, 10c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in Extreme West*

**CORN**  
**PUFFS**  
**15¢**

These bubbles of grain were created for you by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are scientific foods. Every food granule is blasted to pieces—blasted by steam explosion. They are both foods and confections.

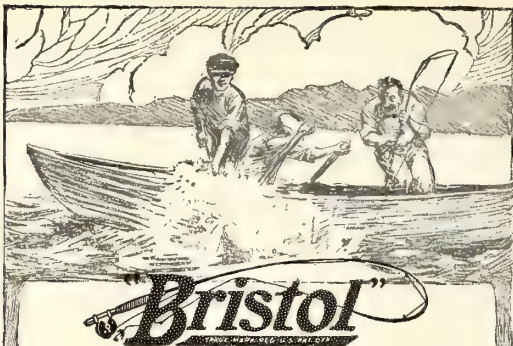
There are three kinds now with three distinct flavors. Serve them all, and see which your people like best.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

(695)





## *Bristol* Steel Fishing Rods

### "What I want for Christmas"

Now is the time to decide because "Santa Claus" has to order the things quite a ways ahead this year. If you want to help this fine Old Gentleman with the white beard, why don't you write us for the new Bristol Illustrated Catalog *right now*? Then you will have time to look it through and pick out the very rod you want *most*. Of course you would then mark it very prominently indeed and inadvertently leave it where Father can see it. He and "Santa Claus" will do the rest.

All you need do to get it is to do your part now and send to us for the catalog. It is free to all ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls. Girls? Certainly! We know lots of girls who catch bigger fish than some boys. They have fun at it too! So

*write to-day for  
the catalog.*

**THE HORTON MFG. CO.**  
167 Horton Street      Bristol, Conn.



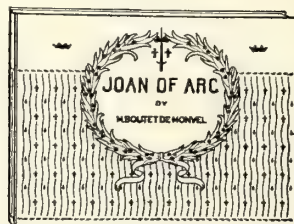
## THE BOOK MAN

*A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.*

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THIS advice of one of our Wise Men is specially good advice just now when the thoughts of every one are turning to Christmas. It promises to be a Book Christmas as never before, for in times like these, when so many of our world brothers are in trouble, books mean more than ever.

You are planning gifts for Mother and Father, perhaps for Grandmother and Grandfather, for Big Brother and Little Sister, and for your Best Friend.



*"A book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual."*

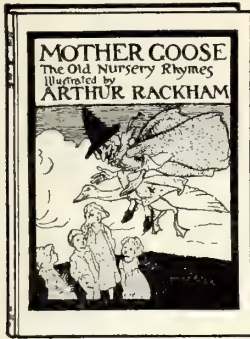
Do you remember what sweet Dorothy Wordsworth once wrote to her good friend Coleridge:

"Yes, do you send me a book . . . not a bargain book bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual; a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy; written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we 'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over."

Why not give special attention in your gift-buying this year to books of permanent worth in some really choice and beautiful edition? And why not begin now to build for yourself a library of World Books in beautiful form?

*(Continued on page 31)*

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued



"Arthur Rackham is the man who draws and paints as James Barrie writes, fantastically, whimsically, wonderfully, with the gaudy coloring of childhood wound about his dreams. He is perhaps the only man in the world who has any business picturing elves."—THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

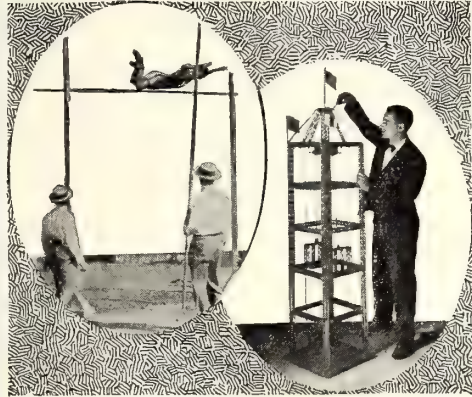
First—don't laugh—"Mother Goose." Of course, Mother Goose's rhymes are as old as the hills—nobody knows just how old they are; but every child should know them well. Arthur Rackham, one of the greatest of living artists, loves them so that he has made pictures of them, and "The Arthur Rackham Mother Goose" is a treasure for any library. Any small brother or sister would love it for Christmas—or birthday.

John Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress" is another classic which every household should own and love. Have you ever seen the edition which has over one hundred and twenty designs and pictures by the brothers Rhead, George Woolliscroft, Frederick, and Louis? It is just the kind of book, one likes to think, that John Bunyan would have loved, had he lived to see it. It is dignified and impressive, and the pictures make the wonderful narrative very real. For all its beauty it is not an expensive book, only \$1.50.

Æsop's Fables, another indispensable, may be had for only \$2.00 with the borders printed in tint, and forty pictures which are just right by E. Boyd Smith. You should add, of course, a good edition of Kipling's "The Jungle Book," and there is nothing choicer than the one which has sixteen pages in color by Maurice and Edward Detmold, English artists whose work shows their sympathy with these magic tales. Every page has a border in green; and the cover, in green and gold, is a joy.

Did you know that Hans Christian Andersen, whose fairy tales have been the joy of countless children, wanted to be remembered for his ambitious dramas and novels, and was more than a bit disappointed that the world went mad over his folk and fairy tales and passed by his writings for grown-ups? Curious!

(Continued on page 32)



## How A. C. Gilbert won another world's championship

A. C. Gilbert, the Yale man who broke the world's pole-vaulting record in the London Olympic Meet in 1908, has recently accomplished something else of great interest.

He has invented the world's favorite present for boys—

## The *Mysto* ERECTOR

The toy with girders like structural steel

With this steel construction set you can build over 300 big, strong models that look exactly like regular steel structures—battle-ships, Brooklyn bridges, dirigibles, third-rail cars, skyscrapers with real running elevators, etc.

Mr. Gilbert made the Erector with turned-over snug-fitting edges, so you can build the models quicker and easier; they can't buckle up. Besides, he put 33% to 140% more building parts in Erector sets than other construction outfits contain. Consequently you can build bigger models and a great many more of them. In all boxes costing over \$3 he also put a lively electric motor, which runs the models. No other construction outfit contains a motor free.

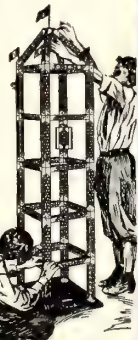
Ask for an Erector set for Christmas.

At toy dealers. There are eight sizes, costing from \$1 to \$25. Each set contains a big construction manual.

**Would you like a personal letter from Mr. Gilbert?** Send us a post card or letter now, marked "For Mr. Gilbert," and ask for the **Free Book** that tells about the championships and shows Erector models. He will also send a free copy of the magazine called *Erector Tips*, which publishes pictures of boys who build the best models, tells how to do magic tricks, etc. Write right away—don't wait.

**Write now for the Free Book.** When writing please mention your toy dealer's name and address.

**The  
Mysto Mfg. Co.**  
52 Foote St.  
New Haven, Conn.





## Start Your POSTER STAMP COLLECTION To-Day We Can Help You!

You know what poster stamps are of course. There are many kinds a little larger than postage stamps and printed in all sorts of color combinations and all kinds of designs.

Hundreds of bright boys and girls are taking up the fascinating craze of collecting poster stamps. Though many manufacturers issue them the difficulty has been to know just where to get them.

We have secured a great many of the most interesting ones and so have made it very easy for any boy or girl to start a collection. You see by the prices listed below that very little money will start you very well indeed. Then you can add to your collection from time to time until you have one that will be really remarkable and all the while you will be having great fun.

Make any selection you wish, send us the right amount of money (in U. S. uncanceled postage stamps preferably) and we will send you the poster stamps to start your collection right away.

### ASSORTMENTS TO SELECT FROM

#### AMERICAN ADVERTISING STAMPS

Series 1—Assortment A—30 varieties	10c
“ “ B “	10c
“ “ C “	10c
“ “ D “	10c

(No duplicates in this SERIES)

#### FOREIGN ADVERTISING STAMPS

Series 2—Assortment A—12 varieties	10c
“ “ B “	10c
“ “ C “	10c
“ “ D “	10c

(No duplicates in this SERIES)

#### SPECIAL WAR SERIES

Series 3—Assortment A—12 varieties	10c
------------------------------------	-----

Pictorial Stamps of the great European war

Beginner's Album	10c
Advanced Collector's Album	25c

*Ask your stationer, or  
Use this Coupon*

**POSTER STAMP BUREAU**  
505 Fifth Avenue, New York

Enclosed find \$.....  
for which please send me.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

ous, is n't it, for Andersen's Fairy Tales are literature.



*Perhaps the most beautiful edition of "The Jungle Book" ever made.*

There is a superb memorial edition gotten up to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of the great Danish weaver of fairy stories. For eleven years a famous Danish artist, Hans Tegner, worked over the illustrations, and such a wealth of illustrations was never seen in a fairy book before. The well-known English critic, Edmund Gosse, wrote the preface, and her gracious Majesty, Queen Alexandra of England, herself a daughter of the Danish "sea-kings," accepted the dedication.

In this volume are all of Andersen's famous stories in a new and faithful translation—"The Ugly Duckling," "The Snow Queen," "The Galoshes of Fortune," "The Gallant Tin Soldier," and hundreds more—beautifully printed in large, clear type, with illustrations in black and tint. This is a volume to nourish your imagination now, and to which you can go back over and over again as you grow older with unfailing pleasure.

There is a whole series of beautifully bound classics, in handy form, for your older friends and relatives. These are The Thumb Nail Series, twenty-five dainty little gift books, the covers in a lovely shade of brown leather, not limp, stamped in attractive designs. They are not at all like the ordinary gift books one sees all the time, and so many favorite works are among the twenty-five that you could select all your Christmas presents for grown-ups from among them—any grown-up would be simply delighted at receiving one of them. "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Man Without a Country," some of Keats' poems, The Proverbs of Solomon, "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals," and other books that every one loves are those which have been

(Continued on page 33)

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

selected for binding in this most attractive form. Why not ask your father what is his favorite book, and try to surprise him with it in this convenient and beautiful edition?



*Covers of some of the Thumb Nail Series. They have a beauty peculiarly their own, distinctive and original.*

Washington Gladden says:

"You cannot afford to buy books? Can you afford carpets on your floors, feathers on your bonnets, sweetmeats on your tables, seats in the gallery of the theater? Then you can afford to buy books. You might far better live in a house with bare floors, and dispense with many of those luxuries of food and dress that every mechanic and laboring man contrives to get, than to deny yourself books. . . . When it comes to be understood that books are necessities of life—indispensable furnishings of every adequate home—even the poorest people will find ways of purchasing them."

A reader of The Book Man wrote asking for a list of Charles Dickens's "best works." Of course such a selection is only a matter of opinion; some are much more popular than others, but it is very difficult to say which is "best." Let us have a vote on it from all of you! Each one send in a list of the three he or she likes best among the works of Dickens,—and right away, too, so that I can publish a list soon, if enough are interested.

The Book Man will be very glad to answer questions about books for gifts, and to send to any address, on request, a copy of The Century Co.'s new Holiday Catalogue, which tells about The Century Co.'s new books, and gives a classified list of books for young folk of all ages.

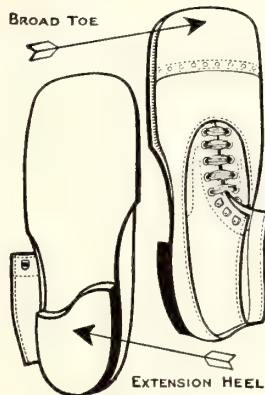
And, you know, your nearest bookseller will always be glad to answer any questions and, without doubt, to send for any book you want to buy which is not in his stock.

Can I help you about your Christmas list?

**The Book Man**

# The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



## Do Your Children's Ankles Turn in?

When the child's ankles "turn," it means a weakened arch structure which should be immediately supported, protected and strengthened. The peculiar construction of the

### COWARD ARCH SUPPORT SHOE With COWARD EXTENSION Heel

provides a natural and helpful rest for the foot muscles, holds the arch securely in place, and assists in keeping the ankles upright. A safe and comfortable children's shoe, particularly useful in correcting "flat-foot" conditions.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty-four years.

**Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue**

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

**JAMES S. COWARD**

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City  
(NEAR WARREN STREET)



## Advertising Competition

### No. 155

We showed this competition to a friend. "It is *too hard*. The ST. NICHOLAS readers won't be able to solve it," he said, adding, "why, I can't do it myself." We told him he didn't know the ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls, and told him we would give him a year's subscription for nothing if you failed to do it right.

Here is the problem :

Turn to your October ST. NICHOLAS. Look at the advertisements and,—

First: Take the first letter of something with a button on it.

Second: Take the second letter of something that is always quick and reliable.

Third: Take the third letter of some things that protect the stockings.

Fourth: Take the fourth letter of something that will be more welcome as the months go past.

Fifth: Take the fifth letter of the principal name of something that covers body, feet and hands.

Sixth: Take the sixth letter of the first name of something gathered from the different parts of the tropical world.

The result will be what everyone strives to be and some boys prefer it to anything else. It is also the name of a company that offers you more than 5,000 different things to choose from.

When you have solved this puzzle, if you can,—write us a letter as long or as short as you like, telling us what the word is and also whether you ever buy things

at the grocery or drug stores for your mother or the family, or for yourself, and put down a list of some of the things you buy.

In case equally correct answers to the puzzle are received, the prizes will go to those who write the best, truthful letter.

The First Prize, \$5.00, will go to the person sending in the correct answer and most interesting letter. There will be Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

*Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.*

Here are the rules and regulations :

1. This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address and the number of this competition (155).

3. Submit answers by November 20, 1914.

4. Do not use a lead pencil. Write on one side of your paper only.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win a prize.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 155, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.



## LISTERINE



Use it  
every  
day

**G**IRLS and boys—do you know that poor teeth are the cause of much sickness? Good, sound, clean teeth mean health.

Brush your teeth regularly. There are certain parts of the teeth that your brush cannot reach. Rinse the mouth with Listerine and it will cleanse every part of every tooth and also the whole mouth.

Ask mother to keep Listerine handy for you to use. Look out for imitations—they're not so good as Listerine.

All Druggists Sell Listerine

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY**  
St. Louis, Mo.

**KEEPS  
THINGS  
"JUST  
LIKE NEW"**



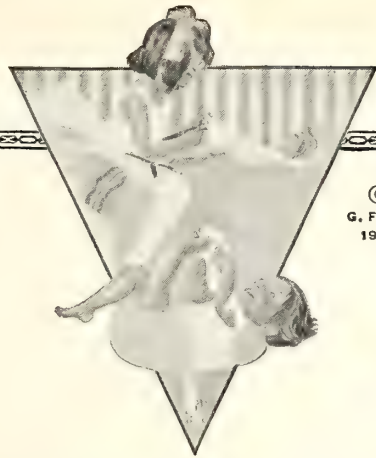
**Y**OU can keep nearly everything in home, office or store always perfectly oiled, "clean as a whistle," polished bright as new and as free from rust and tarnish as the day it was bought.

Try **3-in-One** for sewing machines, clocks, cameras, typewriters, furniture, bathroom fixtures, electric fans, lawn mowers, guns, fishing rods and reels, etc.

Three size bottles—10c, 25c and 50c. Also in patent Handy Oil Cans, 3½ ozs., 25c. Sold at all good stores.

**Free** Write for generous sample and Dictionary—FREE!

**3-IN-ONE OIL CO.**  
42QH. Broadway, New York



©  
G. F. CO.  
1914

**H**EALTHY kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.



**Velcro Grip**  
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Child's sample pair (give age) 16c. postpaid

**Sold Everywhere**

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



**Bonbons  
Chocolates**

**The "Quality" of Maillard**

Bonbons

Chocolates

French  
Pastries

Ice Creams

**T**HE quality of Maillard candies cannot be compared to that of ordinary candies. The Maillard products have created a new standard in candies and stand in a class of their own.

*Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnières (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested, made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.*

**Maillard**

FIFTH AVE. AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK





This is the Country Estate set of FRANCES DUNCAN'S GARDENCRAFT for CHILDREN

Showing one arrangement of greenhouse, garage, farm house and the plant-as-you-please garden. There is also a tennis court, lake, poultry yard and pedigree fowls, rose-arch, sundial, plants for an old fashioned garden, but everything cannot be shown in one photograph!

Collapsible, portable. Gardencraft sets 50 cents up. Send for catalogue and specimen plant.

A beautiful and inexhaustible toy, for boys and girls of all ages. Of practical use in planning garden and grounds. Your parents will buy the Gardencraft Toys because they were endorsed by Montessori.

The cleverest and most fascinating Toys on the market are the Gardencraft Toys. Christmas orders should be sent in early.

**GARDENCRAFT TOY CO., Workshop, 1 Milligan Place 6th Ave. bet. 10th & 11th Sts.**

## REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 153

The very first day after the September issue of ST. NICHOLAS appeared, the postman began his daily visit to the Judges' desk laden with answers to this competition. Nor did they stop coming on September 21st (the 20th, the day on which they were supposed to stop, being a Sunday). Some of the tardy ones indeed were four and five days late in mailing answers, as shown by the postmarks. Of course all letters officially stamped later than the 21st were cast out at once.

And what a competition it was to judge! Four diligent workers spent several hours during many days carefully going over answers, marking the omission of an apostrophe here, and a mis-spelled word there. In this way the thousand and more papers were gone over until the sixteen prize-winners had been found.

If by chance any of the fifteen advertisers represented in this competition should happen to glance at this report they would be surprised to learn that their names or goods had been carefully written over 2000 times. If all these answer papers were placed end to end, we figure they would stretch 850 feet—100 feet higher than the tallest building in the world.

Perhaps the best thing of all, however, was

the proof of that fine sense of honor shown by the difference between the list you wrote from memory and that prepared from looking at the advertisements in the magazine.

Three very neatly and carefully decorated papers were received, and while mistakes in the list prohibited prizes, the Judges decided to give them honorable mention.

The names of the successful ones follow:

*One First Prize, \$5.00*

Margaret M. Benney, age 17, Pennsylvania.

*Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:*

Patrina M. Colis, age 17, New York.

Donald A. Cook, age 15, New Jersey.

*Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:*

Betty Lowe, age 15, New York.

Jessie Ellen Alison, age 16, Massachusetts.

Helen C. Kirkwood, age 16, Canada.

*Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:*

Marion Murray, age 13, Illinois.

Jessica B. Noble, age 14, California.

Marcella Whetsler, age 15, Illinois.

Elizabeth Baldwin, age 15, Maryland.

Margaretta Wood, age 15, Rhode Island.

Anne Wyatt Johnston, age 13, Indiana.

Eleanor H. Vernon, age 17, Pennsylvania.

Rosalie L. Smith, age 16, New York.

Wilda Jones, age 16, Indiana.

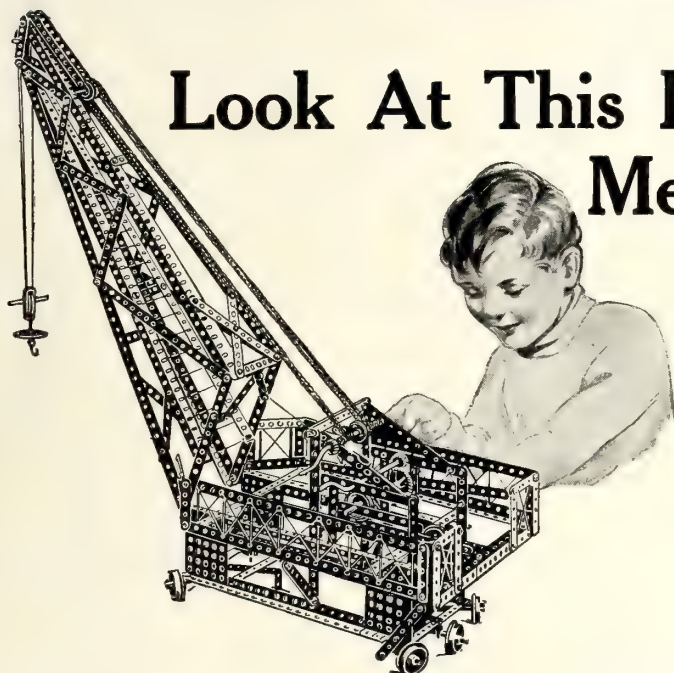
Elizabeth Hurlbut, Washington.

*Honorable Mention:*

Gladys J. Partelow, age 22, Massachusetts.

Vincent De Fonds, age 15, Missouri.

Edith M. Johnston, age 14, District of Columbia.



# Look At This Happy Meccano Boy

## Hasn't He Got *Something To Be Proud Of?*

**B**UILDING this Crane was a full-grown joy, brimming with chuckles and delight every step. You ought to see how he'll make that Crane whiz and hum as he sets it in motion to raise, swing and lower the loads. Boys, wouldn't you like to do the same?

You can build this Crane and twenty others of different types, also Bridges, Towers, Lathes and scores of other interesting engineering models—all in steel.

**Get a Meccano Outfit** and strike the trail of Happy Hours—at once. No study necessary—you can begin to build today.

# MECCANO



### *Free Book No. 7*

Tells you all about Meccano and the wonderful array of working models you can build with it. Bright reading all the way.

Plenty of pictures. Write for your free Book No. 7 today.

### *Meccano Prices*

No. 0 . . . . .	\$ 1.00
No. 1 . . . . .	\$ 2.00
No. 2 . . . . .	\$ 4.00
No. 3 . . . . .	\$ 6.00
No. 4 . . . . .	\$10.00
No. 5 . . . . .	\$14.00

## **Meccano Company Inc.**

71 West 23rd Street

New York, N. Y.



# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

**T**O Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, Uncles, Aunts, Grand-fathers, Grandmothers, Cousins and All other Good Friends:

(Write your own name down in the place reserved for it, fill out the other spaces with the names of the things you want most; turn this page down at the corner and then keep your ST. NICHOLAS where all the good friends mentioned can see it.)

HERE IS ROOM FOR TWO LISTS.

My name is:

My name is:

First of All I Want  
ST. NICHOLAS

First of All I Want  
ST. NICHOLAS

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. NICHOLAS)

**P. S.** I know I may not GET them ALL, but I just thought I'd write them all down so it would be easy for you to buy just the things that would make me happiest.



**Boys and Girls Make These**  
Just think of making models  
of your own toys, dolls,  
soldiers, forts, houses, pic-  
tures—at home with

## HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

Mothers, keep the children happy and occupied with Plasticine. Easy, simple and delightful, it teaches them while they play, and trains eye, hand and mind for future vocations. Infinitely superior to clay, because it isn't mussy, needs no water, remains plastic and ready for instant use, and is absolutely clean and antiseptic. Inexpensive, as it can be used over and over again. Various sized Plasticine outfits with complete instructions for modelling, designing and house-building, 25c to \$2.00.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for **free Toy booklet** and list of dealers near you.

**THE EMBOSsing COMPANY, P. O. Box 598B, Albany, N. Y.**

MAKERS OF  
*Toys that Teach*

### An "Ideal" Xmas Gift



#### Cecil Peoli Champion Racer

A revelation is in store for you when you fly this famous record breaker.

Official record, 1691 feet, vouched for by N. Y. Herald, Sept. 16, 1911. Built solely to give the longest and swiftest possible flights. Guaranteed to fly over 1000 feet. Complete—ready to fly—with winder (express collect) **Special \$8.50**

Or all materials, ready to put together yourself (very easy) with plans and description, delivered prepaid, **\$3.75**

Multiple Winder 75c extra

#### BLUEBIRD Racing AEROPLANE

A two-foot flyer that will make long and graceful flights of 500 feet and more. Complete with winder and foot gear, **\$1.25** ready to fly.

Handsome starter's badge free to the first boy in a town to order one.

#### BUILD YOUR OWN AEROPLANE

from accurate "Ideal" plans and precise directions. **PRICES OF 3-FT. MODEL SCALE DRAWINGS**—Curtiss Flying Boat 25c; Newport Monoplane, 25c; Bleriot Monoplane, 35c; Wright Biplane, 25c; Curtiss Hydroaeroplane, 35c; Cecil Peoli Champion Racer, 25c.

Complete Set of Six, **\$1.25 Postpaid**

**YOUR DEALER** will supply you. Ask them for "Ideal" models and flying toys. Sold in department stores, toy and sporting goods stores. In cities or towns where we have no dealers we will deliver on receipt of money order or N. Y. check.

JUST OUT—1914-1915 catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and supplies, post-paid, 5 cents.

**Ideal Model Aeroplane Supply Co.**  
84-86 West Broadway New York



### WHAT IS TOURING? WHY IT IS--

that new automobile card game, which is all the rage now. Brim full of skillfull and interesting plays that furnishes keen enjoyment to entire family.

So realistic and exciting that you can almost smell the gasoline and attempt to rub the dust out of your eyes, and can hardly keep back the naughty words when you find you are out of "gas," have a puncture or exceed the speed limit, etc.

Game consists of 100 handsomely lithographed cards in an attractive box. **PRICE 50 Cts.**

Originators and Makers Since 1889 of  
**POOL TABLES for the HOME**

and the

**"NEW" PATENTED REVERSIBLE  
BILLIARD RAIL**

For your education, send for our illustrated  
Pool Table and Game Booklet. :: ::

**AT YOUR DEALERS**

or from

**WALLIE DORR COMPANY**

Manufacturers

37 Murray Street,

New York.



## —What To Get For Christmas—

**T**HIS is always a problem, especially when we want something unusual—something that will be a grand surprise, and that will not wear out or get soiled or tarnished, but grow more precious as years go by, bringing true Christmas love and kindness into people's lives—an ever present reminder of the giver.

Now, what is the answer? Maybe you have guessed it—a pet, of course. The above good qualities would all be secured through the ownership of a gentle little puppy or a soft fluffy Persian kitten or a stanch shaggy little Shetland Pony.

A wee life, be it only that of an animal friend, is a precious thing. What boy can be rough or cruel with a trustful pair of puppy eyes looking up at him and demanding comradeship and protection? No girl can ever let a dolly take the place of a real, living, loving pet who needs to be cared for and petted and loved.

And what bounding health and pleasure a pony brings—how useful they are too. Surely a pet of some kind is the best Christmas gift. Nothing else will be so welcome when dear old Santa Claus leaves us to gather in our gifts around the fragrant Christmas tree.

The Pet Department man is always happy this time of year because he has so many opportunities to help all our readers and friends in selecting pets. He knows where many reliable dealers can be found—some probably near your home; he will be glad to tell you how much they charge for the various kinds of pets; he will help you decide upon the kind best suited to your needs and answer any questions about training, feeding, and caring for them. On the following pages will be found a number of suggestions for pets. We especially recommend these reliable dealers who believe in you.

ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to be of use to its readers, and the Pet Department hopes that you will freely ask its help and advice this year in selecting "the best Christmas gift of all."



**Dodson Sheltered Food House**  
Built of clear white pine, 24 x 24 x 18 inches. Price, with 8-foot pole, \$8 f. o. b. Chicago; with copper roof, \$10. A Feeding Table, with 8-foot pole, \$6; with copper roof, \$7.50. Feeding Car, \$5. Feeding Shelf, \$1.50.

### HOW TO WIN BIRDS

If everybody only knew how many thousands of native birds die of starvation every winter no one who has a home would fail to set out a feeding house or shelter for birds. Now is the best time to put out bird houses as well as feeding and shelter houses. You can keep many beautiful birds with you all winter and they will attract more birds to your place by telling them how well you care for birds. To save birds and to win birds put out

#### DODSON SHELTERED FOOD HOUSES

particularly designed for American native birds—used successfully for many years. Dodson Bird Houses give a lifetime of service and add beauty and happiness to your life.

Let me send you my Free Book telling how to win birds—based on 18 years' work for native birds. Write to

**Joseph H. Dodson, 707 Security Building CHICAGO, ILLINOIS**

*Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.*



### FREE

Mr. Dodson's beautifully illustrated Book About Birds—tells how to win and keep native birds living in your garden.

Write for it.

#### Famous Dodson Sparrow Trap

Get rid of sparrows and native birds will return. This trap catches as many as 75 to 100 sparrows a day. Works automatically. You remove sparrows once a day. Built of strong, tinned wire, electrically welded. Very strong, practical, durable; size 36 x 18 x 12 inches. Price, \$5 f. o. b. Chicago.



*The most unique and acceptable gift to your sweetheart or child. The ideal house pets and companions.*

### BOSTON TERRIERS AND FRENCH BULLDOGS

*Send Stamp for Catalog*  
**SQUANTUM KENNELS**  
Established 1877 Atlantic, Mass.



### Scottish Terriers

Offered as companions. Not given to fighting or roaming. Best for children's pets.

**NEWCASTLE KENNELS**  
Brookline, Mass.

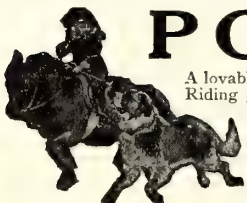
### BABY SHETLANDS

and full-grown ponies. Registered, of champion stock.

Our ponies are exceptionally gentle and well broken. Not afraid of automobiles.

Buy a colt and let it grow up with your child. Write:

**SUNSET HILL FARM, Portsmouth, N. H.**



### PONIES

A lovable, gentle pet for your boy and girl. Riding and driving develops self-reliance, and makes happy, rosy-cheeked children. Price \$75 up. Guaranteed. Write for catalogue—full description of ponies.

**BELLE MEADE FARM**  
Box 9 Markham, Va.

### BULL TERRIERS

The greatest companions and protectors of children. House broken dogs, brought up with children, for sale. Address

**WILLISTON KENNELS**  
East Williston New York

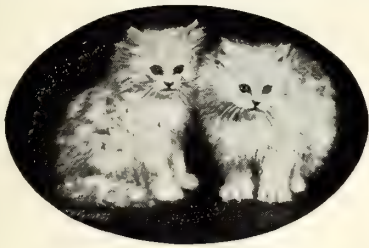


### My Snow White Esquimo Dogs

Are becoming more popular every day—WHY? Because they are very beautiful, most intelligent of all dogs, perfect disposition, natural trick dogs, ideal children's pets that are kind, playful and full of "PEPP." I also breed ENGLISH BULLS of the highest quality, from the very best imported stock. Puppies are my specialty. I have n't any of the \$5 kind.

**Brockways Kennels Baldwin, Kansas**

## Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions



### A TOY

is merely a plaything to be broken and forgotten; a real live pet, more of a plaything, teaches a child affection and kindness.

A Persian kitten is the ideal pet, and a Christmas present to be more and more enjoyed as the days and the years go by.

#### BLACK SHORT HAired CATTERY

302 Oradell, N. J.

N. Y. Office

112E Carnegie Hall

Telephone, 3691 Columbus

### Every boy or girl who loves a dog should have one of these new books **YE DOGGE LOVERS' DAILY REMINDER**

Compiled by MRS. C. HALSTED YATES

365 Sayings, all about dogs. One for each day in the year, with a blank opposite each for school notes and memoranda. Done in a pretty blue with white label and only 50c. Postage 4c.

*Write and get one for a gift for some one who loves dogs.*

**MRS. C. HALSTED YATES, Oak Ridge, Virginia**  
BRENTANO'S BOOK STORE; GIMBEL BROS., New York City.

### Friends Always Remembered

No matter how old you live to be, you will never forget the happy days which come with the ownership of a dear little

### SCOTCH COLLIE PUP

Gentle, affectionate and faithful, they make the best kind of companion. Make your Christmas selection now.

**F. R. CLARKE**

Sunnybrae Collie Kennels, Bloomington, Ill.  
*If your dog does n't behave perfectly, send 25 cents for a book on dog training.*

If you want to keep your dog in the best of condition feed

## SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, NEWARK, N. J.

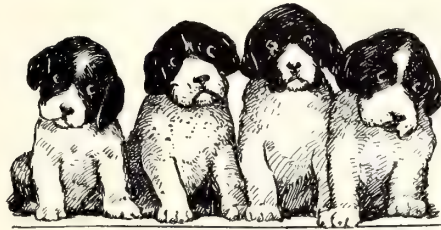


### PEKINGESE

Fifty like picture, all colors, ages, champion parents, a large number imported, all sweet tempered and small, \$25 up. One red male, dark face, \$25.

**Mrs. H. A. BAXTER**  
Great Neck, L. I.

'Phone 418 Great Neck, or 489 5th Ave., city. 'Phone, 1806 Murray Hill.



## Something You Can Do For Your Dog

You know he loves you and depends on you for his food and home. Would n't you like to know what to give him when, in spite of all your care, he becomes sick? Of course you would, so that is why we want to tell you about a wonderful vegetable medicine called

## VERMILAX

which your dog will like. It makes dogs healthy, frisky and happy, and if you let your dog have it regularly he is not apt to become sick at all. **Vermilax** will help his appetite and digestion and make his coat beautiful and glossy. It also prevents worms, which are very dangerous and which many dogs suffer from, unknown to their owners. "For Your Dog's Sake" be sure and get **Vermilax** right away.

*If your druggist does n't sell Vermilax we will send it to you by Parcel Post. Prices 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.*

**VERMILAX CO., INC.**

Dept. 40-D, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



## Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the author

**H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.**

118 West 31st Street

New York



Of course you like puppies and kittens, but would n't the best of all be a

## Baby Shetland Pony

born this year? We can choose yours now for Christmas. Write and I will pick out the best foal for you from our large herd. This one is grown up. For any kind of pony write immediately to

**SHADY NOOK FARM, No. Ferrisburg, Vermont**



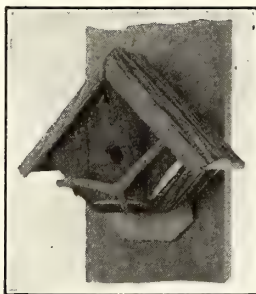
## SHETLAND PONIES

Why not a Shetland Pony for Christmas this year? Any pony bought now will be held at our expense and risk until Christmas time. Address Department D for catalog.

**THE SHADYSIDE FARMS, North Benton, Ohio**



## Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions



No. 17 Wren

**A. CRESCENT**  
"Birdville," Toms River, N. J.

### How about these Rustic Cedar Bird Houses

for Christmas Presents?

Boys use them for models and make others. Send \$1.00 for this No. 17, and booklet, "Bird Architecture." Booklet alone is 20c.

We prepay Parcel Post within Third Zone.

Weight of No. 17 is three pounds.

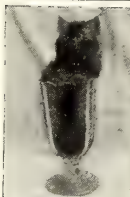


### Who Wants Us For Christmas?

Perfect Puppies for  
Particular Purchasers

Collies } Tri-colors  
"Exceptional" } Sables  
Blue Merles

Roselands, Box 432, Glens Falls, N. Y.



### Persian Kittens All Colors

From best of prize stock. Healthy, outdoor raised, affectionate, beautiful pets, \$5.00 up.

**BLANCHE E. WATSON, Aurora, Ill.**

Orders for Christmas booked now.



CHAMPION DRICKES

Stock that is recognized as the best in America, males and females of all ages, for sale.

**SOUTH SHORE KENNELS, Dept. E., Bayshore, L. I.**

### SAFETY FIRST

A boy and a dachshund, no need of a gun, have the time of their lives hunting rabbits.

The dachshund is the kind of dog that goes to the school door with his youthful master, leaves him there reluctantly and is back to meet him when school is out.

### NOW IS THE TIME

Don't wait another week to select the dog you want for Christmas.

### SCOTTISH TERRIERS

are ideal pets for grown-ups and youngsters on account of their medium size, kind disposition and reasonable price. Registered pedigreed puppies, \$25.00 up. Let me tell you more about our sturdy little pups before you place your Christmas order.

**GRAFTON KENNELS, NORTH GRAFTON, MASS.**

### FOR XMAS—A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

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**D**ID you ever hear of "Advertising Stamps"? Some people call them "Miniature Posters."

Over a year ago a man came over on a ship from Europe with a good many which were done by really great artists for French and German manufacturers. He showed them to several famous American advertisers and they asked him to have some made for them. Soon a great many of our manufacturers were printing them, in several colors and beautiful designs.

Then a little girl began to collect them. She began to ask all the storekeepers her family traded with—"Have you any new advertising stamps?"

She showed the "dealers" her own collection which soon numbered thirty-two different designs from about nine different

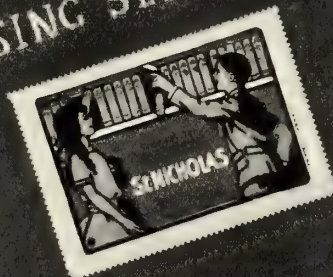
advertisers. Then she wrote to several advertisers for their "set." It was n't long before her "32" collection was doubled and she also had several of each kind.

Meantime her friends, seeing her collection grow and noticing how much fun she was getting out of it, decided they too would start collecting. She helped them by giving them two or three stamps. Soon they had some she did n't have. So she "traded" with them, getting some new ones for some of her own duplicates.

Now so many boys and girls are beginning to collect these wonderful little posters that ST. NICHOLAS has made the Advertising Stamp Album, illustrated below. The Album contains thirty-two pages and is just the thing for you to begin your collection. We will send it to any ST. NICHOLAS reader for ten cents in uncanceled United States Postage Stamps and if you ask the "ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Manager," he will tell you how to start your own collection. If you send ten cents, he will not only send you the ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album, but will also include the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp.

The real album measures seven inches by ten inches and has room for two or three hundred advertising stamps.

ST. NICHOLAS  
ADVERTISING STAMP ALBUM



Dear ST. NICHOLAS Readers:

To start your own collection of advertising stamps, send us the little corner coupon on this page or write us a letter enclosing 10c. in postage stamps.

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Dear ST. NICHOLAS: Enclosed find 10c. in stamps. Please send me the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP and the 32-page ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album.

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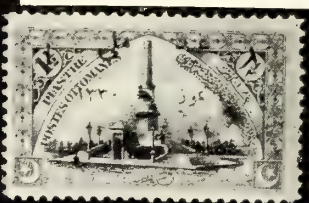


# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## NEW ISSUES

THIS month we illustrate two stamps from France.

First, the new series for French India. This series is of the usual length for French colonies, and has two designs, one for the lower values and one for the higher. The lower values are an upright rectangle, the central design depicting an idol or god, seated upon a goose. The idol has three heads, four hands, and two legs, the left one white, the other black and bent close to the neck of the goose. In the lower right-hand corner is a serpent. In the frame is the usual "R. F." The higher values are in a horizontal rectangle, the central portion showing native temples and palm-trees.



All the values are printed in two colors. Our second illustration, also a French stamp, is the first philatelic fruits of the war that we have seen. It is issued for the purpose of raising funds for the "Red Cross." The current stamp for domestic use (ten-centime) has been surcharged with a "red cross" and "5c." This is sold for fifteen centimes, ten centimes for postage and five for the Red Cross fund. The one-penny Australia now comes lithographed and perforate fourteen. It is in a deeper shade than before. This may be due to the heavier lines and coarser impression. The paper, also, is different, being thinner in texture and water-marked "Crown A." Formerly the stamp was engraved, perforate eleven and on unwater-marked paper. Two new stamps reach us from Turkey, or, rather, two new surcharges. First the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -piaster of the recent pictorial issue is now surcharged with a blue star. The pictorial  $\frac{1}{2}$ -piaster (see illustration) is surcharged in Arabic. This is said to be issued in commemoration of the anniversary of the Constitution and to read "10 July 1330, national fete."

## UNITED STATES REVENUES

(Concluded.)

AND now comes a new thing for which to watch: in your catalogue you will see that stamps of the perforated issue are priced on "old" and on "silk" paper. Look at the dates of cancellation; all early dates will be on "old" paper, but, where the date is 1869 or later, examine carefully the paper upon which the stamps are printed. Not only may one find stamps printed upon the silk paper, but also

upon a very thick paper which is not catalogued. The thick paper was really used between the old and the silk. It can be recognized by the feeling. It is much thicker than either of the others. When you find a stamp dated 1870 or later, and which shows a very bright color, it is probably on "silk" paper. You know how the silk fibers show in the paper upon which a dollar bill is printed. "Silk" paper is paper in which there is silk fiber, but the particles are very small and very few as compared with those which appear in the dollar bill. They show most clearly on the back of the stamp, and often only one or two can be seen even with the aid of a magnifying-glass. When you find a piece showing on the back of a stamp, draw a circle around it with a lead-pencil and mark the stamp "silk." This will save you time in subsequent examinations. These later issues were often canceled with a die and blue ink. The die cuts into the paper deeply—often clear through. Be careful not to mistake these die cancellation marks in blue for silk fiber.

In this issue, the catalogue states, certain values were issued in violet. Such stamps are extremely prolific in shades, some of which suggest anything but violet. The \$2.50 is especially rich in shade varieties, and beautiful groupings of these may readily be made.

The so-called "Second Issue" appeared in 1871. Here, with the exception of the two highest values, the stamps are all blue in color, with black centers. In this series watch for inverted centers or heads upside down. Use care in removing these stamps from the documents. Do not soak them in water, as the center loses much of its color brightness if wet, the ink being semi-fugitive. In this issue try to get well-centered, bright-looking copies, uncanceled or with pen-cancellations. Most of these stamps come with die or "cut" cancellations. That is, the stamp is canceled by cutting the paper. The most common form of die cancellations is a series of V's, called the "herring-bone" cancellation. It is almost impossible to avoid this cancellation, but bear in mind that it is the least desirable.

The above remarks apply equally well to the "Third Issue," which consists of stamps with black centers; but the frame is in colors other than blue.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

THE "baby head" on the several issues of Cuba is that of King Alfonso of Spain. The same head appears also on the stamps of Spain, Philippines, and Porto Rico. The name Julia, which appears so plainly upon the head, is that of the engraver (E. Julia). It is not the name of the person represented. Indeed, the name Julia appears also on other Spanish issues, stamps bearing other faces. Never put a stamp into your album unless you are proud of it. If you follow this consistently, your stamps will always look well. On the other hand, putting in a torn or damaged, a heavily-canceled or off-center specimen, is a bad policy. You may tell yourself that you just put it in until you can get a better one. You are only deceiving yourself, for such a stamp often stays a long, long time, and is always a blemish to yourself and to all who look over your stamps. Stand firm for good specimens. It will pay you in the end.

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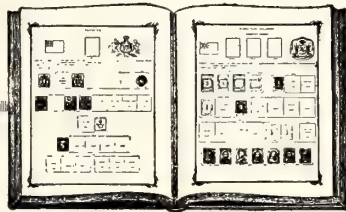
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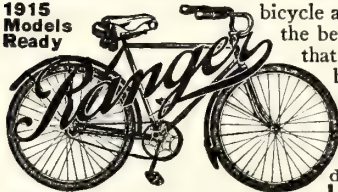
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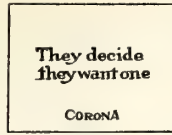
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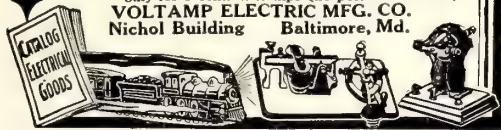
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# POLLY and PETER PONDS

(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of  
this story in last month's  
St. Nicholas and another  
next month*



PETER PONDS had no sooner been elected Vice-President of his class than things began to happen. First he was asked to make a speech acknowledging the great honor. Standing up before the whole class, which met in the Geography and History lecture-room, Peter felt very red in the face. This was the first speech he had ever made and he did n't know exactly what to say. In the back of the room, some of the older boys, led by Bill Conley, were pretending to be very much impressed with Peter's greatness, when all the time they were trying to embarrass him. They kept talking and laughing among themselves. And Peter kept getting more "fussed" all the time.

Finally, just as Peter began to speak, Bill

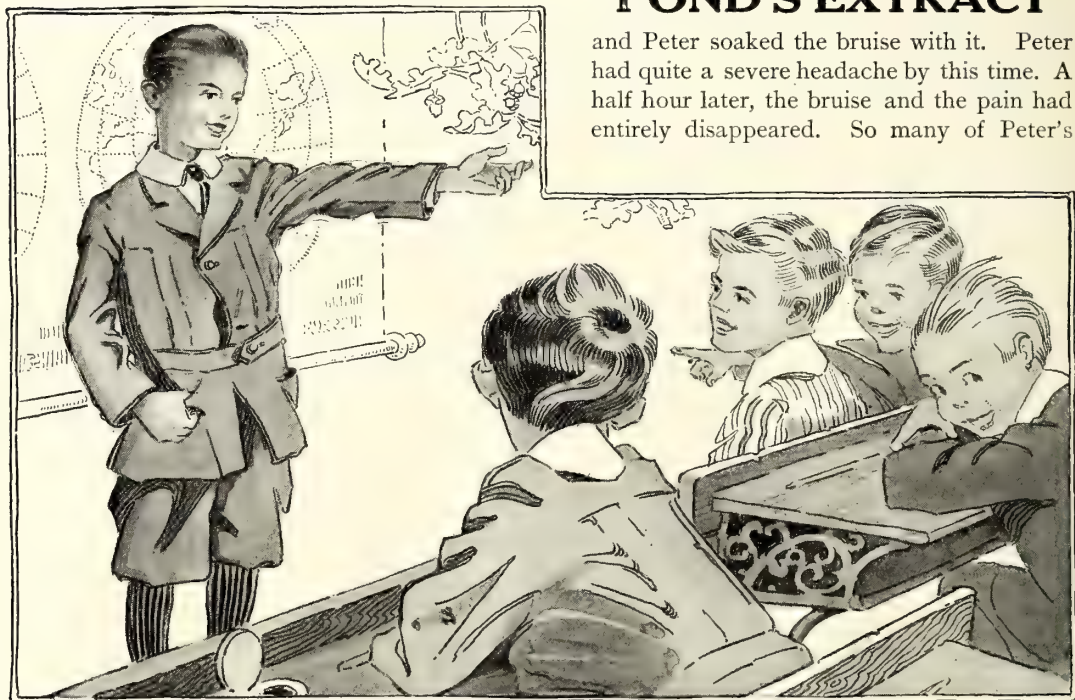
Conley "snapped" a small piece of chalk directly at Peter's head. Peter saw it coming but never budged. Afterward Bill said he only meant to hit his coat, but instead the chalk struck Peter squarely over his eye, and raised quite a large bump. Peter went right on talking just as if nothing had happened. He was n't a bit embarrassed either after that, but went on to tell the class how much there was for everybody to do so that the class of 1917 would do more for the school than any ever did before.

They applauded him like anything when he sat down, and the boys in the back of the room were the first to cheer him. Bill felt very sheepish, and, making the excuse that he had to go and "cram," left the room. He had good reason to "cram" too, having been left behind by his class because he failed in his exams. (We never told you that Peter had received a mark of 99 in a geography examination in this same room last June. He went around the world with his sister Polly, you remember, so he knew the subject almost well enough to write a geography himself.)

After Peter took his seat, one of the boys brought out his sample bottle of

## POND'S EXTRACT

and Peter soaked the bruise with it. Peter had quite a severe headache by this time. A half hour later, the bruise and the pain had entirely disappeared. So many of Peter's



classmates own a bottle of Pond's Extract that the other classes call the sophomores the "Pond's Extracts."

\* \* \* \* \*

The day after this Peter and Bill Conley were running against each other in the "440," when one of the "scrub" foot-ball team's "on-side kicks" came flying outside the field into the cinder track surrounding it. Bill did n't see it and it struck between his feet and tripped him. He fell quite heavily and got a lot of cinders in his hands and knees. Returning with him to the gymnasium, Peter forgot his own injury of the day before and treated Bill with Pond's Extract, which took out the sting and prevented infection too. They call Peter "Sam" now, short for "good Samaritan."

\* \* \* \* \*

The next day was Sunday. Peter and Polly each received several letters. The most interesting one read, "Dear Polly: I know Christmas is a long ways off, but nevertheless I am sending you a present. You will receive, by Parcels Post, a mysterious package. What it contains you will learn when you get it. When you discover its contents, you will be as pleased as Peter, to whom I am sending a similar package. If any of the girls in your school want one, ask them to write me, and I will send them each one." Peter's letter read like this only it said "Peter" instead of "Polly," and "boys" instead of "girls."

You can imagine how excited Peter and Polly were! Polly even wrote home to her mother that night, saying, "My! but we are glad to see the postman come. He has been only once to-day, but brought only letters" (as if letters were things to be despised!); "we girls nearly mobbed the poor man, who has promised to bring the package on his very first trip to-morrow."

\* \* \* \* \*

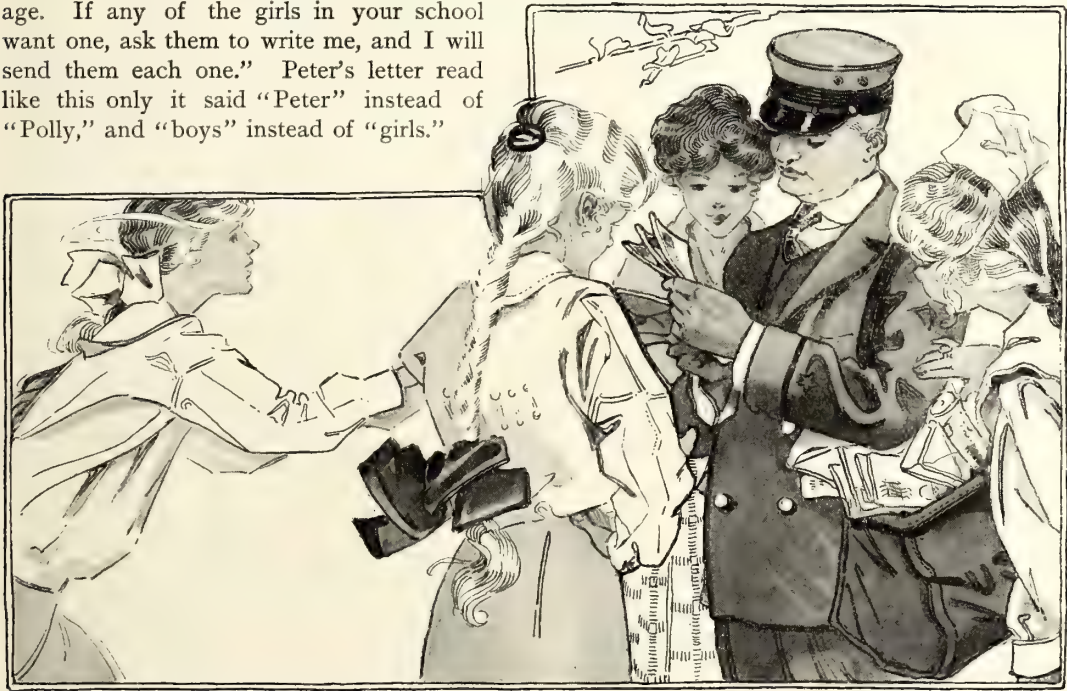
We shall not tell you any more about these mysterious packages until next month—but if you want to see one yourself, and have it for your own, just address Pond's Extract Company, 131 Hudson St., New York City, and say, "I read in ST. NICHOLAS about your sending Polly and Peter a surprise package; won't you send one to me too, please?" Then sign your name and address, mail your letter—and see what happens!

—

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

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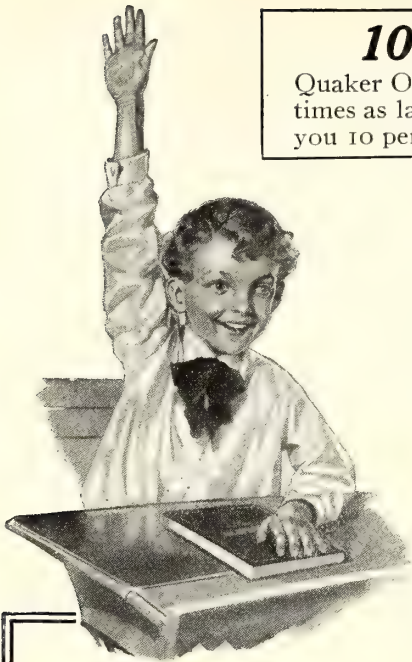
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You know that—all folks know it.

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# Quaker Oats

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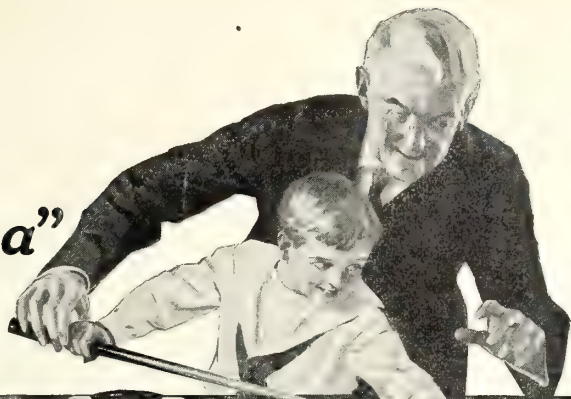
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We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

**10c and 25c per Package  
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(696)

# Teaching "Young America" To Shoot!



—yes, teaching him the love of home, fair sport and *clean companions*:

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—breaking up the corner "gang."

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"Baby Grand"  
Pocket Billiard Style

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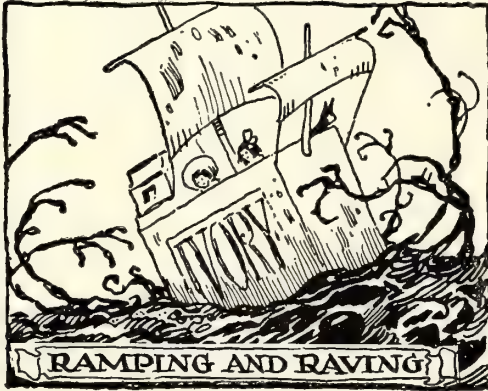
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OUR little Readers doubtless wish to learn what new disaster had now befallen IVORY Ship, and where hard Fate had cast her. That *pure, white* IVORY Ship had struck a Floating Island which was full of mussy mussiness and black as pitchy-pitch. That Island floated 'round the world on soiling errands bent. It slopped itself all over things no matter *where* it went.

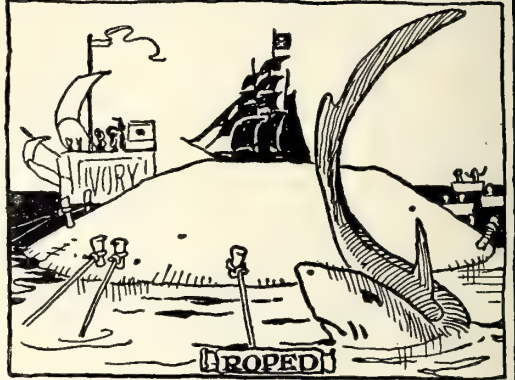
Of course, it was just "nuts" to it to meet the IVORY, and it just had a "pitchy fit" all over ocean sea. It flopped its mussy mass around; it flip-flopped here and there; it flounced and pounced and snorted forth its pitch black everywhere. It fought for life and dirtiness with desperation grim, for it knew well that IVORY SOAP would make an *end* of him.



But what of our brave Heroes as this Island ramped and raved? They only *shouted* lustily,—“Our IVORY *must* be saved.” Both Gnif and Bob smiled stoutly and Snip gave a fearless growl. Miss Betty tidied things a bit, and Pussy yowled a yowl. But MY! that ship was bumped about and thumped with gruesome thuds as that fierce Island humped its back and splashed its different muds.

That Island grunted muddily; it spurted and it gloated, but soon got awfully out of breath for IVORY Ship

## The Cruise of the IVORY SHIP. A BATTLE WITH THE ISLANDS.



still “*FLOATED.*” All 'round the ship the ocean sea was soiled with muddy bubbles. The sky looked down with sympathy for all these horrid troubles.

But just in time to save the ship and stop that horrid stew, UP sailed old Thrasher Fish and Whale and your nice Pirate Crew. There also came some Muddie Men (now very fond of scrubs), and lots of those clean children who sailed o'er the sea in tubs. They came to rescue IVORY Ship, and quick as quick could be, tied Floating Island tight with ropes and *lashed* it to the sea. And then with firm but gentle hands they scrubbed that Island so with IVORY SOAP, they made it *pure* and with sweet cleanness glow. Then Whale and Thrasher *spanked* it some and told it to be good. So Floating Island *thanked* them some and promised that he would.

Then there were great THANKSGIVING times, for IVORY SOAP had done its usual purifying task, another fight was won. All hands held hands with cleanly grip. Great was their pride and glory. What happened next to IVORY Ship is in your next good story.

“IVORY” BUBBLES ARE CURE FOR OUR TROUBLES.

IVORY SOAP  IT FLOATS

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(A MAGAZINE FOR  
LITTLE CHILDREN)

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Works with a rush  
When Old Dutch Cleanser  
speeds him —  
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And guards the hand  
that leads him



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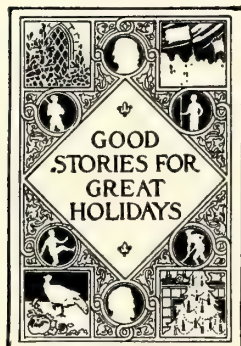
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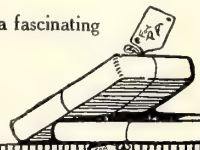
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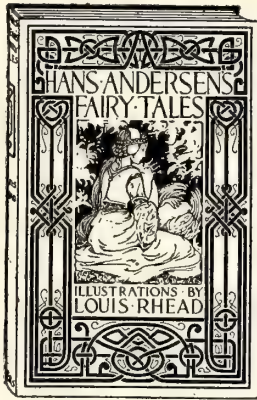
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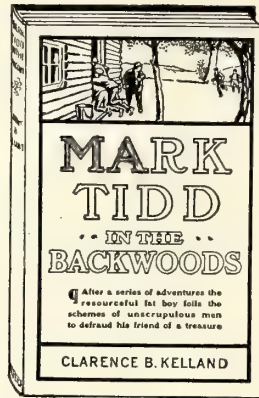
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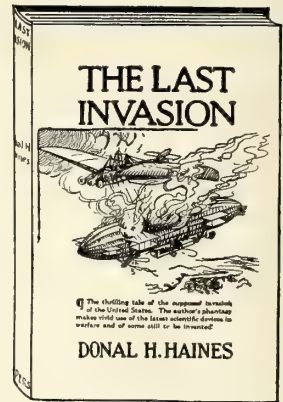


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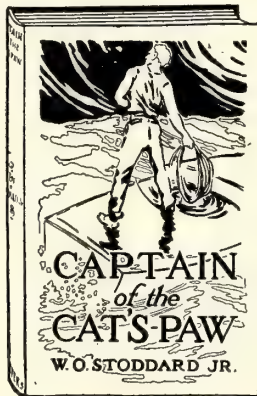


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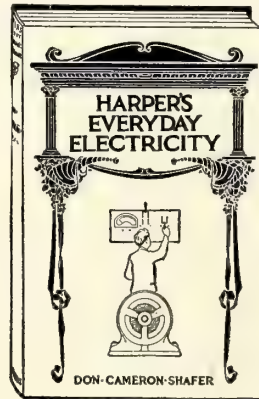
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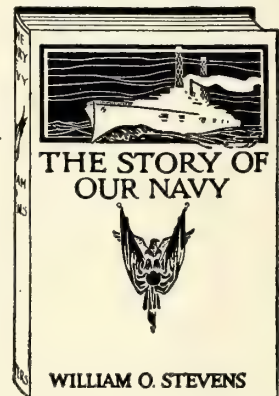
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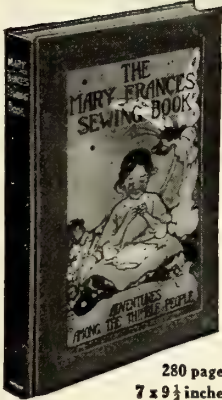
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But did you ever hear of *Better Babies*?

We don't mean, "Did you ever hear of better babies than those you know?" but "Did you ever hear of the Better Babies Bureau, the purpose of which is to make Better Babies?"

We will tell you about it right here because it is very interesting indeed.

Let us go back to the beginning.

Many years ago a magazine was organized to help your mother and all the other boys' and girls' mothers. It was called the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION*, and ever since it has been telling more people every year things that only specialists can find out. You see, the *COMPANION* is really many people, each one an expert in one thing. They would like to call at your house every month; but there are hundreds of thousands of other families who want to hear from them every month, too, and, goodness gracious, they can't go to see every one of them! So they send the *COMPANION* instead.

And of course the *COMPANION* prints many things just for you.

But what has all this to do with *Better Babies*?

Well, about two years ago the *WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION* wanted to do something *more* for the families who read it. They thought a long time about it. Who needs the most help? Why, the helpless, of course. And who are the most helpless? Why, the babies, of course.

So they organized the Better Babies Bureau.

Its purpose is to advise mothers as to the feeding, clothing, and general care of babies, so that they may become Better Babies, healthier, rosier, rounder, and happier.



In the last two years, over two hundred thousand babies have been examined by the Better Babies Bureau. Think of that!

In these two years the Bureau has taught many mothers that delicate babies can become strong babies if given the right kind of care. Hygiene is quite a hard word to pronounce. (Hy-gi-ene is accented on the first syllable, and is pronounced as if it were spelled: high-ji-en.) Hygiene is quite a hard thing to practise too. It requires much time and patience. But, my! what a lot of difference it makes to the baby!

You know hygiene means caring properly for the baby's welfare. Mothers want to care that way for their babies, but haven't known just what was *best*.

Now a staff of experts has been engaged by the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION to give mothers the most authoritative advice obtainable. Personal letters will be sent to all readers of the COMPANION who wish advice on the care and feeding of their babies. Letters received by the Better Babies Bureau will be answered by the person on the staff who has the specific knowledge needed. So a reply may come from an eminent specialist in children's diseases, a trained nurse, a specialist in dietetics (a hard and very important word that means the science of selecting and preparing foods), or any one of a number of experts.

Think of measuring babies by a score card!

That is what the Better Babies Bureau does.

If there are any children in your family or in some other family near you, ask the baby's mother to read this story about Better Babies. Tell her we will send all the necessary information free of charge, so the baby can enter a Better Babies contest. If the baby doesn't win a prize, the mother will learn just why, and what to do to foster the baby's physical and mental development.

#### WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP THE BETTER BABIES MOVEMENT?

Tell all the mothers you can about it.

Tell them the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION for December (page 29) will tell them just what to do.

So if you want to help make babies healthier, rounder, rosier, and happier, you know just what to do.

## WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

*Remember—December!*





# The Century

## in 1915

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will be a magazine whose horizon is the world. It will deal first with Life, and secondly with Literature,—its keynote, *Sincerity*; its aim, to follow the frontiers of human progress.

### The Fiction

Will include several serials, to be announced later, one by Jean Webster, author of "Daddy-Long-Legs." The short stories will present the brilliant, the unusual, and the humorous side of life. Among the contributors:

RUDYARD KIPLING  
ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT  
HARVEY O'HIGGINS  
ALICE HEGAN RICE

CAROLINE DUER  
JEAN WEBSTER  
JULIAN STREET  
ESTELLE LOOMIS

JENNETTE LEE  
KATHARINE F. GEROULD  
ALGERNON BLACKWOOD  
MAX BEERBOHM

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER  
HOLWORTHY HALL  
STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN  
MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

### A War Story

with children in it

by Rudyard Kipling, in January number.

### THE WAR AND THE CENTURY

Present readers know how THE CENTURY is treating the war—interpreting what lies back of the bare facts of bulletin and despatch. This is well exemplified in the beautiful December number. Two of the articles in the January CENTURY bearing on the war will be:

#### Russia and the Open Sea

By EDWIN D. SCHOONMAKER

Author of "The Saxons" and "The Americans," and of the article in the December CENTURY, "From Caesar to Kaiser." Russia is the great enigma in the European war: no one knows what she means to do, or whether her demands will not bring on another conflict when this is finished. The author regards the war as the result of Russia's long attempt to gain territory on the open sea.

#### Old Paris and New France

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

As a successor to "Germany's Destiny" in the November CENTURY, Samuel P. Orth has written "Old Paris and New France," describing the problems that the outbreak of war has forced upon France. France and French culture and civilization are of inestimable worth to the world.



# The Christmas Century

Cover in brilliant color by Will Bradley.  
Beautiful pages in color by Paul J. Meylan,  
Lester G. Hornby, W. T. Benda, Maginell  
Wright Enright, John Sloan, Thelma Cudlipp

## Our "Visionary" President

An interpretation of Woodrow Wilson. By George Creel.

## France, 1914

An artist's diary of the first days of the war in Brittany, Paris, and Havre. By Lester G. Hornby. With illustrations—two in full color—by the author.

## If Germany Loses

A forecast of events if Germany meets defeat. By an English Privy Councilor, and one of the greatest military authorities in England.

## Russia a Nation United by War

A striking picture of the remarkable changes wrought in the internal affairs of Russia. By a well-known English author who was with a Russian officer during the recent mobilization.

## Christmas pictures, Christmas verse, Christmas fiction

Second instalment of James Lane Allen's "The Sword of Youth," and six capital short stories by well-known writers. Jean Webster's continuation of "Daddy-Long-Legs" will be an early serial.

**Special Christmas gift offer: Fourteen months of The Century for \$4.00**

(The Century for 1915, the beautiful Christmas number, and the November Century with the first chapters of James Lane Allen's story.)

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York.

Enclosed find \$4.00, for which send The Century for 1915 (and November and December of 1914 free) to

Name.....

Address.....



# Make this a Book Christmas for the Young Folks

## Andersen's Fairy Tales

Mr. Walker's illustrations for these fairy-tale classics, by reason of their poetic quality and exquisite detail, make this volume one of the most truly artistic gift books of the Holiday Season.

*12 illustrations in color, many in black and white. Net \$1.50*

## Books that will Delight Boys

### By Edward Cave

#### The Boy's Camp Book

A book that tells just those little things about camping that make it a pleasure rather than quite the reverse.

*Illustrated. Net 50 cents*

#### The Boy Scout's Hike Book

Everything a boy wants to know when he goes for a long hike. What to take and what not to, how to pack properly, and a thousand and one other hints.

*Illustrated. Net 50 cents*



*From "Scouting With Daniel Boone"*

### Scouting With Daniel Boone

By Everett T. Tomlinson

*Vol. I, in the Pioneer Scout Series*

To every boy the name of Daniel Boone immediately brings the thought of adventure. Doctor Tomlinson here tells the exciting adventures of two young boys while on their way from the Yadkin Valley in North Carolina to Boone's beloved "Kantuckee" in company with the great scout. It's a lucky boy that finds this book in his stocking Christmas morning.

*Illustrated by Norman Rockwell  
Net \$1.20*

## The Boy's Book of New Inventions

By Harry E. Maule

The adventures of a boy who went to the workshops of inventors, aviators, electricians, and photographers. The chapters on aviation and war inventions are entirely revised to include the new methods and progress made as shown by the present war.

*63 illustrations. Net \$1.60*

## Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye

### The Wonderful Adventures of Nils

By Selma Lagerlöf

Translated by Velma Swanston Howard

Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye

Not since "Alice in Wonderland" has a book been so loved by all children.

*26 illustrations in color. Net \$2.50*

### Myths Every Child Should Know

Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie

Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye

These imperishable tales which have delighted children the world over, receive fresh and original treatment in Miss Frye's hands. *10 illustrations in color, 10 in black and white. Boxed, net \$2.00.*

## The Children's Book of Christmas Stories

By Asa Don Dickinson  
and Ada M. Skinner

To paraphrase the "The Three Bears Story"—Some of the stories are for little, weeny, tiny children—some are for middle-size children, and some are for great bi-ig children. But all of them are for really truly children only. Among them you'll recognize old favorites.

*Frontispiece. Net \$1.25*

### Penrod

By Booth Tarkington

The story of a boy that has been one of the best sellers for grown-ups this year. The boys will like it just as well.

*Illustrated. Net \$1.25  
Leather edition, Net \$1.50*

## The Children's Crimson Classics

Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith

A collection of prose and poetry for young readers which is generally conceded to have a quality of imaginative appeal never equalled.

### List of Volumes

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*Net \$1.25*

Tales of Wonder

*Net \$1.50*

Tales of Laughter

*Net \$1.35*

Pinafore Palace

*Net \$1.35*

Magic Casements

*Net \$1.35*

The Posy Ring

*Net \$1.25*

The Talking Beasts

*Net \$1.25*

Golden Numbers

*Net \$2.00*

### New Revised Edition

## The Boy Scout's Official Handbook

Entirely revised, and with 56 pages of new material, including new Boy Scout requirements.

*Net 25 cents*

Published by DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N. Y.



To all the boys  
and girls who read

## ST. NICHOLAS

A happy Christmas  
and a glad New Year



To all Fathers and Mothers,  
and Aunts and Uncles, everywhere:  
Make this a richer Christmas for all the girls and  
boys you love by giving them ST. NICHOLAS, best  
and best-loved of all magazines for young folk

Remember, Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince"  
(see next page) began in the November St. Nicholas, and  
will run throughout the twelve months of the new volume



# Frances Hodgson Burnett's THE LOST PRINCE



By a curious coincidence, as it seems, at the present crisis when Servia has been used as the torch to set all the world in flames, it was certain characteristics of old Servian history which first suggested Frances Hodgson Burnett's story "The Lost Prince," now running through twelve months of ST. NICHOLAS.

A Servian friend was describing to her the ancient days when the country was a beautiful pastoral land, whose shepherds made noble songs and whose people were a race of heroic stature and much beauty. The details of the later history of its tragedy, struggles and changing dynasty were, to Mrs. Burnett, both moving and picturesque.

This happened some years ago, and the story which evolved itself from the incident is "The Lost Prince."

*"If one's mind would build up a country something like that—a land of dethroned kings and homeless descendants of emperors, enthralling romances might grow out of it," she said. "Sometime I shall find a story of one of them telling itself to me."*

Mrs. Burnett wrote the earlier chapters last year when she was in the Bavarian Alps, and laid it aside to be completed when she returned to America in the spring. The imaginary country ancient Servia suggested, she called "Samavia." And the Prince was lost five hundred years before the story begins, in the roaring Marylebone Road in London.

Can you imagine a happier gift than the twelve months of St. Nicholas containing the whole story of "The Lost Prince"?

*Just a few of the good things coming in the*  
**January ST. NICHOLAS**

New chapters of  
**Frances Hodgson Burnett's**  
**The Lost Prince**

Can you wait for it? And aren't the pictures as fascinating as the story?

First chapters of  
**The Boarded-up House**

By Augusta Huiell Seaman

A new mystery story for girls, full of excitement and thrills, telling what happened when two young girls applied some Sherlock Holmes principles.

**Little Queen of Twelfth-Night**

By Katharine Elise Chapman

A pretty tale of a young girl's largess and of birthday revels at Penthaven Castle.

**Tommy and the Wishing-Stone**

*Being the story of why Peter Rabbit has one less enemy*

By Thornton W. Burgess, who writes the "Bed-time Stories" which all boys and girls love

**Among Alaska's Animals**

By Captain John M. Ellicott



**St. Nicholas in the Library**

A special committee of the librarians of Massachusetts recently prepared a list of fifty magazines, which they recommended for smaller libraries. These fifty periodicals were arranged in groups of ten, to cover the demands of libraries subscribing to ten, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty periodicals.

ST. NICHOLAS was numbered among the *first ten* of the fifty magazines.



## The boys and girls who read St. Nicholas during 1915 will have the benefit of

Nearly 1200 pages of carefully-selected reading-matter, especially adapted to the interests, tastes, and needs of active, bright-minded young folks, between the ages of three and eighteen. Included in this, the ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl gains, during a single year, the equivalent of fully



**Half a Dozen Books for Young Readers** in the form of long stories, written especially for them by the best writers of juvenile fiction. *Besides* these serials, ST. NICHOLAS furnishes to its readers annually more than

**200 pages** of short stories, beautifully illustrated,

**200 pages** of up-to-date, interesting, illustrated articles,

**150 pages** of clean jollity and rollicking fun, in rhymes, jingles, and pictures,

**100 pages** of contributions relating to Nature and Science,

**100 pages** of contributions to the St. Nicholas League, comprising prose, verse, photographs, and drawings sent us by the young folk themselves (and some of them amazingly clever); and

**150 pages** of art masterpieces, including drawings by the very best illustrators of the day, as well as numerous reproductions of paintings by the world's most famous artists.

## So crown the Christmas stockings you fill with ST. NICHOLAS

Twelve months of happiness—a new Christmas the first day of every month—and Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Lost Prince" complete—for only \$3.00. Your newsdealer will take the subscription, or send direct to the publishers:

Union Square

THE CENTURY CO.

New York

If you want the Christmas gift-card too, use this coupon

THE CENTURY CO.,  
Union Square, New York.

Please send ST. NICHOLAS for one year (and the gift-card to arrive Christmas morning) to

Name.....

Address.....

Make books your Christmas gifts to all the boys and girls you love



For the girl of sixteen

# Phyllis

By

Maria Thompson Daviess

Who has never grown out of Girlhood Land

Author of

"The Melting of Molly"

"The Tinder Box"

"Sue Jane," etc.



Phyllis grew to be almost sixteen with only a multi-millionaire father and an invalid mother and never a friend in the wide world until she went to Byrdsville, Tenn., where suddenly things began to happen to her all at once. Then all the girls loved and adopted her at once; and the boys began to trust her as they did themselves and each other, which is a great thing for any girl; and the first real good times of her life began. Reading about them makes you happy.

*There are eight full-page pictures by Percy D. Johnson; and the price is \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents*

## Sue Jane

Sue Jane is a real little girl. Miss Daviess says she knew her once upon a time; and this story of what happened when Sue Jane with her country clothes and ways invaded a fashionable girls' boarding-school is true. Why not the two books for that growing-up daughter or niece?

*Pictures by Furman—eight full-page. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents*

The twenty-first printing

## Lady Jane

A children's classic

By Cecile Viets Jamison

A book of unusual freshness and charm, the story of a dear little girl whose beauty and sweet ways and genius for winning love brought her many experiences.

*Reginald Birch's pictures are quaint and fascinating. Price \$1.50*

*Your bookseller will be glad to show you these books*

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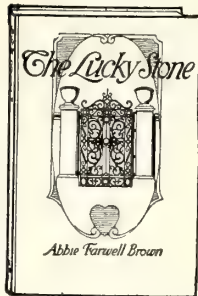
New York



Christmas  
stocking  
books



for boys  
and  
girls



## The Lucky Stone

Abbie Farwell Brown wrote it

If you read it in ST. NICHOLAS, you will want the book; and if you missed it in ST. NICHOLAS, you will just have to have the book. (There is more in the book than there was in ST. NICHOLAS.) For those who don't know—it is the story of how a little tenement girl's dreams came true in most surprising and delightful fashion.

The book has thirteen full-page illustrations—such charming pictures as only Reginald Birch makes for children's books.

*Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents*

## Beatrice of Denewood and The Lucky Sixpence

By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe

Every boy and girl who is reading "Peg o' the Ring" should have these two books. Each tale is complete in itself; but both are set in the later days of the Revolutionary War, and many of the same characters appear in both. They give an unusually vivid picture of the people and events of these stirring times.

*Very attractively illustrated both. Price, each, \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents*

## Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman

By Annie Fellows Johnston, most widely read and loved of writers for children since Louisa Alcott

A joy of a Christmas gift book, with a lovely Christmas cover and altogether delightful illustrations, the frontispiece in color by Reginald Birch.

It is the kind of a little book you delight to give to the child—or children—nearest your heart, and then you will read it together by the fire—all through at the first sitting—and again and again. And you and the children will love it equally.

*Price \$1.00 net, postage 10 cents*

## Donald and Dorothy

By Mary Mapes Dodge, the children's friend

Not a new book, but always new in its power to interest and delight every boy and girl—the story of a sister and a brother—fine, sweet, true.

*Pictures. Price \$1.50*

## Master Skylark

By John Bennett

Young people will get a truer idea of the life of Shakspeare's day from this delightful story than from many a serious volume.

*The pictures by Reginald Birch are among the book's delights. Price \$1.50*

If you are Christmas-gift buying for any boy or girl, send for The Century Co.'s Christmas Catalogue with its classified list of books for young folks of all ages. You can see the books at your bookseller's.

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New York

## Fine books these for the boys' Christmas stockings

For other splendid books for boys of all ages see the Classified List which is part of The Century Co.'s attractive new holiday catalogue—a treasure house of information for anyone who ever buys books for boys or girls. Sent to any address on post card request.

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New York



## The Runaway

By Allen French, author of "The Junior Cup," etc.

The man who wrote this story of boy and girl adventure has three children of his own, and they enjoyed it immensely as their father read it aloud to them before he sent it to the publishers.

It is the story of swiftly-moving events in a small Massachusetts town, with a thrilling—and very satisfactory—climax. Start reading it aloud and all the family will sit up nights to finish it.

*Relyea made the illustrations—ten full page. Price \$1.25 net, postage 10 cents*

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They are all wholesome, jolly books, full of outdoor fun, which boys and girls read with almost equal pleasure.

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By C. H. Claudy

Give it to every lad who is a base-ball fan. (What lad is n't?) A book which gets at the heart of the great American game, and tells of it from a boy's standpoint—every page snappy and alive. The author himself is "crazy about base-ball."

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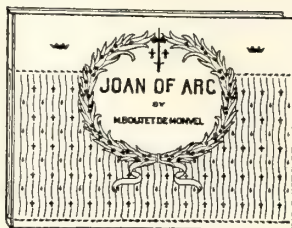
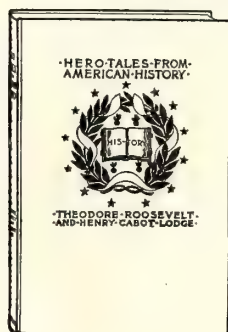
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For Every Boy — And Most Girls



## More Than Conquerors

By Ariadne Gilbert

A book which makes its readers friends with Lincoln, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Emerson, Agassiz, Phillips Brooks, Washington Irving, Beethoven, Pasteur, Robert Louis Stevenson, Saint-Gaudens, Edwin Booth, Thackeray, showing how these noble souls won success only after overcoming obstacles and handicaps which would have daunted weaker spirits. The book has many chapters which have not appeared in ST. NICHOLAS. A treasure house of inspiration.

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By Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge

There can be no more stimulating companionship for any young person than that of the truly great men of our country; and there is no better book of hero tales than this. There are twenty-six of these tales, simply told stories of Americans who showed that they knew how to live and how to die, who proved their truth by their endeavor.

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By Helen Nicolay

An ideal gift book for every boy and girl who does not yet own this book. In choice of incident and event, in accuracy, in sympathy, in vivid interest, it stands, and will stand, as the ideal life of Lincoln for young people.

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Put this on your picked Christmas list too

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### The Jungle Book

Whatever else the children's library owns or lacks, be sure it has the inexhaustible delights of Kipling's "The Jungle Book" and "The Second Jungle Book." There are no books to take their place, no books so rich in the wonder and mystery and charm of the great open and its life.

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With all the fascination of "The Jungle Book," and unusually fortunate in its illustrations. Head- and tail-pieces, initials, and decorations, happily and quaintly and sympathetically made by John Lockwood Kipling, the author's father. In green cloth, \$1.50. In flexible red leather, \$1.50 net, postage 5 cents.

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This is Kipling's story of how a rich man's son—picked up out of the ocean by a fishing dory—found himself. Every boy should make friends with it. Pictures by Taber. In two editions: green cloth, \$1.50. Limp red leather, \$1.50 net, postage 5 cents.

And Ernest Thompson Seton's Fascinating Books

### The Biography of a Grizzly

Just about the most wonderful animal story ever written—saving and excepting always those masterpieces of genius, the Jungle Books. It is a true story—we have Mr. Seton's word for that—but it has the magic of imagination on every page.

*Its pictures make it a never-ending joy; they are the author's. Price \$1.50*

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The story, from his cubhood to his splendid prime, of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and his happy, adventurous life among the Goldur Hills.

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A beautiful edition of one of the great world books. A gift book of enduring value. Forty quaint drawings by E. Boyd Smith. Page borders printed in tint.

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"The greatest of magazines for boys and girls of all ages."

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The twelve monthly numbers in two large 8vo volumes. Beautifully bound in gay red covers, richly decorated. How children do love them!

*One thousand pages. One thousand pictures. The two volumes, \$4.00*

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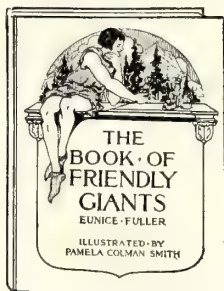
New York



Christmas Stocking Books  
sure of the warmest of warm welcomes

## The Book of Friendly Giants

A collection of the best giant legends retold from the original sources by Eunice Fuller



Tales of giants have always had a fascination; but these are delicious folk-lore tales of friendly giants—all with that touch of improbability which has made such tales as "Jack and the Beanstalk" dear to generations of children. Some of the legends contained in this book have been published in *ST. NICHOLAS*; but the book has twelve legends and quantities of pictures. The illustrations are of unusual quality—the work of Pamela Colman Smith, who has won fame as an illustrator of fanciful tales both in England and America.

*Price \$2.00 net, postage 10 cents*

## Russian Wonder Tales

An ideal gift book for almost any age—dear old once-upon-a-time stories of adventure in which all kinds of delightfully impossible things happen.

Twelve lovely and unusual pictures in color, made originally for the Imperial Russian edition by the famous Russian artist Bilibin. Attractive binding.

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## The Bible for Young People

Every mother has wished for such a book as this—a Bible within the understanding of young children yet retaining the accepted text. Here it is, beautifully illustrated from famous paintings by the Old Masters. 475 pages of easy-to-read text, handsome red binding.

*Price \$1.50 net*



## The Queen Silver-Bell Books

By Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "The Lost Prince,"  
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Deliciously whimsical and fascinating are these "Queen Silver-Bell" fairy tales, dainty, quaint stories in which Queen Silver-Bell tells all about how she lost her temper, and, to prove to mortals that there are fairies, sets out to write of their funny, pretty, helpful pranks and doings. And these are her stories:

### Queen Silver-Bell

Telling not only how the tiny queen lost her fairy temper and the dire results thereof, but of "How Winnie Hatched the Little Rooks."

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All about a delightful family of lovable children and even more lovable dolls, as dear a story as was ever written.

*Four exquisite little books, each with twenty pictures in color by Harrison Cady. Price 60 cents each*  
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A most delightful bit of nonsense—imagine a cozy lion—with the fantastic and tender strain in the telling characteristic of Mrs. Burnett.

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Dear little Bunch, and the dear, dear Primrose World, and the beautiful Primrose Day party, all appeal to the heart of every child.

Booksellers everywhere have these books. Published by

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Remember, too, these  
Christmas  
Stocking  
Books

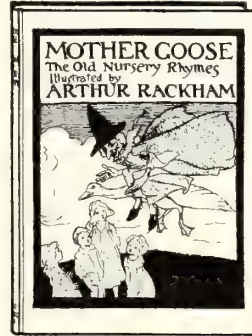


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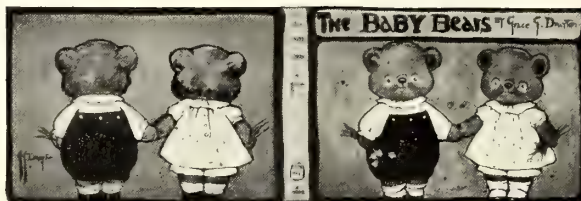
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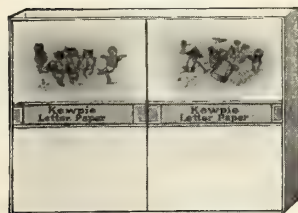
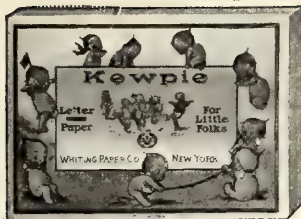
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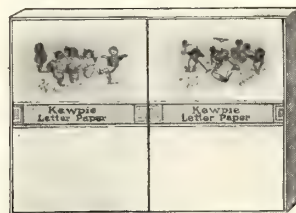
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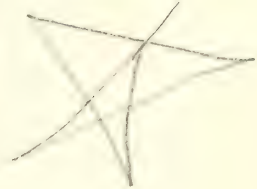
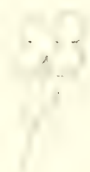
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

DECEMBER, 1914

NO. 2

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## LEONARD'S ENGLISH CHRISTMAS

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Mr. Opp," etc.

OF all the lonesome people in London, I suppose Leonard Vincent was just about the loneliest! He sat with his feet tucked under him in the stiff window-seat in Miss Meeks' stiff drawing-room, and looked down disconsolately into the wet, dreary street. Three weeks before, he and his mother had come over from America to England for a joyful holiday, and no sooner had they landed than his mother was seized with a fever and carried away to a great hospital, and he was left in charge of Miss Meeks, the strange landlady.

Miss Meeks meant to be very kind; she saw that he was properly clothed and fed, and she tried, in a way, to amuse him, but she did not know any more about little boys than she did about little lions, or little tigers, or other little wild animals.

As Leonard sat watching the raindrops trickle down the pane and thought about his mother and what a long time she had been away, he could not keep from crying a little, even if he was nine years old, and the captain of a ball team when he was at home.

"Now, Leonard," said Miss Meeks, bustling into the room, "you stop that moping this minute! Did n't I give you permission to look at the books on the table if your hands were clean?"

"Yes 'm, but I've already looked at them."

"Would you like to cut things out with scissors?" she asked vaguely.

Leonard shook his head; he had done that two years ago, when he was seven.

"Well, you can't sit there moping all day. Why don't you go out for a walk; it is n't raining enough to matter."

"Where can I go?"

"Oh, dear, what a tiresome boy! Have n't I told you you could go as far as the park one way, and down to the Embankment the other? Just be sure to mind the crossings, and be home by five."

Leonard reluctantly put on his hat and coat and started forth. On sunny days he often went to St. James's Park and wistfully watched the children playing on the banks of the stream, or hung over the charts of water-fowls along the walk, trying to find the different names of the fat birds that waddled about in the bushes. But to-day he knew it would be cold and lonesome in the park, and even the ducks would be under cover, so he turned listlessly toward the Embankment.

The Victoria Embankment is the river-front along the Thames, and Leonard usually liked to watch the boats that came and went, and the funny two-storied street-cars, and the soldiers that sometimes marched there. But to-day he was not interested in any of these sights. There was just one thing in the world that he wanted, and that was his mother!

As he walked along blinking very hard, and trying to swallow the lump that would come in his throat, he suddenly stumbled over something on the pavement.

Looking down, he saw it was a wooden leg,





"THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT IS THE RIVER-FRONT ALONG THE THAMES."

and it belonged to an old man who was drawing wonderful pictures in colored chalk on the pavement.

"So sorry, sir," said the old man, hunching himself back against the wall, quite as if he were used to apologizing for being stepped on.

Leonard immediately became interested; in the first place, he had never before been called "sir," and, in the second, he had made the exciting discovery that the old man's other leg was wooden, too!

After he had stood watching for some time, the old man looked up:

"Do ye like 'em?" he asked.

For a moment, Leonard did not know whether he meant the wooden legs or the pictures, but the kindly look on the old face reassured him.

"'Course I do," he said heartily; "I think you can draw fine."

"Well, hit ain't whut ye might say high hart, but hit turns me a' honest penny."

By this time, Leonard had squatted down beside him, and was watching the magic growth of a cottage that neither Queen Anne nor any other queen would have answered for architecturally.

"Hit 's all in the knowin' 'ow," the old man continued. "You l'arn 'ow to make a 'ouse, an' ye l'arn 'ow to make a ship, an' a tree mayhap, an' then you mixes of 'em up haccordin' to yer fancy. If hit 's a sunset scene you 're haimin'

at, you gives 'em a pink tint, but if hit 's moonlight, you makes 'em blue."

"How do you make the moon so round?"

"Well, some favors usin' a shilling for the purpose, but I most generally does it with a carper, that bein', as you might say, more 'andy like."

"Is this one going to be a moonlight scene?" asked Leonard.

"Yes, sir, a moonlight marine. This 'ere effect is a boat."

"I knew it!" cried Leonard, triumphantly; "why don't you put a name on the side of it?"

"I ain't awerse," said the old man, obligingly, "whut name would ye favor?"

"The U. S. A.," said Leonard; "and, if you don't mind, I think it would be awful nice to do the letters in red, white, and blue."

"Right-o!" said the old man, suiting the action to the word. "Whut might your name be, lad?"

"Leonard Vincent. What 's yours?"

"Whurtle, old Jim Whurtle. I been 'Old' Jim Whurtle for a quarter of a century."

By this time, Leonard was sitting flat on the pavement beside Mr. Whurtle, watching every movement of the chalk with flattering absorption.

"Do you make people as good as you do boats?" he asked, almost reverently.

"Well, I can't say as I don't," replied Mr. Whurtle, modestly; "I do Mr. Gladstone, an' Lord Kitchener, an' Lloyd George."



"And not George Washington?" asked Leonard, incredulously, "or Teddy?"

"Who 's Teddy?"

"Why, Mr. Roosevelt, of course. Anybody can do him if they have a piece of chalk. I can"

The hint was not taken, and Leonard's ability as an artist was not put to the test. But he stayed on, nevertheless, watching the growth of one wonderful masterpiece after another, until Big Ben reminded him that it was time to be going home.

Big Ben is the great clock in the high tower that rises over the Houses of Parliament, and it rules the comings and goings of everybody in that part of London. It is not just an ordinary clock, for it has a wonderful set of chimes called the Westminster chimes, and every fifteen minutes all through the day and night, it sings out the passing hour.

"Well, I 'll have to be going," said Leonard, reluctantly; "will you be here to-morrow?"

Mr. Whurtle lay down his chalk and looked far off into space.

"Aye, lad," he said, "to-morrow, an' the next day, an' the day followin'."

"How early in the morning?" asked Leonard.

"Not afore noon. Mr. Minny fetches me 'ere in 'is cart on 'is second round, an' comes by fer me ag'in long about sundown."

"Who is Mr. Minny?"

"He 's the ash man that lives alongside o' me."

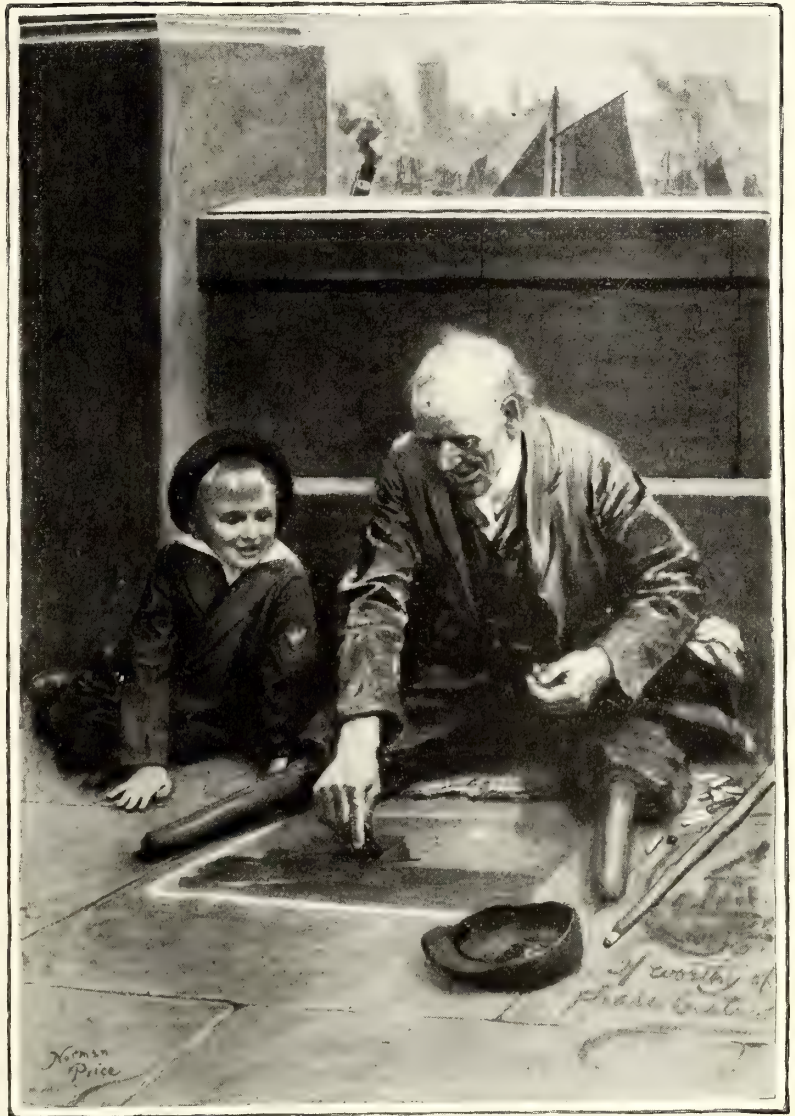
"And can't you go home if you want to? Not even if it 's raining like every-thing?"

Mr. Whurtle shook his head: "The rain ain't whut you 'd say harf bad. I ain't made o' sugar, nor yet salt, that I 'd melt in a bit of wetting. Hit 's the cold that counts."

"Anyhow," said Leonard, cheerfully, "you can't get rheumatism in your legs, can you?" And at

this Mr. Whurtle laughed for the first time, a silent, fat laugh, that shook his brown waistcoat up and down and sent the wrinkles running all over his kind old face.

From this time on, Leonard ceased to be the



"THIS 'ERE EFFECT IS A BOAT."

loneliest little boy in London; in fact, he became a very busy and interested boy, and all because he had discovered a friend. Every morning he practised with his own crayons at home, and, as soon as lunch was over, he hurried down to the Embankment to find Mr. Whurtle, and to watch the new pictures that were drawn each day on the pavement.



After the regulation moonlight effect, and snow scene, and marine view, with an occasional portrait or bunch of grapes interspersed, had been drawn, and each neatly framed in a flourishing scroll, the two would sit with their backs to the wall and wait for pennies to fall into the cap that Mr. Whurtle laid invitingly handy.

"I ain't never stooped to holdin' of hit out," he would say proudly. "I 've seen the time when the day was long, an' no supper at the end of hit, but I 'd say to meself, 'Leave the cap lay, Jim Whurtle; ye are *workin'* fer yer livin', not beggin'."

Yet Leonard could see that Mr. Whurtle looked rather downcast and sad on the days when the pennies failed to come.

While they waited, they discussed all sorts of interesting things, and Leonard discovered that Mr. Whurtle knew the answers to more questions than any one he had ever talked to. He never said he did not know, or told a little boy to be still. He knew where the boats on the river came from and where they were going, he knew how birds build their nests, and what makes the light in a firefly, and why policemen wear helmets; he even ventured to say where the wind went when it was not blowing, and whether or not God had a wife. Leonard asked him all the questions that had been bottled up in him since his mother went to the hospital, and each evening he thought up a lot more to ask him the following day.

The most exciting discovery he made was that Mr. Whurtle had once been a fireman and had lost his legs when a roof crashed in on a burning tenement.

"Ye would n't think now," said Mr. Whurtle, in ending the story, "that them very cobblestones there in the street has struck fire to the 'oofs of me 'orses, as I braced me two good legs ag'inst the engine an' let 'em 'ave their 'eads clean from Number Three Engine-house to the Parlymint Buildin's. Aye, lad, I was young then, an' the blood was 'ot in me veins. I can feel the wind in me face now, an' the strength in me harms, an' 'ear the poundin' of them 'orses' feet."

"Don't it make you awful sorry, Mr. Whurtle?" Leonard had asked, and then Mr. Whurtle had cleared his throat, and said:

"Per'aps it war n't so bad fer me, lad. I was young an' reckless in them days, an' my legs they carried me many a place I 'ad no right to be. Per'aps the good God seen the chanct to save me by takin' away the legs that was carryin' me to the bad."

Leonard did not tell Miss Meeks about Mr. Whurtle. Miss Meeks liked people to be very clean and proper, and he was quite sure she

would not approve of a person who sat on the pavement and had no legs. Mother, of course, would understand, and he could scarcely wait for the time when he could tell her all about his new friend, and give her the many pictures he had made for her during her absence.

"There 's only one more week now to wait," Miss Meeks said to him one afternoon as he was starting off. "The nurse telephoned that your mother was sitting up a wee bit, and they hoped to let her out of the hospital by Christmas Day."

Leonard ran all the way to the Embankment. He knew Mr. Whurtle would be glad, and 'he was eager to share the good news with him. But, when he arrived, Mr. Whurtle was nowhere to be seen. Instead, a small crowd was gathered about an ambulance wagon, into which two men in uniform were carefully lifting a stretcher. Just as he managed to wriggle his way to the front, a policeman slammed the door of the wagon in the face of the crowd, and ordered the driver to go ahead.

"What 's the matter?" demanded Leonard, breathlessly, but, as usual, nobody noticed him. He heard something about "a runaway horse," and "an old party," and "nothing serious," and then the crowd melted away faster than it had gathered, and he was left alone gazing at a small square of carpet that lay by the wall, covered with lumps of gaily colored chalk.

Those were Mr. Whurtle's things, there was no doubt of that, but where was Mr. Whurtle? Then the truth dawned upon him: it was Mr. Whurtle that had been thrust head first into that long wagon, and it was Mr. Whurtle of whom they spoke as "the old party!"

Leonard started up to ask more questions, but nobody was left who had seen the accident, and only the chalk and the carpet lay there, mute witnesses of his friend's misfortune. His first impulse was to run home, for he was very much frightened. But what was he to do with Mr. Whurtle's things? He could n't take them to him, for he had no idea where he lived, and he could n't take them home with him, for they might be sent for any minute. It was quite a grave responsibility for a person of nine who had an exaggerated respect for artists' materials.

He decided that the only thing for him to do was to sit down and wait. He hoped he would not have to wait until Mr. Minny came at six. Big Ben chimed out the quarter past the hour, then the half-hour, then the quarter to, and still he sat with his back to the wall keeping vigilant watch over the treasure. And, as he waited, a little thought popped into his head and kept getting bigger and bigger, until there did n't seem to

be room for anything else. Why could n't he make Mr. Whurtle's pictures for him? It was a sunshiny afternoon and many people were passing, and surely some of them would give a penny or two if only there were some pictures on the pavement.

His heart beat faster as he picked up a piece of chalk and began making the regulation squares. Then came the momentous decision whether his first effort should be a house and a pine-tree against a setting sun, or a boat in a storm. He decided on the former, and, stretching out his legs, just as Mr. Whur-

smoke come out of red chimneys, there is no time to look up.

His first distraction came when a penny was tossed over his head. He was just beginning a new picture, and his first thought was now he would have something round to draw the moon by! His second thought was for Mr. Whurtle. He had almost forgotten the really important part of the work before him, the part that Mr. Whurtle always did first, and was most particular should n't get rubbed out. He set about to remedy his mistake at once.

He remembered the words exactly, and just how they looked on the middle square. He even remembered the exact curve of the big flourish beneath them; it was the spelling that bothered him. After several attempts which he rubbed out with his coat-sleeve, he wrote the following:

*If wurthy of your notice  
Please bestow a trifel.*

The first person to read the inscription was a little girl, who carried a pail in her hand. She and Leonard eyed each other for some time in suspicious silence, then Leonard asked:

"Do you know how many pennies it takes to make a shilling?"

She was so surprised to have this strange little boy ask her a question right out of the arithmetic that she began to move away, but at a safe distance she turned and called back, "Twelve," then scampered up the street with the pail bumping against her legs.

Leonard sighed. Mr. Whurtle had told him once that unless he made a shilling a day, things went very badly with him, and here it was late in the afternoon, and only

one penny collected! He sat patiently, with his back to the wall and waited, anxiously scanning each approaching figure, but nobody seemed to notice him. Of course he knew that his pictures were not so splendid as Mr. Whurtle's, but surely



"SITTING STILL SO LONG MADE LEONARD SLEEPY, AND BY AND BY HIS HEAD DROOPED."

tle did his peg-sticks, he went resolutely to work. Now and then, when a shadow fell across the pavement, he knew that some one had stopped to watch him, but when one is absorbed in the engrossing business of making wreaths of blue



anybody could tell that one was a ship, and one was a house, even if he might not be certain whether the round thing in the middle was the sun or the moon!

Sitting still so long made Leonard sleepy, and by and by his head drooped, and the chalk fell out of his limp hand. The next thing he knew, somebody was shaking him gently by the shoulder, and, looking up, he saw a woman in a gray cape and with a gray veil hanging from her bonnet, leaning over him:

"Are you waiting for somebody?" she asked kindly.

For a moment, Leonard could not remember what he was doing there, then he rubbed his eyes and looked at the crudely drawn pictures on the pavement.

"No," he said, with dignity, "I 'm 'tending to Mr. Whurtle's business while he 's gone."

"Where 's he gone?"

"In the ambulance."

"Oh! Do you mean the old fellow with the wooden legs who sits here every afternoon?"

Leonard's face lit up. "Yes 'm, that 's Mr. Whurtle. Do you know him?"

"Well, I 've seen him. But who are you?"

"I 'm Leonard Vincent. My mother 's at the fever hospital, and we are going home just as soon as she gets well."

"Where is home?"

"In America. Don't you see my flag?" He proudly pulled out the little silk square from his breast pocket.

The woman smiled. "So you are drawing the old man's pictures for him while he 's gone?"

"Yes 'm, but I 've only made one penny so far, and if I don't get twelve, things will go very badly with Mr. Whurtle."

The woman thought for a moment, then she stooped down suddenly, and, to Leonard's dismay, rubbed out the inscription he had so carefully lettered.

"Give me a piece of chalk," she said, and proceeded to write the following:

The wooden-legged man who usually sits  
here has met with an accident. This  
little boy is doing his work for him.  
Your penny is needed.

NURSE WILSON.

"Now," she said, rising, "you go on making pictures. People want to see you doing it. Draw a lot. Draw them clear up to the letter-box."

"But think of the chalk it will use up!" said Leonard, eager but dubious; "I 've already used up 'most all the red."

"This will pay for the chalk," she said, and

dropping a shiny silver coin into his cap, she hurried on her busy way.

Leonard fell to work with enthusiasm. Now that his mind was relieved about the chalk, he let his imagination have full play. He drew houses, and boats, and bunches of grapes, and flowers, and even made so bold as to try a portrait of a gentleman with prominent teeth and eye-glasses.

As he worked, people began to stop to watch him, and to read what was written on the pavement. Some of them looked doubtful, some of them laughed, others asked questions, but sooner or later most of them tossed a penny into his cap.

When Big Ben chimed out five o'clock, Leonard glanced up anxiously. Miss Meeks allowed him to go about the neighborhood as he liked in the afternoon, provided he was at home by five. This was the first time he had disobeyed, but there was nobody to give the money to, and nobody to explain to about the chalk, and it would be a full hour before Mr. Minny came by in his cart.

Leonard had to think very hard before he decided upon a plan. He rolled the remainder of the chalk up in the square of carpet and placed it beside the cap full of pennies. Then he wrote on the pavement, below what Nurse Wilson had written:

I can't watch Mr. Whurtle's things any longer,  
But please don't anybody take them because  
he has an axident and no legs.

LEONARD VINCENT.

When Mr. Minny drove up an hour later in the cart in which he usually took Mr. Whurtle home, he was surprised to find the familiar figure of his old friend missing. It was strange enough to think of Mr. Whurtle getting away when he could not walk, but the most amazing thing was that the pavement was covered with strange, wild drawings that suggested he had been there, and yet did not in the least resemble the pictures he usually made.

Mr. Minny got out of the cart and read the inscriptions. Then he looked in bewilderment at the small cap overflowing with coins that had remained untouched on the pavement beside the pictures.

"Well, I 'll be blowed!" he said, and, snatching up the cap and the money, he jumped back into his cart, and went dashing off to find out what had happened to Mr. Whurtle.

At the door of the dark basement where they both lived, he paused. There were voices within, and he was almost afraid to enter.



SYLVIA.





JOAN.

# THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER. FOR SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS SEE PAGE 188)

## CHAPTER IV

### THE RAT

MARCO would have wondered very much if he had heard the words, but, as he did not hear them, he turned toward home wondering at something else. A man who was in intimate attendance on a king must be a person of importance. He no doubt knew many things not only of his own ruler's country, but of the countries of other kings. But so few had really known anything of poor little Samavia until the newspapers had begun to tell them of the horrors of its war—and who but a Samavian could speak its language? It would be an interesting thing to tell his father—that a man who knew the king had spoken to him in Samavian, and had sent that curious message.

Later he found himself passing a side street and looked up it. It was so narrow, and on either side of it were such old, tall, and sloping-walled houses that it attracted his attention. It looked as if a bit of old London had been left to stand while newer places grew up and hid it from view. This was the kind of street he liked to pass through for curiosity's sake. He knew many of them in the old quarters of many cities. He had lived in some of them. He could find his way home from the other end of it. Another thing than its queerness attracted him. He heard a clamor of boys' voices, and he wanted to see what they were doing. Sometimes, when he had reached a new place and had had that lonely feeling, he had followed some boyish clamor of play or wrangling, and had found a temporary friend or so.

Half-way to the street's end there was an arched brick passage. The sound of the voices came from there—one of them high, and thinner and shriller than the rest. Marco tramped up to the arch and looked down through the passage. It opened on to a gray flagged space, shut in by the railings of a black, deserted, and ancient graveyard behind a venerable church which turned its face toward some other street. The boys were not playing, but listening to one of their number who was reading to them from a newspaper.

Marco walked down the passage and listened also, standing in the dark arched outlet at its end and watching the boy who read. He was a strange little creature with a big forehead, and deep eyes which were curiously sharp. But this was not all. He had a hunchback, his legs seemed small and crooked. He sat with them crossed before him on a rough wooden platform set on low wheels, on which he evidently pushed himself about. Near him were a number of sticks stacked together as if they were rifles. One of the first things that Marco noticed was that he had a savage little face marked with lines as if he had been angry all his life.

"Hold your tongues, you fools!" he shrilled out to some boys who interrupted him. "Don't you want to know anything, you ignorant swine?"

He was as ill-dressed as the rest of them, but he did not speak in the Cockney dialect. If he was of the riffraff of the streets, as his companions were, he was somehow different.

Then he, by chance, saw Marco, who was standing in the arched end of the passage.

"What are you doing there listening?" he shouted, and at once stooped to pick up a stone and threw it at him. The stone hit Marco's shoulder, but it did not hurt him much. What he did not like was that another lad should want to throw something at him before they had even exchanged boy-signs. He also did not like the fact that two other boys promptly took the matter up by bending down to pick up stones also.

He walked forward straight into the group and stopped close to the hunchback.

"What did you do that for?" he asked, in his rather deep young voice.

He was big and strong-looking enough to suggest that he was not a boy it would be easy to dispose of, but it was not that which made the group stand still a moment to stare at him. It was something in himself—half of it a kind of impartial lack of anything like irritation at the stone-throwing. It was as if it had not mattered to him in the least. It had not made him feel angry or insulted. He was only rather curious about it. Because he was clean, and his hair and his shabby clothes were brushed, the first impression given by his appearance as he stood in the



archway was that he was a young "toff" poking his nose where it was not wanted; but, as he drew near, they saw that the well-brushed clothes were worn, and there were patches on his shoes.

"What did you do that for?" he asked, and he asked it merely as if he wanted to find out the reason.

"I 'm not going to have you swells dropping in to my club as if it was your own," said the hunchback.

"I 'm not a swell, and I did n't know it was a club," Marco answered. "I heard boys, and I thought I 'd come and look. When I heard you reading about Samavia, I wanted to hear."

He looked at the reader with his silent-expressed eyes.

"You need n't have thrown a stone," he added. "They don't do it at men's clubs. I 'll go away."

He turned about as if he were going, but, before he had taken three steps, the hunchback hailed him unceremoniously.

"Hi!" he called out. "Hi, you!"

"What do you want?" said Marco.

"I bet you don't know where Samavia is, or what they 're fighting about." The hunchback threw the words at him.

"Yes, I do. It 's north of Beltrazo and east of Jiardasia, and they are fighting because one party has assassinated King Maran, and the other will not let them crown King Nicola Iarovitch. And why should they? He 's a brigand, and has n't a drop of royal blood in him."

"Oh!" reluctantly admitted the hunchback. "You do know that much. do you? Come back here."

Marco turned back, while the boys still stared. It was as if two leaders or generals were meeting for the first time, and the rabble, looking on, wondered what would come of their encounter.

"The Samavians of the Iarovitch party are a bad lot and want only bad things," said Marco, speaking first. "They care nothing for Samavia. They only care for money and the power to make laws which will serve them and crush everybody else. They know Nicola is a weak man, and that, if they can crown him king, they can make him do what they like."

The fact that he spoke first, and that, though he spoke in a steady boyish voice without swagger, he somehow seemed to take it for granted that they would listen, made his place for him at once. Boys are impressionable creatures, and they know a leader when they see him. The hunchback fixed glittering eyes on him. The rabble began to murmur.

"Rat! Rat!" several voices cried at once in good strong Cockney. "Arst 'im some more, Rat!"

"Is that what they call you?" Marco asked the hunchback.

"It 's what I called myself," he answered resentfully. "'The Rat.' Look at me! Crawling round on the ground like this! Look at me!"

He made a gesture ordering his followers to move aside, and began to push himself rapidly, with queer darts this side and that, round the inclosure. He bent his head and body, and twisted his face, and made strange animal-like movements. He even uttered sharp squeaks as he rushed here and there—as a rat might have done when it was being hunted. He did it as if he were displaying an accomplishment, and his followers' laughter was applause.

"Was n't I like a rat?" he demanded, when he suddenly stopped.

"You made yourself like one on purpose," Marco answered. "You do it for fun."

"Not so much fun," said The Rat. "I feel like one. Every one 's my enemy. I 'm vermin. I can't fight or defend myself unless I bite. I can bite, though." And he showed two rows of fierce, strong, white teeth, sharper at the points than human teeth usually are. "I bite my father when he gets drunk and beats me. I 've bitten him till he 's learned to remember." He laughed a shrill, squeaking laugh. "He has n't tried it for three months—even when he was drunk—and he 's always drunk." Then he laughed again still more shrilly. "He 's a gentleman," he said. "I 'm a gentleman's son. He was a Master at a big school until he was kicked out—that was when I was four and my mother died. I 'm thirteen now. How old are you?"

"I 'm twelve," answered Marco.

The Rat twisted his face enviously.

"I wish I was your size! Are you a gentleman's son? You look as if you were."

"I 'm a very poor man's son," was Marco's answer. "My father is a writer."

"Then, ten to one, he 's a sort of gentleman," said The Rat. Then quite suddenly he threw another question at him. "What 's the name of the other Samavian party?"

"The Maranovitch. The Maranovitch and the Iarovitch have been fighting with each other for five hundred years. First one dynasty rules, and then the other gets in when it has killed somebody as it killed King Maran," Marco answered without hesitation.

"What was the name of the dynasty that ruled before they began fighting? The first Maranovitch assassinated the last of them," The Rat asked him.

"The Fedorovitch," said Marco. "The last one was a bad king."

"His son was the one they never found again," said The Rat. "The one they call the Lost Prince."

Marco would have started but for his long training in exterior self-control. It was so strange to hear his dream-hero spoken of in this back alley in a slum, and just after he had been thinking of him.

"What do you know about him?" he asked, and, as he did so, he saw the group of vagabond lads draw nearer.

"Not much. I only read something about him in a torn magazine I found in the street," The Rat answered. "The man that wrote about him said he was only part of a legend, and he laughed at people for believing in him. He said it was about time that he should turn up again if he intended to. I've invented things about him because these chaps like to hear me tell them. They're only stories."

"We likes 'im," a voice called out, "becos 'e wos the right sort; 'e 'd fight, 'e would, if 'e was in Samavia now."

Marco rapidly asked himself how much he might say. He decided and spoke to them all.

"He is not part of a legend. He's part of Samavian history," he said. "I know something about him too."

"How did you find it out?" asked The Rat.

"Because my father's a writer, he's obliged to have books and papers, and he knows things. I like to read, and I go into the free libraries. You can always get books and papers there. Then I ask my father questions. All the newspapers are full of things about Samavia just now." Marco felt that this was an explanation which betrayed nothing. It was true that no one could open a newspaper at this period without seeing news and stories of Samavia.

The Rat saw possible vistas of information opening up before him.

"Sit down here," he said, "and tell us what you know about him. Sit down, you fellows."

There was nothing to sit on but the broken flagged pavement, but that was a small matter. Marco himself had sat on flags or bare ground often enough before, and so had the rest of the lads. He took his place near The Rat, and the others made a semicircle in front of them. The two leaders had joined forces, so to speak, and the followers fell into line at "attention."

Then the new-comer began to talk. It was a good story, that of the Lost Prince, and Marco told it in a way which gave it reality. How could he help it? He knew, as they could not, that it was real. He who had pored over maps of little Samavia since his seventh year, who had

studied them with his father, knew it as a country he could have found his way to any part of if he had been dropped in any forest or any mountain of it. He knew every highway and byway, and in the capital city of Melzarr could almost have made his way blindfolded. He knew the palaces and the forts, the churches, the poor streets and the rich ones. His father had once shown him a plan of the royal palace which they had studied together until the boy knew each apartment and corridor in it by heart. But this he did not speak of. He knew it was one of the things to be silent about. But of the mountains and the emerald velvet meadows climbing their sides and only ending where huge bare crags and peaks began, he could speak. He could make pictures of the wide fertile plains where herds of wild horses fed, or raced and sniffed the air; he could describe the fertile valleys where clear rivers ran and flocks of sheep pastured on deep sweet grass. He could speak of them because he could offer a good enough reason for his knowledge of them. It was not the only reason he had for his knowledge, but it was one which would serve well enough.

"That torn magazine you found part of had more than one article about Samavia in it," he said to The Rat. "The same man wrote four. I read them all in a free library. He had been to Samavia, and knew a great deal about it. He said it was one of the most beautiful countries he had ever traveled in—and the most fertile. That's what they all say of it."

The group before him knew nothing of fertility or open country. They only knew London back streets and courts. Most of them had never traveled as far as the public parks, and in fact scarcely believed in their existence. They were a rough lot, and as they had stared at Marco at first sight of him, so they continued to stare at him as he talked. When he told of the tall Samavians who had been like giants centuries ago, and who had hunted the wild horses and captured and trained them to obedience by a sort of strong and gentle magic, their mouths fell open. This was the sort of thing to allure any boy's imagination.

"Blimme, if I would n't 'ave liked ketchin' one o' them 'orses," broke in one of the audience, and his exclamation was followed by a dozen of like nature from the others. Who would n't have liked "ketchin' one"?

When he told of the deep endless-seeming forests, and of the herdsmen and shepherds who played on their pipes and made songs about high deeds and bravery, they grinned with pleasure without knowing they were grinning. They did



not really know that in this neglected, broken-flagged inclosure, shut in on one side by smoke-blackened poverty-stricken houses, and on the other by a deserted and forgotten sunken graveyard, they heard the rustle of green forest boughs where birds nested close, the swish of the summer wind in the river reeds, and the tinkle and laughter and rush of brooks running.

They heard more or less of it all through the Lost Prince story, because Prince Ivor had loved lowland woods and mountain forests and all out-of-door life. When Marco pictured him tall and strong-limbed and young, winning all the people when he rode smiling among them, the boys grinned again with unconscious pleasure.

"Wisht 'e 'ad n't got lost!" some one cried out.

When they heard of the unrest and dissatisfaction of the Samavians, they began to get restless themselves. When Marco reached the part of the story in which the mob rushed into the palace and demanded their prince from the king, they ejaculated scraps of bad language. "The old geezer had got him hidden somewhere in some dungeon, or he 'd killed him out an' out—that 's what he 'd been up to!" they clamored. "Wisht the lot of 'em had been there then—wisht they 'ad. They 'd 'ave give' 'im wot for, anyway!"

"An' 'im walkin' out o' the place so early in the mornin' just singin' like that! 'E 'ad 'im follered an' done for!" they decided with various exclamations of boyish wrath. Somehow, the fact that the handsome royal lad had strolled into the morning sunshine singing made them more savage. Their language was extremely bad at this point.

But if it was bad here, it became worse when the old shepherd found the young huntsman's half-dead body in the forest. He *had* "bin 'done for' *in the back*! 'E 'd bin give' no charnst. G-r-r-r!" they groaned in chorus. "Wisht" they 'd "bin there when 'e 'd bin 'it!" They 'd "'ave done fur somebody themselves." It was a story which had a queer effect on them. It made them think they saw things; it fired their blood; it set them wanting to fight for ideals they knew nothing about—adventurous things, for instance, and high and noble young princes who were full of the possibility of great and good deeds. Sitting upon the broken flagstones of the bit of ground behind the deserted graveyard, they were suddenly dragged into the world of romance, and noble young princes and great and good deeds became as real as the sunken gravestones, and far more interesting.

And then the smuggling across the frontier of the unconscious prince in the bullock cart loaded

with sheepskins! They held their breaths. Would the old shepherd get him past the line! Marco, who was lost in the recital himself, told it as if he had been present. He felt as if he had, and as this was the first time he had ever told it to thrilled listeners, his imagination got him in its grip, and his heart jumped in his breast as he was sure the old man's must have done when the guard stopped his cart and asked him what he was carrying out of the country. He knew he must have had to call up all his strength to force his voice into steadiness.

And then the good monks! He had to stop to explain what a monk was, and when he described the solitude of the ancient monastery, and its walled gardens full of flowers and old simples to be used for healing, and the wise monks walking in the silence and the sun, the boys stared a little helplessly, but still as if they were vaguely pleased by the picture.

And then there was no more to tell—no more. There it broke off, and something like a low howl of dismay broke from the semicircle.

"Aw!" they protested, "it 'ad n't ought to stop there! Ain't there no more? Is that all there is?"

"It 's all that was ever known really. And that last part might only be a sort of story made up by somebody. But I believe it myself."

The Rat had listened with burning eyes. He had sat biting his finger-nails, as was a trick of his when he was excited or angry.

"Tell you what!" he exclaimed suddenly. "This was what happened. It was some of the Maranovitch fellows that tried to kill him. They meant to kill his father and make their own man king, and they knew the people would n't stand it if young Ivor was alive. They just stabbed him in the back, the fiends! I dare say they heard the old shepherd coming, and left him for dead and ran."

"Right, oh! That was it!" the lads agreed. "Yer right there, Rat!"

"When he got well," The Rat went on feverishly, still biting his nails, "he could n't go back. He was only a boy. The other fellow had been crowned, and his followers felt strong because they 'd just conquered the country. He could have done nothing without an army, and he was too young to raise one. Perhaps he thought he 'd wait till he was old enough to know what to do. I dare say he went away and had to work for his living as if he 'd never been a prince at all. Then perhaps sometime he married somebody and had a son, and told him as a secret who he was and all about Samavia." The Rat began to look vengeful. "If I 'd bin him, I 'd have told him

not to forget what the Maranovitch had done to me. I'd have told him that if I could n't get back the throne, he must see what he could do when he grew to be a man. And I'd have made him swear, if he got it back, to take it out of them or their children or their children's children

the use? It would n't have done Samavia any good, and it would n't have done him any good to torture and kill people. Better keep them alive and make them do things for the country. If you're a patriot, you think of the country." He wanted to add "That's what my father says," but he did not.

"Torture 'em first and then attend to the country," snapped The Rat. "What would you have told your son if you'd been Ivor?"

"I'd have told him to learn everything about Samavia—and all the things kings have to know—and study things about laws and other countries—and about keeping silent—and about governing himself as if he were a general commanding soldiers in battle—so that he would never do anything he did not mean to do or could be ashamed of doing after it was over. And I'd have asked him to tell his son's sons to tell their sons to learn the same things. So, you see, however long the time was, there would always be a king getting ready for Samavia—when Samavia really wanted him. And he would be a real king."

He stopped himself suddenly and looked at the staring semicircle.

"I did n't make that up myself," he said. "I have heard a man who reads and knows things say it. I believe the Lost Prince would have had the same thoughts. If he had, and told them to his son, there has been a line of kings in training for Samavia for five hundred years, and perhaps one is walking about the streets of Vienna, or Budapest, or Paris, or London now, and he'd be ready if the people found out about him and called him."

"Wisht they would!" some one yelled.

"It would be a queer secret to know all the time when no one else knew it," The Rat communed with himself as it were; "that you were a king and you ought to be on a throne wearing



"THEY WERE SUDDENLY DRAGGED INTO THE WORLD OF ROMANCE."

in torture and killing. I'd have made him swear not to leave a Maranovitch alive. And I'd have told him that, if he could n't do it in his life, he must pass the oath on to his son and his son's son, as long as there was a Fedorovitch on earth. Would n't you?" he demanded hotly of Marco.

Marco's blood was also hot, but it was a different kind of blood, and he had talked too much to a very sane man.

"No," he said slowly. "What would have been



a crown. I wonder if it would make a chap look different?"

He laughed his squeaky laugh, and then turned in his sudden way to Marco:

"But he 'd be a fool to give up the vengeance. What is your name?"

"Marco Loristan. What 's yours? It is n't The Rat really."

"It 's Jem Ratcliffe. That 's pretty near. Where do you live?"

"No. 7 Philibert Place."

"This club is a soldiers' club," said The Rat. "It 's called the Squad. I 'm the captain. 'Tention, you fellows! Let 's show him."

The semicircle sprang to its feet. There were about twelve lads altogether, and, when they stood upright, Marco saw at once that for some reason they were accustomed to obeying the word of command with military precision.

"Form in line!" ordered The Rat.

They did it at once, and held their backs and legs straight and their heads up amazingly well. Each had seized one of the sticks which had been stacked together like guns.

The Rat himself sat up straight on his platform. There was actually something military in the bearing of his lean body. His voice lost its squeak and its sharpness became commanding.

He put the dozen lads through the drill as if he had been a smart young officer. And the drill itself was prompt and smart enough to have done credit to practised soldiers in barracks. It made Marco involuntarily stand very straight himself, and watch with surprised interest.

"That 's good!" he exclaimed when it was at an end. "How did you learn that?"

The Rat made a savage gesture.

"If I 'd had legs to stand on, I 'd have been a soldier!" he said. "I 'd have enlisted in any regiment that would take me. I don't care for anything else."

Suddenly his face changed, and he shouted a command to his followers.

"Turn your backs!" he ordered.

And they did turn their backs and looked through the railings of the old churchyard. Marco saw that they were obeying an order which was not new to them. The Rat had thrown his arm up over his eyes and covered them. He held it there for several moments, as if he did not want to be seen. Marco turned his back as the rest had done. All at once he understood that, though The Rat was not crying, yet he was feeling something which another boy would possibly have broken down under.

"All right!" he shouted presently, and dropped his ragged-sleeved arm and sat up straight again.

"I want to go to war!" he said hoarsely. "I want to fight! I want to lead a lot of men into battle! And I have n't got any legs. Sometimes it takes the pluck out of me."

"You 've not grown up yet!" said Marco. "You might get strong. No one knows what is going to happen. How did you learn to drill the club?"

"I hang about barracks. I watch and listen. I follow soldiers. If I could get books, I 'd read about wars. I can't go to libraries as you can. I can do nothing but scuffle about like a rat."

"I can take you to some libraries," said Marco. "There are places where boys can get in. And I can get some papers from my father."

"Can you?" said The Rat. "Do you want to join the club?"

"Yes!" Marco answered. "I 'll speak to my father about it."

He said it because the hungry longing for companionship in his own mind had found a sort of response in the queer hungry look in The Rat's eyes. He wanted to see him again. Strange creature as he was, there was attraction in him. Scuffling about on his low wheeled platform, he had drawn this group of rough lads to him and made himself their commander. They obeyed him; they listened to his stories and harangues about war and soldiering; they let him drill them and give them orders. Marco knew that, when he told his father about him, he would be interested. The boy wanted to hear what Loristan would say.

"I 'm going home now," he said. "If you 're going to be here to-morrow, I will try to come."

"We shall be here," The Rat answered. "It 's our barracks."

Marco drew himself up smartly and made his salute as if to a superior officer. Then he wheeled about and marched through the brick archway, and the sound of his boyish tread was as regular and decided as if he had been a man keeping time with his regiment.

"He 's been drilled himself," said The Rat. "He knows as much as I do."

And he sat up and stared down the passage with new interest.

## CHAPTER V

### "SILENCE IS STILL THE ORDER"

THEY were even poorer than usual just now, and the supper Marco and his father sat down to was scant enough. Lazarus stood upright behind his master's chair and served him with strictest ceremony. Their poor lodgings were always kept with a soldierly cleanliness and order. When an object could be polished it was forced to shine,

no grain of dust was allowed to lie undisturbed, and this perfection was not attained through the ministrations of a lodging-house slavey. Lazarus made himself extremely popular by taking the work of caring for his master's rooms entirely out of the hands of the overburdened maids of all work. He had learned to do many things in his young days in barracks. He carried about with him coarse bits of table-cloths and towels, which he laundered as if they had been the finest linen. He mended, he patched, he darned, and in the hardest fight the poor must face—the fight with dirt and dinginess—he always held his own. They had nothing but dry bread and coffee this evening, but Lazarus had made the coffee and the bread was good.

As Marco ate, he told his father the story of The Rat and his followers. Loristan listened, as the boy had known he would, with the far-off intently-thinking smile in his dark eyes. It was a look which always fascinated Marco because it meant that he was thinking so many things. Perhaps he would tell some of them and perhaps he would not. His spell over the boy lay in the fact that to the lad he was like a wonderful book of which one had only glimpses. It was full of pictures and adventures which were true, and one could not help continually making guesses about them. Yes, the feeling that Marco had was that his father's attraction for him was a sort of spell, and that others felt the same thing. When he stood and talked to commoner people, he held his tall body with singular quiet grace which was like power. He never stirred or moved himself as if he were nervous or uncertain. He could hold his hands (he had beautiful slender and strong hands) quite still; he could stand on his fine arched feet without shuffling them. He could sit without any ungrace or restlessness. His mind knew what his body should do, and gave it orders without speaking, and his fine limbs and muscles and nerves obeyed. So he could stand still and at ease and look at the people he was talking to, and they always looked at him and listened to what he said, and somehow, courteous and uncondescending as his manner unfailingly was, it used always to seem to Marco as if he were "giving an audience" as kings give them. He had often seen people bow very low when they went away from him, and more than once it had happened that some humble person had stepped out of his presence backward, as people do when retiring before a sovereign. And yet his bearing was the quietest and least assuming in the world.

"And they were talking about Samavia? And he knew the story of the Lost Prince?" he said ponderingly. "Even in that place!"

"He wants to hear about wars—he wants to talk about them," Marco answered. "If he could stand and were old enough, he would go and fight for Samavia himself."

"It is a blood-drenched and sad place now!" said Loristan. "The people are mad when they are not heartbroken and terrified."

Suddenly Marco struck the table with a sounding slap of his boy's hand. He did it before he realized any intention in his own mind.

"Why should either one of the Iarovitch or one of the Maranovitch be king!" he cried. "They were only savage peasants when they first fought for the crown hundreds of years ago. The most savage one got it, and they have been fighting ever since. Only the Fedorovitch were born kings. There is only one man in the world who has the right to the throne—and I don't know whether he is in the world or not. But I believe he is! I do!"

Loristan looked at his hot twelve-year-old face with a reflective curiosity. He saw that the flame which had leaped up in him had leaped without warning—just as a fierce heart-beat might have shaken him.

"You mean—?" he suggested softly.

"Ivor Fedorovitch. King Ivor he ought to be. And the people would obey him, and the good days would come again."

"It is five hundred years since Ivor Fedorovitch left the good monks." Loristan still spoke softly.

"But, Father," Marco protested, "even The Rat said what you said—that he was too young to be able to come back while the Maranovitch were in power. And he would have to work and have a home, and perhaps he is as poor as we are. But when he had a son he would call him Ivor and tell him—and his son would call his son Ivor and tell him—and it would go on and on. They could never call their eldest sons anything but Ivor. And what you said about the training would be true. There would always be a king being trained for Samavia, and ready to be called." In the fire of his feelings he sprang from his chair and stood upright. "Why! There may be a king of Samavia in some city now who knows he is king, and, when he reads about the fighting among his people, his blood gets red-hot. They're his own people—his very own! He ought to go to them—he ought to go and tell them who he is! Don't you think he ought, Father?"

"It would not be as easy as it seems to a boy," Loristan answered. "There are many countries which would have something to say—Russia would have her word, and Austria, and Germany; and England never is silent. But, if he were a



strong man and knew how to make strong friends in silence, he might sometime be able to declare himself openly."

"But if he is anywhere, some one—some Samavian—ought to go and look for him. It ought to be a Samavian who is very clever and a patriot—" He stopped at a flash of recognition. "Father!" he cried out. "Father! You—you are the one who could find him if any one in the world could. But perhaps—" and he stopped a moment again because new thoughts rushed through his mind. "Have *you* ever looked for him?" he asked hesitating.

Perhaps he had asked a stupid question—perhaps his father had always been looking for him, perhaps that was his secret and his work.

But Loristan did not look as if he thought him stupid. Quite the contrary. He kept his handsome eyes fixed on him still in that curious way, as if he were studying him—as if he were much more than twelve years old, and he were deciding to tell him something.

"Comrade at arms," he said, with the smile which always gladdened Marco's heart, "you have kept your oath of allegiance like a man. You were not seven years old when you took it. You are growing older. Silence is still the order, but you are man enough to be told more." He paused and looked down, and then looked up again, speaking in a low tone. "I have not looked for him," he said, "because—I believe I know where he is."

Marco caught his breath.

"Father!" He said only that word. He could say no more. He knew he must not ask questions. "Silence was still the order." But as they faced each other in their dingy room at the back of the shabby house on the side of the roaring common road—as Lazarus stood stock-still behind his father's chair and kept his eyes fixed on the empty coffee cups and the dry bread plate, and everything looked as poor as things always did—there was a king of Samavia—an Ivor Fedorovitch with the blood of the Lost Prince in his veins—alive in some town or city this moment! And Marco's own father knew where he was!

He glanced at Lazarus, but, though the old soldier's face looked as expressionless as if it were cut out of wood, Marco realized that he knew this thing and had always known it. He had been a comrade at arms all his life. He continued to stare at the bread plate.

Loristan spoke again and in an even lower voice. "The Samavians who are patriots and thinkers," he said, "formed themselves into a secret party about eighty years ago. They formed

it when they had no reason for hope, but they formed it because one of them discovered that an Ivor Fedorovitch was living. He was head forester on a great estate in the Austrian Alps. The nobleman he served had always thought him a mystery because he had the bearing and speech of a man who had not been born a servant, and his methods in caring for the forests and game were those of a man who was educated and had studied his subject. But he never was familiar or assuming, and never professed superiority over any of his fellows. He was a man of great stature, and was extraordinarily brave and silent. The nobleman who was his master made a sort of companion of him when they hunted together. Once he took him with him when he traveled to Samavia to hunt wild horses. He found that he knew the country strangely well, and that he was familiar with Samavian hunting and customs. Before he returned to Austria, the man obtained permission to go to the mountains alone. He went among the shepherds and made friends among them, asking many questions. One night around a forest fire he heard the songs about the Lost Prince which had not been forgotten even after nearly five hundred years had passed. The shepherds and herdsmen talked about Prince Ivor, and told old stories about him, and related the prophecy that he would come back and bring again Samavia's good days. He might come only in the body of one of his descendants, but it would be his spirit which came, because his spirit would never cease to love Samavia. One very old shepherd tottered to his feet and lifted his face to the myriad stars bestrewn like jewels in the blue sky above the forest trees, and he wept and prayed aloud that the great God would send their king to them. And the stranger huntsman stood upright also and lifted his face to the stars. And, though he said no word, the herdsman nearest to him saw tears on his cheeks—great, heavy tears. The next day, the stranger went to the monastery where the order of good monks lived who had taken care of the Lost Prince. When he had left Samavia, the secret society was formed, and the members of it knew that an Ivor Fedorovitch had passed through his ancestors' country as the servant of another man. But the secret society was only a small one, and, though it has been growing ever since and it has done good deeds and good work in secret, the huntsman died an old man before it was strong enough even to dare to tell Samavia what it knew."

"Had he a son?" cried Marco. "Had he a son?"

"Yes. He had a son. His name was Ivor. And he was trained as I told you. That part I

knew to be true, though I should have believed it was true even if I had not known. There has *always* been a king ready for Samavia—even when he has labored with his hands and served others. Each one took the oath of allegiance.”

“Here grows a man for Samavia! God be thanked!” he quoted. “And *he* is somewhere? And you know?”

Loristan bent his head in acquiescence.

“For years much secret work has been done,



“ONE OLD SHEPHERD WEPT AND PRAYED ALOUD.”

“As I did?” said Marco, breathless with excitement. When one is twelve years old, to be so near a Lost Prince who might end wars is a thrilling thing.

“The same,” answered Loristan.

Marco threw up his hands in salute.

and the Fedorovitch party has grown until it is much greater and more powerful than the other parties dream. The larger countries are tired of the constant war and disorder in Samavia. Their interests are disturbed by them, and they are deciding that they must have peace and laws which



can be counted on. There have been Samavian patriots who have spent their lives in trying to bring this about by making friends in the most powerful capitals, and working secretly for the future good of their own land. Because Samavia is so small and uninfluential, it has taken a long time; but when King Maran and his family were assassinated and the war broke out, there were great powers which began to say that if some king of good blood and reliable characteristics were given the crown, he should be upheld."

"His blood,"—Marco's intensity made his voice drop almost to a whisper,—"*his blood* has been trained for five hundred years, Father! If it comes true—" though he laughed a little, he was obliged to wink his eyes hard because suddenly he felt tears rush into them, which no boy likes—"the shepherds will have to make a new song—it will have to be a shouting one about a prince going away and a king coming back!"

"They are a devout people and observe many an ancient rite and ceremony. They will chant prayers and burn altar-fires on their mountain sides," Loristan said. "But the end is not yet—the end is not yet. Sometimes it seems that perhaps it is near—but God knows!"

Then there leaped back upon Marco the story he had to tell, but which he had held back for the last—the story of the man who spoke Samavian and drove in the carriage with the king. He

knew now that it might mean some important thing which he could not have before suspected.

"There is something I must tell you," he said.

He had learned to relate incidents in few but clear words when he related them to his father. It had been part of his training. Loristan had said that he might sometime have a story to tell when he had but few moments to tell it in—some story which meant life or death to some one. He told this one quickly and well. He made Loristan see the well-dressed man with the deliberate manner and the keen eyes, and he made him hear his voice when he said, "Tell your father that you are a very well-trained lad."

"I am glad he said that. He is a man who knows what training is," said Loristan. "He is a person who knows what all Europe is doing, and almost all that it will do. He is an ambassador from a powerful and great country. If he saw that you are a well-trained and fine lad, it might—it might even be good for Samavia."

"Would it matter that *I* was well-trained? *Could* it matter to Samavia?" Marco cried out.

Loristan paused for a moment—watching him gravely—looking him over—his big, well-built boy's frame, his shabby clothes, and his eagerly burning eyes.

He smiled one of his slow wonderful smiles.

"Yes. It might even matter to Samavia!" he answered.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ICE JEWELS

BY GORTON CARRUTH

THE fairies were out in the storm last night,

For yesterday's barren trees

Now fill the valley with glittering light

As they toss in the morning breeze.

So hurry, and let us explore

Where the paths of the woodland run—

With the jeweled branches a-sparkling o'er

At the touch of the morning sun!

And who are the fairies, you bid me tell,

That have done this wonderful thing?

Why the woodland fairies we know so well

In summer and fall and spring.

And how can the summer fays

Endure in a wintry storm?

Oh, the fairies are wise in all their ways

And of course know how to keep warm!

For weeks ago, when the cold winds drove

The flowers to their winter naps,

From the milkweed silk the fairies wove

The warmest of winter wraps.

On a moonlit autumn night,

In a circle under a tree,

They made them garments more soft and white

Than ever we mortals see.

And so last night,—in the cold and the rain,—

As dry and warm as you please,

To make the woodland pretty again

They hung the ice on the trees.

For the fairies never shirk,

But whether with ice and snow,

Or flowers and leaves, they're always at work!

And are n't you glad that it's so?



THE BOOK THAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT.





## MOLLY'S SKETCH-BOOK—AND MINE

BY JOSEPH AMES

WHILE the autograph book was the gift of an elderly maiden aunt, it was ST. NICHOLAS that furnished the inspiration. It was a rather nice little book, small, compact, and tastefully bound

in dark green leather. Undoubtedly, but for the rainy day on which it arrived, the gift would have served its foreordained purpose and the pages been filled with nothing more interesting than the handwriting of relatives and the scrawls of boyish friends.

*Truly, but unsentimentally, yours*  
*Frank R. Stockton*  
*May 30, 1897.*

The downpour, however, had brought out a quantity of bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS to while away the afternoon, and in one of them<sup>1</sup> we came upon an account of the astonishing successes of a youthful autograph collector, some forty or fifty years ago. He had, it seems, by the simple expedient of asking for them, secured letters from Dickens, from Hawthorne, from Thackeray, and a host of other literary and po-

litical celebrities—letters, too, that were charming in contents and characteristic in every line. The article was entertainingly written, and illustrated with a wealth of facsimiles which fired the imagination and instantly aroused a spirit of emulation. True, there was no Dickens left, no Hawthorne, no gentle, white-haired Longfellow; but the world still held a number of famous people, several of whom, like Mr. Stockton, chanced to live in our town.

*Look up and not down*  
*Look forward and not back.*  
*Look out and not in.*  
*Lend a Hand.*

*Edward E. Hale.*

"Of course you'll get Mr. Stockton first," remarked my sister, on whom enthusiasm had likewise laid its spell.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. XVIII (1891), "My Autograph Book," by Edward Livingston Welles.

Naturally! Why, I knew Mr. Stockton well! He would be only too pleased to fill the first page of the new album. In passing, I may explain that

my wheel. Mr. Stockton was "not at home," so I left book and note. Returning several days later, I was ushered into one of the cool, shad-



my acquaintance with the gentle author of "Rud-der Grange" was limited to frequent glimpses of him driving past to the village, and one momen-tous occasion at a garden-party when I had been properly introduced, but failed to make a single intelligible remark. For me, however, that suf-ficed. We were acquaintances, if not something closer. That evening, I wrote a little note pre-

owy parlors of the old-fashioned house and asked to wait. It was a longish wait, during which the possibility first occurred to me that Mr. Stock-ton's memory of our meeting might not be quite so vivid as my own. The thought was some-what disquieting. I began to hope he would send the book down. Then a slow, halting step on the stairs told me he was bringing it himself.

*Be sure the end you seek is worth  
your effort, and once engaged  
never turn back  
May 26. 1897  
Ernest Horn*

ferring my request, and asking, in addition to his autograph, for a "sentiment," by which I must have meant a verse or pithy quotation from some of his writings. This I meant to leave with the book, in case I found the author not at home.

Immediately after school next day, I set off on

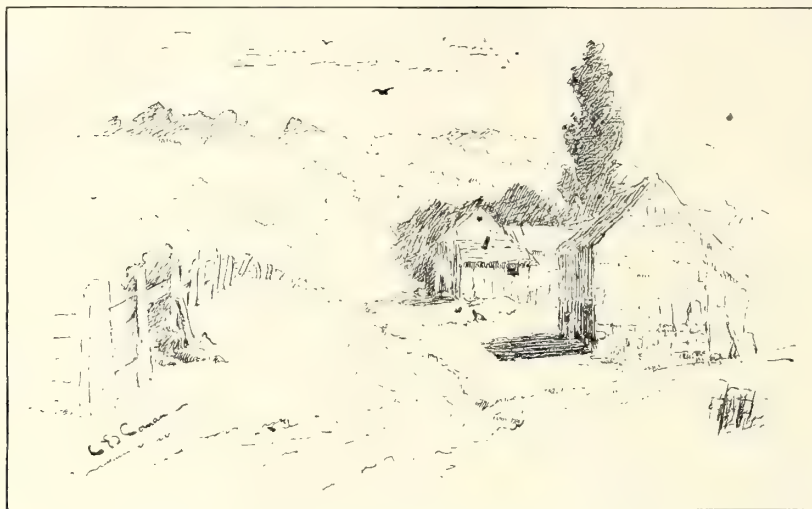
He greeted me with a pleasant, absent smile and shook my hand; but I saw at once that he did not know me from Adam. There was a twinkle in his eye, however, as he handed me the book.

"I had it ready for you," he said; "but there's no sentiment; I'm not sentimental at all."



When I had thanked him, he strolled with me to the door, and out on the wide veranda he stood talking in his slow, pleasant way while I

of him to write at all, and it is about himself; and I'd far rather have it than something about *Euphemia*, or *Pomona*, or even *Lord Edward*."



"MRS. CHARLOTTE B. COMAN'S DELICATE LITTLE PEN-AND-INK LANDSCAPE."

changed the position of my saddle. I had thrust the book unopened into my pocket, but once out of sight of the house, I made haste to turn to the first page, where I read:

Truly, but un"sentiment"ally yours,  
FRANK R. STOCKTON.

"It's delightful! is n't it?" exclaimed Molly, when she saw it. "It was lovely

As she spoke she was absently turning the thumbed pages of a copy of "Rudder Grange," with illustrations by A. B. Frost. All at once her eyes brightened and she caught her breath.

"I know whom to ask next!" she exclaimed eagerly. "Mr. Frost! He might make a little drawing like one of these."

The suggestion struck me as being uncommonly



A DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN, BY  
SARAH S. STILWELL.



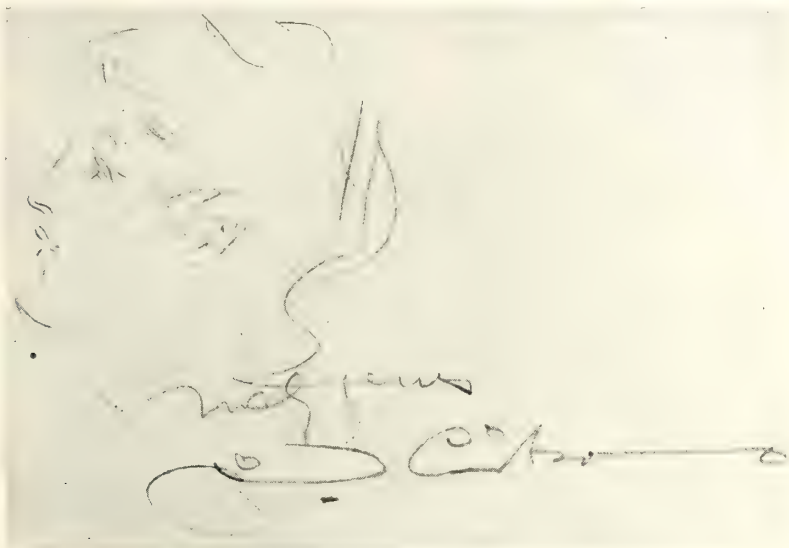
"A CHARMING WATER-COLOR DRAW-  
ING ENTITLED 'OCTOBER,' AND  
SIGNED BY W. T. SMEDLEY."



A COURT LADY, BY  
F. T. RICHARDS.

worth while. A sketch by Frost! That would be a treasure indeed! There seemed a very

emphatically. "A sketch is heaps more interesting than just a few lines of writing."



"CHARLES DANA GIBSON CONTRIBUTED A SKETCHY HEAD IN PENCIL."

good chance of obtaining it, too, for he was a friend of the family, if not of mine.

Another note was written and another bicycle ride taken, out to "Moneysunk," the artist's jocular name for his residence, as he once gravely explained to an acquaintance, because he wanted a good Indian name for his country-place as well

Privately I agreed with her, but to show I intended doing things my own way, I promptly despatched the book to ex-President Cleveland at Princeton, who presently returned it with this pithy and excellent bit of advice:

Be sure the end you seek is worth your effort; and once engaged, never turn back. GROVER CLEVELAND.



as one which would be entirely appropriate. Only two days later, the book was left at the house with a characteristic little sketch of a golfer, perhaps intended to be a portrait of the artist himself.

At all events, it made us very happy. Molly was jubilant. "I'd stick to artists!" she declared

Edmund Clarence Stedman contributed a graceful bit of verse; Thomas Nelson Page and George W. Cable both wrote pleasant good wishes over their signatures. But in spite of this, the character of the book gradually became more and more artistic.



A little later, Edward Everett Hale wrote out and signed his famous slogan:

Look up and not down:  
Look forward and not back:  
Look out and not in:  
Lend a Hand.

Thomas Nast furnished the second sketch. To this day I recall the thrill of a boy's delight in his pictures. The wartime drawings in "Harper's Magazine" were famous the country over. His cheery Christmas drawings, with fat, jovial, fur-clad Santa Claus, fascinated every child and most grown-ups. The splendid fight he made against the graft and corruption of the Tweed Ring would alone have made him famous. He lived not far from us, and when I carried over the book one day, he readily granted my request and penned a clever caricature of himself.

From that little incident something like a casual friendship sprang up between us. At least on my side it was friendship. At intervals, I made shy calls on the famous artist, who fascinated me with his stories and anecdotes of the past. Now and then I even penetrated to that upper room, the walls covered with pictures and

To look over them was a delight, and when, one day, he presented me with a large unpublished



E. W. Hale  
97

drawing of the Baltimore riots in 1861, my cup of happiness was filled to overflowing.

It was more than possible that my youthful attentions bored the artist, and that he was nice to me merely because he had a tender heart which would not let him be otherwise. But I like to think he really cared a little. I know that when the tragic end came—he was sent as consul to Ecuador and in a few months died there of yellow fever—it seemed as if I had lost a friend.

Meanwhile, Molly and I were casting about to see whom we should next assail. We both liked immensely the fanciful drawings of F. S. Church; and presently it appeared that the teacher who was vainly endeavoring to instil into me the rudiments of sketching had the acquaintance of that gentleman. A letter of introduction was written, and, book in hand, I journeyed to New York to present it.

I was disappointed by the plainness of the studio—it was a workroom pure and simple—but not with Mr. Church. He was tall and a bit stoopy, with a pleasant face, and a twinkle in his blue eyes that made one feel comfortable at once. He invited me to take a seat while he read the letter, and then ensued a prolonged search for his glasses. To my embarrassment, they were finally discovered on the chair I occupied, but that embarrassment did not last long. With a laugh, Mr. Church stuck them on his nose and ripped open the envelop. When he had perused the contents, the blue eyes twinkled at me again without a hint of weariness or displeasure.



"A Good Story."

on every side great presses filled with original drawings. Here were the originals of many of the famous cartoons that had stirred a nation.

"Humph!" said he, reaching for the book. "Let's see what you've got."

He chuckled at Stockton's laconic comment, smiled at Frost playing golf and the jovial Nast writing his name upon a wall. Then he turned the next page, spread it flat, and reached for a pen.

He sketched rapidly, and I sat watching open-mouthed, for it was the first time I had been privileged to see an artist at work. For a moment or two, it seemed as if he were merely drawing aimless lines. Then all at once the face of a lovely girl sprang into life; an instant later, a tiger with open jaws flashed up on one side of her, followed quickly by another beast behind. The whole had taken barely five minutes, and, as he signed his name, I realized that he had given me a variation of the famous "Girl with the Tigers" that had come to be associated with his name.

"I like it best of all!" declared Molly, that evening. "Even without the signature you'd know who drew it; it's really his trade-mark, is n't it?"

By this time, the book was becoming a source of interest to some of the older members of the family. An amiable uncle took it with him on a week-end visit to New Rochelle, and brought back a virile little sketch from the pen of Frederic Remington. The effect obtained with scarcely a dozen strokes is one of the cleverest things of the sort I have ever seen. The good offices of a cousin are responsible for the acqui-



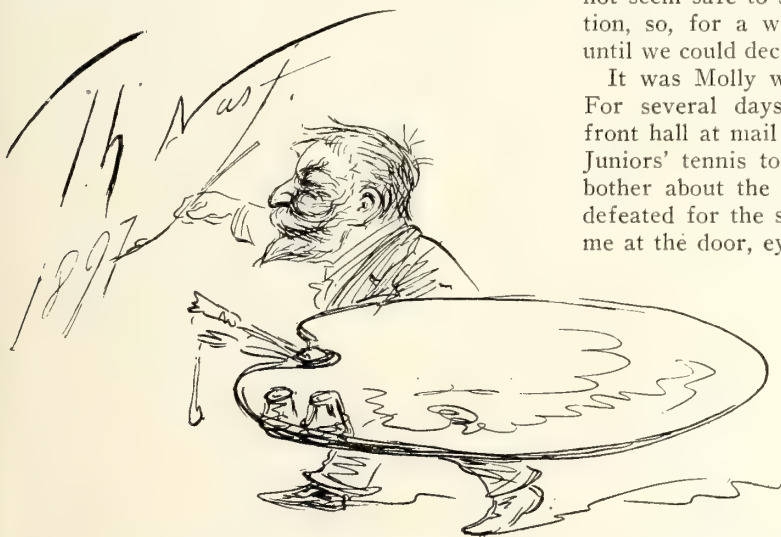
travel in the mails was becoming manifest in the appearance of the book. The binding was loosened, the covers scratched and gouged, and one corner had been bent almost to breaking. It did not seem safe to send it out again in that condition, so, for a while, it rested quietly at home until we could decide what should be done with it.

It was Molly who finally solved the problem. For several days, she had been haunting the front hall at mail time, but I was too full of the Juniors' tennis tournament at the Field Club to bother about the reason for it. The day I was defeated for the semi-finals, however, Molly met me at the door, eyes sparkling and face aglow.

"It's come!" she cried, catching me by the arm. "Hurry! It's too sweet for words—in water-color!"

Refusing to answer the bewildered questions poured upon her, she dragged me through the hall to our den, off at the back of the house. On the desk lay the autograph book opened at a

charming water-color drawing entitled "October," and signed by William T. Smedley. My face must have fully expressed my astonishment.



tion of Mrs. Charlotte B. Coman's delicate little pen-and-ink landscape.

Unfortunately, by this time, the result of much



"But how— You did n't send the book! It was here—"

"I took out a sheet and sent that," explained



merely a sheet from the book made things fatally easy, since any number could be despatched at once. A shamefully large number went off that night, and within a week, E. W. Kemble had responded with an amusing little ducky's head in pen and ink; Oliver Herford had done the profile of a lion in his familiar style, and Charles Dana Gibson contributed a charming, sketchy head in pencil.

Later mails brought three treasures from England, a pen-and-ink sketch by Abbey and another by Phil May, while Harry B. Neilson, who did a good deal of magazine work on this side in those days, forwarded a splendid wash-drawing which he labeled "A Good Story." It represents the British lion clad in British tweeds toasting his

Molly, triumphantly. "I told him the book was all coming to pieces, and we were afraid to trust it in the mail. I told him all about the drawings that were in it, and said we'd love to have one of his. I never thought he'd send such a beauty; it was simply dear of him!"

It was—corking! It seemed to me Mr. Smedley must be an uncommonly nice sort of person to do all this at the request of a total stranger. I still retain that opinion.



Molly sent him an appreciative note of thanks, and that evening we sat down to plan further acquisitions to our album gallery. Sending

toes before a grate fire and laughing over something in the paper he is reading. Still later came a characteristic bit from Thurl de Thulstrup, who did so many of the Spanish War sketches for "Harper's Weekly," and was an authority on military life and equipment. Maud Humphrey contributed a fascinating child's head in pencil, and Peter Newell's pen-and-ink of two children alone in the dark could never be mistaken for the work of any other artist. It was a wonderful day when we became the radiant possessors of a delightfully decorative and comical figure in color signed by Maxfield Parrish; and then came some charming feminine subjects—a guitar player by Irving Wiles, a court lady of the time of Marie Antoinette, by F. T. Richards, and a dainty little maiden by Sarah S. Stilwell.

Such success sent us both up, and we aimed our shafts higher. Sir Alma-Tadema and the venerable Burne-Jones were both requested to contribute a sketch to the collection. A secretary

politely rejoined for the latter, saying that Sir Edward had made it a rule to decline all such requests. Sir Alma-Tadema sent his signature with a line of courteous comment. Almost a

signature; Albert Levering's amusing drawing and joking comment; and a host of others; but a halt must be called somewhere.

To-day the book is at once a wonder and a



"A VARIATION OF THE FAMOUS 'GIRL WITH THE TIGERS.'"

year later, another Englishman, William Nicholson, wrote the following:

I am no use at drawing in books, but send you my signature and the note I made for Her Majesty's glove.  
W. N.

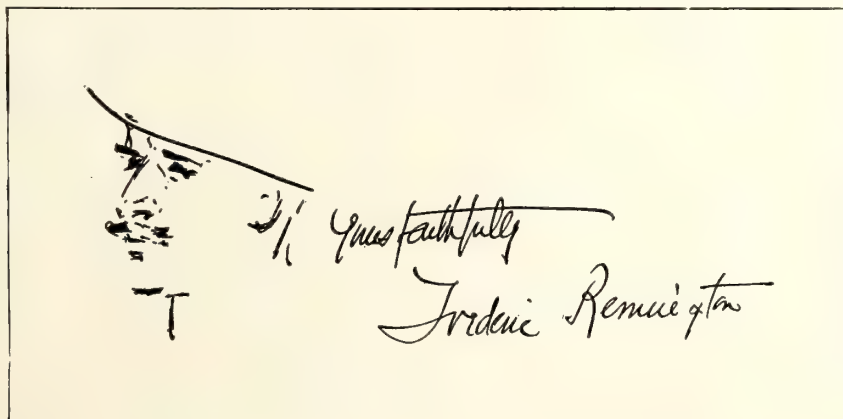
The "note" was the penciled sketch of a gloved hand holding a stick. It had been made for the artist's well-known poster portrait of Queen Victoria, and is considered one of the chief treasures of the collection.

The book was long since rebound, and between its leather covers are many charming sketches by artists I have not yet mentioned. There is Ernest Thompson Seton's well-known wolf's head, and the imprint of the wolf paw below his

delight. Whenever I turn the pages, I blush a little with shame to think of the colossal "nerve"

For Mr. Joseph B Ames  
S. Alma-Tadema  
29. June 1897.

that has made the collection possible. At the same time, I feel a glow of gratitude and appreciation to these busy, famous professional men and women who responded with such spontaneous, ungrudging generosity to the amazing requests of two entirely unknown young people.





# THE MAGIC FOOT-BALL

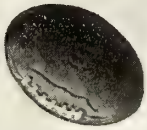
*A Fairy Tale of To-day*

By Ralph Henry Barbour

*Author of*

"THE CRIMSON SWEATER"

"CROFTON CHUMS" etc.



I

"I wish," murmured Billy Piper, "they 'd let me play!"

It was a chill, cloudy November afternoon, and Billy, sprawled in the big arm-chair in front of the library fire, was very unhappy. Things had n't gone well to-day at school, where the teachers had been horribly unjust to him; nor at home, where he had been scolded for arriving late for dinner; Tommy Blue, his most particular chum, was confined to the house with double mumps; and, to add to the burden of his woes, or to remind him of the principal one, half a dozen fellows, toggled and sweated, carrying a battle-scarred foot-ball and dangling their head-guards, had just passed the window on their way to the field to practise for the final and all-important game of the year, that with Meadowville.

Usually, Billy went along, envious but interested, to watch the luckier boys at work; but to-day he was at outs with the world. What was most awfully wrong was that George Marquis, captain of the Hillside eleven, refused to perceive in Billy the qualities desired in a member of that gallant band of gridiron warriors. George said that Billy was much too light for either line or back-field, while grudgingly acknowledging that he *could* kick and *was* fast on his toes. Consequently, Billy, who all summer had looked forward almost breathlessly to securing a position as an end or a back, had been—and still was—horribly disappointed. Of course he realized that he was pretty light—he was only thirteen, you see, and by no means large for his age—but he was quite convinced that he was clever enough

at punting and drop-kicking and carrying the ball, to atone for his lack of weight. But Captain Marquis did n't think so, and Billy was out of it for another year at least.

He had been trying to read a story that was all about school life and foot-ball, but he did n't want his fun at second-hand to-day. He wanted to make history himself! The book toppled unnoticed to the hearth-rug, and Billy went off into a wonderful day-dream, his round eyes fixed entrancedly on the glowing coals in the grate. He saw himself playing left half-back for Hillside in the Thanksgiving Day game with Meadowville, making sensational rushes, kicking marvelous goals from the field, cheered and applauded, a veritable foot-ball hero if ever there was one! When, after an hour of desperate battle, Hillside had conquered, and Billy, on the shoulders of admiring comrades, was being carried from the field, he woke from his day-dream with a sigh.

"I wish," he said longingly, addressing no one in particular, since there was no one there, but gazing very intently at the gloomy corner of the room where lounge and bookcase met and formed a cave of shadow—"I wish I could do all that! Gee, but I do wish I could!"

"Well," said a small, gruff voice that made Billy sit up quickly, very straight and surprised, in his chair, "you were long enough about it!"

From the dark corner there suddenly emerged into the firelight the strangest, most astonishing person Billy Piper had ever seen or dreamed of. He was scarcely higher than Billy's knee, and he was preposterously thin; and his head was quite out of proportion to any other part of him. But the queerest thing of all was his face. It was as

round as—well, as a basket-ball, and very much the same color and texture. From the middle of it protruded a long, pointed nose, the end of which twitched up and down and from side to side as he moved across the floor. His eyes were tiny and sharp, and looked for all the world like two of Billy's most precious green-glass marbles, while his thin mouth stretched almost from one perfectly enormous ear to the other.

He was dressed in a funny, tight-fitting suit of rusty black, with pointed shoes that were ridiculously like his nose, and a sugar-loaf hat of faded red with the letters D. A. in front and a green feather that fell dejectedly over his face and seemed to be trying to tickle his nose. And under one pipe-stem of an arm, clutched with claw-like brown fingers, was a foot-ball nearly half as large as he was!

Billy stared and stared, open-mouthed and wide-eyed, and thought, very naturally, that he must be dreaming. But the queer visitor soon put that notion out of his head. "Well, well!" he ejaculated crossly in his small, gruff voice. "Lost your tongue, have you?"

"N-no, sir," stammered Billy. "But I—I did n't hear what you said."

"Yes you did! Boys are all stupid. You did n't understand. I said you were long enough about it."

"About wh-what?" asked Billy.

"About wishing, of course! Don't you know fairies can't grant a wish until it's been made three times? You wished once and then kept me waiting. I don't like to be kept waiting. I'm a very busy person. Nowadays, with every one wishing for all sorts of silly things that they don't need and ought n't to have, a fairy's life is n't worth living."

"I'm very sorry," murmured Billy, apologetically. "I—I did n't know you were there."

"Did n't know! 'Did n't know!' That's what every stupid person says. You *should* have known. If you did n't expect me, why did you wish three times?"

"Why, I—I don't know," said Billy. "I was just—just wishing."

"Oh, then maybe you don't want your wish?" asked the other, eagerly. "If that's it, just say so. Don't waste my time. I've an appointment in Meadowville in—in—" He took off his funny sugar-loaf hat, rested the end of the feather on the bridge of his long nose, and spun the hat around. "One—two—three—four—" The hat stopped spinning and he replaced it on his head. "In four minutes," he ended sternly.

"Th-that's a funny way to tell time," said Billy.

"I never tell time," replied the stranger, shortly. "Time tells me. Now, then, what do you say?"

"Th-thank you," said Billy, hurriedly, remembering his manners.

"No, no, no, no, no, no!" exclaimed the other, exasperatedly. "What about your wish? Do you, or is n't it?"

"Why—why, if it is n't too much trouble," stammered Billy, "I'd like to have it very, very much."

"Of course it's trouble," said the Fairy, sharply. "Don't be any stupider than you have to. But everything's trouble; my life is full of trouble; that's what comes of being a D. A."

"If you please," asked Billy, politely, "what does D. A. mean?"

"Director of Athletics, of course. It could n't mean anything else, could it? Really, you do ask more silly questions! Now then, now then, look alive!"

"Yes, sir, but—but how?" asked Billy, anxiously.

"Repeat the incan, of course."

"The—the incan?"

"Tation! Don't tell me you don't know it!" The Fairy was almost tearful, and Billy naturally felt awfully ashamed of his ignorance. But he had to acknowledge it, and the Fairy, casting his eyes toward the ceiling in protest, rattled off the following so rapidly that it was all Billy could do to follow him:

"I wish this once;  
I wish this twice!  
Grant me the wish  
That I wish thrice!"

"Repeat, if you please!" said the Fairy. Billy did so, stumbly.

The Fairy grunted. "Stupid!" he muttered. "Did n't know the incan. What are we coming to? What are we coming to? In the old days, boys did n't have to be told such things. Modern education—pah!" And the Fairy fairly glared at Billy.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Fairy," he said.

"H-m, at least you have manners," said the Fairy, his ill-temper vanishing. "Well, here it is." He tapped the foot-ball he held with the claw-like fingers of his other hand.

"But—but I did n't wish for a foot-ball," faltered Billy, disappointedly.

"Of course you did n't! Who said you did? You wished you might play in Saturday's foot-ball game and be a hero and win the game for your team, did n't you? Or, if you did n't, how much? Or, other things being as stated, when?"



"Yes, sir, I did! And could I—could you really give me my wish?"

"Drat the boy! What am I here for? Wasting my time! Wasting my time! Fiddledunk!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said fiddledunk! I always say fiddledunk when angry. What do you say?"

"I say—I say—" Billy had the grace to blush.

"I know!" exclaimed the Fairy, triumphantly. "You say 'Jerriwhizzum!' You should n't! It's almost swearing! You're a very bad boy, and I don't know that you ought to have your wish!"

"But I don't!" gasped Billy. "I never said 'jerriwhizzum' in my life."

"You just said it! Don't tell me! Don't tell me! Guilty or not guilty? Guilty! Remove the prisoner!" And the Fairy grinned gleefully and maliciously at Billy.

"But—but I meant I never said it before, sir!"

"Why don't you say what you mean?" demanded the other, evidently disappointed. "Are you or for what purpose did you not? Answer yes or no immediately. No answer. Discharged! Now then, what do you say?"

"Thank you very much," said Billy, promptly. The Fairy smiled.

"Not at all! Not at all! Glad to be of service. You have excellent manners—for a boy. Perhaps in time you'll get over being so stupid. I did. I used to be awfully stupid. You would n't believe it now, would you?"

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Billy. The Fairy actually beamed.

"I took a correspondence course, you see."

"A correspondence course?" murmured Billy, questioningly.

"In non-stupidity. Try it."

"Thank you, I—I might, sometime."

"Time!" exclaimed the Fairy, twirling his hat again on the tip of the feather and counting the spins. "Dear me! Dear me! I'm—seven—eight—nine—nine minutes late! Did you ever? I really must go, I really must. Here is the magic foot-ball—"

"Oh, is it a magic foot-ball?" exclaimed Billy, in surprise.

"Of course it is! There you go again with your silly questions! Taking up my time! Did n't I just tell you that I was—how many minutes late did I say?"

"Nine, I think."

"You think! You ought to know! Now I'll have to do it again." He spun the hat and it stopped at six. "I thought you were wrong," he said in triumph. "You said it was nine! Stupid!"

Billy thought it best not to argue with him. "Wh—what do I do with the foot-ball?" he asked.

"Play with it, of course. Did n't think it was to eat, did you?"

"N-no, but—"

"This foot-ball will do everything you want it to. If you want it to come to you, you say 'Come'; if you want it to go, you say—"

"Go!" murmured Billy.

"Not at all!" exclaimed the Fairy, testily. "I wish you would n't jump to conclusions. If you want it to go you say 'Og!'"

"Og?" faltered Billy.

"Of course. When the ball comes to you, it comes forward. When it goes away from you, it must go backward. And 'go,' backward, is 'og.' I never saw any one so stupid!"

"Oh," murmured the boy. "But suppose I kick the ball?"

"Say 'Og.' But you'd better not kick it very hard because if you do it might not like it. Magic foot-balls have very tender feelings."

"But suppose I wanted to kick it a long, long distance?"

"Then say 'Og' several times. You'll have to try it for yourself and learn the ography of it. Now call it."

"Come," said Billy, doubtfully.

The next instant the foot-ball was rushing into the fireplace, having jumped from the Fairy's arms, collided violently with Billy's nose, and bounced to the floor again.

"Save it!" shrieked the Fairy, jumping excitedly about on the rug.

But Billy's eyes were full of tears, produced by the blow on his nose; and by the time he had leaped to the rescue the ball was lodged between grate and chimney, and the Fairy, still jumping and shrieking, was quite beside himself with alarm. Billy pulled the foot-ball out before it had begun to scorch, however, and the Fairy's excitement subsided as suddenly as it had begun.

"Stupid!" he said severely. "You almost made me ill. The odor of burning leather always upsets me. It was most unfeeling of you."

"But I did n't know," replied Billy, with spirit, rubbing his nose gingerly, "it was going to come so hard!"

"You should have known! Seems to me, for a boy who goes to school, you are very deficient in ography and comeology."

"I never studied them. We don't have them."

The Fairy sighed painfully. "What are we coming to? What are we coming to? Never studied ography or comeology or non-stupidity! Oh dear! Oh my!" His long, thin, pointed nose twitched up and down and sidewise under the stress of his emotion. "Well, well, there is n't time to give you a lesson now. You'll have to



"'I THOUGHT YOU WERE WRONG,' HE SAID IN TRIUMPH. 'YOU SAID IT WAS NINE! STUPID!'"

do the best you can. I'm very late. By the way, when you're through with the foot-ball, just say 'Og!' seven times, and it will come back to me. But be careful not to say it seven times if you don't want to lose it. And, another thing, you must n't tell any one about it. Remember that! Thank you for a very pleasant evening." The Fairy made a ridiculous bow, hat in hand, and backed away toward the dark corner of the room. Billy started to remind him that it was n't evening, but concluded that it would only offend him, and so did n't. Instead,

"I'm awfully much obliged for the foot-ball," he said. "Would you mind telling me who it is you are going to call on in Meadowville?"

"The name is—the name is—" The Fairy lifted one foot and peered at the sole of a pointed shoe. "The name is Frank Lester. Do you know him?"

"N-no, but I know who he is," answered Billy, anxiously. "He's captain of the Meadowville Grammar School Foot-ball Team, and I'll just bet he's going to wish they'll win the game!"

The Fairy frowned with annoyance. "He can't wish that," he said, shaking his head rapidly. "Besides, all the magic foot-balls are out. He will have to wish for something else."

"But—but suppose he does n't?"

"Suppose! Suppose! I'd just like to know," exclaimed the Fairy, "how many supposes you've supposed! You're the most suppositionary boy I ever did see!"

"But if he *did* wish that," pursued Billy, "you'd have to give him his wish, would n't you?"

The Fairy grinned slyly and put a long finger beside his nose. "If wishes were fishes," he said, "beggars would ride."

"I—I don't think that's just the way it goes," said Billy.

"Then don't ask me," replied the other, indignantly. "Besides, you have kept me here until I am awfully late for my appointment. I must be—I must be—"

The Fairy caught off his hat and began twirling it about on his nose by the tip of the feather. "One—two—three!" he began to count.

The hat twirled like a top and Billy, watching it, felt his head swim and his eyes grow heavy.

"Twelve—thirteen—fourteen—twenty-eight—" came the voice of the Fairy as though from a long way off. Billy wanted to tell him that twenty-eight did n't follow fourteen, but he was too sleepy to speak. "Thirty-three—thirty-six—thirty-two—fifteen—"



It was just a whisper now, away off, in the hazy distance.

Billy sat up suddenly and stared. The Fairy was gone. He rubbed his eyes. After all, then, it was just a dream! But, as he stirred, something rolled from his lap to the floor and went bouncing away under the couch. It was the magic foot-ball.

## II

ALL that happened on Saturday afternoon. Monday morning, Billy sought George Marquis at recess, and asked him to let him play on the foot-ball team. "If you do," he said earnestly, "I'll win the game for you."

George laughed amusedly. "How 'll you do it, kid?" he asked, with a wink at Harold Newman, the quarter-back.

Billy flushed. "I—I can't tell you how," he stammered. "It—it's a secret. But I can do it, George; honest and truly, black and blue! Just let me show you, won't you?"

"Oh, shucks!" said the captain, "if you know how to win the game, you can tell me about it, can't you? Anyway, I guess we can win it without you and your secrets, Billy."

But Billy looked so disappointed that George, who was kind-hearted after all, said soothingly: "I tell you what I *will* do, Billy. If we're ahead at the end of the third period, I'll let you go in at half. How 's that?"

"You won't be," replied Billy, glumly. "If you really want to lick Meadowville, George, you'd better let me play. If you don't, you'll be sorry for it. I can win that game for you, and I don't believe any one else can."

George's good nature took flight. "Oh, you run away, kid!" he said impatiently. "Any one to hear you talk would think you were a regular wonder! You're too fresh!"

"That's all right," said Billy to himself, as George went off scowling, "but you'll have to let me play whether you want to or not! Unless," he added doubtfully, "that Fairy is just a—*a faker*, after all!"

But that did n't seem probable, for there was the magic foot-ball, and the magic foot-ball did just as the Fairy had said it would. That afternoon, when he was let out of school half an hour late—Billy's head was so filled with foot-ball these days that there was almost no room in it for lessons, and he was kept after school as a result—he hurried home, unlocked the closet door in his bedroom, and took the magic foot-ball down from the shelf. It looked just like any other foot-ball. There was the name of a well-known maker stamped on the clean leather, and

no one would have ever suspected that there was anything unusual about it. But there certainly was, as Billy proceeded to prove, when, the ball under his arm, he reached the vacant lot behind the dye-works in the next street. The dye-works had no windows on the back, there was a tumble-down board-fence around the other three sides of the lot, and Tommy was safe from observation.

When he had crawled through a hole in the fence, he placed the foot-ball on the ground, swung his leg gently, and said "Og!" softly as his foot struck the ball. He hardly more than touched it with the toe of his scuffed shoe, but the ball flew up and off as straight as an arrow, and bounced away from the fence at the farther end of the lot. Billy looked carefully about him. No one was within sight, and so he said "Come!" very softly. The ball began rolling toward him along the ground. That was too slow, and so Billy said "Come!" once more and a little louder. Whereupon the ball left the ground and arched itself toward him. Billy held out his hands and the ball settled into them.

That day and every afternoon until Thursday, Billy continued his practice with the magic foot-ball, until finally he was able to judge just how to address it to get the results he wanted. For a short kick or pass, one "Og," not very loud, was enough. For a longer kick, a single "Og," spoken loudly, accomplished the purpose. For a very long kick, say thirty or thirty-five yards, beyond which Billy had never tried to kick a ball, three "Ogs" were sufficient. And the same rule worked when he wanted the ball to come to him. He could make it just trickle toward him slowly across the turf, or he could make it come slamming to him so hard that, as often as not, he jumped out of its way so it would n't knock him down. When he did that, the ball, instead of going past, stopped short in the air and dropped to the ground. In fact, Billy learned what the Fairy had called "ography" and "comeology."

A very funny thing happened the next day. When he got home after school—he was n't kept in that afternoon, for there was a teachers' council in the superintendent's office—it occurred to him that perhaps it was n't necessary for him to go up and get the ball, even though it was in the closet with the door locked. At all events, he thought, there was no harm in trying it. So he said "Come!" very loudly, and waited there half-way up the front path. But nothing happened; not even when he said "Come!" again, very much louder. But when, for the third time, he said "Come! Come!" almost at the top of his lungs, something did happen. There was a frightful

noise at the top of the house, a scream from Tilda, the maid, and a grunt from Billy himself! When Billy picked himself up, gasping for breath, he was six feet nearer the front gate, and the foot-ball was bobbing up and down in front of him. It had taken him squarely in the stomach!

When he went into the house, Tilda was sitting half-way up the stairs having hysterics, an overturned pail beside her and a flood of soapy water trickling down the steps. Something, declared Tilda, when she had been calmed by the use of smelling-salts and other restoratives, something had flown at her as she was going up-stairs and clean knocked the feet from under her! Just what the something was Tilda could n't say, but she was sure that it had been "as big as a washtub, mum, and kind of yellow, with two big, glaring eyes!" Billy, hiding the magic foot-ball behind him, crept up to his room. In the top of the closet door was a big jagged hole, and the floor was littered with splinters!

Billy looked and gasped. Then he stared wonderingly at the magic foot-ball. "I guess," he muttered, "I won't try that again!"

On Wednesday he went out to see practice. What he saw did n't impress him greatly. Hillside did n't play like a team that was going to win on the morrow. The scrub eleven held the school team to one touch-down and a very lucky field-goal; and, when practice was over, the supporters of the team came back looking very dejected. Billy waited for George Marquis at the gate.

"George," he said, twitching the captain's sleeve, "don't forget what I told you!"

Captain Marquis pulled his arm away and scowled angrily at the youngster. "Oh, let up, Billy," he sputtered. "You make me tired! I've got enough troubles without having to listen to your nonsense!"



"TOMMY APPEARED AT AN UP-STAIRS WINDOW." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



Billy went home and wondered for the hundredth time whether that Fairy was putting up a game on him. Suppose, after all, the Fairy had just been making fun of him! If George did n't let him play, how was he ever going to win the game for Hillside? It was all well enough to have a magic foot-ball that would come or go just as you wanted it to, and that would break its way through closet doors and scare folks into hysterics, but if you did n't get into the game, what good were a dozen such things? Billy was sad and doubtful and pessimistic that evening.

But the next morning he felt more hopeful. To reassure himself, he went over to the vacant lot with the foot-ball and put it through its paces to his entire satisfaction. And then, since it was Thanksgiving Day and the big game was to start at half-past ten, he put on his playing togs, tucked the magic foot-ball in the hollow of his arm, and joined the crowd that was wending its way to the field. He passed Tommy Blue's house on the way, and, in answer to his whistle, Tommy appeared at an up-stairs window with his face swathed in cotton batting and linen, and waved to him sadly.

"Where 'd you get the foot-ball?" mumbled Tommy, enviously.

"A fair—a fellow gave it to me," answered Billy. "Or maybe he just loaned it to me. It—it's a wonder!"

"Going to the game?"

"Yep. Wish you were, Tommy."

"So do I! We 'll get licked, though."

"Bet you we don't! Bet you we win!"

Tommy tried to say "Yah!" but it hurt too much, and so he contented himself with shaking his head and looking sarcastic. "Yes, we will!" he mumbled. "Like fun!"

"We will though, and, Tommy,"—Billy sank his voice so the passers would n't hear—"want me to tell you something nobody else knows?"

Tommy nodded.

"I 'm going to win it for 'em!" confided Billy,

it was a sad affair. Meadowville outrushed, outpunted, outgeneraled her opponent. The Hillside line could n't hold against the swift, hard attack of the visitors, and the Hillside ends were no match for the fast backs of the Meadowville team. When the first fifteen-minute period was at an end, the score was 6 to 0. When the half was over and the teams trotted off the gridiron, the score stood Meadowville 17; Hillside 0!

Billy, hunched up on a seat in the grand stand, the magic foot-ball clasped to his breast, watched and worried and almost wept. The Fairy's promise was n't coming true after all! He was n't to have his wish! All his lessons in "ography" and "comeology" were to be wasted! The magic foot-ball might just as well be back on the closet shelf, or, for that matter, back in fairy-land! Billy felt very sorry for himself, very disappointed.

"I suppose," he told himself dolefully, "Frank Lester wished they would win the game, and the Fairy had to give him his wish!"

But he made one last, final appeal before yielding to the inevitable. He left his seat and squirmed through the crowd to the home team's bench when Captain Marquis and his players came back, blankets and spirits both trailing. He got George's attention for a minute finally, and reminded him of his promise. George was cross and impatient. "You again?" he exclaimed. "Promise? What promise? Oh, that? Well, I said if we were ahead, did n't I? We are n't ahead, so that settles that. Now get off the field, Billy."

Billy did n't, though. He carried his foot-ball to the bench and seated himself on it, unchallenged, amongst the substitutes. They were all too discouraged to care what Billy did. Then the whistle sounded again and the game went on. The pigskin floated in air, was caught by a fleet-footed Meadowville player and brought back for many yards, the Hillside ends failing lamentably to stop the runner. A plunge at the line and an-



in a stage-whisper. Then, with a magnificent wave of his hand, he went on, pursued by Tommy's cruel and incredulous, if much smothered, laughter.

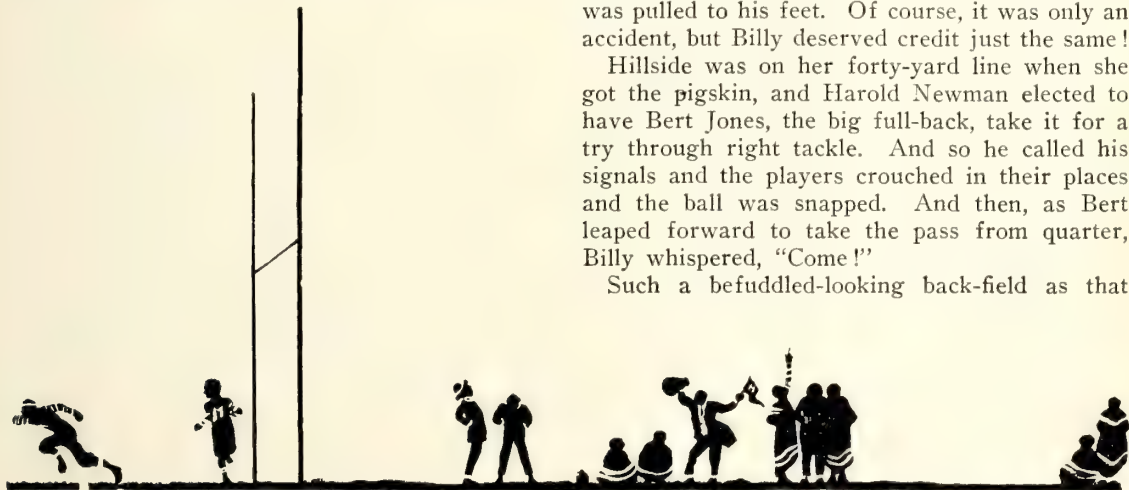
We need n't dwell on that first thirty minutes of the game. From the point of view of Hillside,

other mark was passed. A wide end-run and two more were traversed. Meadowville was literally eating up the ground, while from across the field came the triumphant shouting of her supporters. And then, not three minutes after the third quarter began, a strange thing happened.

The foot-ball in use, a perfectly good, brand-new foot-ball, supplied by the home team at a vast expense, began to become deflated. A halt was called, and the lacings were undone and they tried to blow it up again. But the air would n't stay in it! It was most perplexing and most annoying. No one had ever seen a foot-ball act so before. But there was only one thing to do, and that was to find another ball. Of course, Hillside ought to have had another one, but she did n't; at least, not at the field. There was an old foot-ball at George's house, but George's house was a good mile and a half away. So it devolved on Meadowville to loan her practice ball, and the Meadowville captain, after sarcastically stating what he thought of the stinginess of Hillside, consented to have the ball used. But when they went to look for it, it could n't be found! It had been there a half-hour before, they were all quite certain of that; but it was n't there now. Boys searched everywhere, even behind the stand, but to no avail. And then, just when Captain Marquis concluded that he would have to despatch a messenger to his house for the old foot-ball, some one brought word that Billy Piper had a foot-ball, and that he was sitting on the bench at that moment. Over hurried George.

"Let 's take your ball, Billy," he said genially. "Ours is bu'sted."

Billy smiled and shook his head. George blustered.



"Come on! We 'll pay you for it, if you won't lend it! Don't be mean!"

"I 'll lend it to you for nothing if you 'll let me play left half-back," said Billy. A howl of derision went up from the players and substitutes. George scowled angrily.

"What 's the use of being a chump?" he demanded. "Come on, let 's have it!"

But Billy shook his head. George grabbed the ball and tried to tug it away. Billy said "Come!" very softly under his breath, and, although Harold Newman and Bert Jones and Gus Neely all helped their captain, not an inch would that ball budge! They had to give it up.

"Oh, let him play," said Harold, very much out of breath. "It won't matter, George. We 're beaten anyway."

George, very angry, hesitated and finally yielded. "All right," he said gruffly, "you can play. Give us the ball. Gus, you 're off."

Billy, the recipient of a look of deadly hatred from the deposed Gus, trotted joyfully into the field and took his place. Harold whispered the signal code into his ear. "You won't be able to remember it," he added, "but you won't get the ball, so that does n't matter!"

Then the game began again. Meadowville was on her second down, with four yards to go. The quarter-back called his signals, the two lines heaved together, and—

"Ball! Ball!" shouted half the players. The Meadowville quarter had fumbled, and, strange to say, it was Billy who dropped to the turf and snuggled the ball to him. For almost the first time the Hillside supporters had something to cheer about, and they made good use of the chance. And half the Hillside team patted Billy on the back as he was pulled to his feet. Of course, it was only an accident, but Billy deserved credit just the same!

Hillside was on her forty-yard line when she got the pigskin, and Harold Newman elected to have Bert Jones, the big full-back, take it for a try through right tackle. And so he called his signals and the players crouched in their places and the ball was snapped. And then, as Bert leaped forward to take the pass from quarter, Billy whispered, "Come!"

Such a befuddled-looking back-field as that

was for an instant! Bert, expecting the pigskin, stood with hands outstretched to receive the ball, but clasped only empty air. The other players stopped, stood, and stared; all, that is, save Billy. Billy was very busy. Already, with the ball snuggled in the bend of his arm, he had crossed



two white lines, and he was very intent on crossing the rest of them. That he did n't was only because the opposing quarter-back outguessed him and brought him to earth.

But twenty-five yards were not to be sneezed at, especially when theretofore the most that Hill-



"THE QUARTER HAD A DAZED LOOK ON HIS FACE."

side had made in one try was a scant six! George Marquis stopped scolding Harold and hugged Billy instead. Harold, too, thumped him delightedly on the back, but the quarter had a dazed look on his face. He could have sworn that he had tossed the ball toward Bert Jones!

Slightly demoralized, Meadowville lined up again in front of her

foe. This time she watched Billy as a cat watches a mouse; but when Billy, disregarding the play, scuttled yards across the field, the rival backs decided that he was faking an end-run, and paid scant attention to him. A moment after they saw their mistake, for the ball went to Billy on one of the prettiest and longest passes ever seen, and Billy, almost unopposed, streaked straight for the Meadowville goal-line! Only an end came near him, and Billy eluded the end deftly. Billy was really a clever runner, say what you like. The opposing quarter tried desperately to intercept Billy before he reached the goal-line, but he failed, and the best he could do was to tackle him behind it and prevent him from centering the ball.

You can imagine how Hillside cheered then! It was deafening, terrific! Even staid and serious-minded elderly gentlemen shouted and thumped the stand with their gold-headed sticks. Girls screamed their pretty throats hoarse, and boys—well, boys threw their hats in air and behaved like joyous lunatics! As for the Hillside players, they turned hand-springs and tripped each other up and behaved quite ridiculously. All save Billy. Billy, a little breathless, but wearing his honors modestly, yielded the ball, and trotted back up the field amidst a shower of congratulations. And not until Bert Jones was directing the pointing of the pigskin did it occur to George Marquis to demand of Harold why he had signaled one thing and done another! And

poor Harold, looking very white and worried, could only shake his head and gaze fascinatedly at Billy.

But why go into further details of that last half? At the end of the third quarter, Hillside was two points ahead of Meadowville and Billy

Piper had only to turn his head or lift his hand to have the Hillside stand rise to its feet and cheer itself hoarse! Such runs as Billy made! Ten yards, twenty, even once a full thirty-five! Never was such brilliant running and dodging seen before! Billy could have played that whole game alone, had he wished it, but he did n't. With the assurance that his



"I MUST HAVE SAID 'OG' SEVEN TIMES."

team would emerge victor in the end, Billy let the other backs have their chances. And when they were stopped in their tracks, or pushed back for a loss, then the ball went to the infallible William Piper, and said William reeled off a dozen yards, or two dozen, perchance; and everything was lovely.

When the last quarter began, Meadowville was showing the strain. So was the Hillside quarter-back! Poor Harold was beginning to think that he had gone crazy. Time after time, when he had tried to pass the ball to one of the other backs, or even carry it himself, he found that, for some strange reason, without wanting to do it, he had thrown it to Billy. Of course, Billy always gained, and that made it all right. Only—well, Harold was certainly worried!

A run the entire length of the field, barring ten yards, was Billy's heart-stirring contribution at the beginning of the final period, and from that time on until, with only a minute to spare and the ball on Hillside's thirty-two yards, he ended the game in a final blaze of glory, Billy performed like a—well, like a magician. I can think of no better word!

But the last feat of all was the most astounding. It went down in history, I can tell you! Even yet no other player has ever come within, at the very least, twenty yards of duplicating Billy's performance. The score was 36 to 17 when the final sixty seconds began to tick them-

selves away. Hillside had the game safe, and it did n't matter very much what happened then. So when Billy said to Harold, "Let me try a field-goal from here, Harold," the quarter-back only stared and did n't tell him he was crazy. He only grinned. And then, since they all owed the victory to Billy, he consented. What did it matter how the contest ended? As well one way as another. And he 'd be pleasing the redoubtable Billy. So Billy walked back to Hillside's twenty-five-yard line and held out his hands, and every one stared in surprise. For why, with everything her own way, should Hillside punt and yield possession of the ball?

Billy was ambitious to outdo all his previous feats, and he could think of but one way to gain that end, and that was to make a wonderful field-goal. But when, with poised arms, he awaited the ball and looked down the field at the far-off goal-posts, he began to have doubts. Perhaps the magic foot-ball could n't do it! It was an appalling distance! But just then the ball was snapped, and Billy said "Come!" Straight and true it sped into his hands. Billy measured distance and direction again, dropped the ball, and, as it bounded, hit it smartly with his instep. And as he did so, he said "Og!" very loudly, and then, to make very certain, he said "Og!" again and again and many times, and kept on saying it

until the enemy came swarming down on him and sent him sprawling on his back.

But he was up in a second, watching the flight of the ball, and, lest it might falter on its journey, he said "Og" for, perhaps, the fifteenth time.

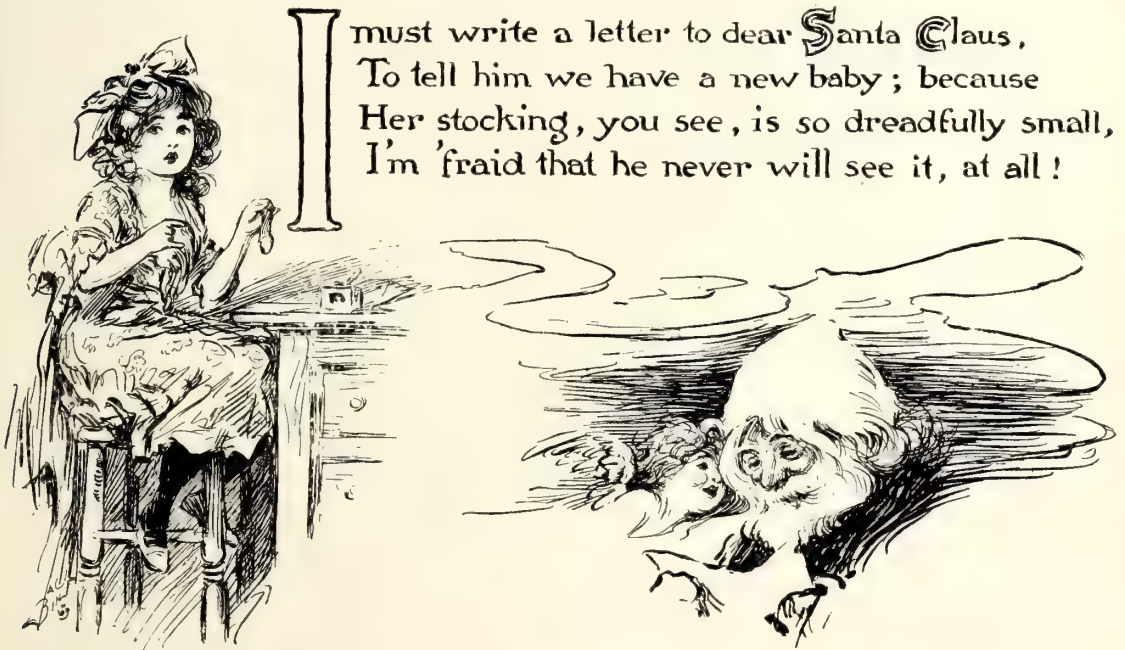
Friend and foe alike turned and watched the foot-ball. Every one held his breath. Surely it would never travel so far! And yet it kept on going, getting higher and higher until, by the time it reached the end of the field, it was yards and yards and yards above the goal-posts. A great awe hushed the field. You could have heard a pin drop. And then a wild cry of amazement started and spread, for the magic foot-ball kept on going up and up and up, and getting smaller and smaller and smaller, until, at last, it was just a speck against the blue, and then—why, then it was n't anything at all! It had just floated out of sight like a runaway toy balloon!

But every one agreed that it had passed exactly over the center of the Meadowville goal, and so what did it matter if the ball was lost!

Billy, being borne off the field on the shoulders of enthusiastic admirers, cheered and waved at, a hero at last, smiled modestly. But under that smile was a sorrow.

The magic foot-ball was gone!

"I guess," said Billy, sadly, to himself, "I must have said 'Og' seven times!"





# THE KING OF THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

BY ELAINE STERNE



THE little boy in No. 60 pressed his nose against the cold window-pane and looked out over the school yard. It was a deserted white courtyard, with a few muddy footprints zigzagging across the snow toward the second dormitory. There was, to be sure, a rusty puddle in one corner where the drops from the rain-pipe splattered, but aside from that, four gray walls with staring windows looked him back square in the eye, no matter how far he twisted his head.

The little boy had been ill. Even now, a bright red flannel compress was wound about his tender throat, and he was propped up in a much-too-big Morris chair, with a plaid rug across his knees. There is nothing to being sick at school—nothing at all. The little boy in No. 60 could have told you that, because he had had two months of it, and only now, at Christmas time, had he begun to get well.

Of course, on the other hand, the infirmary is good sport, with Mrs. Darling fussing over you and feeding you hot broths from a little blue china bowl. But even with Mrs. Darling tucking you in here and patting you down there, and even with the boys stumbling in for a few minutes to chatter about the junior team and the senior squad, there is something very "wantable" that you miss most fearfully much. Something that begins with a capital "M." The little boy in No. 60 never let himself get farther than the capital "M," because his mother was a whole ocean away, and it was n't any good wishing for her anyway—you see, it cost so much to come.

The little boy in No. 60 sat by the window a long time, until the shadows began to get long and black and reaching, and a crisp chilliness was in the air. He wound the plaid rug tightly

about him, until only his sharp little chin peeked out, and he was glad when he heard the door click and Mrs. Darling rustled in.

"And was the little plum-pudding left all by himself?" she asked, switching on the lights briskly. "Such a busy day as it 's been—what with putting the place to rights after the young gentlemen, and getting the perfessers off for the holiday, why we forgot all and everything about you. You 're not cold, are you?"

"Not very," said the little boy, quietly; "not very, at all."

"Well, I 'm having Nora build us a fire in the study, and I 'll carry you down across my shoulder, like the little pack of bones that you are."

"Perhaps I could walk, if you—"

"Walk! And do you think I could n't lift you, after caring for you two whole months? Mercy! but the boy 's getting well!"

Even as she spoke, she was bundling the plaid about him and lifting him gently. There is something rather revolting in having a woman carry you, just like a tiny baby, and the little boy's mouth stiffened, and he stuck out his chin.

"Just as you like," he said. "Oniy do be sure nobody sees you doing it."

Mrs. Darling laughed aloud. "I 'll be so careful that I 'll drop you like a hot potato if any one comes sneaking around."

And so the little boy in No. 60 was carried ignominiously down the long stairs, his fair head resting against Mrs. Darling's plump shoulder.

Nora, down on her hands and knees, was piling logs on a roaring fire. It did look cozy. The little boy was almost glad he had come, only fires and crackling logs somehow need a great laughing crew about them. You really should n't be at all lonesome beside a fire, because it is such a big, warm, glorious, friendly thing. Mrs. Darling set him down carefully and stuffed a pillow behind his back. The little boy quite hated the sight of a pillow, but he let it stay because it *did* feel good in that spot, and then she bustled away, for just "half a minute," and left him watching

Nora, still poking and prodding the fire as though she were trying to keep it awake.

Suddenly he spoke. "Nora," he said, "what-ever are you crying for?"

Nora did not answer, but her shoulders began to shake, and she dropped the poker.

"Nora, I guess perhaps I know why you 're crying," he said thoughtfully.

"O-o-h!" moaned Nora, her hands over her face. "It 's homesick I am, and I 've thried me bes' niver to shid a tear, an' now what 'll Mrs. Darlin' say?"

"Never mind her," he said soothingly. "Never mind her at all. Perhaps, Nora, if you keep on crying, I 'll cry too, and it would n't be very good for me, I don't—believe." There was the least bit of a catch in his voice, and Nora swung around.

"For shame on me!" she cried, "whin it 's you as should be mournin'—bein' so sick an' little an' swate. Sure, an' don't you begin to cry, for Mrs. Darlin' will be blamin' me."

"I 'll try not to," he said quietly. "I 'll try very hard. Nora," he said, "have you a—a—m-oth—"

"No," she said, shaking her head, "I 've niver had one—that is, since I was too schmall to remimber."

"Then what are you homesick for?"

"It 's me brothers, and sisters, and their childer, an' the tree, an' stockin's,—an'—oh, it 's Christmas—"

"I see," he said solemnly.

"Nora," he added suddenly, "why could n't we have a tree?"

"Sure, an' where 'd we get it?"

"I don't know, except where everybody gets trees—I guess you buy them."

"Yes, an' they 're after costin' a heap of money, too."

"I suppose so," he said. Then he clasped his hands. "Nora," he said, "we simply *must* have some kind of a tree, because, you see, it would n't be Christmas at all if we did n't."

"There ain't nothin' in the house that 'd do for a tree, I don't suppose."

"No—no unless—oh, Nora, the hat-tree! The hat-tree!"

"The hat-tree, is it? A shiny mahogany tree? Oh, it 's better than that we can do."

"I believe," his eyes were very bright—"I believe that would do all right. Of course we 'd have to pretend it was a glorious tree that reached to the ceiling, and that it was aglow with candles—and—and, Nora, w-we could play I was the king, and you, and Mrs. Darling, and old Patrick, and the cook were poor subjects that I

had invited in for the—the—feast; and we could have apples—and stockings—and nuts—and—"

"Sure, I don't believe Mrs. Darlin' will be lettin' you do it."

But just at that moment Mrs. Darling, bearing a big tray, appeared.

"Guess what you 're going to have for supper to-night," she called across the cloud of steam that rose, but the little boy was too eager to guess.

"Oh, Mrs. Darling!" he cried, "can't we have a Christmas party here? Can't we have you and Nora and Patrick and—"

"A Christmas party! And this Christmas eve! Whatever are you thinking of? With Nora, and old Patrick, and no tree or nothing—"

Something about the little boy's face stopped her short. Perhaps it was his eyes. You see, they had grown very large and "wishful" since his illness, and they had a way of speaking much more distinctly than his lips. He did not say a word, but just watched Mrs. Darling until she felt a big lump spring into her throat.

"I guess we can manage it somehow," she said suddenly, "although I don't see exactly how."

The little boy clapped his hands.

"Let me do it!" he cried. "I 'm going to pretend that I am—well—a sort of a—" It was much easier telling Nora things than Mrs. Darling. Some people have such an understanding way.

"Sure," broke in Nora, "it 's a king he 's goin' to be, with us a-bowin' an' a-scrapin' before him!"

"I thought perhaps you would n't mind," said the little boy, apologetically, a pink flush mounting into his pale cheeks. "You see, it would only be pretending, and I—guess—perhaps—Patrick, and the cook, and Nora would n't mind pretending, on Christmas, just this once, when it 's only a make-believe Christmas, after all."

"You can be as big a king as you want to," said Mrs. Darling, with a laugh, "if you eat the chicken soup I 've brought you and the buttered toast."

The little boy sighed contentedly and obediently tucked a napkin under his chin. He could feed himself now. He was very glad of that. But to-night his hand trembled a bit, and he set down his spoon hastily.

"I don't believe I want any soup," he said slowly, but Mrs. Darling shook her head.

"Here, let me give it to you. And then you 'll have time after dinner to think up what you are going to do. I believe we could roast some of the chestnuts Patrick picked up to-day."

So the little boy drank each mouthful as quickly



as he could, and munched the toast without speaking another word. After he had finished, Mrs. Darling brought him a pad and pencil.

"Here, Your Majesty," she said, smiling, "write down your commands." The little boy's eyes brightened, and he looked up at her shyly.

"You don't mind playing it, do you?" he asked.

"Mind! Why, I guess it will do us all a world of good, old as we are," she said.

Of course after that, there was nothing for him to do but to write down, in a shaky hand, his commands.

"Cut down the highest tree in the forest," he wrote first. "It must be so high and so strong that it takes three men to chop it down. Then carry it into the banquet-hall and set it up." Here he stopped. "Do you suppose we *can* have the hat-tree, Mrs. Darling?" he asked.

"You can have anything you want," she said firmly.

"Order the Great-High-Tree-Trimmed, Sir Patrick, to enter, and to hang the gold and silver bells on the tree, and to light the candles— We can pretend the hat-tree has candles on it, can't we?" he paused to ask.

"Of course we can," she assured him.

"Then light the— What was it they burned at Christmas, Mrs. Darling?"

"The Yule log."

"Yes. Light the Yule log, and pile up the presents under the tree—all kinds—whatever any one has ever wished for in the world. Then hang the stockings on the mantel, and let the Great-High-Filler, Lady Nora, fill them with toys and books and—and—electric engines. Then let the doors be flung open and the guests enter. There!" he said, with a little sigh, "that's all."

"That's enough for to-night," said Mrs. Darling, looking at his flushed cheeks. "Just put your seal to it."

The little boy solemnly wrote "Rex," just as he had seen it done in books, and handed the paper to Mrs. Darling with a smile.

"It will be a—a glorious—Christmas," he said bravely; "just a glorious one!" Then he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, for he was suddenly very tired.

HAVE you ever awakened on Christmas morning, with the cold clear sunlight slanting across your floor, and the blue sky peeking in your window, and yet not even felt the least bit glad it *was* Christmas? The little boy opened his eyes and looked around as though he half expected to see a bursting stocking, and to hear his moth— He jerked over on his side. Even if it was Christmas morning, what was to prevent a fellow from

taking another nap! But something hot and wet slid down his cheek, before he could stop it, and, as long as there was n't any one around, it did n't make so much difference. But the little boy brushed it angrily away and sat up in bed.

"Merry Christmas!" he said fiercely to the table in the corner. "Merry Christmas!" and he lay back on his pillows with his eyes fixed on the ceiling and his lip between his teeth. Somebody was whistling in the lower corridor. He could hear it quite distinctly, and it sounded so glad and cheerful that the little boy slid to the floor, although his legs wobbled under him, and opened the door.

"Hullo, down there!" he called over the banisters. "Merry Christmas!"

"Hullo, up there!" came back old Patrick's cracked voice. "Merry Christmas, Your Majesty."

The little boy laughed out loud.

"Patrick, Patrick, do come up! How did you know to call me that?"

"Sure, Your Majesty, I'll be there as soon as I mop up the last few steps. Git back into bed, and I'll come and pay you me respects."

The little boy climbed back gladly under the warm covers and waited for the old man, his eyes shining eagerly.

Patrick thumped heavily up the stairs, then rapped loudly on the little boy's door.

"You may enter," said the little boy, stiffly, though he did giggle just the least bit, for old Patrick had pulled off his cap and shuffled in with his head bent.

"The top o' th' mornin' to Your Majesty!" he said, his eyes twinkling.

"The same to you, Sir Patrick. Have you cut down the—the highest tree?"

"Sure, and it's so high that I'm after thinkin' the little people have bewitched it."

"And—and where have they put it?"

"Right beside your throne, Your Majesty."

"Oh," said the little boy, with a gasp, "I forgot about having a throne! Is n't that fine!"

"And the ceremonies are to begin immejetly after your royal breakfast."

"But, Patrick—Sir Patrick, I mean,—can we have the chestnuts you picked?"

"Sure thirty men have been gatherin' chestnuts for Your Majesty since yesterday mornin'—and the chief cook is roastin' 'em on the kitchen stove."

"Oh—oh—and when can we have the feast?"

"Whin every one's wished for whatever they wants the most in the world," said old Patrick, with never a smile, "and not a minute before!"

"What do you mean?"

"Just that, Your Majesty; just that!" he said solemnly as he backed out of the room.

"Oh, wait, Sir Patrick!" the little boy cried.

"I can't wait, Your Majesty, for there 's much to be done, includin' shovelin' the snow off the front path." And with a wave of his hand he was gone.

The little boy bombarded Mrs. Darling with questions when she appeared with his breakfast.

"What did Patrick mean? When are we going to begin? Oh, whatever does Patrick, and Nora, and the cook want for Christmas? What do you suppose I can give them that will make them ever so happy?"

"Help! help! Your Majesty!" cried Mrs. Darling, putting her hands over her ears. But the little boy persisted.

"Please, could n't I give them something?"

"Well," said Mrs. Darling, importantly, "if you won't tell, I have a present for each one of them."

"Oh, but you had them to give yourself!"

"It does n't matter who gives things, Your Majesty, so long as people get them. It 's the getting them that counts."

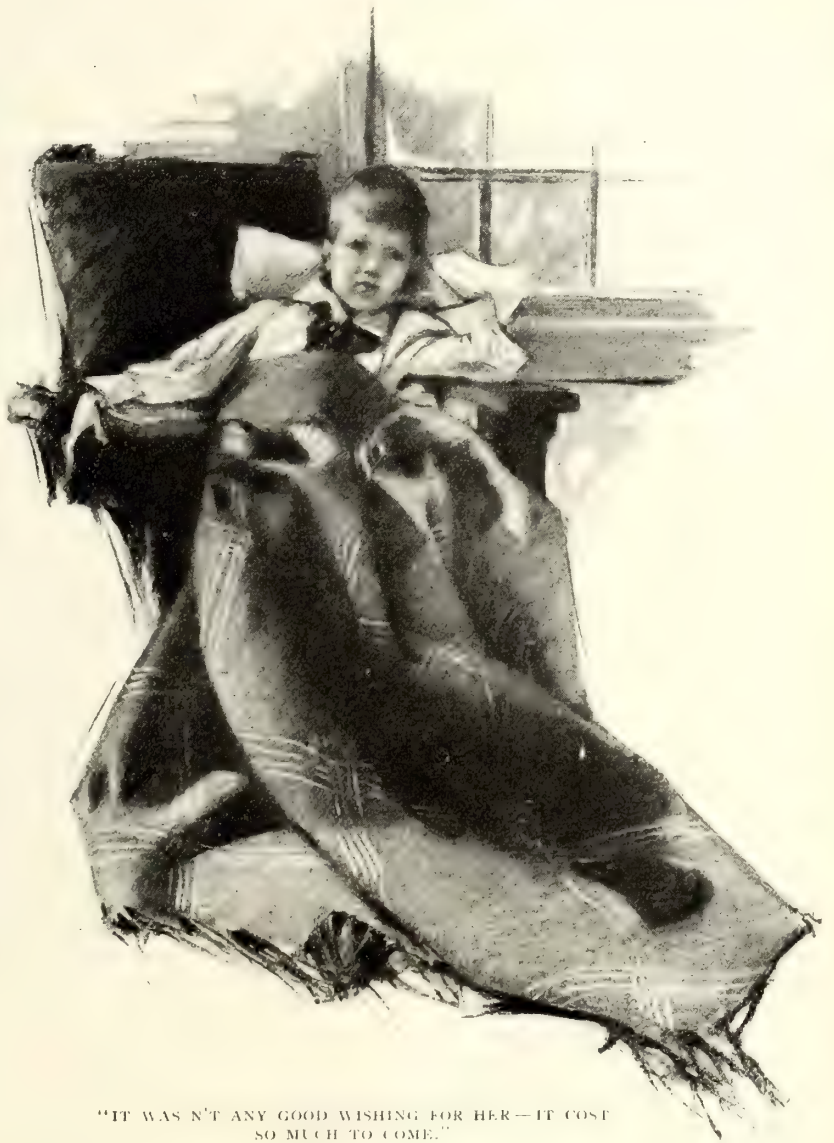
The little boy nodded gravely. There was a great deal in that. And he waited for Mrs. Darling to continue.

"There are a pair of heavy woolen mittens for Patrick to keep his hands warm all winter, and for Nora a red scarf of just the right shade to set off her black hair and eyes. For the cook there is a stout new pair of overshoes, hers being worn to the very sole."

But still the little boy was not satisfied. Mrs. Darling saw it in his eyes, and she guessed the reason.

"As for me," she said carelessly, "I don't expect to get anything—let alone what I really want and need most of anything in the world."

"W-what *do* you need?" asked the little boy, eagerly, entirely forgetting about his breakfast.



"IT WAS N'T ANY GOOD WISHING FOR HER—IT COST SO MUCH TO COME."

Mrs. Darling shrugged her shoulders. "It 's something I have use for every day, and nobody could be expected to think of it."

The little boy hitched his shoulders impatiently. "It 's fun telling what you want, anyhow," he said.

"Well, then, I never can remember the things I have to do without putting them down on a pad,



and I never have a pad handy. If only some one would string some sheets of paper together for me to scribble things on. But what 's the use of talking! Whoever would think of such a thing!"

The little boy smothered a laugh the best way he could, and tried to look very solemn while Mrs. Darling lifted the tray off his knees.

"The packages have all got to be tied up, and, although I have n't a bit of red ribbon, pink and blue will do every bit as well," she said.

"Yes," agreed the little boy, "only—only don't come back for—about half an hour, will you? I want to write to—well, some letters, you know."

Mrs. Darling nodded, and closed the door softly behind her.

OF course, when you have only half an hour to make a whole Christmas present, it behooves you to hurry. The little boy reached over for his dressing-gown and slipped his arms into it, then drew on his slippers. He remembered his arithmetic pad—or, rather, there *had* been an arithmetic pad before he was taken ill—and it ought to be in his desk drawer, behind the French Grammar. He opened the drawer and pushed aside the French Grammar with a shout, for there lay the pad! He lifted it out, and, as he did so, something slipped from its pages. It was a letter. He knew the writing, even if he had not recognized the foreign stamp. He stood very still, staring at it where it had fallen, a white blur, on the floor. Then he winked his eyes hard and picked it up.

"My darling little son," it ran, "if I could only be with you this—"

"Pshaw!" he said huskily, "it costs so much to come!" And he turned his back abruptly on the desk without another word.

When Mrs. Darling knocked at the door, a short time later, there was a long pause before a hurried "Come in," replied.

The little boy looked very uncomfortable, as though he were just about to be caught doing something he should n't do, and there was a look about one of his pillows as though something had been hastily stuffed beneath it. Mrs. Darling's arms were full of packages and paper, besides a quantity of pink and blue ribbon which gave her very much the appearance of a May-pole.

"Will Your Royal Majesty fasten up the presents now?" she asked.

"Yes," said the little boy, gravely; "but how about the stockings? There must be stockings."

"The stockings are already hung by the mantelpiece in the study, just as Your Majesty commanded, and Lady Nora is filling them with fudge

and nuts and apples, besides a sprinkling of ginger cookies, that she made at the last minute."

"O-o-oh!" cried the little boy; "how splendid!"

"And Sir Patrick is trimming up the tree with great boughs of evergreen."

The little boy's face was radiant.

"And nobody knows what they 're going to get?"

"I should say not!" said Mrs. Darling; "although I heard Nora wishing for a red scarf a few minutes ago."

Then the little boy set to work. There are any quantity of ways to tie up Christmas presents so that they will look as though they were full of your heart's desire. Of course to do that you must have tissue-paper that is soft and crinkly, and red red ribbon, besides a sprig of holly to lay across the top. The little boy had only stiff brown paper, but it did very well, for it bulged out in places where it should n't have, and made the packages look a great deal more imposing than they really were.

Mrs. Darling insisted on his getting dressed after that. There was a very best suit in the closet that he had not worn for weeks, and he slipped it on, although it hung rather loosely upon him.

"Kings always have to dress up," she explained; "that 's one of the worst things about being a king." So the little boy submitted to having his hair brushed and his face washed, although he would a great deal rather have been left alone to finish his present.

"Of course you can't go down into the study until the feast is ready," she said. "You see, every one is getting dressed for it, including old Patrick himself, so as to be fit to enter the banquet-hall."

The little boy nodded. He understood exactly how one must appear before a king, and he felt just a little sorry for Patrick and the rest. Mrs. Darling gathered up the packages.

"Nora is going to hang them on the tree," she explained, "and when the guests have all assembled, why, then I 'll send the heralds to escort you to your court."

After Mrs. Darling had left him, he sat still a long time, listening to the hum of voices in the lower corridor. There was an excitement in the air, something that seemed to hum and throb and thrill. Perhaps it was the sweet smell of the cranberry sauce that was wafted up to him, or perhaps it was Nora's shrill whispering, but it was there—a great unknown *something* that sent the little boy's pulses leaping.

After a while, he heard some one stamping up the stairs.

"Sure and is the king ready for the feast?" called out Patrick's voice.

"Yes, oh, yes!" said the little boy, breathlessly; "but, Patrick, Patrick, do hang this on the tree for Mrs. Darling, won't—"

He stopped short, for at his door stood a bow-

loyal subjects. It was a very serious matter to him, and though his mouth would curl at the corners when they fell out of step, his eyes were very grave, and he bowed his head first to Mrs. Darling, then to the cook, who awaited him at the foot of the stairs.

"Three cheers for the king!" shouted old Patrick, at the top of his voice.

"Three cheers!" they called.

"Let the king make a speech," cried Patrick, and Mrs. Darling echoed, "Speech!"

"Oh!" cried the little boy. Then he recovered himself, and his eyes wandered over their heads, beyond, to the closed door. "Dear, dear people," he said, in a hurried, breathless sort of way, "may this be the—the—merriest Christmas you have ever had. May you get whatever you want—even if it is the impossiblest thing in the world—even if it—it—costs so much—"

"Ah hah!" cried Patrick, quite forgetting that a king must never be interrupted, no matter how long he takes. "Ah hah, it 's a pair of gloves I 'm wishin' for, but never a glove will I get!"

"And as for me," cried Mrs. Darling, "His Majesty is the only one who knows what I want, and that 's quite enough, seeing it 's such a hopeless thing!"

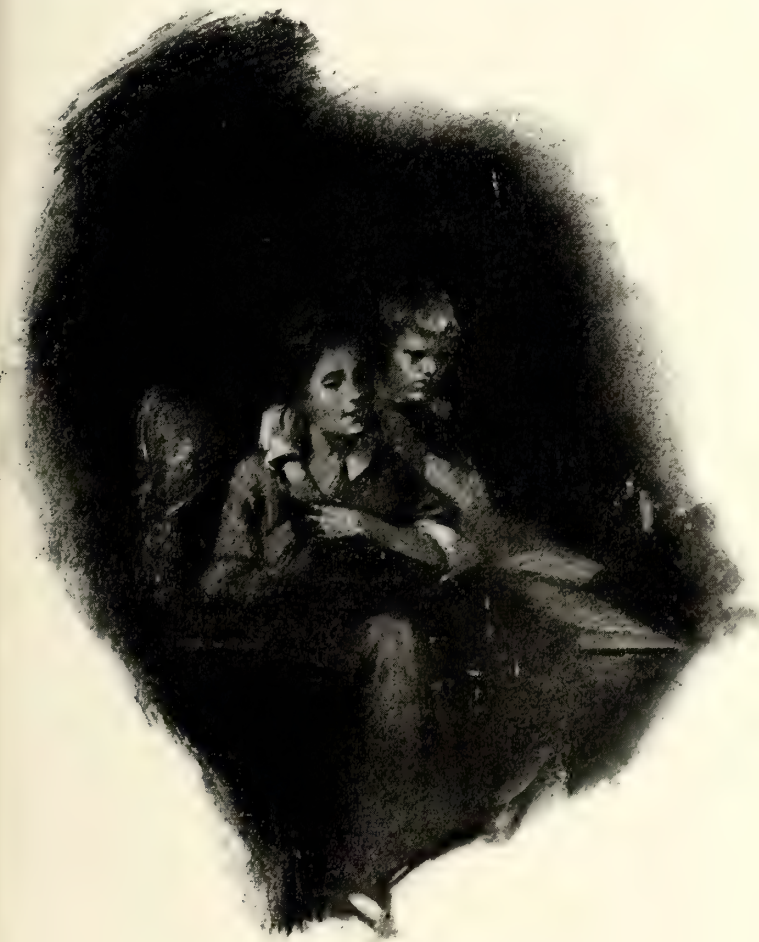
"It 's a beautiful rid shawl I 'm after wantin'," sighed Nora; "but it 's niver a rid shawl I 'll see this Christmas—"

"And I need a pair of over-shoes the worst way," said the cook, smiling; "but whoever would think of that!"

"Oh!" cried the little boy, his eyes shining with gladness. "Oh! now we can surely go to the feast, for every one 's wished for what they want most in the world—do hurry and open the door!"

"Wait!" said old Patrick, raising his hand, "I have n't heard His Majesty askin' for a thing—I—"

"But kings, Patrick—kings don't ever *get* things, they all the time *give* them!"



"I WISH EVERY GIRL AND BOY IN THE WORLD HAD AS HAPPY A CHRISTMAS AS I HAVE."

ing Patrick in a shabby black suit, and a curtsying Nora in a bright blue dress. Between them they held a cushion. The little boy recognized it. It was one of the green plush cushions from the headmaster's couch, and he laughed aloud.

"If you 'll be climbin' on the pillow," said Nora, as they lowered it between them, "we 'll be carryin' you to the feast."

Somehow when the little boy—white and fair and eager—was perched on the cushion, he did look like a flaxen-haired little king, between two



"This is Christmas, Your Majesty, and before that door is opened, every one, king included, wishes for the thing he wants most. Quick now—what 'll you have?"

"Oh," said the little boy, suddenly shrinking, "please—*please*—"

"Go on, Your Majesty," said Patrick, firmly, "for until you wish the feast stays on the other side of the door."

"Oh—oh—" the little boy covered his face, "I—I—must n't even think about it—and—and I 'm trying—"

"Is it a ball you 're wantin'?"

"Oh, no!"

"A steam-engine?"

"No!"

"A pair of boxin'-gloves?"

"No—no—no! It 's—my—mother—I want!" he said, with a sob.

"Hullo!" said Patrick, flinging the door open suddenly, "and why could n't you have said that

long ago, instid of keepin' her sittin' here and waitin' for you full half an hour—"

LATE that night, after Nora, with her red scarf over her shoulders, had gathered up the remains of the Christmas feast, and only a low, red, cozy light gleamed beneath the burnt-out logs, the little boy raised his head from his mother's shoulder and laid his hand on her cheek.

"But it cost so much to come!" he said softly, with a little shake in his voice. She drew him down in her arms, with a way mothers have.

"Look!" she whispered, "there 's the last spark! Wish—quick—wish!"

"I wish," he said slowly, "—I wish every girl and boy in the world has had as happy a Christmas as I have. I wish—"

But he did n't get any farther, for the tiny red spark went out quite gently, as if it did not want at all to disturb the little boy in No. 60 and his mother.

## PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

### CHAPTER IV

GREAT CHIEF! GREAT SQUAW!

THE curious ring I had found formed the chief topic of conversation for some time after its discovery. No one could doubt Mrs. Mummer, who vowed again and again that she herself had prepared all that went into her wonderful cake, reminding me particularly of the fact that she had even refused my offer to help her seed the raisins.

"'T is nigh witchcraft," she declared. "Except that I had seen it with my own eyes, I could never have believed it possible."

Nor did an examination of the ring itself bring the mystery any nearer solution. Rather was it deepened, for 't was no common ornament such as might be come by at any goldsmith's shop. A number of costly jewels were set into the wrought gold, all cut in an odd fashion which proclaimed their antiquity.

"'T is no ordinary ring," said His Excellency, General Washington, mounting great horn-rimmed spectacles, through which he examined it; "and I should say that he who last had it

lacked a good conscience, since he parted with it at all."

He handed it to Lady Washington, who, with her head on one side, regarded it curiously.

"La, child!" she laughed, handing it back to me, "if the device upon the seal has any worth, 't would take no great prophet to foretell what will come of it."

"Is it not a savage?" I questioned, gazing at the cutting in the stone on the top of the circle.

"Mayhap some have called him that," she answered gaily, and I made my curtsy, puzzling over her words.

I liked the sensation the ring was creating, and, childlike, felt very important over all the notice being taken of it; but it was too large to fit the thickest of my slim fingers, and not to be able to wear it would be a sore trial. Bee, however, brought back my smiles by winding yards of linen thread about the under side, and, though two of the stones were covered, there was no longer danger of its slipping off. No doubt there was many a smile at so huge a ring on so small a hand, but I cared naught for that, being assured that it looked most elegant and fashionable.

Following the usual custom, Denewood was filled to overflowing for the next two weeks with visitors come to pay their respects to the bride and groom, and drink a dish of tea. Indeed, there was scarce an hour in the day that Bee was not receiving compliments from the ladies up-stairs, while Cousin John entertained the gentlemen in the library below.

Nor were all the dainties served to those who came in chariots. The back of the house was as full of visitors as the front. For miles about the country, when the news of the good cheer at Denewood was noised abroad, the people came to be fed and to drink a health to the master and his lady.

Now it so happened that a small band of Indians were occupying the shed built for them along the west wall of the State House in Philadelphia, selling baskets and moccasins and other nicknacks skilfully made by their womenfolk. Hearing of the good food to be had for the asking in Germantown, the men set out for the feast, leaving the squaws to look after their peddling.

Arriving at Denewood, they quickly sought the kitchens and squatted in the brick-paved court wrapped in their blankets.

They were well fed, and, though they offered no thanks and their countenances changed not from the look of stolid indifference they always wore, 't was plain they liked their treatment; for, having surfeited themselves, they moved to the front of the house, where they gave an exhibition of their skill with the bow and arrow, perchance as an acknowledgment of their entertainment.

The weather was still warm, and the appearance of the Indians brought several of the guests out of doors to watch the shooting. Small coins were set up by the gentlemen to stimulate the sport, the money going to the lucky archer who hit the mark.

The shouts of acclaim at each winning shot soon brought Bee and Cousin John, glad mayhap of a relief from the formalities of their position, and in their train came many more, among whom were Allan McLane and Hal Travers, the latter much excited at the sight of the redskins.

"Now this is the real America!" he cried, and straightway took a leading part in encouraging the savages to greater efforts.

Doubtless because the Indians made such easy work of their marksmanship, Hal thought it a simple matter, and was soon for having a try at the game himself, though he came not near his target. Then one or two of the other gentlemen, who had had more experience, undertook to show

him how the trick was done, and this led to a test of skill between the braves and several of our guests, in which the latter were invariably the losers.

One would think that this did not greatly matter, seeing that it was but natural the Indian warriors should excel in the use of their own weapons; but experience had shown that the moment a savage has the better of his pale-face brother, he straightway became arrogant and insulting, both in speech and manner.

And so it happened upon this occasion. At each losing shot, derisive grunts and short, scornful laughs went up from the little band, who began to strut about, showing plainly enough their contempt for the white man.

I was standing beside Allan McLane, who, I noticed, was beginning to scowl.

"I like this not!" he muttered; and, crossing to Bee, he began to urge Cousin John to take a hand in the shooting.

"Has John any skill with the bow and arrow?" asked Bee, much surprised.

"Aye," answered Allan, "he 's better than any Indian I ever saw."

"'T is but a matter of acquiring the knack when one is young," said Cousin John, indifferently. "Allan himself can shoot as well as I."

"Nay, that I cannot," protested the major, "and you know it."

"You can beat any of these fellows," declared John, positively, "and I think some one should put them in their place. 'T was a foolish thing to start a match with them. They 'll be insulting us if no one takes them down a peg."

"'T is what I 've been thinking," Allan answered him. "They 're a dangerous lot to trifle with."

"But surely they 'll do us no harm!" said Bee, whose experience with Indians had been small.

"Nay, they would n't dare meddle with us," Cousin John assented; "we are too near to Philadelphia. But in the country, where settlers are few, such incidents as this give the savages courage to commit all sorts of outrages. 'T is never wise to let them go away thinking they have the best of the whites at anything."

"And can Allan beat them?" asked Bee.

"Aye, that he can, an he will," answered Cousin John. So, because he thought it his duty, Allan McLane was persuaded to try his hand with the bow and arrow.

It soon became evident that the pale-faces had found a champion. One after another Allan beat the Indians. First, for the distance he could shoot an arrow, in which none could come nigh his mark, and then at aiming at a shilling placed



twice as far away as it had been previously. We cheered him again and again, and the savages threw down their bows one after another in acknowledgment that they were bested.

At length, when we thought the matter at an end, Major McLane walked back to rejoin us; but, just as he came up to Bee, another Indian, who heretofore had taken no part in the shooting, but had sat wrapped in his blanket, silent and, to all seeming, unheeding, halted him.

"The pale-face shoots well against such as these," he said scornfully, with a wave of his hand toward the squatting Indians. His tone was insolent, and I saw that both Cousin John and Allan McLane were angered.

"Would you lesson me?" asked the latter, in a challenging tone.

"Tiscoquam shoots not at silver pieces that shine white against the blackness of a tree," answered the Indian, defiantly. "That is the play of women and papooses."

"Then we 'll give you a richer though a slighter mark!" cried Cousin John; and, putting his hand into his pocket, he brought out a golden half-joe (a Portuguese coin). This he placed in the bark of a tree, at the height of a tall man.

"Now choose your distance," he said to the savage, who, though he was not wont to express aught of what he felt, smiled grimly.

The little spot of yellow showed dimly enough at twenty paces, but the Indian, with one sharp glance at it, turned his back and walked slowly away. We watched him, thinking he would face about at each step, but still he went on, until he was a long bow-shot from the mark. Here he stopped, and, sticking an arrow in the ground at his feet, raised his head and faced us.

"Tiscoquam shoots from here!" he called, and the other Indians grunted and edged nearer, while those of our party shook their heads dubiously as they walked to the point he had marked.

"Now am I beaten!" said Allan under his breath. "I doubt if I can see the mark, much less hit it."

"He has yet to hit it himself," growled Cousin John. "'T is but effrontery, yet we must beat him now."

"Then you will have to do it," declared Allan. "Nay, you will shoot as well as he," Cousin John answered, as we reached the spot where the brave had taken his stand.

"But you cannot see the gold!" cried Bee, looking toward the tree where it was set. Then she lifted a little wreath of orange-blossoms that crowned her head, and, running to the mark, hung the white circlet about the small coin.

"There!" she panted, as she ran back to us; "there is gold and a crown for the winner. May both be yours, Allan," she added in an undertone.

Tiscoquam still held his slight grin of insolence, but he entered no protest at Bee's making the target clearer. With a proud gesture he re-strung his bow, and, carefully choosing an arrow from his quiver, he handed both to Allan.

"Take the best, pale-face," he said, "and, if he hits the gold, Tiscoquam will call him brother and no child."

"I care not what you call me," growled Allan, as he took the bow and stepped to the mark, in no wise pleased with the prospect.

He stood for a moment, glancing along the shaft to see that it was unwarped, and balancing the bow in his hand, while his audience remained silent, a little anxious as to the outcome. And we were not the only ones who realized that the contest had in it something more of seriousness than would appear upon the surface. There were two sides sharply drawn now, and each had a champion who, to the minds of the redskins at least, would prove the prowess of his race.

We held our breaths as Allan pulled the bow-string to his ear and let fly the shaft. We watched its flight for an instant, and then a little murmur of disappointment went up from the whites, for, though the arrow hit the tree, it was a good two inches above the white wreath.

The Indians grunted in satisfaction, and Tiscoquam took the bow, his head held high and his glance meeting Allan's in a defiant stare.

"He 's my master," Allan acknowledged, as he walked up to us, sore disappointed at his poor showing. "You 'll have to save us, Jack."

"Nay, I 'm in no mind—" began Cousin John, and it was plain to be seen he had no wish to push himself forward, but Bee interrupted him.

"You 'll do it for me, dear," she begged. "I 've never seen you use a bow."

"Anything for you," he answered quickly; "but you 'll not ask me to make a show of myself should Tiscoquam fail to hit the mark?"

We had not long to wait. The tall Indian, easy of movement and as graceful as a wild animal, chose his arrow and stepped lithely to the spot, with an assurance that showed how confident he was. Taking careful aim, he loosed the feathered wood upon its way. True to its mark it sped, hitting fairly in the center of the wreath, and the gold coin leaped in the air and fell at the foot of the tree, while the arrow remained trembling in the trunk.

"Bravo!" came the cry, for it was such an exhibition as drew the admiration of all who saw



"STRETCHING OUT HIS ARM, HE LOOKED AT BEE AND COUSIN JOHN  
STANDING SIDE BY SIDE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



it, and, though it seemed our side was beaten, we could not hold back a cheer.

One of the black boys who had been looking on ran to the target, and, picking up the gold piece, brought it to Bee.

She took it and, with a kindly smile, went to Tiscoquam, who stood proudly alone, scornful of the applause.

"The gold is yours, Tiscoquam," she said, holding the scarred coin out to him. "'T was a fine shot, and you have won your reward fairly. But there is another who can bend the bow and who would match you, not for gold but for the garland. Will you shoot with him?"

Tiscoquam looked at her for a moment without speaking, or making any move to take the gold piece; then, shaking his head, he stepped back a pace from her.

"Who dares shoot an arrow against Tiscoquam?" he asked.

"My husband," said Bee, softly, and it was the first time I had heard her use that word.

"Let him come," replied the brave. "If he can win the wreath, then he is worthy to be wedded to such a mate."

At this, Cousin John stepped up to them.

"Come, Tiscoquam," he said shortly, "give me your bow. I'll shoot you for the wreath."

"At what mark?" asked the Indian.

"The arrow in the center of it!" cried John. "The one who splits it shall keep the garland."

"Good," grunted Tiscoquam, "shoot first." And Cousin John stepped to the line.

With scarce a moment's aim his bowstring twanged, and, with a splintering of the wood, Tiscoquam's shaft was split and in its place was the one Cousin John had loosed. The wreath, shaken from its fastening by the jar, fell down and hung swaying from the arrow.

Here, indeed, was one who could shoot straight!

In a breath the whole scene was changed. Tiscoquam had been applauded, but only in a spirit of fair play. Now that our own side had won, we cheered with a will.

Cousin John handed back the bow to Tiscoquam, saying, "Split my arrow now, and so on till one or other of us misses." But the warrior shook his head.

"The wreath is won," he said; "another mark must serve."

Forthwith he cut a long, thin sapling with his hunting-knife, and peeling off the bark till it looked like a silver wand, he stuck it in the ground, set it swaying, and returned again.

"See!" he cried, and scarce taking any more aim than had Cousin John, he split it neatly in halves.

"Tiscoquam will set another rod," he volunteered, starting off, but Cousin John called him back.

"Nay, do not trouble," he said, indicating half of the stick that still waved in the breeze, "there is mark enough," and in another moment he had split the half, while all about him sounded cheers and exclamations of wonder.

But Tiscoquam was not to be outdone, and, setting up the fallen half, he too divided it equally and was on even terms with Cousin John. Neither had yet won an advantage, for though Tiscoquam had not shattered an arrow, to hit the moving wand was a more difficult feat.

Then Cousin John sent one of the boys for two apples, and when the lad brought them, he handed the smaller of them to Allan McLane to throw into the air.

"Can you hit it?" demanded Allan, filled with amazement.

"I could—once upon a time," answered Cousin John, "and I do not seem to have lost the knack of it yet. Toss it up."

All stood astounded when it became evident what he was attempting to do, and in breathless silence we watched him give the signal. With bowstring taut, he aimed but an instant, and, as the apple reached its highest point and seemed to hang in the air, he loosed the arrow, which pierced the target through the center.

So loud was the cheering and so great the excitement, that for the moment naught could be heard but cries of "Bravo!" "Well shot!" and the like. Allan McLane would have hugged Cousin John, I am sure, if it had not been that he cared not to show the Indian that any particular exploit had been performed.

Cousin John held out the other apple to Tiscoquam, but the brave refused it, and then, with a dramatic gesture, he unstrung his bow, acknowledging defeat. With a glance at Bee he strode to where the wreath was still hanging, and, plucking it from off the arrow, came swiftly back to her.

"Tiscoquam is beaten," he said. "His bow is broken and trailed in the dust. But not in shame. His pale-face brother would be a match for the mightiest warrior." Then turning to Cousin John, he handed him the wreath. "The prize goes to the Young Eagle!" he cried.

"Nay," exclaimed Bee, "there are two prizes!" and once more she held out the gold piece to the Indian. This time he took it.

"Till Tiscoquam goes to the Hills of the Mighty Men, this lies on his breast," he declared. Then, stretching out his arm, he looked at Bee and Cousin John standing side by side. "Great Chief!"

he announced in a loud voice, pointing to Cousin John, and then to Bee, "Great Squaw!" and in the silence following his words he stayed for an instant looking at them, standing very stiff and straight, with his hand held high above his head; then swiftly he turned and disappeared into the woods near us.

So impressive was the warrior's manner that, for a moment, no one spoke; then there was a general laugh, and for many days thereafter it was a joke among us to call the two "Great Chief" and "Great Squaw." But it was no jest to Tiscoquam, as we were to learn in after years.

## CHAPTER V

### SIX YEARS LATER. JACKY GOES A-HUNTING

"'T is a long road that hath no turning," as Mummer says, though to be sure I have seldom heard him speak so long a sentence, he being a very silent man; but Mrs. Mummer hath ever some such wise saw of his upon her tongue, and 't is a fitting beginning for an account of the events which took place during the six years following Bee's wedding.

Strangely enough, the prophecies of the bridal cake came true. Sally Wister, who found the thimble, was still a maid; and Betty had been the first to wed. She married Hal Travers, and they were settled in a pretty spot on Chestnut Hill, not far from us. Hal's brother, Sir Horace, had treated him handsomely, and Cousin John, too, had a hand in setting him up, so that he and his wife lacked for nothing; and if they took life not too seriously, they nevertheless had many friends, and were sought after for all social affairs.

'T will be hard to credit, I know, but Polly, my oldest sister, who had vowed again and again that she would ne'er wed with a "country lout," as she called our soldiers, married Mark Powell, a young man who had won a commission by merit alone. 'T is scarce to be believed that she had the good sense to choose Mark; but it is true that she did, and I liked her more for it than ever I had before.

Bart, my brother, was yet unwed. He grieved secretly, I think, that peace had been declared, and was ever hopeful that another war might break out. He lived at Haddonfield with my father, always holding himself in readiness to be the first to enlist should the need arise.

For myself, what I wished for most had come to pass. I was still at Denewood with my darling Bee, proud to be "Auntie Peg" to her three children. Being myself motherless, as she was, my own home in Haddonfield, in the Jerseys, had been somewhat cheerless, through no one's fault

exactly. Polly and Betty were much older, and Bart thought himself too much of a man to take any notice of the baby of the family. Father was good and kind when I saw him, but he was away on business much of the time, so that I was ever lonely.

From the first I had loved Bee, who had taken me to her heart, and the thought of leaving her was more than I could bear. Yet, when the danger from the British troops was at an end, the necessity which had brought us all to Denewood was over, and I lived in dread that I should be summoned again to my home.

But when peace with England was finally declared, my father married again. This altered the situation, and Bee's urging, coupled with my own and Cousin John's, that I should stay, finally won Father to our way of thinking.

So it came about as I had wished, and I was permanently a member of the household at Denewood.

The six years passed did not seem to have made any of its members older. Mummer looked, perhaps, a little more withered, but all the servants we had known in our childhood were still there, and, bond or free, nothing would have induced any of them to leave the family.

Our one mystery was yet unsolved. How my ring had found its way into the bridal cake remained unexplained. We had wondered and puzzled over it for weeks, expecting that sooner or later so valuable a trinket would be sought for; but no one had come to claim it, and, as the years went by, we had ceased to think much about it.

I wore it always, albeit my finger had not grown to fit it, so it was still wrapped to keep it from slipping off; but I was monstrous proud of it, and made a point of stamping the sealing-wax on my letters with the device cut into the stone.

So there I was in my sixteenth year, with Bee and Cousin John and the three children, lacking naught to make me happy, and quite content to end my days with those I loved best on earth. Truly, so far the road had been smooth and straight.

One morning in the early spring, just as we were finishing breakfast and I had wiped the milk from little Marjory's lips, Cousin John jumped up from the table with the announcement that he would not be home till late that night, and that no one was to wait up for him.

"Oh, yes!" said Bee, as if she had just remembered something. "'T is the day you entertain the Indians."

"That 's it," replied Cousin John, "and to tell the truth, I 'd a deal rather be at home. But it has been thought advisable to smoke a pipe of



peace with them. So our society has invited them to a powwow at our wigwam near the Indian Queen Tavern."

"Now what 's all this about?" I asked, seeing little Jack's eyes grow big at the word "Indian."

"There is a party of Iroquois, headed by Cornplanter and five other chiefs, on their way to New York," Cousin John explained. "They have certain matters to lay before Congress, and we want them to be in a good humor when they get there."

"I 'm going to see the Indians," declared Jacky, getting up from the table and standing beside his father as if, indeed, he meant to start that instant.

"It will be a vastly ceremonious affair," Cousin John went on, "with a salute of thirteen guns, and the warriors will dance around the council-fire by way of returning the compliment. Then there will be a barbecue, and, altogether, a sight worth seeing. I 've a mind to take the boy."

"Mercy me, Miss Bee!" cried Mrs. Mummer, who had never abandoned that loved form of address, "you 'll never let him do it, deary!" And then, "When have you ever had the care of the child for the whole day, Master John?"

"Nay, now," Jacky put in, "I want to see the Indians. Perchance they will let me go with them to shoot a deer."

"And who will look after me while Father is away?" asked Bee, with a loving smile at him.

"There 's Aunt Peg," he replied on the instant. He was but five, but, as Mrs. Mummer said, "he 'd ne'er fail for the want of a tongue."

But his father liked not his answer.

"Nay, Jacky, my boy, that 's no way for a man to talk," he said seriously. "'T is your place and mine to take care of your mother and sister, and not put it off on Aunt Peg or any one else."

"There 's Allan," said Jacky, with a sly glance up at his father, referring to his brother, who was but a scant twelvemonth old.

Mrs. Mummer turned away to hide a smile, and 't was all I could do to keep a straight face.

"He 'll help when he grows up, never fear," declared Cousin John, "but, until he does, we must not shirk; and, since I must go, 't will be best that you stay."

Jacky drooped a lip, but he was too wise to cry before his father, and Mrs. Mummer, seeing his disappointment and doubtless feeling that it was all her fault, took him off to the pantry, where he was soon made merry again.

"Perhaps Peg would like to see the savages," Bee suggested; but I shook my head.

In truth I should have been glad to go had Bee been inclined that way.

"Come, Peg. Why not?" Cousin John insisted.

"Thanks, Cousin John," I answered, "but I 'd rather stay at home."

"I might have known you 'd never stir without Bee," he said with a laugh, for he was always teasing me with being tied to her apron-string.

"Nay, some day I 'll run off and surprise you," I retorted, and left the dining-room to take up my daily tasks.



"I SAW AN INDIAN, AND BESIDE HIM TRUDGED JACK."

Perhaps my own interest in the Indians' reception made me sympathetic with Jacky in his disappointment; but however it was, when my duties were finished, I went off to find him, thinking we would walk to the woods and pick some of the wild flowers that were just springing up.

Now, with a view to making the boy manly, Cousin John had given him free rein to roam around about the Denewood estate so long as he remained within certain known bounds. It was a wide territory, but Jacky had his favorite haunts, and these I visited first, failing, however, to find him. There was one grassy glade, through which a tiny brook wound its way, that I had not yet explored, and quickening my pace, for I felt a sudden anxiety, I hurried to the extreme limit of Jacky's boundary.

On my way I met one of the negro laborers, and stopped him for news of the boy.

"No, Missy, I ain't done seen little massa," he answered, in reply to my question. "I ain't seen nobody 'ceptin' 't is a' Injun."

"An Indian!" I echoed. "Where? What kind of an Indian?"

"Oh, he was jes a common Injun, Missy, goin' to the barbecue," he answered plaintively. "I knows a black boy wishes he was a-gwine."

I went on more rapidly after this, a little frightened though I knew not why, and, as I came to the edge of the forest bordering the road, Hal Travers galloped by.

I hailed him and he turned back to where I was standing.

"Have you seen anything of little Jack?" I asked, showing none of my anxiety.

"Aye, that I did," he answered readily. "He ran out of the edge of the woods near the great oak. He wanted to know where I was going, and when I told him I was on my way to Denewood for the day, he seemed much pleased. He asked if I would take care of 'Muvver' while he went and 'shooted a deer.' When I agreed, he disappeared. You 'll find him a little way above here," he ended, pointing up the road.

This news, which seemed innocent enough, added to my alarm; for Jacky was out of bounds, and, knowing him for an obedient child, I felt certain there was something behind this infraction of the rules.

"Anything the matter?" asked Hal.

I was in two minds to tell him what was in my thoughts, though to be sure I should have had hard work to express them; but having no reason to believe that Jacky was not within reach, and knowing Hal's failing for exaggeration, I was not willing to risk alarming Bee for naught.

"I was just looking for the boy," I answered, with a show of indifference. "I don't quite like his being so far from the house alone. But don't say anything to Bee about it. There's no need to make her anxious."

"Oh, let the boy be!" cried Hal. "You women will make a mollycoddle of him."

"I 'm going on," I told Hal, not waiting to answer him, and he waved his hat to me and set his horse on the gallop on his way to Denewood.

Once in the woods again, I made all speed to the place he had indicated; but no sign of the boy did I find, though I pushed on more and more rapidly, looking to all quarters as well as I was able for the trees.

At length, I began to think that I must be going in the wrong direction, and was about to turn back when my eye chanced on a small whistle which I knew on the instant for Jacky's. I

picked it up, satisfied now that the boy could not be far away, and hurried on.



"IN GREAT EXCITEMENT I TRIED TO HAIL THEM."

A moment later, I was rather surprised to come out into an open space of perhaps ten acres, and there, near the wood bounding the opposite side, I saw an Indian, and beside him trudged Jack. In great excitement I tried to hail them.

Now, all my life my stutter had plagued me more than any one knew. I had fought it and I thought had conquered it, yet here, when I most needed to speak quickly, it again tricked me.

In faith I could not speak at all, and as I struggled against this weakness, stumbling forward the while, my hand clutching at my throat, which seemed to catch the words ere they were uttered and refuse to let them out, I saw the Indian stoop down and pick up the boy, setting him on his shoulder. Then in an instant, before I had uttered a word, they disappeared into the wood.

(To be continued.)



# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

## WHY TOMMY BECAME A FRIEND OF RED SQUIRRELS

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

"I DON'T see what Sis wants to string this stuff all over the house for, just because it happens to be Christmas!" grumbled Tommy, as he sat on a big stone and idly kicked at a pile of beautiful ground-pine and fragrant balsam boughs. "It's the best day for skating we've had yet, and here I am missing a whole morning of it, and so tired that most likely I won't feel like going this afternoon!"

Now Tommy knew perfectly well that if his mother said that he could go, nothing could keep him away from the pond that afternoon. He was a little tired, perhaps, but not nearly so tired as he tried to think he was. Gathering Christmas greens was work, of course. But when you come right down to it, there is work about almost everything, even skating. The chief difference between work and pleasure is the difference between "must" and "want to." When you *must* do a thing it becomes work; when you *want* to do a thing it becomes pleasure.

Right down deep inside, where his honest self lives, Tommy was glad that there was going to be a green wreath in each of the front windows, and that over the doors and pictures there would be sweet-smelling balsam. Without them, why, Christmas would n't be Christmasy at all! And really it had been fun gathering those greens. He would n't admit it, but it had. He would n't have missed it for the world. It was only that it had to be done just when he wanted to do something else. And so he tried to feel grieved and persecuted, and to forget that Christmas was only two days off.

He sat on the big gray stone and looked across the Green Meadows, no longer green but covered with the whitest and lightest of snow-blankets, across the Old Pasture, not one whit less beautiful, to the Green Forest, and he sighed. It was a deep, heavy sigh. It was the sigh of a self-made martyr. As if in reply, he heard the sharp voice of Chatterer the Red Squirrel. It rang out clear and loud on the frosty air, and it was very plain that, whatever troubles others might have, Chatterer was very well satisfied with the world in general and himself in particular. Just now he was racing along the fence, stopping at every post to sit up and tell all the world that he was

there and did n't care who knew it. Presently his sharp eyes spied Tommy.

Chatterer stopped short in the middle of a rail and looked at Tommy very hard. Then he barked at him, jerking his tail with every syllable. Tommy did n't move. Chatterer jumped down from the fence and came nearer. Every foot or so he paused and barked, and his bark was such a funny mixture of nervousness and excitement and curiosity and sauciness, not to say impudence, that finally Tommy laughed right out. He just could n't help it.

Back to the fence rushed Chatterer, and scampered up to the top of a post. Once sure of the safety of this retreat, he faced Tommy and began to scold as fast as his tongue could go. Of course Tommy could n't understand what Chatterer was saying, but he could guess. He was telling Tommy just what he thought of a boy who would sit moping on such a beautiful day, and only two days before Christmas at that! My, how his tongue did fly! When he had had his say to the full, he gave a final whisk of his tail and scampered off in the direction of the Old Orchard. And, as he went, it seemed to Tommy as if he looked back with the sauciest kind of a twinkle in his eyes, as much as to say, "You deserve all I've said, but I don't really mean it!"

Tommy watched him, a lively little red spot against the white background, and, as he watched, the smile gradually faded away. It never would do at all to go home in good spirits after raising all the fuss he had created when he started out. So, to make himself feel as badly as he felt that he ought to feel, Tommy sighed dolefully.

"Oh, but you're lucky!" said he, as Chatterer's sharp voice floated over to him from the Old Orchard. "You don't have to do a blessed thing unless you want to! All you have to do is to eat and sleep and have a good time. It must be fun. I wish I was a squirrel!"

Right then something happened. It happened all in a flash, just as it had happened to Tommy once before. One minute he was a boy, a discontented boy, sitting on a big gray stone on the edge of the Green Meadows, and the next minute he was n't a boy at all! You see, when he made

that wish, he had quite forgotten that he was sitting on the wishing-stone. Now he no longer had to guess at what Chatterer was saying. Not a bit of it. He knew. He talked the same language himself. In short, he was a red squirrel, and in two minutes had forgotten that he ever had been a boy.

How good it felt to be free and know that he could do just as he pleased! His first impulse was to race over to the Old Orchard and make the acquaintance of Chatterer. Then he thought better of it. Something inside him seemed to tell him that he had no business there—that the Old Orchard was not big enough for two red squirrels, and that, as Chatterer had gone there first, it really belonged to him in a way. He felt quite sure of it when he had replied to Chatterer's sharp voice, and had been told in no uncertain tones that the best thing he could do would be to run right back where he had come from.

Of course, he could n't do that, so he decided to do the next best thing—run over to the Green

have a good time. Ha! who was that coming along behind him? Was it Chatterer? It looked something like him, and yet different somehow.



"A SUDDEN HARSH SCREAM STARTLED HIM SO THAT HE DROPPED THE NUT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"TOMMY SAT QUITE STILL WATCHING THE STRANGER."

Forest and see what there was to do there. He hopped up on the rail fence and whisked along the top rail.

What fun it was! He did n't have a care in the world. All he had to do was to eat, drink, and

Tommy sat quite still watching the stranger, and, as he watched, a curious terror began to creep over him. The stranger was n't Chatterer. No, indeed, he was n't even a squirrel! He was too long and slim, and his tail was different. He was Shadow the Weasel! Tommy did n't have to be told that. Although he never had seen Shadow before, he knew without being told. For a minute he could n't move. Then, his heart beating with fear until it seemed as if it would burst, he fled along the fence toward the Green Forest, and now he did n't stop at the posts when he came to them. His one thought was to get away, away as far as ever he could; for in the eyes of Shadow the Weasel he had seen death.

Up the nearest tree he raced and hid, clinging close to the trunk near the top, staring down with eyes fairly bulging with fright. Swiftly, yet without seeming to hurry, Shadow the Weasel came straight to the tree in which Tommy was hiding, his nose in Tommy's tracks in the way that a hound follows a rabbit or a fox. At the foot of the tree he stopped just a second and



looked up. Then he began to climb. At the first scratch of his claws on the bark Tommy raced out along a branch and leaped across to the next tree. Then, in a great panic, he went on from tree to tree, taking desperate chances in his long leaps. In the whole of his little being he had room but for one feeling, and that was fear—fear of that savage pitiless pursuer.

He had run a long way before he realized that he was no longer being followed. The fact is, Shadow had found other game, easier to catch, and had given up. Now, just as soon as Tommy realized that Shadow the Weasel was no longer on his track, he straightway forgot his fear. In fact it was just as if he never had had a fright, for that is the law of nature with her little people of the wild. So presently Tommy was once more as happy and care-free as before.

In a big chestnut-tree just ahead of him he could see Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel; and Happy Jack was very busy about something. Perhaps he had a storehouse there. The very thought made Tommy hungry. Once more he hid, but this time not in fear. He hid so that he could watch Happy Jack. Not a sound did he make as he peered out from his hiding-place. Happy Jack was a long time in that hollow limb! It seemed as if he never would come out. So Tommy started on to look for more mischief, for he was bubbling over with good spirits and felt that he must do something.

Presently, quite by accident, he discovered another hoard of nuts, mostly acorns, neatly tucked away in a crotch of a big tree. Of course he sampled them. "What fun!" thought he. "I don't know whose they are, and I don't care. From now on, they are going to belong to me." He started to carry them away, but a sudden harsh scream close to him startled him so that he dropped the nut he had in his mouth. He dodged behind the trunk of the tree just in time to escape the dash of an angry bird in a brilliant blue suit with white and black trimmings.

"Thief! thief! thief! Leave my nuts alone!" screamed Sammy Jay, anger making his voice harsher than ever.

Round and round the trunk of the tree Tommy dodged, chattering back in reply to the sharp

tongue of the angry jay. It was exciting without being very dangerous. After a while, however, it grew tiresome, and, watching his chance, he slipped over to another tree and into a hole made by Drummer the Woodpecker. Sammy Jay did n't see where he had disappeared, and, after hunting in vain, gave up and began to carry his nuts away to a new hiding-place. Tommy's eyes sparkled with mischief as he watched. By and by he would have a hunt for it! It would be fun!



"HE SAW A GREAT BIRD SAILING BACK AND FORTH."

When Sammy Jay had hidden the last nut and flown away, Tommy came out. He did n't feel like hunting for those nuts just then, so he scampered up in a tall hemlock-tree, and, just out of sheer good spirits and because he could see no danger near, he called sharply that all within hearing might know that he was about. Almost instantly he received a reply from not far away. It was an angry warning to keep away from that part of the Green Forest, because he had no business there! It was the voice of Chatterer. Tommy replied just as angrily that he would stay if he wanted to.

Then they barked and chattered at each other for a long time. Gradually Chatterer came nearer. Finally he was in the very next tree. He stopped there long enough to tell Tommy all that he would do to him when he caught him, and at the end he jumped across to Tommy's tree.

Tommy waited no longer. He was n't ready to fight. In the first place he knew that Chatterer probably had lived there a long time, and so was partly right in saying that Tommy had no business there. Then Chatterer looked a little the bigger and stronger. So Tommy nimbly ran out on a branch and leaped across to the next tree. In a flash Chatterer was after him, and then began a most exciting race through the tree-tops. Tommy found that there were regular squirrel highways through the tree-tops, and along these he raced at top speed, Chatterer at his heels, scolding and threatening. When he reached the edge of the Green Forest, Tommy darted down the last tree, across the open space to the old stone wall, and along this Chatterer followed.

Suddenly the anger in Chatterer's voice changed to a sharp cry of warning. Tommy

scrambled into a crevice between two stones without stopping to inquire what the trouble was. When he peeped out, he saw a great bird sailing back and forth. In a few minutes it lighted on a near-by tree, and sat there so still that, if Tommy had not seen it light, he never would have known it was there.

"Mr. Goshawk nearly got you that time," said a voice very near at hand. Tommy turned to find Chatterer peeping out from another crevice in the old wall. "It won't be safe for us to show ourselves until he leaves," continued Chatterer. "It 's getting so that an honest squirrel needs eyes in the back of his head to keep his skin whole, not to mention living out his natural life. Hello! here comes a boy, and that means more trouble. There 's one good thing about it, and that is he 'll frighten away that hawk."

Tommy looked, and sure enough there was a boy, and in his hands was an air-rifle. Tommy did n't know what it was, but Chatterer did.

"I wish that hawk would hurry up and fly so that we can run!" he sputtered. "The thing that boy carries throws things, and they hurt. It is n't best to let him get too near when he has that with him. He seems to think it 's fun to hurt us. I 'd just like to bite him once and see if he thought *that* was fun! There goes that hawk. Come on now, we 've got to run for it!"

Chatterer led the way and Tommy followed.

He was frightened, but there was n't that terror which had possessed him when Shadow the Weasel was after him. Something struck sharply against the wall just behind him. It frightened him into greater speed. Something struck just in front of him, and then something hit him so hard that just for a second he nearly lost his balance. It hurt dreadfully.

"Hurrah!" shouted the boy, "I hit him that time!" Then the boy started to run after them so as to get a closer shot.

"We 'll get up in the top of that big hemlock-tree and he won't be able to see us," panted Chatterer. "Did he hit you? That 's too bad. It might have been worse though. If he had had one of those things that make a big noise and smoke, we might not either of us be here now. Boys are hateful things. I don't see what fun they get out of frightening and hurting such little folks as you and me. They 're brutes! That 's what they

are! When we get across that little open place, we can laugh at him. Come on now!"

Down from the end of the old wall Chatterer jumped and raced across to the foot of a big hemlock-tree, Tommy at his heels. Up the tree they ran and hid close to the trunk where the branches were thick. They could peer down and see the boy, but he could n't see them. He walked around the tree two or three times, and then shot up into the top to try to frighten the squirrels.

"Don't move!" whispered Chatterer. "He does n't see us."

Tommy obeyed, although he felt as if he must run. His heart seemed to jump every time a bullet spatted in among the branches. It was dreadful to sit there and do nothing while being shot at, and not know but that the very next minute one of those little lead shot would hit. Tommy knew just how it would hurt if it did hit. Presently the boy gave up and went off to torment some one else. No sooner was his back fairly turned than Chatterer began to scold and jeer at him. Tommy joined him. It was just as if there never had been any danger. If that boy could have understood what they said, his ears would have burned.

Then Chatterer showed Tommy just what part of the Green Forest he claimed as his own, and also showed him a part that had belonged to another squirrel to whom something had happened, and suggested that Tommy take that for his. It was n't as good as Chatterer's, but still it would do very well. Tommy took possession at once. Each agreed not to intrude on the other's territory. On common ground, that did n't belong to either of them, they would be the best of friends, but Tommy knew that if he went into Chatterer's part of the Green Forest, he would have to fight, and he made up his mind that if any other squirrel came into *his* part of the Green Forest, there would be a fight. Suddenly he was very jealous of his new possession. He was hardly willing to leave it when Chatterer suggested a visit to a near-by corn-crib for a feast of yellow corn.

Chatterer led the way. Tommy found that he was quite lame from the shot which had hit him, but he was soon racing after Chatterer again.

Along the old stone wall, then along a fence, up a maple-tree, and from there to the roof of



"EACH AGREED NOT TO INTRUDE ON THE OTHER'S TERRITORY."



the corn-crib, they scampered. Chatterer knew just where to get inside, and in a few minutes they were stuffing themselves with yellow corn. When they had eaten all that they could hold, they stuffed their cheeks full and started back the way they had come. Tommy went straight to his own part of the Green Forest, and there he hid his treasure, some in a hollow stump, and some under a little pile of leaves between the roots of a tree. All the time he watched sharply to make sure that no one saw him. While looking for new hiding-places, his nose told him to dig. There, buried under the leaves, he found nuts hidden by the one who had lived there before him. There must be a lot more hidden there, and it would be great fun hunting for them. Doubtless he would find as many as if he had hidden them himself, for he had seen that Chatterer did n't know where he had put a tenth part of the things *he* had hidden. He just trusted to his nose to help him get them again.

He found a splendid nest made of leaves and strips of inner bark in the hollow stub of a big branch of a chestnut-tree, and he made up his mind that there was where he would sleep. Then he ran over to see Chatterer again. He found him scolding at a cat who watched him with yellow, unblinking eyes. He would run down the trunk of the tree almost to the ground, and there scold and call names as fast as his tongue could go. Then he would run back up to the lowest branch and scold from there. The next time he would go a little farther down. Finally he leaped to the ground, and raced across to another tree. The cat sprang, but was just too late. Chatterer jeered at her. Then he began the same thing over again, and kept at it until finally the cat gave up and left in disgust. It had been exciting, but Tommy shivered at the thought of what might have happened.

"Ever try that with a fox?" asked Chatterer.

"No," replied Tommy.

"I have!" boasted Chatterer. "But I've seen squirrels caught doing it," he added. "Still, I suppose one may as well be caught by a fox as by a hawk."

"Did you see that weasel this morning?" asked Tommy.

Chatterer actually shivered as he replied: "Yes, I saw him after you. It's a wonder he did n't get you. You're lucky! I was lucky myself this morning, for a mink went right past where I was hiding. Life is nothing but one jump after another these days. It seems as if, when one has worked as hard as I did last fall to store up

enough food to keep me all winter, I ought to be allowed to enjoy it in comfort. Those who sleep all winter, like Johnny Chuck, have a mighty easy time of it. They don't know when they are well off. Still, I'd hate to miss all the excitement and fun of life. I would rather jump for my life twenty times a day as I have to, and know that I'm alive, than to be alive and not know it. See that dog down there? I hate dogs! I'm going to tell him so."

Off raced Chatterer to bark and scold at a little black-and-white dog which paid no attention to him at all. The shadows were creeping through the trees, and Tommy began to think of his nest. He looked once more at Chatterer, who was racing along the top of the old wall scolding at the dog. Suddenly what seemed like merely a darker shadow swept over Chatterer, and, when it had passed, he had vanished. For once, that fatal once, he had been careless. Hooty the Owl had caught him. Tommy shivered. He was frightened and cold. He would get to his nest as quickly as he could. He leaped down to a great gray stone, and—behold, he was n't a squirrel at all! He was just a boy sitting on a big stone, with a heap of Christmas greens at his feet.

He shivered, for he was cold. Then he jumped up and stamped his feet and threshed his arms. A million diamond points glittered in the white meadows where the snow crystals splintered the sunbeams. From the Old Orchard sounded the sharp scolding chirr and cough of Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

Tommy listened and slowly a smile widened. "Hooty did n't get you, after all!" he muttered. Then in a minute he added: "I'm glad of it. And you have n't anything more to fear from me. You won't believe it, but you have n't. You may be mischievous, but I guess you have troubles enough without my adding to them. Oh, but I'm glad I'm not a squirrel! Being a boy's good enough for me, 'specially 'long 'bout Christmas time. I bet Sis will be tickled with these greens. But it's queer what happens when I sit down on this old rock!"

He frowned at it as if he could n't understand it at all. Then he gathered up his load of greens, and, with the merriest of whistles, trudged homeward. And to this day Chatterer the Red Squirrel cannot understand how it came about that from that Christmas he and Tommy became fast friends. But they did.

Perhaps the wishing-stone could tell if it would.

*(To be continued.)*



"THEY TIED UP THE BOXES WITH A BIT OF HOLLY IN EACH BOW."

## THE HOUSEKEEPING ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR BLAIRS

BY CAROLINE FRENCH BENTON

Author of "A Little Cook Book for a Little Girl," "Margaret's Saturday Mornings," etc.

### CANDY FOR THE FAIR



THE Alcott School, which Mildred and Brownie attended, was going to give a Christmas fair. That is, they were going to have a big, beautiful fair to which everybody in town was to go and buy their Christmas presents, and afterward the money was to be given to the children's ward in the new hospital. Mildred and Brownie were on the candy committee, and, of course, they were much excited. They had to have so much candy for a whole town of people that they did not know where it was to come from.

"We could go around and ask for contributions," said Mildred to her mother; "but the trouble is that everybody in the school is doing that very thing, asking and asking and *asking*!"

"You might make a good deal of candy yourselves, and perhaps other people who would not care to buy quantities to give you, would make some too. Home-made candy always sells well."

"Miss Betty makes the loveliest pinoche!" said Brownie, thoughtfully.

"So she does. Suppose we ask her about planning to make candy at home."

Miss Betty had just come in from a meeting of her own committee on the fair, and was as interested as could be in the candy table.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said. "Get as many people as you can to give you just a little money, fifty cents, or even twenty-five, in place of giving you any candy—they will be glad to do that, you see, because it would save them ever so much which they can spend on the fair in other ways. Then we will buy sugar, and nuts, and such things with the money, and get all the girls on your committee to help on the candy-making, either in their own homes—"

"Oh, at our house, Miss Betty," begged Brownie; "that will be a party!"

"Very well, if your mother does n't mind," laughed Miss Betty. "Then, when we see how much we can make in two afternoons, we will beg enough for the rest that we need. And I'll help you. I make awfully good candy!"

When the girls told their mother the plan, she said, "That's a bright idea!" and told the girls to ask the eight others on the committee to go to work at once and get the money for materials.



The next days were busy ones, and when, three days before the fair, the committee met, they were astonished to see how much money they had collected, enough to buy all the materials and have a good sum over. The girls all promised to help make the candy, and said they would surely be at the Blairs' for two whole afternoons, from two o'clock till dark, beginning the next day.

When the girls had come and their hands and aprons were ready, Miss Betty said she would take four or five girls into the kitchen to start the candy, and the rest could blanch almonds and get them ready to salt; and when the candy was ready for the finishing touches, she would bring it in and show them what to do with it. So she went off with Mildred and three other girls, and



"MISS BETTY WAS AS INTERESTED AS COULD BE IN THE CANDY TABLE."

Jack went down-town and bought everything on the list Miss Betty gave him. White sugar and brown, flavoring, chocolate and nuts, citron and little rose-leaves, pink and green coloring, paraffin paper, and all kinds of boxes, little and big, covered with holly paper, or plain red paper, or just white paper. When he got home, he cracked nuts and picked them out beautifully, nearly all in perfect halves. Miss Betty said he was a regular trump.

The next day, the Blairs had an early lunch, and then Norah put the dining-room and kitchen in order, and got out saucepans, spoons, and egg-beaters. Mildred and Brownie laid lunch-cloths over two small tables in the dining-room, and found scissors and anything else they could think of that would be needed. On the dining-room table, across one end, Jack laid a white marble table-top from an old-fashioned table in the attic, and this they washed off and made very clean. Mother Blair said she was sure some kinds of candy were made on marble, and she meant to be all ready.

Mother Blair and Brownie went to work with the rest on the almonds. They wanted to have quantities of these, because they always sold so well at fairs. This was the rule she used:

### SALTED ALMONDS

1 pound of Jordan almonds.  
White of one egg.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of salt.

Put a cupful of shelled almonds into a saucepan of boiling water, enough to well cover them. Put on a cover and let them stand two minutes; take out one and see if the skin slips off easily in your hand; if not, pour off the water, put on more that is boiling, and let them stand again. When they are ready, dip out a few at a time and keep the rest under water; slip off the skins and put them in bowls till all are done. Beat the white of the egg till half light, mix with the nuts, and spread them on shallow tins; sprinkle with salt and put them in the oven; stir them every few minutes till they become an even, light brown; then take them out.

Instead of having one pound of almonds, they had ten pounds, so the girls had plenty to do to

keep them busy till the candy came in. Meanwhile, Miss Betty was showing them how to make

### COFFEE CANDY

- 3 table-spoonfuls of ground coffee.
- 1 small cup of boiling water.
- 2 cups of sugar.
- 1 cup of chopped nuts.

Boil the coffee in the water for two minutes; then strain through a very fine sieve. Measure one half a cupful and mix with the sugar; boil without stirring, till it spins a thread when you hold up a little on a spoon. Then stand the saucepan in another, half full of very cold water, and beat rapidly till it becomes a cream; stir in the nuts, pour into a shallow pan and cool, cut in squares.

Miss Betty had to show the girls how to see candy "spin a thread," because those words, she said, came in so often in all rules for candy. She just lifted a little up on the spoon and tipped it; at first the candy just dropped off, but as it grew thick it fell more slowly, and at last a tiny thread floated off in the air as the syrup dropped.

lined with paraffin paper, tied each one up with narrow ribbons, labeled them with the name, and then put them aside. Meanwhile the girls in the kitchen made

### FONDANT

- 1 cup of granulated sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk.

Put this on the stove to heat, and stir till the sugar is dissolved, but, until then, do not let it boil. When there is no sugar left on the edges or bottom of the saucepan, let it boil without stirring; have ready a cup of cold water, and after three minutes drop in a little bit and see if you can make it into a ball in your fingers; if not, boil again till you can. Shake the saucepan occasionally so the sugar will not burn. When you can make a firm but not a hard ball, take it off, and set it in a pan of cold water till it is cool enough to put your finger in without burning. Then stir and beat, and, when it begins to get hard, knead it with your hands. Add flavoring while still rather soft.

"This," Miss Betty said to the girls, "is the one thing, above all others, that you must learn to make, because it is the beginning of all sorts



"THIS CANDY WILL BE WORTH A DOLLAR A POUND!"  
SAID MILDRED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Of course, they made a great deal of this candy, as it was easy. And when it was cool, they took the pans to the girls in the dining-room. Two of them left the almonds, and cut it up and packed it carefully in boxes which they

of cream candies. In part of it we can put almond flavoring and make it into balls and put a half-almond on top; or use vanilla flavoring, and bits of citron on top. Or we can add chopped nuts to it, or roll pieces of Brazil nuts in, and so



on. And of course some of it we will color green, to put green pistachio-nuts on, and pink, to put bits of rose-leaves on. And we can take it while it is still pretty soft, and make little balls of it and dip each one in melted chocolate with the tip of a fork, and make lovely chocolate creams."

"Oh, Miss Betty, let me make those!" begged Mildred; and "Oh, Miss Betty, let me make pistachio creams!"; and "Oh, please, *dear* Miss Betty, let me make the nut creams!" begged the girls. Miss Betty laughed, and shook her head at them all. "The dining-room girls will finish these, all but the chocolate creams—those we will make to-morrow." So she took all the pans of fondant into the dining-room, and Mother Blair showed the girls there how to turn this plain white candy into colored bonbons, working on the marble slab; they were lovely when they were finished, and packed in boxes like the rest. Meanwhile, Miss Betty said they would make:

## CHOCOLATE COCOANUT CAKES

- 1 cup of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of water.
- White of 1 egg.
- 1 cup of grated cocoanut from a package.
- 2 squares of chocolate, melted.

Let the sugar and water boil till it spins a thread. Beat the egg white stiff, and very slowly pour in the syrup while beating all the time; add the cocoanut, and then the melted chocolate. Drop on sheets of buttered paper in spoonfuls.

"If you want to have these like little biscuits, do not put in the chocolate; just put them on the paper after spreading it in shallow tins, and bake them till they are brown on top. I think it would be nice to make some of each."

When these were done and carried into the dining-room, Miss Betty said: "And now I will show you how I make my very own pinoche. When I have to earn my living, I shall do it by making this candy, and I'm sure in a very short time I'll be a millionaire." The girls laughed, and said they wanted to learn to get rich too.

## PINOCHÉ

- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups of brown sugar.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cream.
- Butter the size of an egg.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of chopped walnuts.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of chopped almonds.
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Boil the sugar, cream, and butter together twenty minutes; add the nuts and vanilla, and beat well; when

smooth and creamy, pour into buttered tins; when cool, cut in squares.

"It 's just as well we have so many to work," said Mildred. "It takes lots of strength to beat this candy."

"Yes, we need Jack's strong arm," said Miss Betty, smiling. "To-morrow, we must get him to help. Now here is another kind of nut candy that is very nice indeed, and when you are all done with that pinoche, we will make this next."

## NUT CREAMS

- 3 cups of light brown sugar.
- Whites of 2 eggs.
- 1 cup of boiling water.
- 1 cup of chopped nuts.
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Boil the sugar and water, stirring and beating till the sugar is all dissolved; then let it boil without stirring till it spins a thread. Remove from the fire and let it stand on the table for just a moment, to be sure it has stopped boiling; then pour it over the stiff whites of the eggs, beating with a wire beater all the time; put in the vanilla while you are beating. When it is creamy and getting stiff, add the nuts, stir well, and spread on buttered paper. If you prefer, do not use vanilla, but almond flavoring, and add almonds instead of other nuts.

"Now, girls, just one more kind and that will be enough, I am sure. To-morrow we will change work, and I will teach all this to the other girls, while you make salted almonds and tie boxes; I'm sure we shall sell all we can make."

"This candy will be worth a dollar a pound!" said Mildred.

"At least that," said Miss Betty, laughing; "only we won't ask quite that much, I think. Now this is the last recipe."

## CHOCOLATE SQUARES

- 1 cup of sugar.
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cake of chocolate.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of molasses.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of milk.
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of butter.

Mix this all together and boil it twenty minutes; cool it a very little and add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour in pans, and, when cool, mark off in squares.

It was dark when all this candy was done and in the boxes. The girls were tired, but delighted with their work, and the next day they came eager to finish it. Those who worked in the kitchen made the same things as the other girls had made before, and, when everybody was done,

it was astonishing how many, many boxes they had.

They had already decided not to have any two-pound or five-pound boxes, but to make only pound and half-pound ones, as these would sell better. They tied up the boxes which were covered with holly paper with red ribbons, and the red boxes with holly ribbons, and the plain white

"Next time we will make ever so many more kinds of candy," said Mildred, as they talked it all over. "I never knew there were so many. I used to think all you could make at home were molasses candy and peanut brittle, and everybody can make those, so they are not much fun."

"When the children get into their ward, we will make some candy for them," said Brownie.



SELLING CANDY AT THE CHRISTMAS FAIR.

boxes with red, with a bit of holly tied in each bow. When Norah saw them all, she said they were "stylish." Certainly they were pretty, and the candy was delicious, and fresh as well, and all the committee and Mother Blair and Miss Betty were just as proud as proud could be.

When the fair was over, the ladies who were in charge of it sent a special little note to the candy committee telling them how nicely they had done.

"I think the children with broken legs, and bad knees, and the not-very-sick children would like some, especially if we put it in white boxes and tie them up with big bows of ribbon."

"Of course they would," said Mildred. "It would be just lovely and would help them to get well ever so much quicker, I know. That's what Mother would call a particularly bright idea, Brownie Blair!"





# CHRISTMAS EVE

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

*Tune, Brocklesbury, "Saviour, Who Thy Flock Art Feeding"*

I

EVENING shadows dim the daylight,  
As they did long years ago,  
When the shepherds of Judea  
Watched their flocks move to and fro.

II

Quiet grows the world so weary,  
As upon that holy night,  
When the shepherds gazed with wonder  
At a strange and golden light.

III

While in fear they watched and waited,  
Lo, a blessed angel came,  
And a glory shone around them  
Like a pale and trembling flame.

IV

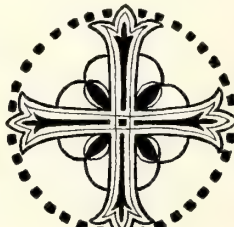
"Fear ye not. I bring good tidings,"  
So they heard the angel say,  
"Tidings of great joy I bring you,  
Jesus Christ is born to-day!"

V

And the air was filled with singing,  
Angel voices chanted then;  
"To our God be praise and glory,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

VI

Shining still the same stars twinkle  
That in Bethlehem did glow  
When the shepherds found a baby  
In a manger, long ago.





E. JENSON • KNIPE •

## CHRISTMAS MORNING

BY ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

*Tune, St. George's Windsor, "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"*

I

SING, O happy children, sing,  
While the chimes of Christmas ring.  
Sing again the story old,  
How in Bethlehem, 't is told,  
Once a little child was born  
On this happy Christmas morn.  
Peace on earth He came to bring.  
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

II

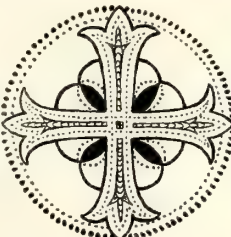
How his parents, good and kind,  
Could no proper dwelling find,  
So, beneath a cattle-shed,  
With a manger for his bed,  
There was born a little boy,  
Sent to share our pain and joy.  
Peace on earth He came to bring.  
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

III

Here the little Christ-child lay,  
All among the fragrant hay,  
While above Him, shining far,  
Glowed that wondrous Eastern star.  
Telling wise men far away  
Of that holy Christmas Day.  
Peace on earth He came to bring.  
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

IV

When the chimes of Christmas ring,  
When our Christmas hymns we sing,  
When with love our spirits glow,  
Angel voices whisper low  
In our hearts the glad refrain,  
"Christ the Lord is born again."  
Peace on earth He came to bring.  
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.





## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

### MARK TWAIN AND THE IMMORTAL TOM

THE last time I saw Mark Twain was at his country-place in Connecticut one fall day, something more than a year before his death. Before I left, he told me he was to give a reading the day following of some of his own work.

"I don't know what to give 'em," he said. "I can't remember anything funny I've done, and it's something funny they'll want."

"Read them the 'Invalid's Story,'" I advised. "I laugh over that regularly every year."

His eyes twinkled. "Good idea! I have n't read that myself in *many* a year . . . you're sure it's a funny one, eh?"

I was quite sure, and we both laughed as I recalled several of the incidents of the story. As I walked homeward, I looked back at the turn in the road. He was still standing in the doorway of his big Italian villa, a small, alert figure in his white suit, his fine head with its thick, wavy white hair showing plainly against the dark background. I waved a good-by, to which he responded—I little realized how final a good-by it was.

Now, Stormfield looks sad and deserted. The weeds grow high, the fountain in the little garden is empty of water, doors and windows are closed. Samuel L. Clemens is gone, though it is difficult for any one who knew him to believe it, any one, at least, who had not seen him during the last and failing months; for he was life incarnate, keen, quick, vigorous of bearing, eternally amusing, forever saying something in that famous drawl of his which set you laughing.

As far back as 1852, when Clemens was but seventeen, that drawl attracted notice. It was in New Orleans, where the young Sam was stranded. Looking about for work, he decided to become a river pilot. So he went to Horace Bixby, the finest pilot on the river. This is what Bixby says about him:

"One day a tall, angular, hoosier-like young fellow, whose limbs appeared to be fastened with leather hinges, entered the pilot-house, and in a peculiar, drawling voice, said:

"'Good mawnin', sir. Don't you want to take a peart young fellow and teach him how to be er river pilot?'"

After the bargain had been struck, Bixby asked:

"What makes you pull your words that way?"

"I don't know, mister," returned Clemens. "You'll have to ask my ma. She pulls hern, too."

Nine years of river life followed, and Clemens "learned the river" as few ever have learned it. He never had an accident, and for two and a half years was a master pilot, taking some of the best boats up and down the perilous stream. The outbreak of the Civil War stopped the work.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens was of pure southern blood. His father, John Marshall Clemens, was a Virginian. His mother, a Miss Lambdon, came from Kentucky, and Sam was born November 30, 1835, in Florida, Missouri.

But there was nothing sectional about Twain. He belonged to the whole of America, not only by sympathy and understanding, but through actual experience. Half his young manhood was passed in the wild west. When he was city editor for the "Territorial Enterprise," of Virginia City, Nevada, he was kept busy writing up stage robberies, shooting affairs, lucky strikes, raids, all the thrilling incidents of life on the border. He had himself been a prospector, and an unlucky one, missing millions more than once by a hair's-breadth. It was just as well for him and for the world, because if he had struck it rich, then "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and the other immortal books would probably never have been written.

Clemens got into an altercation with a rival editor, and challenged this man to a duel. Nothing came of the challenge, but the new law in Nevada forbade dueling, and Clemens had to leave the State in a hurry. He went to San Francisco. Here he soon became an associate of Bret Harte on the famous "Californian," making one of the group of writers all of whom became known the world over, such as Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard, and Prentice Mulford. Bret Harte speaks of Twain as having a striking appearance: "He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline eye—an eye so eagle-like that a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances."

This is a better description than Bixby's, for

Clemens could never have looked tall, even at his youngest and thinnest. But eagle-like he did look, and striking he remained to his last day.

It is n't only that Mark Twain lived all over America. He lived through all the different phases of the country's growth. His family was slave-holding. He went through the war of the Union, fighting a little, getting captured twice, breaking parole the second time, and escaping to the west. He had been a printer, a writer, a river pilot, and a prospector. In California, he began to make his mark as a humorist. While on the "Territorial Enterprise," he had begun to sign his articles and stories "Mark Twain," a pseudonym about which there have been several stories. Clemens himself said that he took the name from a Captain Isaiah Sellers, who wrote river news for the New Orleans "Picayune," signing it Mark Twain, and who died in 1863. The origin of the name is well known, coming from the man at the bow of the river steamer who heaves the lead—"By the mark, three. By the mark, twain," etc.

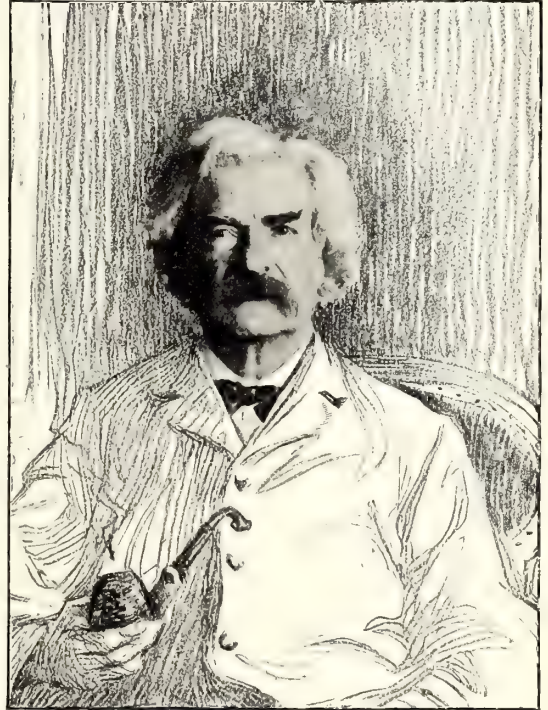
Next in line for young Sam Clemens was the fame accruing from his story of "The Jumping Frog." He had heard this story, or its suggestion, told by Coon Drayton, an ex-Mississippi pilot, at Angel's Camp. Mark Twain loved this story, and later on he wrote it up. He also told it, and Bret Harte used to say that no one knew how funny the story was who had n't heard it told in that inimitable drawl by Sam himself.

This story brought him world-wide fame. But as for money, Clemens still had precious little of that. He kept at his journalistic work, and in 1866 was sent to the Sandwich Islands, from which place he sent in his great scoop of the *Hornet* disaster. You can read all about it in Twain's "My Début as a Literary Person," and also how "Harpers" accepted the story for the magazine, and how the delighted author was going to give a banquet to celebrate the event. But he had not written his signature clearly, and when the story appeared it was under the name "Mike Swain."

After this, Twain began to lecture, making a great hit all along the Pacific coast, and in December, 1866, he came to New York on the first leg of his tour around the world, the tour that resulted in "The Innocents Abroad," though it did not go all round the proposed circle. From that time, Clemens' standing was assured. The profits of the book were \$70,000.

After this the east was Clemens's home. He married Miss Olivia L. Langdon in 1870, and made his residence in Hartford for many years. In 1875, he wrote the great book about *Tom Sawyer*, which is largely autobiographical. Sam was

a good deal like the inimitable *Huck Finn* in his boyhood. "Do what we would, we could not make him go to school," his mother said. One day, when his father, doubting whether the boy really was going to the school for which he had set out, followed him, Sam got behind a huge tree-stump on the way to the school, slowly circling it



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

to keep out of sight as his father walked on. This father was a stern, severe man, and poor Sam had many an uncomfortable encounter with him.

Twain was sixty years old when he started to repay the debts of his failure as a publisher. He made a tour round the world, lecturing everywhere, besides writing several books, among them the splendid "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Every cent was paid off, and, before he died, he had made a new fortune.

What a man he was! Beginning as a barefoot boy in a sleepy Mississippi river town, a journeyman printer with little education and no promise of a future, a river pilot, an unlucky prospector, he became a man of world-wide fame and immense influence. His books have gone everywhere, have made generations laugh and weep. He was not only a great humorist, he was a man of high courage and fine ideals, a man who hated shams and lies, and struck at them fiercely. He



knew human nature, laughed at its queer contradictions, admired and respected its goodness and kindness. Always he is intensely American, without being provincial. Not only did he have a genius for writing. He had a genius for being a man! If, as a young man, he was inclined to be too extravagant, too irreverent, he conquered that tendency. He grew in wisdom and in perception, and he loved people, loved men and women and children. That is why we all love him. There is a glow to him. You can warm your heart at his books, much as you warm your hands at a fire.

Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the English author, and a wit himself, says of Mark Twain: "All honest people saw the point of Twain's wit. Not a few dishonest people felt it."

But to the whole world of youth Mark Twain is *Tom Sawyer*, the Immortal Boy, the greatest boy of fiction, the American boy, and yet the essential boy that links all boys of whatever nationality together. *Tom* and *Huck*—what more do you want?

What impressed you perhaps most about Mark Twain was that he seemed to have met everybody. There was n't a type of human nature he had n't personally known. And this was very near the truth, for his years on the Mississippi and in the west, coupled with his long life in the east and his knowledge of Europe and the Orient, had brought him into contact with all sorts and kinds of "humans."

Read, if you have n't read, "Tom Sawyer," "Huck Finn," and "Life on the Mississippi." And then sit down and be thankful that America produced Mark Twain. You can hardly imagine one of them without the other.

#### BOOKS THAT DON'T GROW OLD

As long as there are children in the world, and probably that will be for quite a while yet, some books will never grow old. Each year sees them fresh and radiant, with new covers and new pictures, ready for the new children whom they are to delight and amuse. Santa Claus knows all about these books, and likes to have them in his pack, for long experience has taught him that there is hardly any gift he brings so sure to please the little people he loves, nor one that lasts better. It would be a big task to tell about all these books, and would take up altogether too much time—so much that there would be hardly enough left to give to even one of the books themselves. But I'm going to describe a few of these new-old books which you may be particularly glad to have among your Christmas presents, or may like to give to some one else.

In the first place, there is "Mother Goose." It would certainly be a bad business to have to grow up without *Mother Goose*; something no child should be asked to do. She's such a merry old lady, and both so wise and so foolish, that we simply can't get along without her and her funny sayings and pretty songs. And since we all feel that way about her, many artists have delighted to draw her portrait and make pictures for her stories. One of the latest artists to do her honor is Arthur Rackham, as such of you who take *St. Nicholas* regularly know very well. But you don't know what a splendid volume has been made of his "Mother Goose" pictures, and pen-and-ink sketches, and fascinating silhouettes until you see it. He has chosen all the verses he likes best, for there is n't room to put all there are even into so big a book as this one. And he has given them the special form familiar to him when he was a child, as he was told them by his elders, sometimes the same you know, sometimes a bit different, for *Mother Goose* was spoken and sung long before she was written, and different people remembered her in different ways.

When you hold this fine big book on your knees and turn the pages, you begin to think that no one has ever made quite the right pictures for *Mother Goose* before. Such faint, lovely colors, almost like the colors in a soap-bubble, such delightfully quaint little maids, queer old women, mischievous boys, spooky old men, amusing animals, and elves, and trees, and houses! If the stories and songs had set to work to make the pictures themselves, they could n't have done better. Hardly a page but has a little figure on it, and, besides the full pages in color, there are others in black and white almost as charming. The cover has a big colored picture of the old *Mother* on her famous goose flying over the heads of a group of astonished little children; and the pages inside are so big, and the type so large and clear, that you will love to read it aloud to your small sister or brother who does n't yet know how.

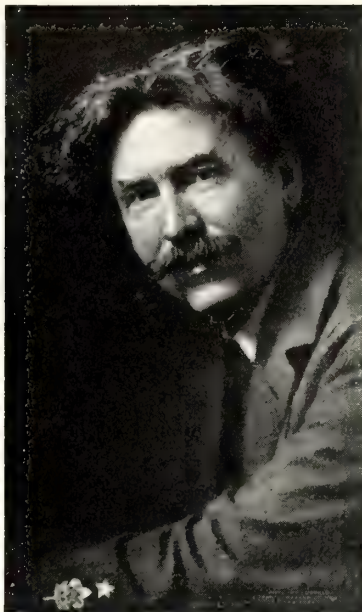
Animal stories have always been told, and always will be told, but perhaps none better than Kipling's "Jungle Book," and "Second Jungle Book," stories. Those mix up fairy truth with animal truth, and are breathlessly interesting and full of marvelous adventure, besides being laid in the strange and mysterious land of India. Every year thousands and thousands of boys and girls are made happy with these tales. And this year there will be as many more to become acquainted with *Mowgli*, the little boy who was brought up by the wolves and learned to hunt with the pack, and to talk the animal language,



ARTHUR RACKHAM.



RUDYARD KIPLING.

Copyright by Forre Mac Donald.  
ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

who was the friend of the *Black Panther* and of *Baloo*, the bear, and knew the bandar-log, or monkey people. These books are young, as never-old books go, but the grandchildren of the boys and girls who read them now will read them in the time to come, and find them just as new and wonderful.

You can get both the *Jungle Books* in the regular edition, serviceably bound in green cloth, with illustrations in black and white, or you can get the first book in the beautiful illustrated edition, with pictures in full color by Maurice and Edward Detmold, and the margins of the pages prettily decorated with a design in pale green of tropic vegetation. This edition is gilt-topped and comes in a box, and makes a very beautiful gift. But whether you get that or the other, you will find a world of joy in the stories, written by a great master in his happiest vein.

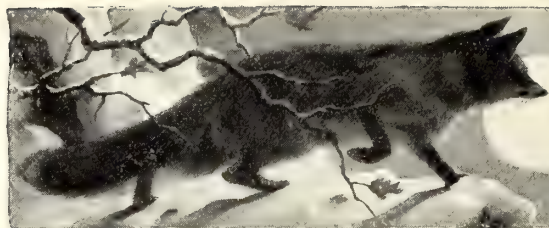
Most of you know the stories of Ernest Thompson Seton, and as many of you as know them like them. They, too, are about animals, generally American animals, and they try to tell just what may likely happen in the life of the wild folk as they go about their daily business. Two books by Mr. Seton, "The Biography of a Grizzly," and "The Biography of a Silver Fox," are such fine stories, and tell so much about their subjects, that they alone are sufficient introduction to the life of the wilderness. Beautifully printed, and delightfully illustrated by the author, these books

are a treat to grown-ups as well as to the youngsters of the family, and while they tell the lives of their animal heroes as though they were a story, all the natural facts can be depended upon, for Mr. Seton knows what he's writing about.

Another of Mr. Seton's books that will make a mighty nice Christmas gift is "Woodmyth and Fable," with a number of his pictures in it, delicious, dashing sketches in pen and ink, some of them funny, all of them good. The myths and fables are both wise and entertaining, most of them concerned with animals or Indians, some in verse, all with a neat little moral at the end, as is the way of fables everywhere. The book is bound in red cloth and printed in a pretty shade of red ink, and, altogether, you won't go wrong if you put this volume on your list.

And now, just for a good wind-up, we'll go back to Kipling for the last book there is room to speak of. This is his famous "Captains Courageous," the story of the American millionaire's son who fell overboard from a transatlantic steamer and was picked up by a Gloucester fishing schooner, and had to stay aboard from May to September. He was a spoiled boy of fifteen when he arrived on that boat, and what happened to him there, and what it made of him, as well as the splendid picture of the Gloucester fishing folk and life on the Banks, make a rousing story that every boy, and girl too, ought to know and is sure to love.





# NATURE<sup>AND</sup> SCIENCE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



## CHILDREN OF THE WOOD

MANY a secret of the wood folks' doings is seen only by the full moon as he bathes hill and dale with a flood of silvery light or peeps through the openings of the forest's leafy curtain.

Let us uncover one of these carefully guarded secrets. To do this, we must climb the rocky hillside nearly to the top, where a moss-covered ledge is almost hidden by the overhanging leaves. If we look closely, we shall find an opening that forms a sort of cave between the rocks—and the secret is out—for we have located the abode of Mrs. Red Fox and her family of children.

And what children they are, with their broad faces, big ears, pointed noses, and sparkling eyes! Four of the cutest, brightest, furriest little fellows that can well be imagined, as they play about just outside the den, wrestling with each other or tumbling over one another in a wild good-natured scramble until they are tired out, or

teacher, and much of her time, when not hunting, is given to their instruction. She brings them many kinds of game, not only to appease their hunger, but that they may become familiar with some of the objects of the future chase. Small animals and birds are often brought home alive to serve as first lessons in hunting. A little later, on calm days, the whole family will be taken to a near-by field and shown the tricks of catching field-mice.

The little foxes must also be made aware of the many dangers that surround them, and the ways of escape. They will learn to trust their noses more than eyes; to keep to cover whenever possible; never to follow a thing when they cannot smell it; or travel in a straight line if it can be prevented; and many other tricks that well-educated foxes must know.

The little family having been deprived of a father's care, the devoted mother has to provide for all their wants. She also must take every precaution for their safety, and so, as they are left alone when she is away, she keeps close to her home most of the day. Not until night comes and the little fellows are snugly tucked away in the cozy den does she sally forth on her hunting expeditions. Nor does she begin hunting near home, knowing full well the danger of arousing the suspicions of neighboring farmers; not until she has traveled a long distance away does she start the hunt in earnest. On a night when wild game is scarce, she will even visit the hen-roost of a farm-yard, for she well knows there is no going home empty-handed while those four husky youngsters are to be fed. And many a night the old moon follows her as she trots along on the homeward trip with a partridge or hen thrown over her shoulder, and sees the eager family scramble out of the den to meet her at the signal that tells them mother is coming.

GEORGE A. KING.

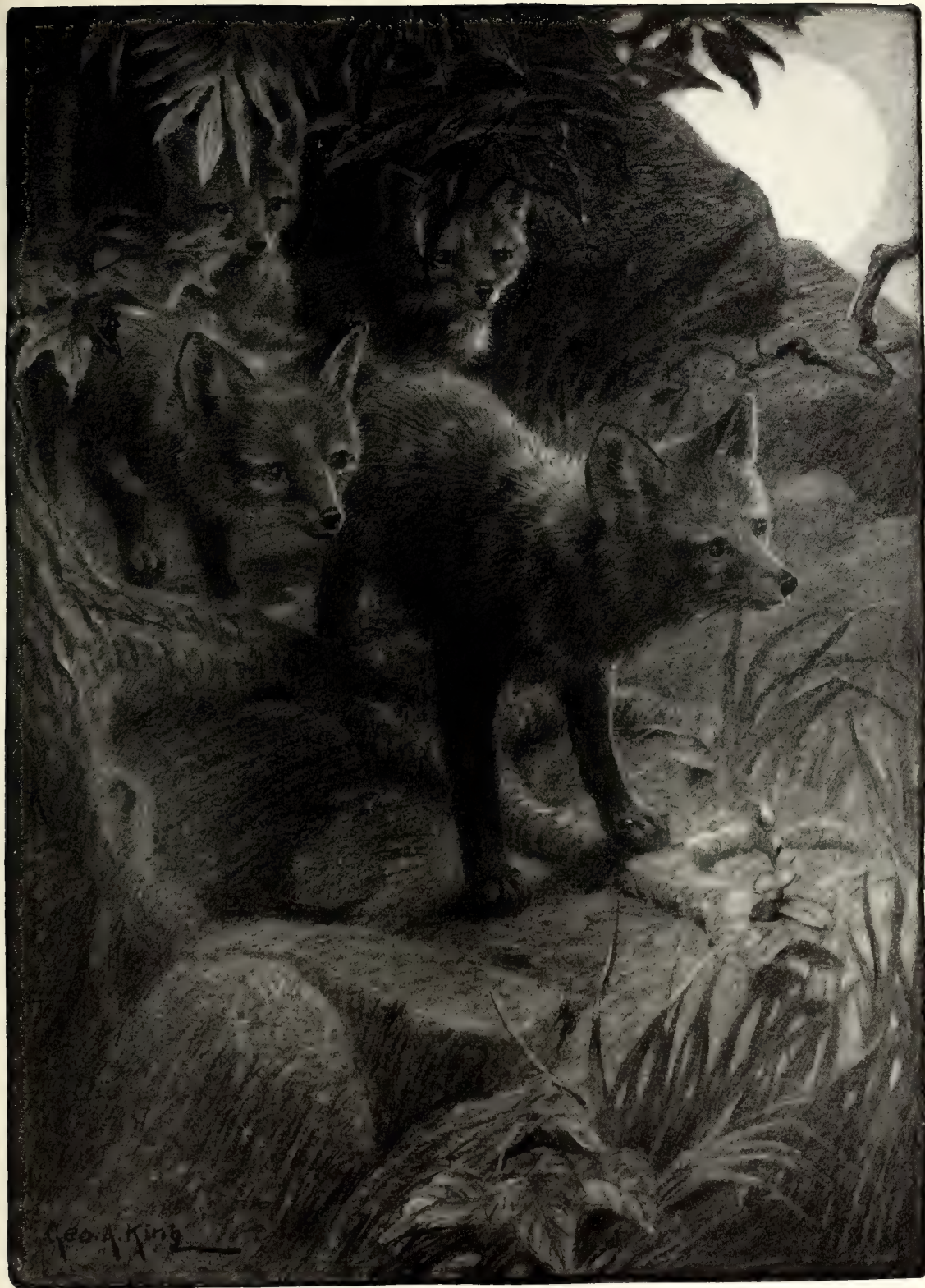


"NOT UNTIL NIGHT COMES  
DOES SHE SALLY FORTH  
ON HER HUNTING EX-  
PEDITIONS."

until a warning signal from the ever watchful mother sends them scurrying back into the den.

But life is not all a gay frolic with the little fellows, for now they are just at the school-day age. Yes! children of the woods have school-days too, with lessons to learn. Mother Fox is their





"MOTHER IS COMING!"



### WRESTLING WITH A GYROSCOPE

IN 1852, a distinguished young Frenchman, Jean Bernard Léon Foucault (fö-kō), perfected an earlier instrument of Bohnenberger, and named it a "gyroscope." The piece of apparatus was doubtless made up for the physical laboratory, and had refinements not seen in the toys known to our boys and girls, which playthings the Century Dictionary tells us should properly be called, not "gyroscopes," but "gyroscopic tops." First invented as a classroom instrument, this interesting device is now under consideration for practical uses; incidentally, its odd pranks under certain circumstances prove a source of amusement and wonderment to old and young alike.

Imagine yourself a giant, big enough to hold the earth in your hands; under such circumstances, what do you suppose the action of the earth would be? It would be much the same as of a gyroscopic top, only on a very big scale. It would tend to hold itself in the plane of its rotation, and any attempt to move it at right angles to its motion, or in a plane from pole to pole, would be instantly resisted, giving a sort of a figure-eight motion. Indeed, it is a very good thing that the earth, in revolving around the sun, does keep its axis parallel to any one position, for that is what gives us our seasons.

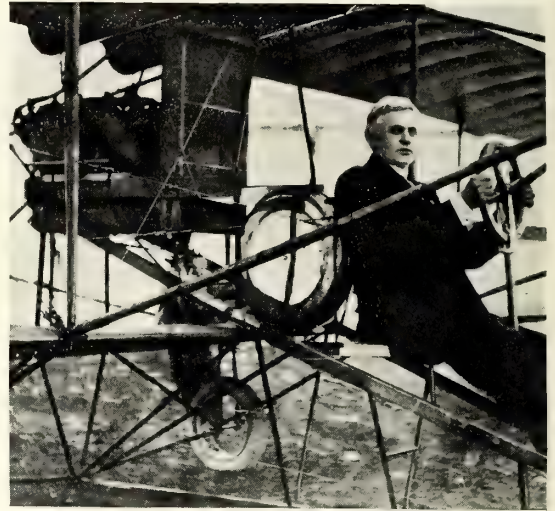
The machine shown in the accompanying pic-



A POLICEMAN, FORMERLY A WRESTLER, VAINLY TRYING TO PUSH OVER THE GYROSCOPE.

tures weighs twenty-eight pounds, is twenty-four inches in diameter, and within its frame is spinning at the rate of three thousand revolutions per minute. This one is known as the "wrestling gyroscope," and, as the illustrations indicate, is

appropriately named. While this may seem a large gyroscopic top in comparison to the common toys, it is small compared to some we read about. Imagine the energy stored up in a fast-flying wheel that weighs a ton!



MR. MONTRAVILLE WOOD IN HIS AÉROPLANE WITH A GYROSCOPE IN POSITION AT HIS BACK.

The man in the photograph seems to be having hard work to master the "gyro," doubtless to the amusement of the spectators, and no matter how big and powerful the man is, the result is always the same. In the picture showing the policeman trying to make the top lie flat, Mr. Montraville Wood, the aerial postmaster of Chicago, is also shown. Under Mr. Wood's deft touch the model does wonderful things; it will lie down, rise up and get on its feet, and turn around. A heavy weight placed on one side causes that side to rise, a most interesting experiment.

One day, when Mr. Wood was traveling in Iowa, where he had been demonstrating some of the gyro's wonderful feats, he discovered that it was about time to take his train. He locked the gyro up in its trunk while it was still spinning, and delivered the trunk to the baggageman, who placed it on a truck with other trunks. The truck unexpectedly making a sharp turn in order to reach the baggage-car, was not at all to the liking

of the gyroscope, which jumped, trunk and all, nimbly to the platform! You can imagine the



READY TO TAKE HOLD OF A GYROSCOPE  
RUNNING AT THE RATE OF 3000  
REVOLUTIONS A MINUTE.

surprise of the trainmen, who refused to have anything further to do with the trunk until Mr. Wood opened it up and removed the gyroscope. At another time, Mr. Wood gave a colored porter a traveling case containing a spinning



HE REALLY THINKS HE HAS IT.

gyro to carry to his sleeping-car. All went well until they came to a corner, when the traveling case refused to turn, and all the efforts of the porter and the bystanders could not make it turn the corner. The porter finally dropped it at the feet of the owner, declaring that it was either full of snakes or bewitched.

The principle of the gyroscope might be, and indeed has been, readily adapted to some very interesting practical uses: to give stability to a monorail car or an *aéroplane*; to prevent seasickness on lake or ocean vessels by preventing excessive motion; to free ships from packed ice, by reversing the motion and causing the boat to rock and break the ice by this rocking motion.

The underlying principle of the gyroscopic top is very simple; when motion is imparted to a body, we feel safe in asserting that the body would continue moving in a straight path until



HE STILL HOLDS ON.

some force is applied to deflect it. In the case of a cannon-ball the mass is so great and the velocity so high that it would take a large effort to swerve it to one side. The fast-flying particles in the gyroscope wheel seem to obey a similar law, for it takes energy, sometimes quite a good deal of energy, to change their direction, and



BUT THE GYROSCOPE WINS.

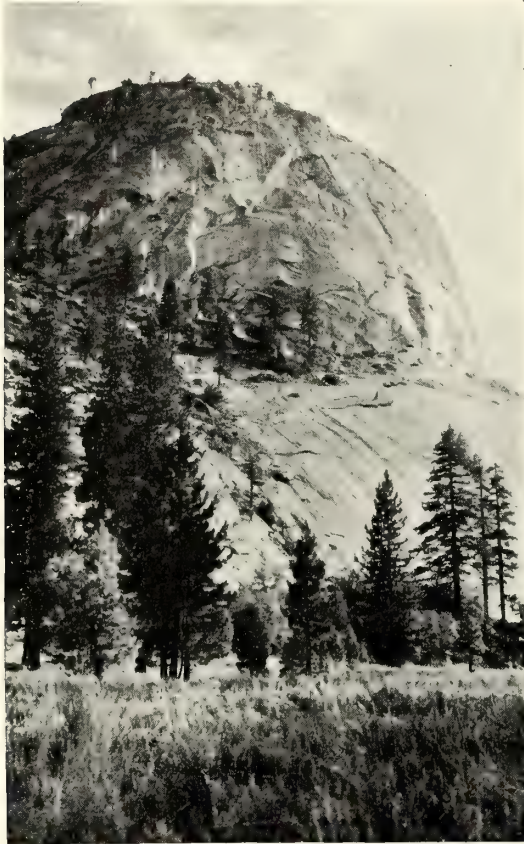
when the forces to be overcome are appreciably greater than the gravity forces, it seems but natural that the gyroscopic top should not fall over.

W. FRANK McCLURE.



### THE DOMES OF YOSEMITE

FORTUNATELY, one does not need to be a scientist in order to enjoy the beauties or marvels of nature. Though it is well worth while to learn what we can of the causes of things, and though the knowledge, if we have it, will but add to the wonder, there are many things about which wise people can only guess, after all. One of these is the strange, dome-like shapes of many of the



THE DOUBLE DOME IN THE MERCED CAÑON.

mountains that surround the Yosemite Valley. No visitor to the valley can help being astonished at the sight of the great half-mountain of granite that is called Half Dome. The best idea of it which one could give to a blind person would be to say that it was like the half of a split apple set up on edge. Opposite to Half Dome is another mountain, called North Dome, that one might take to be the helmet of one of the Titans.

But when one climbs to the "rim" of the valley, and gets a full sweep of that vast granite upland in which the valley itself is a mere gash, one is astonished to find the same strange form repeated over and over. Close to the south edge is

Sentinel Dome, almost as perfect in curve as if it had been turned in a lathe. El Capitan, too, when seen from the upper levels, shows a forehead that evidently was of the same shape as the others before the stroke occurred that formed the mighty cliff. Near the North Dome (the Indian name of which is To-ko-ya, or basket, from its likeness to a basket turned upside down) there stands another peak of similar shape. This also is known as Basket Dome; and, as one goes eastward, one finds mountain after mountain repeating this peculiar feature, until one comes to have a vision of Mother Nature, like a sort of housemaid, down on her knees, scouring away for ages at these rugged peaks, until she had rounded off their stony heads and brought them into a family likeness. In one case, for a novelty, she put a dome upon a dome, as you will see by the picture of the one in the Merced Cañon; and in another she has left a huge boulder, that must weigh many tons, neatly balanced on the very top of the round head of the mountain.

The geologists do not agree as to what caused these remarkable formations, so different from



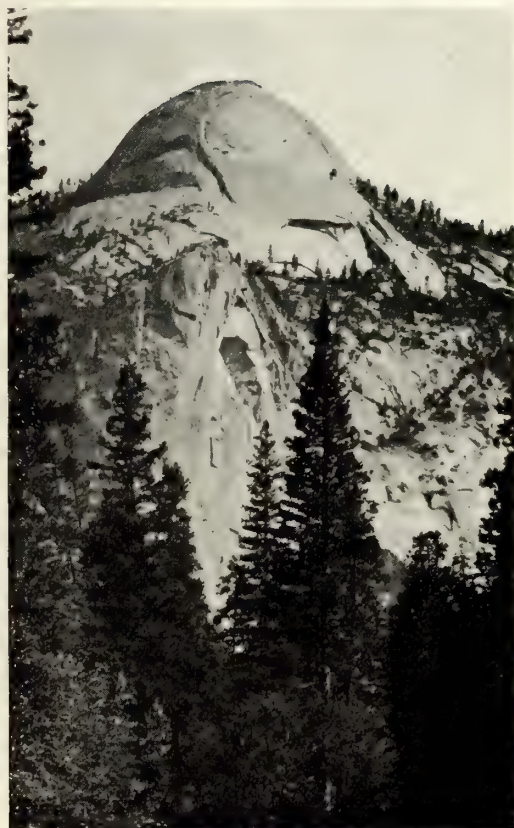
FAIRVIEW DOME.

anything to be seen elsewhere in the world. Some say that the domes were formed by the action of glaciers, which slowly ground these masses down





SENTINEL DOME.



THE NORTH DOME.



THE HALF DOME.





FIGHTING FIRE AROUND A BURNING OIL-TANK.

from their original shapes; and it is plainly to be seen that glaciers have passed over them, from the polish left on the granite by the enormous pressure. Others say that the mountains, through some unusual circumstance, were thrown up in these shapes, almost as we see them, and that the glaciers hardly changed them at all. No one can tell. We can put *two* and *two* together, and say that they must make *four*; but, then, perhaps there is another *one* somewhere, that we do not know about, that would change it to *five*. If one were to go simply by appearance, one might easily think that the domes were nothing more nor less than great bubbles, thrown up here and there by the heat below while the granite was in a melted state, just as you have seen bubbles rise when some thick liquid was boiling. But whatever caused them, they are very noble and very beautiful forms, and the mystery of their making is but a small part of their wonder and grandeur.

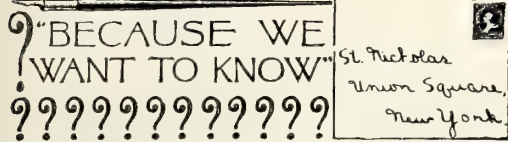
J. S. CHASE.

#### A BURNING OIL-TANK

It is a spectacular and even awe-inspiring sight, in our great American oil-fields, when one of the storage-tanks, holding 3700 barrels of oil, gets on fire. As soon as such a fire is discovered, to prevent a greater conflagration a large force of workmen is called and begin throwing up a mound of earth known as a "levee" a few feet distant from the tank and completely encircling it, as shown in the accompanying photograph. Then if the oil boils over, as it is likely to do, the flames are prevented from spreading by this earthen wall. Otherwise the fire would spread to other tanks, and eventually all over the fields.

As these tanks are usually in an exposed position rising high above surrounding objects, they form a strong point of attraction for lightning during a thunder-storm, and many of these fires, involving the loss of many thousands of dollars, have been caused in this way.

W. FRANK MCCLURE.



*NOTE: So many questions are received that we can undertake to answer in these pages only those of unusual or general interest. Other letters, containing return postage, will be acknowledged personally, but all questions sent in should relate strictly to Nature or Science.—EDITOR.*

#### ONE REASON WHY WE YAWN

WEST CROYDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to ask you why it is that when some one else yawns, you immediately want to yawn too?

Your interested reader,

OLGA MILLS.

It is because of "suggestion." "Suggestion" is a more powerful influence than we ordinarily realize, and very many of our actions during the day are the result of suggestion which has been made by some one else. We do not commonly realize this, but a yawn which follows the "suggestion" of some one else's yawning, is so plainly in evidence that it attracts our attention.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

#### WHERE CRYSTALS FORM

EASTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to ask you a question about crystals. If you put a stick over a tumbler full of salt water, and have a string hang down into it, why will the crystals form on the stick instead of on the string?

Your loving reader,

THOMAS H. LYLE.

The crystals form wherever the liquid has evaporated away sufficiently. If the string had been longer, crystals would have formed on the upper part of the string instead of on the stick.—PROF. E. L. NICHOLS, Cornell University.

#### WHAT TO FEED TURTLES

LEOMINSTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how and what to feed turtles? I have a snapping-turtle about the size of a half-dollar. I also have a large mud-turtle. If you will tell me how to feed them, I will be much obliged.

Yours truly,

NORMAN C. FASSETT.

Place the turtles in an agate dish with about half an inch of water. They are unable to feed well unless in the water. Give them small gar-

den worms or small pieces of raw beef. They should be kept in a bright room, but not exposed to the hot summer sun.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS, New York Zoölogical Park.

#### A FUNNY ARMOR-PLATED ANIMAL

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me where armadillos live when they are at home, and what they have to eat?

Your true friend,

BAYARD L. MILLS.

The armadillos live exclusively in the warmer parts of the earth. If you were to meet one, you would know it immediately by the peculiar strong, horny plates with which its body is defended, giving it the appearance of an animal enveloped in the plate-armor worn in the time of Charles I. When attacked, these odd animals roll themselves up, wrap their tails round them, and raise the whole array of sharp-edged scales with which their body is covered, and bid defiance to almost any enemy except man. They live on ants and termites, or white ants, as they are called. They capture the insects by thrusting among them their long slender tongues, covered with a gummy substance. When the tongue is covered it is quickly withdrawn, and the ants swallowed. To gain access to the ants, the armadillos are furnished with powerful claws to tear down the dwellings of their prey. The natives



A MUSEUM GROUP OF ARMADILLOS.

of the countries where they live consider them great delicacies when roasted in their shells.

R. L. HONEYMAN.





"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY AGNES I. PRIZER, AGE 17  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON NOV., 1907.)

ONE of our clever young artists (who won the silver badge seven years ago, please observe!) now wins the gold badge with this pretty Christmas drawing. It forms a fitting introduction for the month, and recalls a League verse which appeared in December, 1900:

Of all the months that swiftly go  
To make the rounded year,  
December is the best, for, oh,  
It brings the Christmas cheer!

When these lines were printed at the head of the League pages, the League itself was just one year old. And here is another League verse of six years later:

Now seven years have passed away  
With picture, puzzle, prose, and rhyme,  
Since first we joined in roundelay  
And sang the song of Christmas-time.

The first of these rhymes is as true as ever, and the second is doubly true, so far as the League is concerned, for to-day not merely seven, but *fifteen*, years have come and gone since the League was organized. And while in 1906 two thousand girls and boys had won gold, silver, and cash prizes in its competitions, to-day

the number of prize-winners exceeds five thousand! Think of it! The muster-roll of our *prize-winners alone*! Five thousand girls and boys who have proved by their League contributions that they are among the most earnest and intelligent young folk in the world.

As for the League's "Roll of Honor" in these fifteen years, it represents an *army*—a list of more than sixty thousand! Truly, their names are legion!

Wherefore, must we not admit—parents, teachers, young folk, everybody—that good Saint Nicholas has undeniable reason to be proud this Christmas of the zeal, the devotion, and the achievements of his loyal girls and boys, who have made the League what it is? Their efforts grow in effectiveness year by year. Scores—yes, hundreds—of the contributions received within each twelvemonth are of astonishing excellence. The enthusiasm of our eager young workers constantly advances the standard, and the average level of merit steadily rises higher.

So, once more, with renewed pride and appreciation, the magazine offers to every member of the League a heartfelt greeting of thanks—and its best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 178

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered

**PROSE.** Silver badges, **Eunice Attebery** (age 13), Texas; **Madge N. Lyon** (age 14), Maryland, **Marion Roth** (age 16), Illinois, **Dorothy Heironimus** (age 14), Indiana; **May E. Wishart** (age 16), Massachusetts

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Katharine Ward** (age 14), District of Columbia.

Silver badges, **Virginia H. Hartwell** (age 15), Michigan; **Elizabeth Peirce** (age 13), California, **Mary Elizabeth James** (age 14), Kentucky; **Harriet T. Parsons** (age 12), California.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Agnes I. Prizer** (age 17), Kentucky

Silver badges, **Pauline Hatfield** (age 14), Mass.; **Gladys Holiday** (age 14), Canada; **Frank Bisinger** (age 14), N. Y.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Rosamond Howland** (age 15), Illinois.

Silver badges, **Walter P. Yarnall** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Clara Addenbrook** (age 13), Pennsylvania, **Margaret Marsh** (age 12), Illinois; **Helen Dudley** (age 17), Connecticut; **Esther B. White** (age 12), New York

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Henry S. Johnson** (age 15), Connecticut.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Wilcox** (age 14), Connecticut; **Margaret Thayer** (age 14), California

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badges, **Florence Noble** (age 10), Vermont; **Janet Brouse** (age 13), Illinois

Silver badges, **Dorothy M. Anderson** (age 15), Ohio; **Eric Brunnow** (age 15), New Hampshire; **Elinor Porter Childs** (age 15), Connecticut; **Jocelyn E. McDonough** (age 13), New Hampshire.

## THE BELLS

BY KATHARINE WARD (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1914)*

THERE lies beside the sea an old, old town.  
 Its wharves are bare and rotten. Long ago,  
 No tide but brought its ships, with sails full blown  
 And shining in the sun as bright as snow.  
 No wind but sped them out across the sea  
 Laden with precious cargoes: golden ore,  
 Rich silks, bright satins, fair and flowery—  
 The gallant vessels come and go no more.

The church spire broods above the lonely ways,  
 The old cracked bells swing slowly to and fro;  
 Broken their tones, as mourning for the days  
 When they beheld the vessels come and go.  
 But still they send their faltering voices far,  
 Hoping to guide some stranger to the shore,  
 Hoping to help some wanderer o'er the bar—  
 The gallant vessels anchor there no more.

At times against the glory of the sky,  
 When faint the timid stars begin to show,  
 There comes a radiant stranger passing by,  
 Her standard streaming and her sails aglow.  
 The bells toll slowly, sending to the seas  
 The song that guided many ships of yore,  
 Until the vision passes with the breeze—  
 The gallant vessels come to port no more.



"ALONG THE WAY." BY ROSAMOND HOWLAND, AGE 15  
 (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON OCT., 1912.)

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

*(A true story)*

BY EUNICE ATTEBERY (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

SEVERAL years ago, our family spent a summer in an old, rather dilapidated, farm-house. When we arrived, we found that some one was ahead of us, for a pair of wrens was keeping house in a large untidy nest on the mantel of an unused room.

Never was there a happier pair of housekeepers. The mother bird carefully and lovingly warmed the eggs, while her mate proclaimed his happiness to the world. "Nicest nest, nicest mate in the world," he sang, "and woe, woe, woe to any intruder into this Eden."

A short time afterward, we heard a commotion in the neighborhood of the wrens' nest, and, peeping into the room, we saw that the much dreaded "intruder" had come. A pretty, sleek, brown wren had emerged from the depths of an old mirror hanging on the wall. Chirping and twittering angrily, our little minstrel was cling-

ing to the mirror, using his beak, wings, and claws in a furious attack upon the invader. The equal fight continued until our little neighbor dropped to the floor, half dead from exhaustion. As soon as he could, he raised his head to continue the battle, but found that the victory was already won. The intruder had van-



"ALONG THE WAY." BY WALTER P. VARNALL, AGE 14.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

ished! Then his tiny throat swelled with a most triumphant song.

Many times during the next week, this furious battle raged, always with the same result. But the tiny warrior at last won a complete victory, for Mother turned the face of the mirror to the wall!

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY JESSIE EDGERLY (AGE 13)

IN 1862, in answer to a call for volunteers by President Lincoln, a regiment was raised in Newburyport, Massachusetts. My grandfather and three others of the same family enlisted.

The regiment did not see much fighting until the battle of Antietam. They had marched to the bridge and a detachment of one hundred was ordered to cross. The Confederates lay in wait for them on the other



"ALONG THE WAY." BY CLARA ADDENBROOK, AGE 13.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

side. Twelve men out of the one hundred won through to the other side. Among the wounded were my grandfather and one great-uncle. On the next attempt to cross, my other two great-uncles were wounded. One of them lay on the battle-field for six days without



water, and died just as help came. My grandfather died two years later from the effects of his wound. My other uncles were not so badly wounded. Although the battle of Antietam is now history to us, it seems almost a "family affair."

### THE CURFEW-BELL

BY SARAH FRANCES BOROCK (AGE 14)

DAY with all its glamour darkens into night;  
Hills become strange shadows in the fading light;  
Sunset's gorgeous colors change to deeper hue;  
Luna mounts her lofty throne in the twinkling blue.

From the ruined church tower, peals the curfew-bell,  
Mournfully and slowly, tolling out day's knell;  
Herdboys lead their cattle, straggling o'er the lea;  
From their fields the toilers come home wearily.

Hushed the songster's warbling by his leafy nest,  
As the solemn curfew rings the hour of rest;  
From the darkling marshes cries the whippoorwill;  
Darkness—sleep—and quiet—the curfew-bell is still.

### A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY MADGE N. LYON (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

BETTY sat on the rug before the open fire in the library gazing at the telegram with great disappointment. She was just home from boarding-school, and found her grandfather's big house in Kentucky lonely with no young companions. Indulgent Grandfather sympathized with her, and suggested inviting a party of cousins to spend Christmas.

But a telegram had arrived saying they could n't come, and Betty was very disappointed. Not wanting, however, to let the disappointment spoil her Christmas,



"ALONG THE WAY" BY JESSICA B. NOBLE, AGE 14.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

she brushed away her tears and tried to cheer herself with a book.

It was Christmas eve, and at twilight the door-bell rang, and Betty ran to open the door. There stood Grandfather and two tall boys who were strangers.

"These are your cousins Bob and Jack," explained Grandfather. Then, as Betty shook hands with the two, he added, "I did n't tell you they were coming because I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise."

A pleasant surprise! Indeed, it was! After the first

shyness wore off, Betty and the two boys became great chums.

What a merry Christmas they had! First a romp in the house in the morning, fairly turning the house upside down, then in the afternoon they went skating, and Betty thought she never before had skated with such jolly companions.

Grandfather had invited several friends to dinner that evening, and there was quite a large dinner party.



"ALONG THE WAY." BY MARGARET MARSH, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Afterward they all piled into sleighs and went for a long ride over the crisp snow.

"It was a lovely surprise, Grandfather," said Betty, as she kissed him good night, "and I've had such a happy day! Such a *happy* day!"

### THE BELLS

BY VIRGINIA H. HARTWELL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

WHEN the moon is softly shining,  
And the mortal world is sleeping,  
And from out their tiny hiding-places  
Fairies all are creeping,  
From Grandmama's old garden  
Comes a sound of tiny tinklings,  
Like the voices of a thousand little bells.

And I know it 's Princess Bluebell, and Prince Canterbury, too;

And sweet Lady Hare-bell with Lord Bell-flower dancing;

And many, many more, whose names I do not know,  
But who are, I assure you, most entrancing.

And they dance and sing so gaily, on the garden's grassy floor,

By the candles of a hundred fireflies lighted;  
And the tinkle, jingle, tinkle, jingle, echoes more and more,

Till all the tiny insects are affrighted.

But they dance until the morning, till at last the dawn approaches,

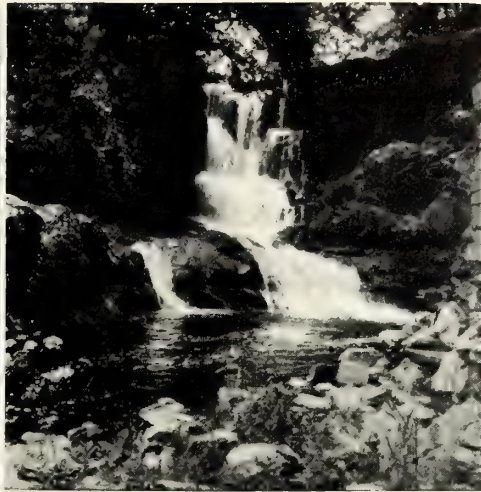
When fairy folk must always disappear.  
Then with many tiny tinklings and pretty little jinglings,  
And perhaps from one or two of them a shiny, dew-drop tear,

They creep into their places, and hide their little faces,  
In the silken, soothing softness of their flowery bells so queer,

In their dainty little bells so queer and dear.



BY JOHN SANBORN, AGE 10.



BY HELEN DUDLEY, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY HORTON H. HONSAKER, AGE 16.



BY PAUL OLSEN, AGE 17.



BY ANNA BELLE KNAPP, AGE 13.



BY BOWMAN MCKENNAN, AGE 11



BY ESTHER B. WHITE, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY GRACE BARRON, AGE 14.



BY ADELAIDE LIPMAN, AGE 15.

"ALONG THE WAY."



## BELLS

BY DOROTHY C. SNYDER (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

I CANNOT write a poem  
On "The Music and the Rest  
Of Bells," but I will try to tell  
The ones that we like best.

The deep tones of the church bell  
Bring peace to Grandma's ear,  
And Sister likes the door-bell,  
For it shows her beau is here!



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY FRANK BISINGER, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

My mother likes the jingle  
Of the bell upon the 'phone,  
For she says it sounds so lively!  
(Whereupon the family groan.)

The sleigh-bells all remind my dad  
Of when he was a boy,  
And the clamor of the fire-bell  
Fills my brother's heart with joy.

Well, they all have very funny tastes,  
As you can plainly see,  
For the tinkle of the dinner-bell  
Is good enough for me!

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY MARION ROTH (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

WE had moved west; west, into the land of mists and rains; west, into the land of promise, and, midway up a low, fir-covered mountain, we tucked our new home. We named it Tomahawk Ranch, for many were the stories Father told of the Indians who had once dwelt there.

We were seven. Father, Mother, and the rest ranged from the year-old baby to Lester, the eldest, bearing the dignity of fourteen years. Four of us were old enough to attend the district school. It was several miles distant, and we covered the distance on horseback.

"Harriet," said my mother, one morning, "Lester says he does not feel well and is going to stay home to-day. Take good care of the children and hurry. It's late."

Devoid of older brother and protection, we rode away, starting at every crack and rustle.

I was comparing myself to Joan of Arc in bravery, when my younger brother, suddenly reining his horse closer, screamed:

"Oh! Indians! Indians!"

Yes! There down the dusty road, lying low on his horse and brandishing a tomahawk, rode a sure bloodthirsty Indian.

We galloped on before our pursuer, too frightened to scream. As we passed a bend in the road, I caught sight of a familiar crop of light hair behind the Indian's head feathers.

"Lester!" I shouted, too breathless to be indignant.

We were too frightened to go on to school, so we rode home, I scolding my rogue of a brother, he laughing heartily.

But "he who laughs best laughs last," for when we got home—

But that is "a family affair."



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY PAULINE HATFIELD, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY SHERMAN HOYT, AGE 14.



BY ALICE D. SIMS, AGE 13.

"ALONG THE WAY."

## THE STORY OF THE BELLS

BY ELIZABETH PEIRCE (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE bells were ringing on Christmas Day,  
How joyfully they rang.  
The village children at their play  
Were happy as they sang:

"Oh, come and play, oh, come and play!  
For don't you know 't is Christmas Day?"

The bells began a story,

The children stopped their play.

"Oh, many years ago," they heard,

"On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,

Three wise men traveled from afar

To where the Saviour lay.

A star shone brightly in the sky,

The wise men followed where it led,

They found the Babe in swaddling clothes,

A light shone round His head.

They brought Him gifts on Christmas Day,

Those three wise men of old,

They gave to Him that Christmas Day

Myrrh, frankincense, and gold."

The bells had stopped, the children sang

The angels' chorus once again:

"Glory to God in the highest,

Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

## A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY DOROTHY HEIRONIMUS (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE Browns were gathered around the library table, discussing plans for Alice's birthday. Suddenly Alice spoke:

"I don't want just an ordinary birthday party. That's what we all say, but I mean it. I want it to be for the whole family. I don't mean to hurt your feel-



"ALONG THE WAY." BY LOUISE LADUE, AGE 15.

ings, but, really, I think we've been very selfish. Tom had a tramp to the Springs for his 'doin's.' None of the rest of us could walk that far. Poor Mother had to work hard to get a lunch for ten husky, hungry boys, and I don't see any fun in *that*. Sally had three girls over to spend the day, and Mother and I had to get dinner. I, at least, did n't enjoy it. Now, I want mine to be a family affair. Something that Mother, Father, Tom, Sally, and I can enjoy."

"I don't see how you can think of anything that will fulfil those conditions when we're so different in temperament," said Sally, thoughtfully.

"If you want to know what I would really like," said Mrs. Brown, "I would like to eat one meal that I had n't cooked."

"I like anything that has a tramp in it," volunteered Tom.

"I like anything where I can have some of the girls with me," put in Sally.

"I would like to go fishing," said Mr. Brown.

"Then we'll go down the river about eight miles," announced Alice. "Tom can invite two boys and tramp down there, while the rest of us go on the interurban."



"ALONG THE WAY." BY JULIA WARD, AGE 13.

Sally can invite two of her friends to go with her. The fishing's good down there, so Father's fixed. I will buy a prepared lunch, so Mother will have her desire. And I shall enjoy the picnic and seeing the rest of you have a good time."

## THE STORY OF THE BELLS

BY NELL ADAMS (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

I

THE bells in the cathedral where the little children sing  
Tell all the world of Christmas with their joyous  
caroling.

That since the baby Jesus in a lowly manger lay,  
Full nineteen hundred and fourteen long years have  
passed away.

The years have grown to ages, and the ways of men on  
earth

Have passed through many stages since our Saviour  
had His birth.

But the passions that He battled with in every human  
breast

Have never yet been conquered, but have triumphed  
o'er the rest.

II

The lust of power and kingship, and the hate of man  
for man,

Still brings on war in countries where the Christian  
church began.

The greed of gold and silver, and the money-gaining  
zest,

Still bring a cry of misery from the starving and  
oppressed.

But the love of Christ, our Saviour, in our Christmas  
hearts aglow,

Is as tender as it ever was, two thousand years ago.

The bells on the cathedral where the little children sing  
Tell all the world of Christmas with their joyous  
caroling.



## A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

SCENE: Living-room.

TIME: Evening.

(Father reading newspaper; Mother sewing; Roy and Gladys at table doing home lessons; big brother Tom on sofa, reading.)

(Enter big sister Patricia with roll of fashion sheets. Takes off her hat and coat.)

PATRICIA. I stopped in at the dressmaker's, Mother.

MOTHER. Yes? And did you decide on the pattern for your new dress?

PATRICIA. No, I wanted to get your advice. (Turns to Father.) Did you hear, Father? I want you all to help me—you, and Tom,—

TOM (interrupting by grunt). Yes?

PATRICIA. Tom,—and Gladys, and Roy.

(Spreads out fashion sheets on table.)

TOM. For goodness' sake, Pat, don't get one of those newfangled jacket things.

GLADYS. No, or those skirts that stick out.

PATRICIA. Why, I like the new skirts. Now here is a pretty style. Don't you think so, Mother? (Shows book to Mother.)

MOTHER. No, dear, I don't like that. You know those ruffles don't look well on you.

PATRICIA (disappointed). Why, I always thought that last dress did. Did n't you, Gladys?

ROY. No, Cook said you looked like a balloon in it.

PATRICIA (crossly). Nonsense. I don't care what Cook says.

MOTHER. Hush, Roy.

PATRICIA (turns page). Now here 's a pretty one!

FATHER (looking at it in wonder). What is it—a kimono?

TOM (sitting up on sofa). Glory! look at the streamers!

MOTHER. I 'm afraid you are too plump for that.

PATRICIA (indignantly). Plump?

MOTHER. But I like that one in the corner.

FATHER. Yes, why not that one?

PATRICIA. It 's too old-fashioned.

MOTHER. It 's prettier than the others.

GLADYS. Yes, the others would look horrid on you.

PATRICIA. Nobody asked you for your opinion. I don't see why everybody has to be so disagreeable just because I want a stylish dress.

(Goes out, slamming door.)

ROY. And she "wanted our advice"!

TOM. Huh!

## THE BELLS

BY JESSIE ELLEN ALISON (AGE 16)

THE bells in yonder steeple chime  
To mark the passing on of time;  
A rhythmic music deep and clear,  
To welcome in the new-born year.

We know not what it brings as yet,  
What joys or sorrows shall be met;  
Like an unopened book it lies  
Before our eager, wistful eyes.

So let the bells ring hope and cheer,  
And promise for the coming year,  
As pealing forth, o'er dale and hill,  
They bring glad tidings and good-will.

## THE BELLS

BY MARY ELIZABETH JAMES (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

CHRISTMAS bells are ringing;  
Happy children are singing;  
Radiant faces are everywhere,  
It 's the Christmas spirit in the air!  
Softly the snow is falling,  
To skates and sleds 't is calling.  
Many about the table wait,  
A merry meal to celebrate,  
Softly the bells are ringing!

## THE BELLS

BY HARRIET T. PARSONS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"PEACE on earth, good-will toward men!"  
Ring the bells at Christmas time.  
All the people flock to hear,  
Gladdened by the welcoming chime.

"Happy New-year! Happy New-year!"  
Ring the bells and blow the horn;  
For we all should be quite happy,  
On this lovely New-year morn!"

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

Arthur N. Wilson  
Katharine Beals  
Katherine F. Urell  
Alice Dunham  
Katharine E. Sheldon  
Carolyn Peirce  
John C. J. Hayes, Jr.  
Hester T. Sheldon  
M. Angela Magee  
Elmaza Fletcher  
Ethel M. Tingley  
Mary A. O'Connell  
Julester Shradly  
Virginia Gould  
Thelma Copeland  
Florence Bartram  
Ruth Freer  
Dorothy Campbell  
Virginia M. Allcock  
Benita Spencer  
Benjamin Honig  
Eleanor Sheldon  
Alice Haight  
Lydia V. Conrey  
Lucy P. Carr  
Marjorie Fraser  
Gertrude Woolf  
Miriam E. Simons  
Mildred Fisher  
Ruth K. Gaylord  
Norman Johnson  
Nina Spencer  
Marcella H. Foster  
Margaret C. Bland  
Violet Tonge  
Mollie Greenfield  
Alfred Lifshitz  
Anita L. Grannis  
Margaret George  
Elizabeth R. Child  
Catherine Boyle  
Alice Chapman  
Anna M. Sanford  
Margaret Smith



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY GLADYS  
HOLIDAY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

## PROSE, 1

Florence E. Schmidt  
Alvin E. Blomquist  
Dorothy von Olker  
Mabel Macferran  
Evelyn Howard  
Fannie M. Bouton  
Elinor C. Perkins  
Alice M. Towsley

Martha E. Hanna  
Marian B. Mishler  
Eleanor North  
Betty Humphreys  
Martha L. Bartlett  
Alice Heyl  
Genevieve Drislane  
Rachel Reaney  
Lois Goldberg  
Jane Palmer

## PROSE, 2

Dorothy M. Goodhue  
Frances Gillmor  
Nerissa A. Fitzsimmons  
Elizabeth L. Watt  
Barbara W. Jarrell

## VERSE, 1

Benita Clarke  
Marion Ellet  
Lydia B. Edwards  
Margaret Keeley  
Sarah Hiller

Alta I. Davis  
Caesar A. Rinaldi

## DRAWINGS, 2

Katherine D. Stewart  
Mary T. Bradley



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY EDITH M. SMITH, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Vernie Peacock  
Dorothy Levy  
Beverly W. Smith  
Anna M. McCabe  
Elizabeth McGowan  
Marjorie G. Lowe  
Katharine A. Conner  
Lois Adams  
Anna K. Bowenonville  
Margaret B. Earhart  
Marietta E. Snyder  
Max Konecky  
Harriet S. Bailey  
Constance Witherell  
Frances Cavanah  
Ruth Porter Crawford  
Elizabeth Norton  
Mary T. Whittaker  
Isabel Rathborne  
Ruth M. Cole  
Herman F. Hegner  
Lucy C. Bowers  
Marjorie Seligman  
Anna S. Gifford  
Florence E. Wallace  
Eleanor Johnson  
Aline E. Hughes  
Mary Dendy  
Margaret Pannill  
Lidda Kladyko  
Mary S. Benson

## VERSE, 2

Virginia Cooper  
Margaret Moir  
Seth Landon  
Eugenia Boross  
Marie Munger  
Joseph P. Burris  
Robertson F. Smith  
Lucy Weiss  
Lucy Swallow  
Catherine E. Cook

## DRAWINGS, 1

Frederick W. Agnew  
Harlan Hubbard  
Mary Tuttle  
Dorothy E. Handsaker  
Adelaide Winter  
Julia Palmer  
Fred Grace  
Victor L. Child  
Leo O'Donnell  
Helen Barnard  
Edwin M. Gill  
E. Theodore Nelson  
M. Betty Watt

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Alice Schmelzer  
Betty Albright  
Julia W. Van Voast  
Madeline Pring  
Margaret Pratt  
Rosalie A. Wilson  
Miriam Loring  
Claudia Overington  
Joseph A. Brady  
Margaret M. Benney  
Dessa K. Palmerlee  
Dorothy W. Brown  
Margaret E. Moriarty



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MARIE T. GORMULLY, AGE 15.

Grace Bryant  
Virginia Nelson  
Elizabeth G. Hamlin  
David D. Keck  
H. Stuart Daniels  
Dorothea Weinacht  
Grace Freese  
George O. Riggs  
Rose Marimon  
Patrina M. Colis  
Matthew C. Pugsley, Jr.  
Burnet Landreth, 3d  
Sarah M. Bradley  
Elizabeth Spicer  
Catharine A. Rucker  
Eleanor Brooks

Eugenia Hinemon  
Marion H. Weinstein  
Clara Barnes  
Serena E. Hand  
Alice M. McLarney  
Isabelle Robinson  
H. M. Lancaster  
Emmett W. McCorkle  
Helen P. Hoyt  
Rita Fuguet  
Sibyl Weymouth  
Helen Besly

Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.  
Sarah Marimon  
Helen M. Purdy  
Elizabeth C. Bates  
Ruth M. Brandon  
Geisse Fuguet  
Pauline Simon  
Elizabeth D. Terry  
Margaret D. Speer  
Clarissa Evenson  
Kenneth S. Loring  
Ethel Carter  
Elizabeth Cleland  
Susan T. Groome  
Ruth Craven  
Carolyn Olmsted  
Rosanne Gilmore  
Mary E. Orr  
Ruth Stanton  
Helen Frothingham  
Esther Detmer  
Elizabeth Hammond  
Amie D. Egbert  
Winifred Capron  
Marie Finger  
Max Hefti  
Helen S. Johnson  
Julia M. Hicks  
Kenneth D. Smith  
Dorothy Koch  
Esther B. Weston  
James L. Witkowsky  
Elberta L. Esty  
Esther Williams  
Alfred W. Bastress  
Walter P. Miller, Jr.  
Edward S. Patton  
Donald Steketee  
Gladys M. Smith

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Alice Richards  
W. D. O'Connor  
Winnifred Wadsworth  
Katherine Baker  
Pauline F. May  
Margaret Seymour  
Mary Buhl  
Isabel Shaw  
Gladys T. Jones  
Elizabeth Thomson  
Marie Hedges  
E. Audrey McLeod  
Elizabeth Ten E. Brooks  
Dorothy A. Powell

## PUZZLES, 1

Harry C. Bailey  
Edith Pierpont  
Stickney  
Douglas Robinson  
Ethel J. Earle  
Fred Floyd, Jr.  
Edna M. Guck

Beryl M. Siebert  
Louise Cramer  
Abraham B. Blinn  
Frances H. Bogart  
Henrietta M. Archer  
Joseph B. Rodgers  
Katherine Derryberry  
Bernice E. Mee  
John S. Scott

Margaret Kimball  
Edmund Burke  
Rosamond Stewardson

## PUZZLES, 2

Virginia Monroe Bliss  
Eleanor E. Gutman  
Theresa Winsor

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 182

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 182** will close **December 24** (for foreign members **December 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS for April**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Peace."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "A Story of a Rainy Day," or "How to Pass a Rainy Day."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Playmates."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Too Late," or a Heading for **April**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## THE PURR-KINS FAMILY KEEP CHRISTMAS

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL

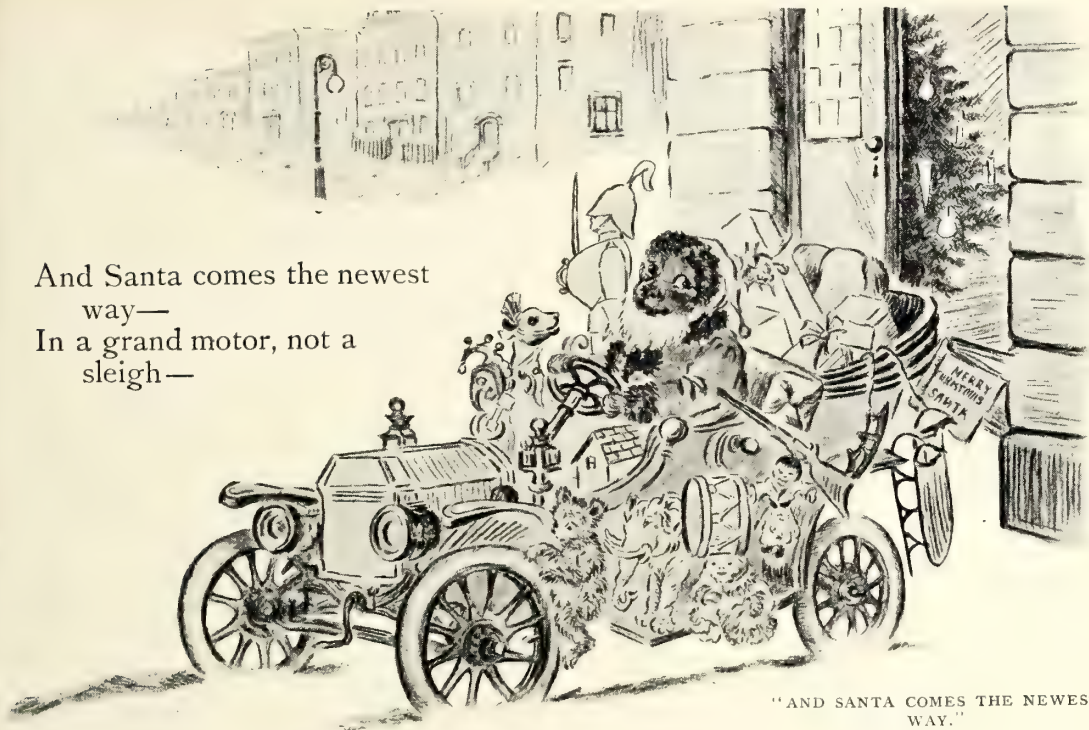


"LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS, YOU SEE."

THE Purr-kins family is not small,  
I can't begin to name them all!  
In Pussy-Willow town they dwell,  
How they keep Christmas I will tell.

First, all the little Purr-kins kits  
Run out with letters in their mitts—  
Letters to Santa Claus, you see,  
To bring them presents—one, two, three.

And Santa comes the newest  
way—  
In a grand motor, not a  
sleigh—



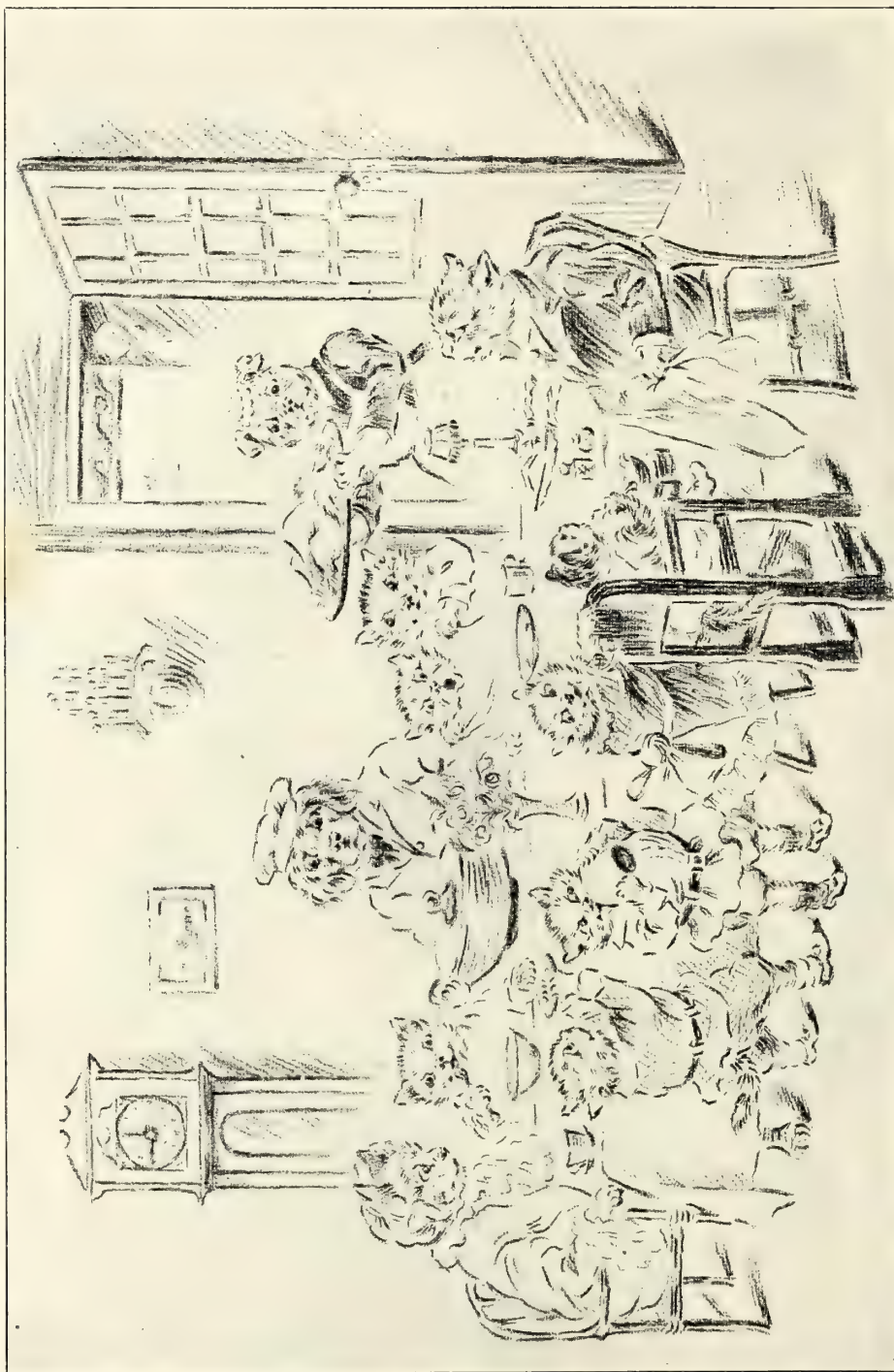
"AND SANTA COMES THE NEWEST  
WAY."

And to the door backs up in pride—  
(Look for the Christmas tree inside).



"ON CHRISTMAS DAY COMES TOWSER BOLD." (SEE PAGE 187.)





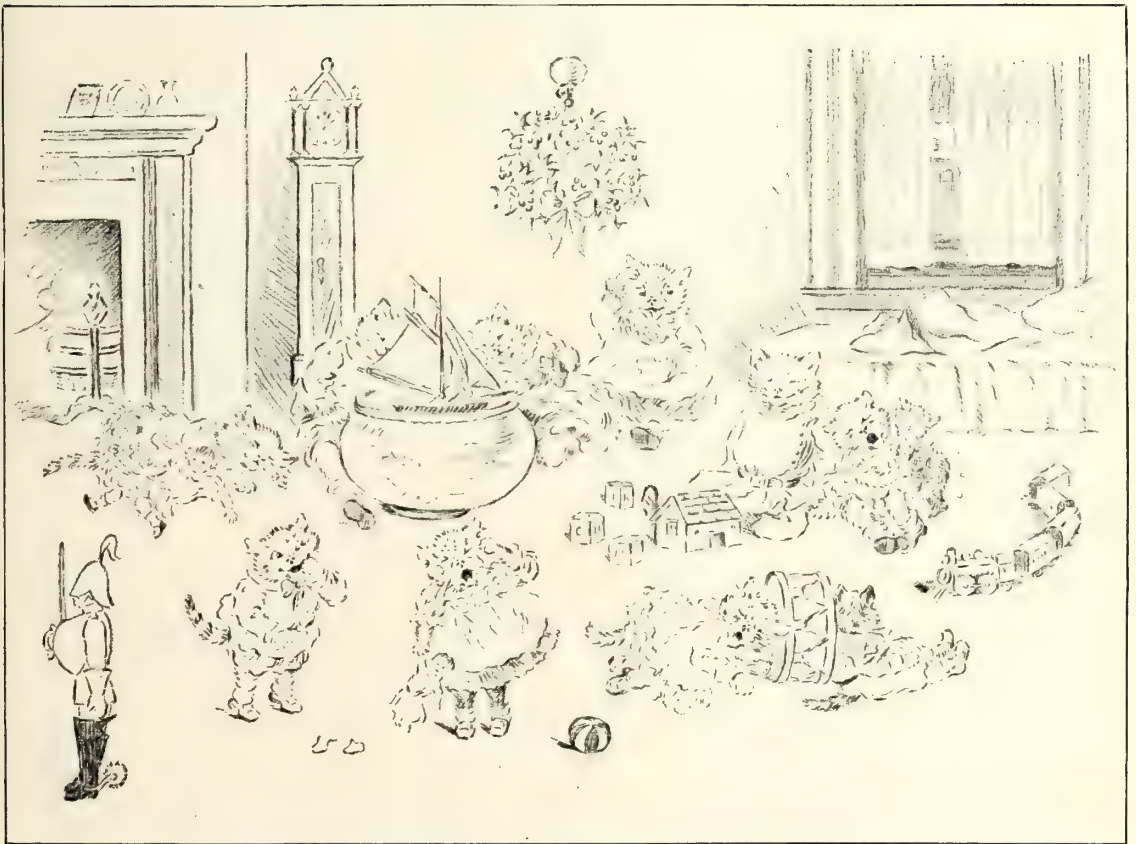
"THEN ALL THE PURR-KINS HAVE GOOD CHEER  
WITH GRANNY AND GRANDDADDY DEAR."

On Christmas Day comes Towser bold,  
And draws the kit-cats through the cold  
To Grandma Purr-kins' little house,  
As quick as she could catch a mouse.

Then all the Purr-kins have good cheer  
With Granny and Granddaddy dear ;  
And afterward they 're off to play,  
And finish up their Christmas Day.

Santa has brought them skates and sleds ;  
The hill and pond are Uncle Ned's.  
And now, at last, indoors they go,  
When tired of playing in the snow.

Soon on the floor among the toys  
Those sleepy Purr-kins girls and boys  
Lie down to rest, all wrapped in fur,  
Now listen ! Can't you hear them purr ?



"AND NOW, AT LAST, INDOORS THEY GO,  
WHEN TIRED OF PLAYING IN THE SNOW."



# SYNOPSIS OF THE OPENING INSTALMENT OF "THE LOST PRINCE"

EVERY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, young or old, who loves a noble story, should be sure not to miss a single instalment of Frances Hodgson Burnett's new serial, "The Lost Prince," begun in our November number. Mrs. Burnett "belongs" in a peculiar sense to ST. NICHOLAS, for all the world remembers that her most famous stories for young folk, "Editha's Burglar," "Sara Crewe," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," were first published in this magazine. "The Lost Prince" is totally unlike any of these beloved classics and yet greater than any of them—so wonderful are the resources of its author's genius.

There are some thousands of good folk in America who always put the December ST. NICHOLAS into the Christmas stocking (or find it there!) who yet may not have had sufficient forethought to obtain a copy of the November issue.

For their benefit, therefore, we here give a brief outline of the first instalment of "The Lost Prince," which will enable them to pursue the course of the story understandingly through the chapters printed in this number and all subsequent instalments. But again let us urge every reader not to be content with this bare skeleton of the November chapters, and to make sure of enjoying the pages themselves, if possible. For no synopsis can give more than the merest hint of the consummate art with which each incident of this enthralling romance is imagined and described.—

Editor ST. NICHOLAS.

To No. 7 Philibert Place, a dreary, dingy lodging-house in London, have come, when the story opens, Marco Loristan, a foreign-looking boy of twelve; his father, a man of distinguished appearance even in shabby clothes; and their old soldier servant, Lazarus. They have just arrived from Russia, in one of the sudden journeys, across frontiers and countries, which had grown to be a familiar event in the boy's life. He had never even seen his own country of Samavia. His father had told him of its history and geography, of the wrongs done to its people, their sufferings, and struggles for liberty. He knew that his father was a Samavian patriot, that they were exiles, and that though they might never set foot on Samavian soil, they must be ready to give their lives for it, if need be. And he had to remember that "silence was the order" in all their wanderings. He must not *seem* a foreigner in any country, and when in England must not know French or German, or anything but English.

Loristan had taught his son, however, how to speak each language perfectly, and also to study most carefully the life and customs of the people wherever he went; to remember faces, and circumstances, to lose nothing and forget nothing. And in their evening talks together, Marco's father told him the full story of everything that interested him.

But the story he loved best was one connected with the long-past history of his own country, Samavia,—a sort of legend of a "Lost Prince." For centuries, it ran, the Samavian kings had been brave, simple, kindly, earnest, like the people whom they ruled. But five hundred years ago there came to the throne a king who was bad and weak, extravagant and vicious, of a furious temper. In time, the people rose against him. There were mobs and riots, and they threatened to dethrone him and put his son in his place. This young prince was altogether unlike his father. He was a true Samavian, and by the time he was sixteen the shepherds

of the hillsides made songs about his kingly courtesy and generous kindness. He grew to be more and more beloved by the people, until the king, his father, in a rage of jealousy, committed such cruelties upon them that they ran mad themselves, stormed the palace, and forced their way into the king's presence, telling him that he was no longer their sovereign, and demanding the young prince. Where was he? They began to call and shout to him, "Prince Ivor! Prince Ivor!" But no answer. They sought him everywhere in a frenzy, but still no answer. At last a little page told them he had seen the prince pass through a corridor in the early morning, out toward the forest, softly singing one of the shepherds' songs—a song of Samavia's beauty and happiness. And thus he passed out of the history of Samavia—for he was never seen again.

This legend and its unsolved mystery always thrilled and troubled Marco's imagination. He had invented for himself a dozen endings to the story. One night the boy's father told him, in answer to his eager questions, how the common people of Samavia still believe that the Lost Prince was preserved to them in some miraculous way, and that one of his descendants would yet mount the throne; that an old shepherd in that far-off time had found the body of a beautiful young huntsman in the forest, and discovered that he was still alive; and that he had hidden the youth deep in a cave and nursed back his life and strength, until he could be smuggled across the frontier and left in charge of kind monks who did not know his name or rank.

It was this story that was oftenest in the boy's thoughts when he took long walks alone, as he frequently did. But wherever he strayed, he was careful to keep in mind his father's warning about betraying his nationality.

One day in London, Marco was strolling toward Buckingham Palace, when a keen-eyed man noticed him, stopped, looked at him again, and slowly followed him.

Marco did not even know that he was being observed. Suddenly the stranger, overtaking him, asked him, in good Samavian: "What is your name?" Marco, though taken off his guard, was true to his training and did not betray himself. Courteously lifting his cap, he said in English, "Excuse me?" The stranger responded, "I asked your name because you are very like a Samavian I know. You may tell your father that you are a very well-trained lad. I wanted to find out for myself," and, turning, he went on his way.

Marco, still startled, but thankful he had remembered that "Silence was still the order," also resumed his walk, puzzled by the mysterious incident.

As he was passing Buckingham Palace an hour later on his homeward way, he saw an elegant carriage drawn up before the doorway. He stood and watched for a few minutes, saying to himself, "I should like to tell my father that I have seen the King."

By and by, two men came out, attended by servants in the royal liveries, and stepped into the carriage. As they drove through the gate, the sentries saluted, and Marco instantly recognized one of the two men as the King of England, and made a quick, formal salute.

The instalment concludes thus:

As the King smiled and acknowledged his greeting, he spoke to his companion.

"That fine lad salutes as if he belonged to the army," was what he said.

His companion leaned forward to look through the window.

"He does belong to an army, sir," he answered, "though he does not know it. His name is Marco Loristan."

Then Marco saw him plainly for the first time. He was the man with the keen eyes who had spoken to him in Samavian.

## THE LETTER-BOX

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you something about my little sister Ruth. One time when she was saying her prayers, she said, "God bless Mother and Dada, and make me good girl. For goodness' sake. Amen."

She is three years old.

Yours truly,  
ELEANOR T. WOOD (age 7).

IRVINGTON, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been taking you for twenty years. My brothers and sister took you first, and now I am taking you.

I have a dog, a pony, and a cat. My dog's name is Duke. He is a shepherd collie. My pony's name is Robin Hood. About sixteen years ago, he was found tied to the Christmas-tree in the dining-room. He is nineteen now, but is as full of mischief as ever. He chases automobiles. I wonder what he would do with one if he were to catch it.

Your friend,  
GEORGE T. PIGGOTT.

DALLAS, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for three years now, and don't know what we would do without you.

I have not seen many letters from Texas in your Letter-box, but I know a lot of people who take you here in Dallas.

Of all the stories the one I like best is "The Run-away." It is so exciting I can hardly wait for the next copy to come.

I have a little brother six years old, and he is just as fond of you as I am. He is always first to get you when you come. I read you to him.

I expect to read you all my life, I like you so much. I am very much interested in the League work.

Your sincere reader,  
LOIS WATHEN.

RIPON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and I think you are a dandy magazine. I like "Beatrice of Denewood" and "The Land of Mystery" best.

I am sending you a photograph of the bear my father got while on a hunting trip in northern Wisconsin.

Yours truly,  
IRMGARDE FOSTER

PORTLAND, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday I said to my mother, "I wonder why St. Nick did n't come to-day. The library has it in already." Mama told me to "look behind on the newel post and see what I would see." "Oh, goody, St. Nick, St. Nick, St. Nick!"

was all I could say, I was so happy that it had come.

I am a "Portland, Oregon, booster," and I certainly have something worth the boosting. I just love Portland. It is never too warm here, and yet never too cold; but you must know it is sometimes just warm enough to make you appreciate the colder weather. And then our woods are so beautiful! In the spring, wild trilliums, ragged-robins, Johnny-jump-ups, May-flowers, buttercups, Solomon's-seal, and ever so many other equally pretty flowers blanket the ground. These woods border the city, and the city stretches all the way up to them. My chum's house borders the woods, and mama will allow me to go in the woods below the house, but no farther. Such a dear little brook flows down over a beautiful, mossy bank most of the time, but in





the cold weather it freezes, and then it is so lovely—an actual fairy brook!

But you must not think because a city girl can be so near the woods, that the city itself is only a small town, for it is n't. It is very rapidly growing on both sides of the river, the Willamette, and even the hills are terraced and populated.

I want to tell you a little incident that I think will interest you. The day after I got my League pin, I went to visit the hospitals. I had my pin attached to my dress. There was the dearest little boy in the hospital with an injured back. He had long brown hair, and such a merry little face. The nurse told me he was the most cheerful little boy she had ever known, ill or well. The little fellow was having a very merry time there, lying flat on his back, for he was pushing himself, by the wheels of his bed, all over, and seemed to be having as much fun as any child with a well back. He happened to spy my pin, and said: "Oh, such a pretty pin!" He was too polite to ask for it, but I saw how he admired it, and I fastened my cherished pin on his little dressing-gown.

Thank you, ST. NICHOLAS, for all the happy hours you have given me.

ELOUISE LOEWENSON (age 12).

BAR HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One morning as I woke up, I happened to look out of my window, and, to my great surprise, I saw a very large ocean liner. Now I suppose you wonder how I could see it from my window, but I live very near the shore, so I have a lovely view.

I got dressed as soon as I could, and went down to the shore. I have never crossed the ocean, so I never saw a boat that size before. A gentleman saw I was looking at it and asked me if I would like to look through his telescope, which I was delighted to do. To my great surprise I saw the name *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, which was the name of the boat. It had ten million dollars in gold on it, and some more money besides, which altogether made more than \$13,000,000 on board. I don't believe Bar Harbor has ever had such an important visitor.

Your most loving reader,

MARTHA LEFFLER.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you only knew what a joy you have been, and still are, to us three children.

We have taken you nine years this January, and this will be our tenth. We could not do without you.

My parents read you, and we three scramble for you when the postman comes. I have hung up the ST. NICHOLAS calendar in the sitting-room, where we can easily see it and count up how many days till the circle day (as we call it) comes. I just love the stories, NATURE AND SCIENCE, the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, and like the advertisements very much. I often go to the Carnegie Library and take out bound copies of ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving reader,

MARION THUSTSON GRIGGS (age 11).

CONCORD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and this is my fifth.

I like "The Runaway" best, as my father wrote it. Of course as Frances and I know the story, it is not quite so interesting to us, but I always like the pictures.

I like "The Lucky Stone" very much.

Last summer, Frances and I had a pair of rabbits.

One day, we found six little baby rabbits all covered with fur. "All covered with fur" sounds very funny, but I mean they were old enough to come out of their burrow.

One year, I went to rake out the old hay in the rabbit hutch, and raked out seven baby bunnies.

On the twentieth of April, the cannon came up on top of our hill and they fired it off twenty-one times. This was at five o'clock in the morning.

The nineteenth is a great day for us.

I went to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It was very interesting. The scenery was wonderful.

Your interested reader,

MAUDE D. FRENCH (age 13).

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy your magazine very much. Mother has got some of her ST. NICHOLASES that she gave to me that she had when she was a little girl, and I have them in my bookcase now. I have one of the year 1875. Do you know how old I am? I am only seven years old.

Yours,

ELLEN MUNROE WALES.

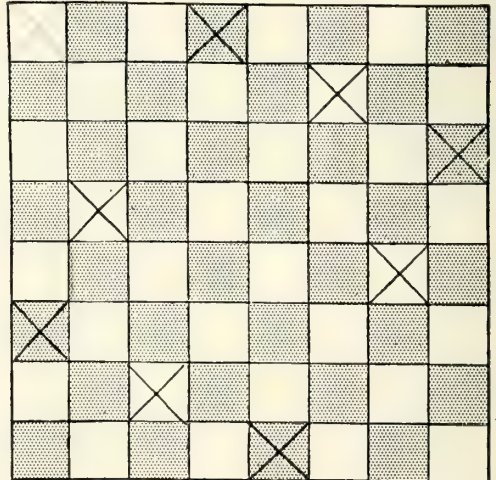
### THE BLUEBIRD

A LITTLE bluebird seemed to say,  
"May I have a cherry, please, to-day?"  
Then little bluebird flew to the tree,  
Singing his song of thanks to me.

MARY MARGARET KERN (age 7).

### PUZZLE WITH CHECKERS

THOSE who like the game of checkers will be interested in trying to place eight checkers upon the board so that no two are in the same row, either horizontal, vertical, or transverse. All of the sixty-four squares may be used, whether colored or uncolored. The figure shows



how the checkers may be placed. There are four on the colored squares and four on the uncolored; the arrangement on each half of the board is just opposite that on the other half; and there are four checkers on each half of the board and two on each quarter.

FRED TELFORD.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

**NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Initials, Pickwick Papers; third row, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Pecans. 2. Inhale. 3. Change. 4. Kersey. 5. Willow. 6. Ireful. 7. Casque. 8. Kidnap. 9. Pliant. 10. Accost. 11. Peking. 12. Eleven. 13. Renown. 14. Siskin.

**NUMERICAL.** The Constitution of the United States. Forty-eight.

**DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS.** November. 1. Ho-no-rs. 2. Ch-or-us. 3. In-vest-ed. 4. Cr-eat-ed. 5. Mo-me-nt. 6. Re-bell-ed. 7. Cl-ear-ly. 8. St-ran-ge.

**CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Scamp. 2. Cabal. 3. Abase. 4. Massa. 5. Plead. II. 1. Plead. 2. Leave. 3. Easel. 4. Avert. 5. Delta. III. 1. Dated. 2. Abase. 3. Taste. 4. Estop. 5. Deep. IV. 1. Blood. 2. Leave. 3. Oaken. 4. Ovens. 5. Dense. V. 1. Slate. 2. Liven. 3. Avert. 4. Terse. 5. Enter.

**SUBTRACTED WORDS.** Pyramids. 1. Valet, varlet. 2. Soil, spoil. 3. Prate, pirate. 4. Tack, stack. 5. Plate, palate. 6. Ally, dally. 7. Ruble, rumble. 8. Earn, yearn.

**WORD-SQUARE.** 1. Oscar. 2. Stage. 3. Cabal. 4. Agama. 5. Relax.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

**TO OUR PUZZLES:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were received before September 24 from Elinor Porter Childs—Harry C. Bailey—Dorothy M. Anderson—Eric Brunnow—Jocelyn E. McDonough—Janet Brouse—Marshall A. Best—Florence Noble—Violet W. Hoff—Mary S. Voorhis—Elsie De Witt—Edna L. Wanamaker—Marion L. Hussey—Edith B. Farnsworth—Victor E. W. Bird—Blanche Baumann—Elizabeth Burnham—"Chums"—Dawn G. Williams—Eloise M. Peckham—Henry S. Johnson—Marguerite Harris—C. Whitney Davison—Max Stolz—Evelyn Hillman—"Marcapan"—Caroline Jamison—Sewell Emerson—"Two Pals"—Ruth V. A. Spicer—Gertrude Van Horne—Claire A. Hepner.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were received before September 24 from Julia Palmer, 9—Elsa S. Ebeling, 9—Arthur Poulin, Jr., 9—Brooks Cross, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Eunice Moffett, 9—Sarah Gilles, 9—Mary E. Stewart, 9—John P. Helmick, 9—Elizabeth Rodgers, 9—Louise B. Cramer, 9—Isabel Shaw, 9—Alice Noel Farrar, 8—Mary L. Ingles, 8—Marie Maag, 8—Warren H. Corning, 8—Virginia Sterry, 8—Edith Emmons, 7—W. L. Thorp and J. T. Law, 7—Marion E. Stearns, 7—Mildred de Grange, 6—Frances B. James, 6—Edwin P. Pond, 5—Josephine Root, 5—Florence E. Wallace, 4—Margaret Wallace, 4—Thelma Coleman, 3—Helen H. Allen, 3—Achs Powell, 3—Margaret Knox, 3—Olive Sears, 3—Gretchen L. Tuthill, 3—Helen Butler, 2—Wallace Wiggins, 2—Emily Wairs, 2—Sally McAdoo, 2—Grace M. Potter, 2—E. Wells, 1—E. Card, 1—E. G. Carpenter, 1—M. L. Hinchman, 1—H. Levy, 1—E. Nehring, 1—E. D. Chichester, 1—M. Parker, 1—L. McGrath, 1—S. P. Eastburn, 1—H. Pilch, 1—M. Barnes, 1—R. V. Hyde, 1—J. Labarthe, 1—M. Wallace, 1—H. Wallace, 1—E. H. Dresch, 1—M. O'Dwyer, 1—E. D. Warner, 1—E. W. Kellogg, 1—B. C. Collingwood, 1—G. A. Wood, 1.

## NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a popular book, and another row of letters will spell the name of its author.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Types. 2. Foolish. 3. Real. 4. A large fish. 5. A prickly plant. 6. Qualified. 7. The husband of Tethys. 8. To open. 9. Irony. 10. Within a house. 11. The god of the sea. 12. To disperse.

HELEN SHADNAGLE (age 14), *League Member*.

## CONNECTING WORDS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the words described contains five letters. Use the last three letters of the first word for the first three of the second word; the last three of the second word for the first three of the third, and so on.

I. 1. A short story with a moral. 2. To mix. 3. To enrich by a gift. 4. A wooden pin to hold two pieces in position. 5. Pertaining to Wales.

II. 1. Contended. 2. An evergreen tree. 3. Defied. 4. A fortification. 5. The mother of Perseus.

III. 1. A creature with a hundred eyes. 2. Taste. 3. Fleishy. 4. External. 5. Concise.

**A BATTLE PUZZLE.** 1. Arcola. 2. Tippecanoe. 3. Kars. 4. Fort Washington. 5. Inkerman.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Initials, Harrison. From 1 to 8, Fillmore; 9 to 14, Wilson; 15 to 18, Taft; 19 to 23, Hayes. Cross-words: 1. Hymnal. 2. Allows. 3. Raffia. 4. Really. 5. Ithaca. 6. Sirups. 7. Oregon. 8. Neater.

**WORD SYNCOPATIONS.** Hawthorne; moat, poems. 1. H-old-er. 2. An-ton-y. 3. W-ate-ry. 4. To-mat-o. 5. Hu-man-e. 6. O-pen-er. 7. R-or-ed. 8. N-ear-ed. 9. En-sue-d.

**GEOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.** Diagonal, California. From 1 to 12, Pennsylvania; 13 to 18, Nevada; 19 to 27, Wisconsin; 28 to 33, Kansas; 34 to 41, Oklahoma; 42 to 47, Oregon; 48 to 55, Nebraska; 56 to 60, Crete; 61 to 66, Greece; 67 to 73, Epworth; 74 to 80, Tremont; 81 to 85, Otego; 86 to 90, Cairo; 91 to 93, Fla., and 94 to 96, Ind. Cross-words: 1. Copenhagen. 2. Washington. 3. St. Lawrence. 4. Adrianople. 5. Lake Forest. 6. Montgomery. 7. Karlskrona. 8. Providence. 9. Senegambia. 10. Nova Scotia.

IV. 1. Mother-of-pearl. 2. Hilltop. 3. To impede. 4. Subject. 5. People who formerly inhabited the Highlands of Scotland.

V. 1. A friend of Rosalind. 2. People who do not speak the truth. 3. Ictus. 4. A kind of hemp. 5. A vegetable that may be eaten uncooked.

VI. 1. Fairies. 2. The goddess of the hearth. 3. A place where a beast is kept and fed. 4. Permit. 5. To let down.

DOROTHY WILCOX (age 14).

## CONCEALED CITIES

1. THERE were but ten people in the car.
2. Don't forget to stamp and post my letter.
3. She wore a dress of buff, a lovely light brown.
4. On account of the great sale, many were there.
5. We were not invited to the big party.
6. I did not see her but I came past her home.
7. June, July, and August are the summer months.
8. We drove past Louisa's house this afternoon.
9. Was the fog dense last night?
10. If you are going to-day to Normal School, let me know.
11. She plans, in going west, to stop off at Niagara Falls.
12. He gave one child all, as many noticed.

JOE EARNEST (age 13), *League Member*.





### ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC

In this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the eight objects are rightly named and placed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet who was born in December.

### BIBLICAL DIAMONDS



In solving this puzzle use the diagram shown, although there are many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pleasantry. 2. Soup. 3. A leader of the Israelites. 4. Vapor. 5. Desolate. 6. To creep. 7. Abraham's wife. 8. To adjudge. 9. A doorkeeper. 10. Anger. 11. "The king's favorite." 12. A coach. 13. A garden flower. 14. Clever. 15. A minor prophet. 16. To lop off. 17. A wanderer.

INCLUDED DIAMONDS: I. 1. In handsome. 2. To decay. 3. A Biblical character. 4. A kind of party. 5. In handsome.

II. 1. In handsome. 2. Unfinished. 3. A Biblical character. 4. Conflict. 5. In handsome.

III. 1. In handsome. 2. A disliked animal. 3. A Biblical character. 4. A label. 5. In handsome.

IV. 1. In handsome. 2. To disfigure. 3. A Biblical character. 4. To hasten. 5. In handsome.

RUTH KATHRYN GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of forty-four letters, and form a quotation from George Macdonald.

My 11-37 is to accomplish. My 31-27-40-5 is to lean to one side. My 31-7-43-9 is a vegetable. My 13-1-23-42-20 is found in the kitchen. My 8-26-29-44-15-4 is an arctic sled. My 32-16-7-34-30-19 is one who stays away from duty. My 22-33-18-28-25-12-2-35 is a defender. My 38-14-6-41-24-10-36-39-21 is an instrument which indicates changes in the weather.

AMÉLIE DE WITT (age 14), *League Member*.

### TRANSPPOSITIONS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a garment into a tiresome person. Answer, robe, bore.

1. Transpose a garden implement into an article of dress. 2. Transpose a letter into character. 3. Transpose part of a horse into an appellation. 4. Transpose

part of a box into part of the Roman calendar. 5. Transpose a staff signifying authority into arrived. 6. Transpose an animal into to perceive by the ear. 7. Transpose deliberate into large birds. 8. Transpose to scoff into a den. 9. Transpose chums into certain beautiful mountains. 10. Transpose to forfeit into solitary.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, the initials of the new words will spell the name of a beneficent personage.

MARGARET THAYER (age 14).

### INTERLOCKING SQUARES

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I. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. An animal. 2. Surface. 3. A mixed mass. 4. Low.

II. UPPER, MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. Mean. 2. Sour. 3. To utter melodious sounds. 4. Margin.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Border. 2. Lifeless. 3. A trinket. 4. A whirlpool.

IV. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Worthless. 2. An animal without feet. 3. Melody. 4. Brink.

V. LOWER, MIDDLE SQUARE: 1. Sharpness. 2. Inanimate. 3. A bit of worthless finery. 4. A current.

VI. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A whirlpool. 2. A feminine name. 3. To delineate. 4. To gape.

PHYLLIS YOUNG (age 13), *League Member*.

### NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1913)

• 13 25 11 4 • 47  
• 19 6 29 40 39 1  
41 30 • 14 26 34 27  
• 35 20 33 23 38 18  
42 22 45 • 2 43 10  
• 17 28 7 31 24 •  
• 36 48 8 15 50  
• 49 16 21 • 5 44  
3 46 12 32 9 37 •

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In no place. 2. Matters. 3. Tools used by gardeners. 4. A pagan. 5. Mineral pitch. 6. A Russian saint. 7. To encroach. 8. Thrift. 9. Freedom.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the Christian name, and another row of letters the surname, of a famous author.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 5 spell the name of this author's birthplace; from 6 to 11, the day of the month on which he was born; from 12 to 18, his college; from 19 to 26, his first book; from 27 to 39, his most famous book; from 40 to 44, a country he visited; and from 45 to 50, a distinguished friend.

HENRY S. JOHNSON (age 15).

## Here he comes!

When a boy makes up his mind to be always on time—on time to meals; on time at study, work, or play; and makes up his mind to eat wholesome, nourishing food every day—food like *Campbell's Tomato Soup* that aids digestion and helps to make good blood and sturdy health; then you can be sure he is—

On the  
right course.

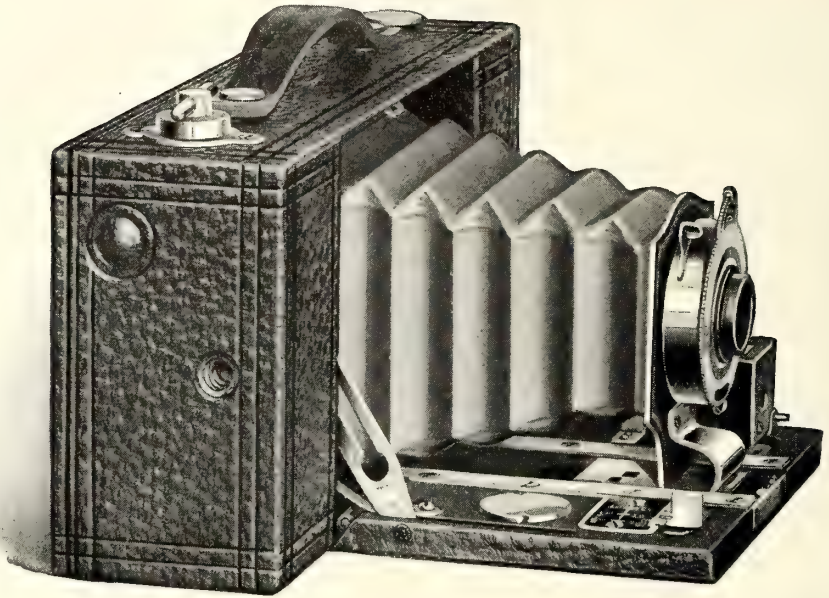


21 kinds  
10c a can

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





*Better than  
any mere toy.*

A Brownie Camera as *the* Christmas  
gift for that boy or girl.

\$1.00 to \$12.00, at your dealer's.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



**Bristol**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## “What I Want for Christmas”

The first thing to do to make sure of getting that “BRISTOL” Steel Fishing Rod you’ve set your heart on, is to get a catalog, pick out and mark the very rod you want. Then, any one who *happens* to see it will know just exactly how to please you most. Of course, you will select one they can afford to buy you—but that is easy, for prices begin at \$3.50.

You know “BRISTOL” Rods have been made for years, and your father will probably tell you they are quite famous. We should like every ST. NICHOLAS boy and girl over 10 to have one on Christmas morning.

**Bristol**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

### Steel Fishing Rods Catalog

showing styles and prices will be sent free, on request, to any reader of ST. NICHOLAS. Write for it to-day so Santa Claus can do your Christmas shopping early. If your dealer has n’t the particular rod you want, write us and we will supply it. Send for catalog to-day, because CHRISTMAS is coming!

### THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.

167 Horton Street, Bristol, Connecticut

Pacific Coast Branch, Phil. B. Bekeart Company, 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.



# How Ned and Edith Solved A CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

DO you remember how worried you were just before last Christmas? You wondered what you should ever buy for your father and mother that would please them one half as much as you knew they would please you. Ned and Edith felt just this way about it. You can imagine how *very* worried they were.

Ned thought a pair of slippers would be fine for his father. In fact, he considered it a real inspiration until his sister said, "But, Ned, he has three pairs already."

Edith suggested that an embroidered handkerchief would be fine for her mother, —but Ned threw cold water

on that by saying, "Oh! everybody gives everybody handkerchiefs. Let's give something they don't expect."

And so they pondered and thought, and thought and pondered until their heads ached from so much worry.

Then Ned just happened to open his father's copy of a leading magazine and there right in front of them was an advertisement which showed them nine different kinds of Thermos things,—bottles, carafes, jugs, kits, and food jars.

The very minute they saw the word "Thermos," they both exclaimed—"It's *just* the thing!"

No sooner had Ned and his sister, Edith, seen the "Thermos" advertisement than they began to think how they could get a Thermos Carafe for their father's and mother's Christmas.

First, they looked up the word "carafe" in the dictionary and found it meant, . . . (*You look it up!*) . . .

They already knew from a lecture by a teacher at school that a "Thermos" Bottle serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when—where—and as you like; that it keeps food or drink hot for twenty-four hours and cold for three days.

They knew from advertisements in

the leading magazines that jewelers, hardware dealers, house-furnishing, department, and drug stores sold them.

So they went to the store where the family trades and asked about prices and sizes. "My, but they are fine!" exclaimed Edith as soon as they got out in the street again. And Ned added, "They don't cost any more than a good pair of slippers or finely embroidered handkerchiefs." So they began to save their money, and ten days before Christmas went joyfully down to the store again and bought the Thermos Carafe they had seen advertised.

And were their parents surprised and pleased on Christmas morn-



ing? You just do as Ned and Edith did, and you will see how pleased fathers and mothers can be.

If you want to, just cut out the small picture of the Thermos article you think they would like best, show it to your storekeeper, and tell him you must have the genuine Thermos, so marked on the bottom. Like all good things, Thermos has its poor imitations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Edith had become so enthusiastic over the Thermos Kit for school lunches and picnics, that Ned asked his father if he couldn't get her one. Ned's father, knowing how good all Thermos products are, said, "Certainly, Ned, I think that is a splendid idea"; so Ned bought Edith one. When Ned's father saw how much they appealed to Ned, he went and bought another for Ned's camping and scouting trips.

The merchant didn't tell, and so they were all very much surprised and very, very pleased on Christmas morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now is the time to act on the "What I want for Christmas" idea. The first thing to do is to write us for a fine catalog illustrating all the Thermos things; then you can select just the thing that would please you most and what you think would please "Dad" and Mother, or Grandad or Aunt Susan most. So write us for the catalog before you go to bed to-night.

**THERMOS Jug for Tea, Coffee or Chocolate;** nickel case, corrugated centre with handle and metal stopper. Handy for afternoon teas; a delightful house gift.

No. 57, Pint, \$4.00  
No. 58 Quart, \$5.00



No. 53, Pint, \$3.50  
No. 56, Quart, \$4.00

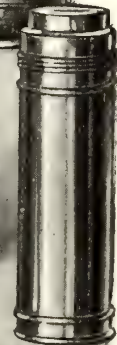
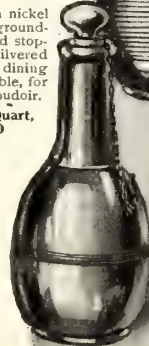
Nickel finish Carafe for home, club or hotel use. Most acceptable as gift or prize—ideal in library, bedroom or den. Corrugated case with metal stopper.



**Thermos Food Jars,** convenient for keeping butter, ice cream, casseroles, salads, thick soups, stews and chowders at the proper temperature until served. Keeps hot 12 hours; cold 30 hours.

Heavy plain nickel case with ground-glass silvered stopper and silvered chain. For dining or service table, for library or boudoir.

No. 55, Quart, \$5.00



No. 601, Pint, \$2.50  
No. 602, Quart, \$3.50



Handsome triple nickeled case, adjustable base; highly polished; ornamental and useful in a hundred ways.

No. 6, Pint, \$2.00  
No. 6Q, Quart, \$3.00

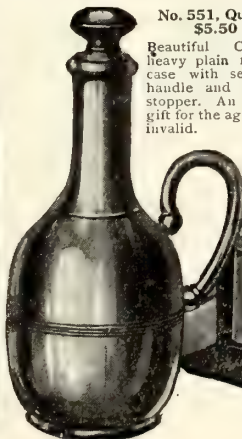
## AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.

Norwich, Conn.

If you live in Canada, address Toronto

No. 551, Quart, \$5.50

Beautiful Carafe, heavy plain nickel case with serving handle and metal stopper. An ideal gift for the aged or invalid.



New model, separable type, full nickeled, corrugated seamless case, permitting insertion of refills in less than a minute.

No. 15, Pint, \$1.50  
No. 15Q, Quart, \$2.50



**Thermos School Kit** of dark green Thermanine, red Pel-line lined, patent clasp fasteners and leather strap handle. For hot or cold classroom lunches and beverages. Complete with Thermos Bottle and nickeled metal lunch box, hinge cover.

No. 168 1/2, Half Pint, \$3.50  
No. 168, Pint Size, \$3.50



# Flexible Flyer

Every live boy and girl wants a Flexible Flyer—  
the fastest, safest, and strongest sled made.

## The only steering sled with grooved runners

Prevents skidding. Gives complete steering control. Handsomely finished, and so strong it will last a lifetime.

### An ideal Christmas Gift

Eight sizes—ranging from 38 to 101 inches long.

Sold by leading Hardware Dealers and Department Stores.



**FREE.** Cardboard model showing steering arrangement. Also attractive booklet. *Write to-day!*



Look for this  
trade-mark

Safety first!  
Grooved runners  
prevent skidding

**S. L. ALLEN & CO.**  
Box 1101V PHILADELPHIA



## For Parties or for Play

### These Stylish Holeproof Stockings for Children Are Guaranteed to Need No Darning

Buy three pairs in a box for \$1.00—they are guaranteed to wear three months without holes. If any of the three pairs should need darning within that time, we will replace them with new hose free. A box of six pairs costing \$2.00 is guaranteed six months. A definite guarantee ticket comes with every box.

We make these stockings from the finest Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 74c per pound—the top market price. Common yarns can be bought for 32c.

But our yarns are of soft, light-weight, long-fibred cotton, and the long fibres give them strength.

No maker can make *stylish* hose and

guarantee them like this if he uses a cheaper yarn.

Let the children wear them—at play, or for any occasion. You have never seen better looking children's stockings.

Nearly two million people—men, women and children—wear Holeproofs because of their unusual quality. End *your* darning. Get the whole family to wear these stylish, lasting hose.

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Write for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book which tells all about Holeproofs.



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1904

*Carl Fuschell*

# Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Holeproof Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley,  
Liverpool, England



By invitation,  
member of Rice  
Leaders of the  
World Association

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks, \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproofs for men, \$1.50; for women, \$2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

## Holeproof

GUARANTEED  
*Silk Gloves*

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. Made of the best quality silk with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves. These are the *durable* stylish gloves, in all sizes, lengths and colors. Write for free book about these gloves and the name of our dealer.

SUGGESTION: To your best friends, include a pair of these fine gloves in each of their boxes of Holeproof Hosiery for Christmas.





## Bobbie's Easy Guess.

"Guess what's coming, Bobbie. Something you like best."  
And Bobbie, he says, "Ho! I guess I know what that is—it's

# JELL-O

Of course it is.

We wonder whether mothers generally understand how much their children love Jell-O and whether they know that it is as pure and wholesome as it is delicious. Let us hope they do.

Jell-O is put up in seven *pure fruit* flavors, and each makes a variety of exquisite desserts by the mere addition of boiling water.

The price is 10 cents, same as ever, regardless of war prices, at all grocers'.

**The new Jell-O book is a real Kewpie book, with pictures of Kewpies by Rose O'Neill herself. If you desire one and will write and ask us for it we will send it to you free.**

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters.  
Be sure you get JELL-O and not something else.



# Third Call for Christmas Dinner—



—yet the only response is the merry click of the balls as mother banks the number “7”  
—*right into the corner pocket!*  
“Bully shot!” cries Master Dick.  
Father groans, “*That finishes me.*”  
“And it also ends this hunger strike,” adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they’re off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the royal sport of *Carom or Pocket Billiards* that thousands of families are playing *right at home!*

And now—*this* Christmas—give *your* folks a scientific Brunswick Table. Only a small investment. Yet *it keeps boys home*—and pays big dividends in pleasure *all your life!*

## “BABY GRAND” Home Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables

An imposing masterpiece, built of rare San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid. Not a toy, but a *real* Brunswick regulation table, modified only in sizes and design to harmonize in any home surroundings.

Has the life, the speed, the accuracy—all the scientific playing qualities that have made the name BRUNSWICK stand for super-excellence around the world.

Equipped with genuine Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth and Monarch cushions, famed for their lightning action.

### Free Home Trial—Year to Pay

Yes, you are welcome to try any style Brunswick right in your own home for 30 days free. Then pay us a little each month,

if you like—*terms as low as 20 cents a day!*

High class Playing Outfit given free with each table—balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, table cover, expert book “How to Play,” etc.

### Royal New Billiard Book Ready

“Billiards—The Home Magnet” richly pictures all Brunswick Home Tables in actual colors, including unique “Convertible” models that serve as perfect Library and Dining Tables when not in use for Carom or Pocket Billiards. This book reveals the rousing sport thousands are planning for Christmas! Gives full details and low factory prices. *Sent free!* Fill in the coupon right away, before the edition is gone.



## Mail For Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.  
Dept. 6R, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago  
Please send me free color-illustrated book—

“BILLIARDS—The Home Magnet”  
and details of your 30-day home trial offer.

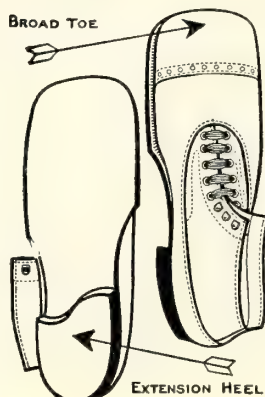
Name .....

Address ..... (354)



# The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



**C**HILDREN'S feet need the helpful uplift of the Coward Arch Support Shoe with Coward Extension Heel. A shoe that strengthens weak ligaments, holds the arch in place, and steadies the ankles. It encourages boys and girls to walk correctly, as it gives control of the foot muscles, and properly poises the body, standing and walking. It can be depended upon to relieve arch troubles and is extremely useful in preventing "flat-foot."

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel have been made by James S. Coward, in his Custom Department, for over thirty-four years.

**Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue**

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

**JAMES S. COWARD**

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City  
(NEAR WARREN STREET)

## The Book Man

*"Yes, do send me a book . . . not a bargain book bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual: a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy; written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over."*

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH TO COLERIDGE.

**I**T is almost time for Christmas greetings again, and it is just the time now to make sure that it will be a blessed day—a day when you enjoy yourself and your gifts with all your heart because you know you have made others happy too.

There has been much talk this year about making this a Book Christmas. How many of you have urged your families to have a Book Christmas? By the number of letters asking for information that have been pouring in since the November number of *ST. NICHOLAS* was issued, it seems as if nearly every *ST. NICHOLAS* boy and girl was going to buy books for Christmas.



**I**T is easy, of course, to choose books for friends of your own age because you know what you yourself would like to get. Hildegard Hawthorne's article on "Books and Reading" in the November *ST. NICHOLAS* and the advertising pages of *ST. NICHOLAS* have just the information you want. But choosing books for "grown-ups" is another matter! Harry wanted a book for his brother, Mildred wanted some Western stories for her father, Katherine wants novels for her "mother, aunts, uncles, etc.," and Kathryn wants "good literature" for her High School friends. These are only some of the *S. O. S.* calls that have reached me, and I know that many more of you "*just can't think*" of a suitable present for some dear uncle, who really does n't want another pair of worsted slippers; or for Dad, who already has three umbrellas, two walking-sticks, and more scarf-pins and ash-trays than he can use in the next ten years. These are some of the people to whom you should give books—no one can have too many of them.

(Continued on page 39)

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued



SUPPOSE you give Uncle or Father "Abroad at Home." This is the record of the trip across the United States which Julian Street and Wallace Morgan took not long ago. Julian Street tells about the people they met and the things they did—and they met people and saw sights few travelers are fortunate enough to meet and see—and Wallace Morgan drew clever sketches of the places they visited. Both of these men have a strongly developed sense of humor, and no one can help but laugh straight through the reading of this chronicle of their adventures. The book costs \$2.50 net, with 12 cents extra for postage.

Another travel book which both Mother and Father would enjoy is "From the Log of the *Velsa*." The *Velsa* is the yacht which carried Arnold Bennett and E. A. Rickards among the ports of Holland, France, Denmark, Flanders, and the English East Coast. The famous English author tells the story of these wanderings through picturesque towns, and the noted artist has drawn and painted many charming pictures to enrich the volume. Arnold Bennett, himself, painted one very beautiful canvas which is used as the frontispiece. The book makes a very handsome gift book, with a striking colored cover, and costs \$3.00 net, postage extra. It comes in a box.



This attractive cover of Arnold Bennett's book is even lovelier in color

IF Father likes biography, there are many new ones to choose from. Count Ilya Tolstoy has written about his father under the title of "The Reminiscences of Tolstoy." Has your father ever read any of Tolstoy's works? If he has, he will surely want to own this intimate picture of the great novelist's life. It costs \$2.50 net, postage 12 cents extra.

Wayne Whipple has gathered together nearly one thousand short stories of incidents

(Continued on page 40)

**Write for FREE**  
**Peter Newell Post Cards**  
Send Them to the Boys for Christmas



**How  
About  
a "patrick"  
for Christmas?**

Tell Dad you want one. All the young folks wear "patricks." They are warm coats and fun coats and they leave you leg-free to run and play. The boys and girls with genuine "patricks" belong to the Bigger-Than-Weather Club and are privileged to wear the button-badge in their coats. You'll find it in the pocket.

**Patrick Mackinaw**  
**DULUTH**  
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Bigger-Than-Weather



Patrick Mackinaw Cloth comes from sheep that thrive in the snow. It resists wind, cold and moisture. Other coats of similar style are not "patricks," so be sure to look for the label that identifies the genuine and original.

**Patrick-Duluth Products Are Sold  
at Best Stores**

If you don't find just what you want, order direct from us, selecting from the Mackinaw Book, and we will send it by express, C. O. D. crediting your local store.

**Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill**  
59 Birch Street Duluth, Minn.

**Send for the Mackinaw Book**  
showing Styles and Colors of Mackinaws,  
also Macka-Knit Sweaters and Socks,  
Blankets, Auto Robes, Hats and Caps



# FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

WE are the makers of PING-PONG, PILLOW-DEX, PASTIME, PICTURE PUZZLES and many other famous games, but the popularity of the games ROOK, PIT and PLAZA is now greater than that of any other games in the world.



## ROOK

*The Game of Games*

The best-loved household game in America. With new rules for two, three, four and more players. It fits into more leisure moments in the family than any game ever invented. With these cards are played several delightful games FOR CHILDREN, and some absorbing games for adults.

50c. at your Dealer's, or by mail for 60c.

## PIT

*The Great Fun-Maker*

For laughter, excitement and a general good time Pit has no equal. It delights little people beyond measure. It is noisy, but merry and worth many times the price.

50c. at your Dealer's, or by mail for 60c.



## PLAZA

*The Newest Parker Game*

The brightest new game for many years. A fit companion to ROOK or PIT, yet unlike either of them. It is absolutely fascinating! Pack contains

60 cards, handsomely designed in colors.

50c. at your Dealer's, or by mail for 60c.

GET ALL THREE GAMES

Each will delight you in a different way.

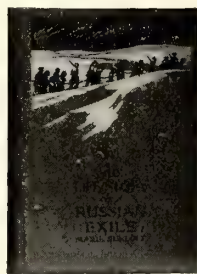
Send for illustrated List of 50 Parker Games.

**PARKER BROTHERS INC.**  
SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS  
OR FLATIRON BLDG, NEW YORK

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

in the life of Napoleon, arranged them in the order of their happening, and made a beautiful book of them. This "Story-Life of Napoleon," fully illustrated with reproductions from famous portraits and historic paintings, helps wonderfully to a better understanding of Europe's troubles to-day. It costs \$2.40 net, postage 12 cents extra.

Marie Sukloff was a peasant girl, living in Russia, who, awakening to the wrongs of her people, tried to help them by revolt against the government. She was arrested and condemned to life exile in Siberia. After unsuccessful attempts, she actually escaped alive. She tells the story of her eventful life and unique experiences very simply, and yet very thrillingly, in "The Life-Story of a Russian Exile." The book is a wonderful picture of the hard life and the courage of the Russian peasant. It costs \$1.50 net, postage 10 cents extra.



Both the cover and paper wrapper of this book are in striking color design

HAVE you a big sister or brother just out of college? They would be interested in "The Old World in the New" and "The Rise of the Working Class." In the first Edward Alsworth Ross tells all about the people who come from Europe to live here, the Irish, the Germans, the Russians, the Italians, and all of those who come to seek their fortune in this land of liberty. He describes them as they are in the old country, how they live when here, and how they become Americanized, and how our country is affected by their influence. The second is a discussion by Algernon Sidney Crapsey of all the questions that are puzzling grown-up people now, giving the point of view of the working-man. These two books cost \$2.40 net and \$1.30 net, respectively, postage extra.



"THE HONEST HOUSE" by Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams is just what its name implies—it is a book to help home builders and furnishers to choose beautiful and appropriate setting, style of architecture, interior decorations, and furnishings for their

(Continued on page 41)

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

house. There are countless pictures, reproductions from photographs, drawings, and diagrams, which illustrate the text most helpfully and interestingly. In fact the book is lovely just as a picture book! It makes a very beautiful gift book for a friend building or furnishing, or interested in such things.



This is one of the clever illustrations R. M. Crosby has drawn for "The Honorable Percival." Of course it is much larger in the book

AND now we come to novels—of course every one wants to read some novels, and nothing could be better than the new book by Alice Hegan Rice. You know she wrote those delightful books, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary." This new book, "The Honorable Percival," is every bit as good as these, full of funny situations and rich humor. It is a small book, just the thing for teacher or friend.

Another short novel is Eleanor Hallowell Abbott's "Little Eve Edgarton." You must have heard of her "Molly Make-Believe." Well, here is another girl just as adorable as Molly. These little books cost only \$1.00 each, with 5 cents extra for postage.

Two longer novels of exceptional interest are "The Encounter" by Anne Douglas Sedgwick and "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin" by Samuel Merwin.



TAKE the first free hour you have and go down to the nearest book store. You will find the bookseller very glad to talk with you about these and other books, and to let you look over many fascinating books, if you are careful in the handling. Perhaps, though, you live on a farm or ranch. Then you can send to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, —or to any other of the book publishers—for a Holiday Catalogue which is almost as good in itself as a book store. You can order your gifts by mail then. Try it.

A blessed Christmas and a happy New Year to you all.

**The Book Man**

# Hello Boys!

MAKE LOTS of TOYS!

Thousands of boys had barrels of fun last year building scores of models from this structural builder. Did you? If not, send for my booklet that tells you all about

## The Mysto ERECTOR

(The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel)

Be sure to get one for Christmas. Fun? I should say so—building battleships, torpedo boats, aeroplanes, siege guns, water motors, etc.

Erector gives you more and better equipment than any other similar construction set. You can build bigger, stronger, more rigid models—hundreds of them. Big Manual gives you complete directions.

**MOTOR FREE.** All sets over \$3.00 include a motor free. It's a lively one—runs your models—turns wheels—raises elevators, etc.

Because the Erector girders have turned-over edges, you can build faster, with fewer bolts and nuts. It's easier too.

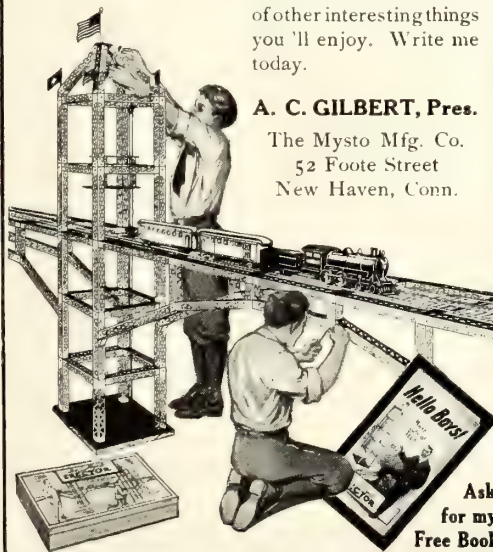
At toy dealers. Eight sizes, \$1 to \$25.

Send me your dealer's name and I will send you my Free Book and a free sample copy of my boys' magazine *Erector Tips*, containing photos of

Erector models and lots of other interesting things you'll enjoy. Write me today.

**A. C. GILBERT, Pres.**

The Mysto Mfg. Co.  
52 Foote Street  
New Haven, Conn.





**Real "Sugar Plums"**

Children ask for sweets because their growing bodies need sugar. Dromedary Dates are full of it and in the most easily digested form. Let the children, and grown-ups too, eat more Dromedary Dates INSTEAD OF CANDY. The HILLS BROTHERS Company Dept. 29, 375 Washington St., New York

**DROMEDARY BRAND**

**GOLDEN DATES**

**For Xmas Ask For a**

**CECIL PEOLI Champion RACER**

A revelation is in store for you when you fly this famous record breaker.

Official record, 1691 feet, vouched for by N. Y. Herald, Sept. 16, 1911. Built solely to give the longest and swiftest possible flights. Guaranteed to fly over 1000 feet. Complete—ready to fly—with winder (express collect) **Special \$8.50**

Or all materials, ready to put together yourself (very easy) with plans and description, delivered prepaid, **\$3.75**

Multiple Winder 75c extra

**BLUEBIRD Racing AEROPLANE**

A two-foot flyer that will make long and graceful flights of 500 feet and more. Complete with winder and foot gear, **\$1.25** ready to fly.

Handsome starter's badge free to the first boy in a town to order one.

**BUILD YOUR OWN AEROPLANE**

from accurate "Ideal" plans and precise directions. **PRICES OF 3-FT. MODEL SCALE DRAWINGS**—Curtiss Flying Boat, 25c; Newport Monoplane, 25c; Bleriot Monoplane, 15c; Wright Biplane, 25c; Curtiss Hydroaeroplane, 35c; Cecil Peoli Champion Racer, 25c.

**Complete Set of Six, \$1.25 Post-paid**

**YOUR DEALER** will supply you. Ask them for "Ideal" models and flying toys. Sold in department stores, toy and sporting goods stores. In cities or towns where we have no dealers we will deliver on receipt of money order or N. Y. check.

**JUST OUT—1914-1915 catalog of "Ideal" Model Aeroplanes and Supplies, post-paid, 5 cents.**

**Ideal Model Aeroplane Supply Co.**  
84-86 West Broadway New York

## Motion Pictures

FOR THE HOME  
**TWO CENTS A FOOT**

A great opportunity for the thrifty boy to make a nice little income with his home projection machine.

Send postal money order for two dollars and we will express twelve specially selected Motion Picture Subjects of an average length of ten feet.

For one dollar five subjects.

**Have a good time making money**

**FILMS LLOYDS, Inc.**

220 West 42nd Street  
New York City

## BE OIL WISE—GET 50¢ SIZE

You'll get as much 3-in-One as if you bought 8 of the 10c bottles. And 3-in-One never loses its quality—never thickens, gums or turns rancid. Always sweet, fresh and good.

3-in-One has for 16 years been the leading Household Oil—Lubricating, Cleaning and Polishing, and Preventing Rust.

Use for oiling sewing machines, bicycles, talking machines, guns, reels, locks, clocks, etc. Use for cleaning and polishing fine pianos, tables, chairs, any furniture. Use for preventing rust on any metal surface.

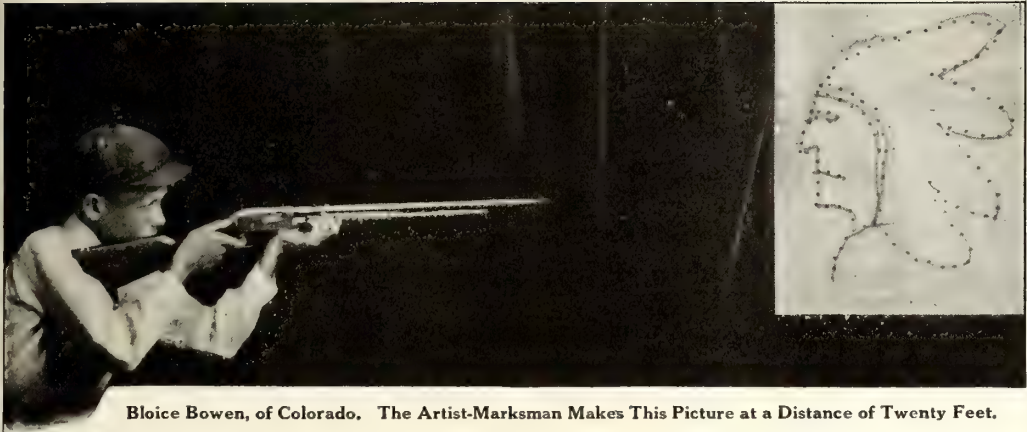
**FREE** On receipt of your dealer's name we will send you free of cost a generous sample bottle and the valuable 3-in-One Dictionary. Try this good oil at our expense.

3-in-One is Sold at all Good Hardware, Drug, Grocery and General Stores

**3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY**

42QM. BROADWAY

NEW YORK



Bloice Bowen, of Colorado. The Artist-Marksman Makes This Picture at a Distance of Twenty Feet.

**T**HIS 12-year old boy, who looks about 8 years old, is a crack rifle shot. He does not shoot animals but "targets." So skilful is he that only the other day Buffalo Bill called him the most wonderful boy marksman in the United States. Bloice began fancy shooting about 3 years ago when he was the proud possessor of an air-rifle. He was soon so good a shot that his father presented him with a .22 caliber Remington-UMC rifle. This picture shows him outlining an "Indian Head" by shooting 150 holes in a cardboard at a distance of 20 feet,

with no marks or lines to guide him. His father says that the concentration and self-control Bloice has gained from shooting will be of great value to him when he grows up.

If your father wants to get you a .22 caliber rifle, tell him to be sure it is a Remington-UMC .22 caliber.

**WRITE FOR OUR BOOKLET** About "Four American Boys Who are Famous Rifle Shots."—Say that you saw the Bloice Bowen story in St. Nicholas.

**JUST A TIP:** Why not write "A Remington Rifle" in the "What I Want For Christmas" List on following page of this magazine?

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO., 299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



### WHAT IS TOURING? WHY IT IS--

that new automobile card game, which is all the rage now. Brim full of skillful and interesting plays that furnish keen enjoyment to the entire family.

So realistic that in the excitement of the game you can almost smell the gasoline and attempt to rub the dust out of your eyes, and can hardly keep back the naughty words when you find you are out of "gas," have a puncture or exceed the speed limit, etc.

Game consists of 100 handsomely lithographed cards in an attractive box. **PRICE 50 Cts.**

Originators and Makers Since 1889 of  
**POOL TABLES for the HOME**

and the  
**"NEW" PATENTED REVERSIBLE  
BILLIARD RAIL**

For your education, send for our illustrated  
Pool Table and Game Booklet. :: ::

**AT YOUR DEALER**

or from

**WALLIE DORR COMPANY**

Manufacturers

37 Murray Street

New York.



### The Fun of Making!

Children love to model things of Plasticine — animals, houses, flowers, designs — and soon become really clever at it. To develop this taste for artistic creation may lay the foundation of a talented career.

## HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE

makes home modelling clean, easy and inexpensive. Used over and over. Needs no water, is not "mussy" like clay, never loses shape, always ready. Various sized outfits with simple instructions how to model—25c to \$2.00.

Sold by Toy, Stationery and Art Dealers. If yours cannot supply you, write for list of dealers' names who sell it and for free TOY BOOK illustrating Harbutt's Plasticine and dozens of other "Toys That Teach."

The Embossing Company, P. O. Box 598B, Albany, N. Y.  
Makers of "Toys That Teach"



# "WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS"

**T**O Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, Uncles, Aunts, Grand-fathers, Grandmothers, Cousins and All other Good Friends:

(Write your own name down in the place reserved for it, fill out the other spaces with the names of the things you want most; turn this page down at the corner and then keep your St. NICHOLAS where all the good friends mentioned can see it.)

HERE IS ROOM FOR TWO LISTS.

My name is:

My name is:

First of All I Want

ST. NICHOLAS

First of All I Want

ST. NICHOLAS

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. NICHOLAS)

(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. NICHOLAS)

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(Advertised on page.....of the.....St. NICHOLAS)

**P. S.** I know I may not GET them ALL, but I just thought I'd write them all down so it would be easy for you to buy just the things that would make me happiest.

# CHRISTMAS MORNING

## "A Bully Present"

First, make up your mind you've *got* to have a bicycle. Think what it will mean next Spring when the trout in the next county are hungry—next Summer when the gang goes on a two weeks' tour—next Fall when you want to get to the football field for practise—all the time when you want to get somewhere *in a hurry*.

Second, figure out who is most likely to give you a bicycle—father, uncle, rich grandmother.

Third, cut out this advertisement, paste it neatly on a piece of writing paper, sign your name and mail it.

Just a gentle hint, but it may work. Try it!

## IVER JOHNSON

### Boy Scout Bicycle

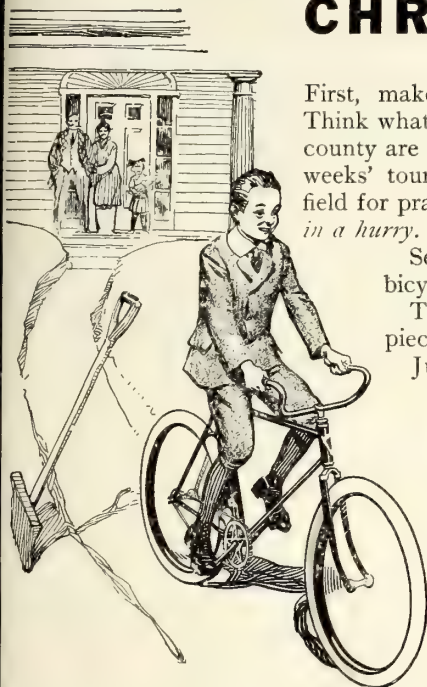
Of course you want the finest bicycle that was ever built—then learn all about the Iver Johnson. Prices, \$20 to \$55.

Send for our 84-page book and read why our bearings don't wear out; why our frame stays rigid; why our enamel and nickel keep bright. Our book also tells of our motorcycles, revolvers and shotguns. It is free.

### IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

358 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York, 99 Chambers Street



# LIONEL

## Electric Trains

### High Grade But Not High Priced

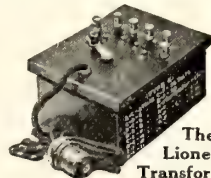
CLEAR THE TRACK! Toot, toot! Clang, clang! Here comes the Christmas flier, filled with joy for every boy! Hold on tight! We're going around a great big curve that leads right into your house, 'cause this train is for you! And you never saw such a won-

derful train before—just like a real one, with switches, signals, bridges, tunnels, either electric or steam type locomotive, and complete interior lighting system for beautiful night effect. Made of bronze, nickel and hardest steel, and built to last for years. Power from dry batteries or house lighting current, reduced.

### JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR XMAS!

Take a lead pencil and write it down now so you'll be sure to get one! Put in one of the spaces on the opposite page, "A Lionel Train." And then when you wake up Xmas morning you'll have a dandy electric train that's more fun than enough. So don't forget to show this to your father and mother. Tell them that Lionel trains are on sale at electric supply houses, toy and department stores, and point out to them the next paragraph.

Send name and address for illustrated catalog with complete price list of trains, trolley cars, racing autos and transformers.



The  
Lionel  
Transformer

—makes house lighting current available for all your electric toys. Convenient, safe, dependable, inexpensive—a perfect little power plant. See catalog.

### PARENTS, GRANDPARENTS, UNCLES AND AUNTS—

Think what wonders science and invention have accomplished during your own lifetime, and then what greater things will be done during the lifetime of that son, grandson, or nephew of yours! Start him now to "findin' out things" and maybe some day he'll find out things that the world is waiting to learn. Electricity is the force of the future. Help him learn about it with a toy scientific in principle and genuine in workmanship.

*Lionel trains are used by railroads in their training schools.*

## THE LIONEL MANUFACTURING CO.

52 East 21st Street

New York City

"STANDARD OF THE WORLD"







## Send for a Real Doll's Blanket

Send 15c for a doll's size, white, gray or tan. It will delight the little girl and show you how soft, rich and durable the full-size Nashua Woolnap Blankets are.

For  
Any Size  
Bed

**Nashua** Woolnap  
Blankets

**\$1.75  
to \$3.50  
per pair**

are all cotton, but they look and feel like all wool. They have a deep, soft, permanent nap that gives them the warmth and richness of wool without its tendency to shrink—and they're moth-proof. Use them as hard as you like, for they wash perfectly. Their soft nap stays soft, doesn't ruff up into hard kinks. They're the kind you're proud to show. Plaids or plain with borders. All sizes, weights and colors. Fancy styles at slightly higher prices.

**Amory, Browne & Co.** Dept. 90, 48 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.



This is the Country Estate set of **FRANCES DUNCAN'S GARDENCRAFT** for **CHILDREN**

Showing one arrangement of greenhouse, garage, farm house and the plant-as-you-please garden. There is also a tennis court, lake, poultry yard and pedigree fowls, rose-arch, sundial, plants for an old fashioned garden, but everything cannot be shown in one photograph!

Collapsible, portable. Gardencraft sets 50 cents up. Send for catalogue and specimen plant.

A beautiful and inexhaustible toy, for boys and girls of all ages. Of practical use in planning garden and grounds. Your parents will buy the Gardencraft Toys because they were endorsed by Montessori.

The cleverest and most fascinating Toys on the market are the Gardencraft Toys. Christmas orders should be sent in early.

**GARDENCRAFT TOY CO.,** Workshop, 1 Milligan Place 6th Ave. bet. 10th & 11th Sts.

# Cast Your Vote on this Ballot

## For Your Christmas Books

# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

Leather  
Bound  
70c

*Books that fit the hand, the mood,  
the mind and purse of Every Man*

Cloth  
Bound  
35c

On this ballot are nearly fifty titles of books written especially for boys and girls. They are selected from a larger Everyman's Library list which includes books for older people. If you choose ten of these and get them for Christmas, you will have a fine start on the complete library because all the books are beautifully printed and bound alike. The ten you choose will cost \$3.50 bound in cloth, or \$7.00 if you wish the beautiful soft leather binding.

### Official Ballot—Vote for ten

<input type="checkbox"/>	Abbott. Rollo at Work and at Play.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Baker. Cast Up by the Sea.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Ballantyne. Coral Island.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Martin Rattler.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Ungava.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Bullfinch, T. The Age of Fable.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Legends of Charlemagne.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Canton, W. Child's Book of Saints.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Clarke, M. C. Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines. 3 vols.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Collodi, C. E. Pinocchio.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Cooper, J. F. Deerslayer.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Last of the Mohicans.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Dana, R. H. Two Years Before the Mast.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Defoe, Daniel. Robinson Crusoe.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Dickens, C. David Copperfield.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Dodge, Mary Mapes. Hans Brinker.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fairy Gold, English Fairy Tales.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Froissart. Chronicles of England, France, and Spain.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Gatty, Mrs. Parables from Nature.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Grimm. Fairy Tales.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Hawthorne. Wonder Book and the Tanglewood Tales.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Hughes, T. Tom Brown's School Days.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Ingelow, J. Mopsa, the Fairy.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Kingsley, C. The Heroes.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Water Babies.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Kingston, W. Peter the Whaler.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Three Midshipmen.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Marryat, Capt. Children of the New Forest.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Settlers in Canada.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Martineau, H. Feats on the Fjord.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Reid, Capt. The Boy Hunters of the Mississippi.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Scott, Sir W. Ivanhoe.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Kenilworth.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Quentin Durward.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Spyri, J. Heidi.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Stevenson. Treasure Island.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels.
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Reign of King Oberon.
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Reign of King Cole.
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Reign of King Herla.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Verne, Jules. Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Mysterious Island. 3 vols.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Wyss. Swiss Family Robinson.
<input type="checkbox"/>	Yonge. The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Book of Golden Deeds.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Heir of Redclyffe.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" Little Duke.
<input type="checkbox"/>	" The Lances of Lynwood.

*You may order any of these books from us by enclosing their price and postage. On ten volumes the carriage is 11c. to any point within 150 miles of New York.*

**E. P. DUTTON & CO.**  
618 Fifth Ave. New York City

Nothing could be more appropriate than a selection from these beautiful books. They will start a boy or girl on the right road in making a library. If all the books listed on the ballot are not familiar to you, ask your father or mother or your school-teacher to help you choose.

### DIRECTIONS

Vote the ballot carefully, making an (x) in the little square before the books you want. Then cut out the whole and either pin it on the "What I want for Xmas" page or send it direct with the money to us.



## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



### Your Lunch Outdoors

**A**SK Mother to make you some sandwiches of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, with white bread, brown bread or crackers.

You will like them and want them often. Everybody does.

Mother knows that Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches are a well-balanced food; and all the more nutritious and digestible because you enjoy them so much while you are eating them.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter comes in *vacuum-sealed* jars of three sizes. Try the 15 cent size. Sold by representative grocers and provisioners everywhere.

Send your name on a post card for "Happy Little Beech-Nuts"—jingle booklet, beautifully illustrated.

**BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY**  
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Have you seen any of the beautiful Poster-Stamps made just for Christmas? They are very, very useful just now.

Suppose you send a letter to a friend and want to express all the friendliness you feel. If you put a "Thought of You" Poster-Stamp on it, your whole letter will glow with joy.



Of course, everybody must send Christmas Greetings to good friends. Poster-Stamps of the size shown here will carry a message of great good cheer.

Then most of all you need some happy way of saying, "Don't you dare open this package before Christmas!" Even that harsh command is pleasanter to obey when expressed on a jolly Poster-Stamp.

We pack these little stamps in bright red boxes, no bigger than a minute. There are twenty-four stamps in each box. And a whole box full costs only 10c.



Write for them as quickly as you can. Christmas is coming! You will need these beautiful stamps to use on your Xmas packages.

"Don't Open Until Xmas" 24 stamps (4 kinds) 10c  
 "Christmas Greetings" 24 stamps (12 kinds) . 10c  
 "Thought of You" 24 stamps (12 kinds) . . 10c

**POSTER STAMP CLUB** 17 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK CITY



## Bonbons Chocolates

### The Gift of Gifts

French  
Pastries

Ice Creams

THE delight of a Maillard gift is in its exclusiveness, its excellence—the purity and rich flavor of Maillard's candies have won for them a preference in the opinion of all who appreciate fine quality.

*Maillard Candies packed in French Bonbonnières (Exclusive Importation) or Fancy Boxes to order, and when requested made ready for safe delivery to all parts of the world.*

## Maillard

FIFTH AVE. AT 35TH ST., NEW YORK

*In the highest Civilization the Book  
is still the highest delight—Emerson.*



## Brentano's Christmas Book Boxes

### A Notable Christmas Innovation

An unusual and enduring GIFT, suitable for every age, taste and purse—A Box of Books.

Purchasers can make their own choice, according to the amount they wish to spend, or, if selection is left with us, our best efforts will be given. A CATALOGUE, classified as to subjects, with prices, will be sent free upon request.

Prices: \$2.00, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$10.00, and upwards, according to selection.

CATALOGUE will also contain a list of SINGLE VOLUMES of STANDARD AUTHORS, in FINE BINDINGS, also RARE and CHOICE BOOKS, and BOOKS in FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Christmas Catalogues Free

## BRENTANO'S

5th Ave. and 27th St.,

New York



## Make your CANDIES at home this CHRISTMAS with KNOX GELATINE

You will find them delicious,  
inexpensive and quickly made.

The boys and girls can  
make them as easily as  
the grown-ups.

### KNOX FRENCH Dainties

2 envelopes *Knox Acidulated Gelatine*  
4 cups granulated sugar  
1½ cups boiling water  
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize.

Vary this recipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

### Send for this FREE Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for  
Candies, Desserts, Jellies, Puddings,  
Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc.,  
sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY  
46 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.





## —What To Get For Christmas—

**T**HIS is always a problem, especially when we want something unusual—something that will be a grand surprise, and that will not wear out or get soiled or tarnished, but grow more precious as years go by, bringing true Christmas love and kindness into people's lives—an ever present reminder of the giver.

Now, what is the answer? Maybe you have guessed it—a pet, of course. The above good qualities would all be secured through the ownership of a gentle little puppy or a soft fluffy Persian kitten or a stanch shaggy little Shetland Pony.

A wee life, be it only that of an animal friend, is a precious thing. What boy can be rough or cruel with a trustful pair of puppy eyes looking up at him and demanding comradeship and protection? No girl can ever let a dolly take the place of a real, living, loving pet who needs to be cared for and petted and loved.

And what bounding health and pleasure a pony brings—how useful they are too. Surely a pet of some kind is the best Christmas gift. Nothing else will be so welcome when dear old Santa Claus leaves us to gather in our gifts around the fragrant Christmas tree.

The Pet Department man is always happy this time of year because he has so many opportunities to help all our readers and friends in selecting pets. He knows where many reliable dealers can be found—some probably near your home; he will be glad to tell you how much they charge for the various kinds of pets; he will help you decide upon the kind best suited to your needs and answer any questions about training, feeding, and caring for them. **On the following pages will be found a number of suggestions for pets. We especially recommend these reliable dealers who believe in you.**

ST. NICHOLAS is always glad to be of use to its readers, and the Pet Department hopes that you will freely ask its help and advice in selecting "the best Christmas gift of all."

### "SAVE THE BIRDS"

What more suitable for Xmas gift?

The Red Cross Bird Feeding and Summer Wren House is sent out filled with 4 lbs. of mixed grain and Bird Seed for \$5.00.

Use it all Winter as a Feeding Station, in the Spring remove cork from center and you have a most unique Wren House.

Our Book, "Bird Architecture," is sent out free with every order.

Book alone, 20 cents.

Free circular.

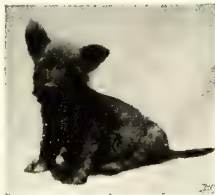
**A. CRESCENT, "Birdville," Toms River, N. J.**



### "I'M A SCOTTIE"—

just a wee pup, as you see, but I'm intelligent and loyal, fond of hunting rats, rabbits and small game. I can learn tricks and am very fond of children. I'm ready to come to a good home. If you want me, write to

Grafton Kennels, North Grafton, Mass.



### —Their First Christmas—

Just a few months ago, five fat, gentle little

#### COCKER SPANIELS

opened their eyes on this strange new world. Since then they have been growing sturdier and better behaved, until their mother, who is very proud of her pedigree puppies, and their master both are sure they are ready to do themselves justice on their first Christmas day in your home. The puppy you like best will be shipped to you whenever you wish, if you write at once and make arrangements with

**THE MIDKIFF KENNELS, Dallas, Pa.**



### Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

#### PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

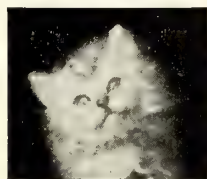
Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)

### A TOY

is merely a plaything to be broken and forgotten; a real live pet, more of a plaything, teaches a child affection and kindness.

A Persian kitten is the ideal pet. **Black Short-Haired Cattery** 25, Oradell, N. J.

New York Office, Dept. R, 112 Carnegie Hall Telephone 3691 Columbus



### BOOK OF AIREDALES

*Special Sale—at half their value*

of young dogs from 3 to 12 months old of the very choicest breeding possible. They are all straight good Airedales and a credit to their illustrious ancestors—the greatest Champions ever bred.

All have been raised on different farms and are therefore companions, guards and reliable with children.

**COLNE KENNELS**

Box 1377, Montreal, Canada  
Kennels at St. Eustache, P. Q.



### Real Spaniels

*Real Thoroughbreds* for a thousand years. Our *Spaniels* are well-known ideal dogs for children and homes. Aristocratic, small, healthy, brainy, loving and reliable; beautifully colored and marked. Our *Cockers* are fancy marked. Over 60 blues won. Puppies and young trained dogs now.

**VAN DYCK KENNELS, registered**  
Newton Lower Falls, Mass.



### Tell Santa to Bring You a Bunny

Belgian Hares are most affectionate Pets and easy to care for. I have lots of fun with them, and if you write Santa to bring you some, he will arrange with my Papa, where he gets all his Rabbits, so that you will have them in time for Christmas.

**Elmer F. Haag, Norwood Park, Chicago**



### GIRLS AND BOYS!

Would n't you like to have a well-bred little Doggy like this one for your very own? He is a West Highland White Terrier, four months old, and many of his relatives, mother, cousins, grandparents, uncles, and aunts have taken prizes at the large Dog Shows. Write to his home at

**THE KNOLL, Florence, Massachusetts**  
and learn more about these terriers.



## Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions

# GIVE A BIRD HOUSE

## A GIFT THAT BRINGS HAPPINESS FOR A LIFETIME



**Dodson Purple Martin House**—26 rooms and attic. Price \$12.00, or with all-copper roof, \$15.00, f. o. b. Chicago.

**Dodson Feeding Car**—Stocked at upper window of your home. Price, complete, \$5.00, or with copper roof, \$6.00, f. o. b. Chicago.



IS there anything *you* would rather have in your garden than native song birds? *You can have them—I have hundreds in my garden.*

Encourage children to study bird life and to learn to love the birds. What greater pleasure, what more beautiful influence can be given them than this—helping and loving our native birds?

*Winter is the best time to set out bird houses—our birds like places a bit weather-worn.*

Set out one or several Bird Food Houses or Shelters right now; thousands of birds die of starvation every winter. Help us save birds and win them for your friends. Many birds will stay with you all winter if you give them food and shelter.

*My illustrated book about birds tells how to attract and keep them living in your grounds. I'll write for this book—it is free.*

**JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago**

**Dodson Bird Houses—All Prices f. o. b. Chicago**

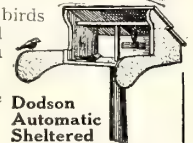
Bluebird House, \$5.00. Swallow House, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Chickadee or Nut-Hatch House, \$2.50 and \$3.50. Flicker or Woodpecker House, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Flycatcher House, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Observation House, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society. He has been building bird houses for 18 years, and his houses are approved by all bird lovers—and also by the birds.

When in New York see Dodson Bird House Exhibit in the Craftsman Exposition—6 East 39th Street, near Fifth Ave.

**Dodson Wren House**

Solid oak, cypress roof. Price, \$5.00, f. o. b. Chicago.



**Dodson Automatic Sheltered Feeding Table**

—swings with wind—birds always sheltered. Price, with 8-foot pole, \$6.00, or with all-copper roof, \$7.50.



### Who Wants Us For Christmas?

Perfect Puppies for Particular Purchasers

Collies { Tri-colors  
"Exceptional" { Sables  
Blue Merles

Roselands, Box 432, Glens Falls, N.Y.

If you want to keep your dog in the best of condition feed

## SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, NEWARK, N. J.



### No War Here!

Just the best of peaceful good times when pony friends are ready to play with you. Choose your

### Christmas Pony

now, and let us keep it free of charge until Christmas. Fine assortment—all ages. Let me help you get just what you want. Write

**SHADY NOOK FARM, Dept. D**  
North Ferrisburg, Addison County, Vermont

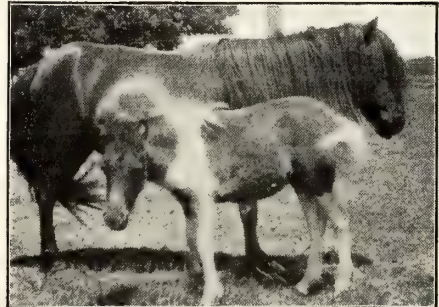


SOME BOY  
A. K. C. 175,800

**M**Y name is Some Boy and they tell me I am SOME DOG. I started out to the Dog Shows when I was seven months old, and now I am seventeen months old, and in that time I have won 88 ribbons and ten points toward my Championship and many medals and cups. But the thing I am proudest of is the fact that I am father of some of the finest pups you ever saw. They are perfect in color and markings and tails, and are sure to make some master or mistress as happy as I have made mine. Prices and particulars of my beautiful little sons and daughters may be had of my mistress, and I hope you may have one for Xmas.

Mrs. D. D. Dunn, 6-8 East 37th St., New York City

### Little "Nick" and his Mother



Here's a splendid Christmas hint! Ask Father or Mother to write to the Sunset Hill Farm, and learn the truth about the low cost of keeping and feeding ponies—how many ways they are useful and how they really bring not only happiness but sturdy health also. Then perhaps together we can arrange a Christmas for you this year that will stand out in your memory the same as a few happy events of days gone by stand out in theirs.

### Sunset Hill Farm

has always made a specialty of breeding ponies for young folks. The picture shows just two of a large herd. One of these gentle little animals will be picked out for you, if you will get Father to sit down to-day and write me just what kind of pony you have been wishing for, and how much you can afford to pay. You want to get a pony this year if you don't have anything else, and you want to buy the kind shown in the picture, so write to **SUNSET HILL FARM, Portsmouth, N. H.**

*The most unique and acceptable gift to your sweetheart or child. The ideal house pets and companions.*

**BOSTON TERRIERS**  
AND  
**FRENCH BULLDOGS**

Send Stamp for Catalog  
**SQUANTUM KENNELS**  
Established 1877 Atlantic, Mass.





## Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions



### Give Your Dog This Christmas Present

You are probably thinking about what you will give him. He likes dainties, of course, but he also likes things that keep him well. Then why not be sure that he has a real "Merry Christmas" by hanging a bottle of

## VERMILAX

on the Christmas tree, with his name on it? You can then present it to him Christmas morning.

**Vermilax** makes dogs healthy, frisky, glossy-coated and happy, and if you let your dog have it regularly he is not apt to become sick at all. **Vermilax** also prevents worms, which are very dangerous and cause intense suffering to dogs, often without their owners knowing the cause of the trouble. "For Your Dog's Sake" give him **Vermilax** as a Christmas present.

*If your druggist doesn't sell Vermilax we will send it to you by Parcel Post. Prices 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.*

**VERMILAX CO., INC.**

Dept. 40-E, 220 West 42d Street, New York City



### PONIES

Happy days for boy or girl who has a lovable, gentle Shetland Pony. Keeps the children out in the health-giving air and sunshine. Guaranteed. Price \$75 up. Write for catalogue—full description of ponies.

BELLE MEADE FARM, Box 9, Markham, Va.

Every boy or girl who loves a dog should have one of these new books

### YE DOGGE LOVERS' DAILY REMINDER

Compiled by MRS. C. HALSTED YATES

365 Sayings, all about dogs. One for each day in the year, with a blank opposite each for school notes and memoranda. Done in a pretty blue with white label and only 50c. Postage 4c.

*Write and get one for a gift for some one who loves dogs.*

MRS. C. HALSTED YATES, Oak Ridge, Virginia  
BRENTANO'S BOOK STORE; GIMBEL BROS., New York City.



What would your children appreciate more than a cute

### WHITE WOOLY ESQUIMO puppy

They are beautiful, intelligent, affectionate, chuck full of life and as cunning as they can be. Natural trick, house dog and child's companion. Prices reasonable. Guarantee safe delivery. Order direct, get a square deal and a fine, healthy pup. I also breed ENGLISH BULLS of the highest quality from best IMPORTED stock.

Brockway's Kennels, Baldwin, Kansas



WHICH would you prefer for Christmas,—a Boston Terrier, a Fox Terrier, a Pekingese or a White Pom? We have them all, of our own rearing and at reasonable prices. Our dogs are exactly as represented.

**GRACELANE BOARDING & BREEDING KENNELS**  
Ossining, N. Y.



### Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the author

**H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.**

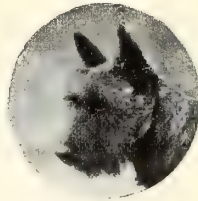
118 West 31st Street

New York

### THIS IS WANG

a darling Pekingese puppy, the little dog with a big bark, a big heart, a big brain. Pekingese are unexcelled in their affection, intelligence, and sturdiness. Small enough to hug, big enough to be a real comrade and playfellow. The Ideal Pet. Others like Wang waiting to be your pet. All ages and colors, prices reasonable.

**PEKIN KENNELS**  
Jericho Turnpike Mineola, L. I., N. Y.



### For Christmas

A Scottish terrier puppy. Best for children's pets.

Order now.

**NEWCASTLE KENNELS**  
Brookline, Mass.



### Stop! Look! Listen!

Your children will get more enjoyment from a pony bought now than from a farm or fortune in after life. Shetlands make fine Christmas presents. Address Dept. D for catalog.

**THE SHADYSIDE FARMS, North Benton, Ohio**



### POWELL BROTHERS Can furnish you SHETLAND PONIES

of all ages, sizes and colors. Get your Christmas Ponies from the Famous "Shadeland" Herd—one of the oldest established herds in the country—prices reasonable.

Powell Bros., Shadeland, Crawford Co., Pa.

## Pet Department Continued—Christmas Suggestions



BELGIAN HARE

### Belgian Hare or Rabbit

Gentle and docile pets. Increase rapidly. Lots of pocket-money in rearing and selling. Prize-winning stock, hardy, healthy, well grown. I pay duty.

J. McRAE, Orono, Ontario, Canada



### "We're Friends Always"

This spirit is typical of Christmas. One of our pedigreed dogs is an ideal gift, whether it be an Old English Sheepdog (shown in picture), a Chow-Chow, German Police Dog, French Poodle, French Bull, or one of the terrier family. Some breeds may be better than others for you, but whatever your choice, write me. I keep dogs for young folks at reasonable prices.

Viking Kennels, Downing Av., Newburgh, N. Y.

### COLLIES and CHRISTMAS



ON the very first Christmas, you remember, the shepherds were watching their sheep when they saw the star. Since then, all down the centuries, many shepherds have watched their flocks; and many times the faithful shepherd dog has helped to protect and guard the gentle little animals. Perhaps that is why the collie is so often chosen as a companion for children. Their gentle ways and loving care make them ideal playmates for little folks, and the hardy, free life they have been used to on the great pastures is a good reason why they are chosen for the older children who want a sturdy companion and tireless friend to romp and play with.

Sunnybrae Collies are carefully raised from pedigreed stock by an experienced breeder in Illinois, who loves both dogs and children, and who knows just the kind of dog that will make many a heart glad this Christmas. His prices are so reasonable that he may not be able to supply all the youngsters who will want his puppies this year, so if you want one of these little puppies, sit right down as soon as you read this, and write to **Mr. F. R. Clarke, Bloomington, Ill.**, about your Christmas present. His book on dog training sells for 25c.

### School

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

National Park Seminary FOR YOUNG WOMEN

The story of the school; its remarkable equipment of 20 buildings; its training in homemaking; its study of the Capital—can be told fully only in our catalogue. Address Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

**BOYS AND GIRLS! GET BUSY AND SEND FOR A SET OF THESE BEAUTIFUL PENCILS**

**WITH YOUR NAME STAMPED HERE**

NAME STAMPED IN GOLD LETTERS ON HIGH GRADE GREEN, BLUE, RED, OR WHITE ENAMELED RUBBER TIPPED LEAD PENCILS. 3 Pencils in Christmas box, 25c.; 6 Pencils, 50c. Stamps or Color. Write plainly name to be stamped and colors of enamel wanted.

Rochelle Pencil Co. Dept. H New Rochelle, N. Y.



### 30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

**Marvelous Improvements.** Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-15 CHICAGO

### ELECTRICITY

**SEND FOR THIS BOOK**

**B**RIMFUL of opportunities—128 pages of cuts, complete description and prices of latest *Electrical Apparatus*—Motors, Dynamos, Rheostats, Transformers, Induction Coils, Batteries, Bells, Telephone Sets, Telegraph Outfits. Big line of miniature *Electric Railways* and parts. *Toys, Novelties and Electrical Books.* This catalog and valuable coupon sent only for 6 cents in stamps (no postals answered). **VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO.** Nichol Building Baltimore, Md.



### "Bedtime Babies"

Mother thinks I might be lonesome  
All alone without the light,  
So I have my Bedtime Babies  
To sleep beside me every night.

The Jolly Jump-Ups, all worsted, \$1.00. Sent postpaid from Pohlson's Gift Shop with catalog of other attractive things for everybody at Christmas. Address

Pohlson's, Pawtucket, R. I. Dept. S. N.



### CLASS PINS

For School, College or Society. We make the "right kind" from hand cut steel dies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins

less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free. **FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 686 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.**

### FOR XMAS—A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

Boys! Girls! Ask for a Language Outfit. It includes a standard talking machine upon which you can also play musical records. An Ideal Xmas Gift that combines both pleasure and instruction. You will enjoy learning to speak a foreign language by the

### LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry

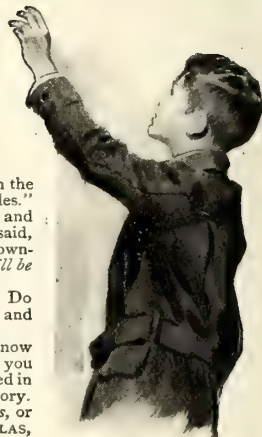
No tiresome rules to study. Just listen to the professor pronounce—French, German, Spanish or Italian—until you know it. Let your talking machine teach you. Write for free booklet.





# CHRISTMAS

## Advertising Competition



SOMEONE we know says that the boys and girls who compete in the Advertising Competitions are "As bright as Christmas candles." "We'll see," we said to ourselves, and sitting right down then and there, wrote this competition. When we showed it to "Someone," she said, just as a man did last month, "Oh, but that is too hard; why, many grown-ups could n't do it." So we said, "All right, then, *this competition will be for the whole family.*"

When you send in your answer, tell us how many people took part. Do it some night soon when everybody is gathered around the evening lamp and see how much fun you get out of it.

This competition is in the form of "A Christmas Story." As it stands now the story does n't make any sense at all. It's just nonsense. But when you have changed the *italicized phrases into the name of a product* advertised in the November ST. NICHOLAS, it will make sense, and read just like a story.

The words in *italics* are phrases that appear in the advertisements, or phrases that describe a product advertised in the November ST. NICHOLAS, so you can't mistake it.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY

In a Connecticut town, called *STEEL FISHING RODS*, there once dwelled a man who had a son named *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT*. One dark stormy December day when *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT* was about ten years old, his father took him out into the woods to find a Christmas tree. When very small, the boy had taken *GREAT FALLS*, so he was strong and healthy. He had the cheerful smile of the boy who understands the value of *THE JUNGLE POW WOW*, and he used it faithfully. Before kissing *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT* good-by, his mother put on his cheeks a little *NATURAL COMPLEXION*. Carefully placed in the pockets of both *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT* and his father, were 40,000,000 to keep them from being late for dinner. The boy had just had some, *PERHAPS FIVE MILLIONS OF THEM*, and he was looking forward cheerfully to *GOOD HEALTH FIRST OF ALL* for dinner.

As they left the house, *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT'S* father took from his vest-pocket an *CASE OF LUCK* and snapped *THE NEW KIND OF BOOKS FOR GIRLS*, who was *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT'S* little sister. Then, after stopping at the drug-store for *FAIR, SOFT AND PINKY-WHITE* for the boy's mother, they tramped on. Both of them had heard of *EGYPTIAN AND SEA ISLAND COTTON YARNS*. They both wore them and the boy wore *CHILDREN'S ANKLES* too, so they trudged along comfortably and cheerfully. They spent all day in the woods without seeing anything that looked like a Christmas tree. Finally *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT* exclaimed: "Why father! this is a *GARTER'S* forest." "So it is! so it is!" said father, and they trudged home without a tree, but

still cheerful, thinking as they went of the *TEN CENT TINS* they were going to eat for dinner, and the trip they would take next day to a place where *MUSICAL INSTRUMENT* knew that Christmas trees were sold.

Here are the rules and regulations. Be sure to comply with *all* these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Change all the *ITALICS* into trade names.
2. Send us the story as corrected.
3. Write us a letter telling how many people took part in the competition and what "make" or "brand" of pen you wrote your letter with. In case more than one correct story is received, the prize will go to those who write the best-looking letter from the standpoint of neatness, care in preparation, decoration, etc.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address and the number of this competition (156).
5. Submit answers by December 20, 1914.
6. Do not use a lead pencil. Write on one side of your paper only.
7. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 156, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

The First Prize, \$5.00, will go to the person sending in the correct answer and finest-looking letter. There will be Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

*Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.*

**This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

Many uses of Listerine are described in circular wrapped around every bottle. Get Listerine in the original wrapper.



Use it every day

**M**ANY ills of childhood can be avoided by proper mouth hygiene. Regular brushing of the teeth and a thorough rinsing of the mouth, using

## LISTERINE

the safe and pleasant antiseptic, will save the teeth from decay, destroying the germs that cause disease. Doctors have used Listerine for over 30 years. Many imitations—but no equal.

*All Druggists Sell Listerine*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

## Boys! Have Fun — Make Money

Tinkertoy makes 1001 marvelous moving figures—Merry-go-rounds, Airships, Autos, Ferris Wheels, Gyroscopes, Circle Swings, Giant Whirling Tops, Windmills, etc., etc.

## TINKERTOY

### The Wonder Builder

A barrel of fun for everyone. Something new, entertaining and instructive. 72 pieces—1001 combinations.

**WRITE** for our money-making plan for boys! Earn your own set in spare time. No experience needed. Find out all about it **today!** Drop a postal **now.** Address: The Toy Tinkers, 814 P. O. Place, Evanston, Ill.

## Mothers!

Get the Rubens shirt for baby. That is the shirt without buttons, without open laps—the shirt which fits snugly and which never gets tight. The warm shirt that's needed in winter and summer—the shirt that's double-thick in front.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices 25 cents up.

Sold by dry goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

Rubens & Marble, Inc.  
354 W. Madison St.  
Chicago



## The Christmas Gift

—that will be most enjoyed by Fathers, Mothers, and Boys and Girls is the

# CORONA

### Folding Typewriter

Many children are going to put their money together and buy a CORONA for Father and Mother because they know that no other present would please them as much. And they know, further, that they themselves will spend many a happy hour writing letters to their playmates and typing their lessons when Father and Mother are busy doing something else.

Just sit down now and send us a post card asking for our Booklet No. 16. Even if you have decided upon some other Christmas present, you will want to read this interesting brochure and know all about the remarkable little 6-lb. CORONA.

Send for it now

**The Corona Typewriter Company, Inc.**  
GROTON, NEW YORK

New York Sales Rooms, 141 W. 42d St. at Broadway



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## ANOTHER PRIZE COMPETITION

A FEW months ago, Stamp Page held a "competition." The number and quality of the replies were very encouraging, and we now offer two more prizes. Every one is, of course, exceedingly interested in the terrible war which is, at present writing, raging in Europe. Stamp-collectors, perhaps, are even more interested than most other people. And naturally so. Who of us reads of an attack upon Belgrade without at once thinking of the page of Servian stamps in his album, of the stamps issued in 1904 called the "Death Mask" issue, of the current issue with a portrait of King Peter, with his fierce military mustache, his vizored cap? Or of the Austrian page with its many portraits of the Emperor Francis Joseph; of Russia with its portraits, with its eagles, its "thunderbolts," and "laid" paper? Of France, with the "sower" type, her many colonials with the ever-recurring "R. F." upon them? We think of Germany's stamps with the picture of Germania upon them, of England with the portraits of Victoria, Edward, and George. And we think, too, of plucky little Belgium, with the long-bearded King Leopold, and the new King Albert, its various newspaper and charity stamps, and the page of Belgian postal-packet stamps of which we are so proud.

Apart from all the bloodshed and suffering, apart from who is right and who is wrong, there comes to us stamp-collectors another question. What effect will the war have upon our favorite hobby? What will happen in the stamp line? No one of us knows, of course, but who of us can write the best article upon what may happen—the most interesting and instructive paper?

Any one may compete for prizes. All essays must contain your name, age, and address, be written in ink on one side of your paper only. All answers must be in our hands by December 20. Successful contestants will be announced in our February number. Replies should be directed to

EDITOR STAMP PAGE,

St. Nicholas Magazine,

Union Square, N. Y. City.

All will want to know what the two prizes will be. One of our advertisers was so interested in our last competition that his firm now offers as first prize a copy of Scott's Junior Album, and for second prize a copy of Scott's new catalogue, a book which no collector can be without. And bear in mind that correctness of spelling and general neatness of the reply will count in the awarding of the prizes.

## WAR ITEMS

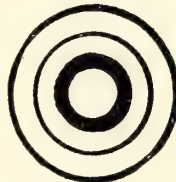
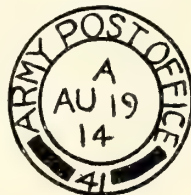
THE readers of this page are close students of geography; it goes hand in hand with stamp-collecting. And at present the map of Europe is most absorbing. Perhaps a few little "stampic" items may be specially interesting. We have all heard of Wellington, of Napoleon, and of Waterloo. The name of this city has been frequently mentioned of late in the war news. But do all of our readers know that the crouching lion, which appears on the low values of the Belgian stamp issue of 1869 and later, is copied from the figure of a lion which crowns the monument upon that celebrated battlefield of a hundred years ago? This large bronze lion was cast from cannon used in that battle.

A second item of interest lies in the destruction of the city of Malines. Here is (or was) located the factory or printing-house which for many years furnished all the stamps required by Belgium and her immense colony, the Kongo Free State (and, we believe, the envelop stamps and post-cards also).

Airships have figured prominently in all the war news. They have been of untold value in all scouting operations, furnishing the contestants with reliable information not otherwise so speedily obtainable. Aeroplanes have been depicted upon several stamps. Now rumor has it that Russia is about to use them regularly as mail-carriers, and that special stamps are to be issued for use on such mail. The stamps are to be bicolored, and the pictures represent different kinds of air craft. There is to be a special increased rate for mail carried in this way.

Postmarks are closely allied to stamps. It was to be expected that the war would yield a series of very interesting cancellations. It seemed probable that

there would be a special mail service for the English Army operating abroad—that this would be entirely in English official hands, that English stamps would be used canceled with postmarks bearing names of cities or locations in France or Belgium. Whether the English handle this mail or not, whether or not English stamps are used, we do not know, but the interesting cancellations are not to be. The Russian-Japanese war taught the military world the value of secrecy, and so nothing is to be given out which will indicate to the enemy the location of opposing forces. Even the postmarks on letters from soldiers in the field give no clue as to the whereabouts of the writer, and the censor is kept busy blotting out everything which might give a hint to the ever watchful spies of the combatants. We copy from an English journal, "The Stamp



Lover," pictures of three postmarks for English use, one each for the army, the navy, and the censor.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

**RARE** Stamps Free. 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S. 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 13 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 17 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 8c.; 50 Cuba, 6c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remitin Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount. 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

**70 Different Stamps** from 70 Different Foreign Countries, and our pamphlet "How to Make a Collection Properly" for only 15c. A Big Bargain. Remember, there are no two countries alike in this lot. QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., 604 RACE ST., CINCINNATI, O.

**STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE.** Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**Packet over \$3.00 catalog value, for 25 cents.** Ask for stamps on approval and receive present. H. W. ALDRICH, RICHMOND, ILLINOIS.

**FREE** Packet of Stamps for name and address of two collectors. Enclose 4c. for postage. RED JACKET STAMP CO., PENN YAN, N.Y.

**FREE until Xmas FREE**  
3 unused Venezuela stamps worth 8c. 100 all different stamps, 10c. 50 different U. S., 10c. Stamps on approval at 50% discount. Agents wanted for approvals at 50% commission.  
NATHAN WELLS, 60 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

**5 VARIETIES PERU FREE.** With trial approval sheets. F. E. THORP, NORWICH, N.Y.

**STAMPS 105** China, Egypt, etc., stamp dictionary and list 3000 bargains 2c. Agts., 50%. BULLARD & Co., Sta. A, BOSTON.

**STAMP ALBUM** with 538 Genuine Stamps, incl. Rhodesia, Congo (tiger), China (dragon), Tasmania (landscape), Jamaica (waterfalls), etc., 10c. 100 diff. Jap. N. Zld., etc., 5c. Big list; coupons, etc., FREE! WE BUY STAMPS.  
HUSSMAN STAMP CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

**STAMPS FREE, 100 ALL DIFFERENT**  
For the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 20 different foreign coins, 25c. TOLEDO STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO, U.S.A.

**K** 50% Approvals  
KANKAKEE STAMP CO., KANKAKEE, ILL.  
**K** Mention this magazine

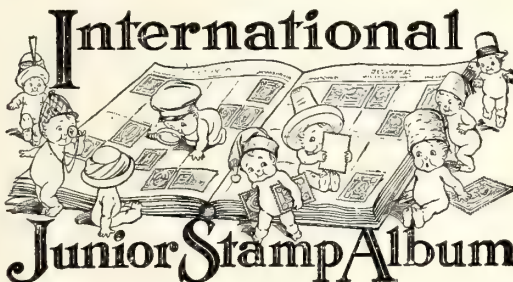
**FREE.** 100 foreign varieties to applicants for our 50% approval sheets. Big bargains. One thousand mixed stamps, 25c. HOLLEY STAMP CO., EAST PEMBROKE, MASS.

**104** different STAMPS, including U. S. 1861 Civil War, Japan, Argentina, etc., large Frelidist and sample New England Stamp Monthly only 5c. Finest approval sheets. 50% discount.  
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.  
43 WASHINGTON BLDG., BOSTON, MASS.

**\$3 Catalogue** Different British Colonies, mostly African, \$1. 9 varieties parcel post, 15 cents. Free stamps with approvals.  
BING, 1113 KNOX AVE., NO. MINN., MINN.

**DANDY PACKET STAMPS** free for name, address, 2 collectors, 2c. postage. Send to-day. U.T.K. STAMP CO., UTICA, N.Y.

**STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.** Transvaal, Serbia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps.  
C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.



**Russia, England, France, Germany,—here they all are—** and more too. Not at war, as you see, but looking just the right place to find the stamps of these countries, which are now becoming very scarce.

You must have many foreign stamps in your collection. But it is hard not to lose them, isn't it? It seems sometimes as if some little elves visited them when you were asleep some night and spirited them away. And that's just the reason why your Christmas list this year should be headed, first of all, with a

## Junior International Album

This is the kind many of the foremost collectors have. It is 9x12" and contains 412 pages, including colored maps, showing the countries of the world. Each nation has its own section; the spaces for the stamps are liberally illustrated, so that you can see just what the stamps look like, even before you get them.

Price, with red cloth corners, \$2.00; cloth, gilt title, \$3.00. Add 25 cents postage if ordered from us. Write for approval sheets. We will send our big 84-page catalogue and monthly stamp paper free.

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co. 127 Madison Avenue NEW YORK CITY**

**FOREIGN STAMPS FREE** 52 different foreign, including China and Venezuela, to all who apply for our high grade approval selections. Send two cent stamp for return postage.  
THE EDGEWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. S, MILFORD, CONN.

**Approvals 1/2, 1 and 2 cent Discount.**  
A. H. BRYANT, ANGEL ISLAND, CAL.

**VEST POCKET WATERMARK DETECTOR, 10c.**  
It is impossible to classify or tell the value of your stamps without a Watermark Detector. 50 different stamps FREE with each Detector if you mention ST. NICHOLAS.  
BURT McCANN, KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

**Stamps on approval, half-cent each. Reference.**  
M. E. JACKSON, 645 HYDE ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**BARGAINS EACH SET 5 CENTS.**  
10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free.  
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY

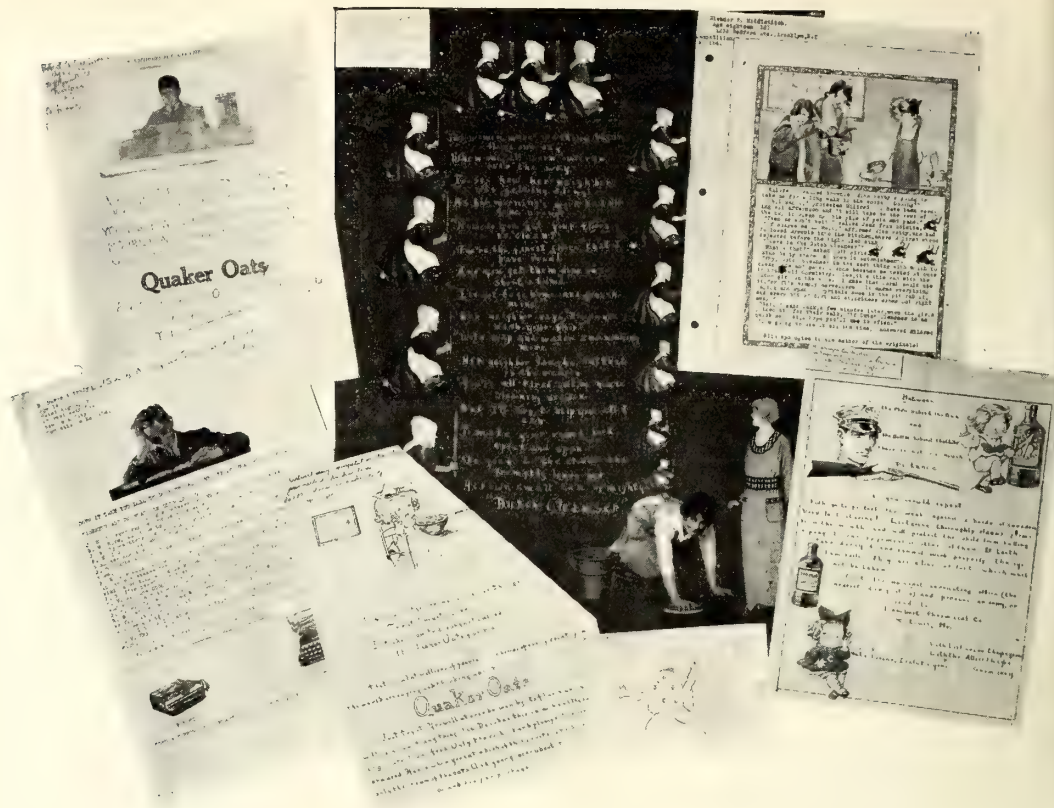
**MY SPECIALTY:** Stamps of the European continent. Send for a "Country or Two" on approval. I also have many fine stamps of other foreign countries.  
H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

## FREE TO BEGINNERS

Your choice of a board covered album, or 100 diff. stamps, to all applying for our excellent approval sheets at 50% discount. 100 different stamps from War Zone, 15c.

THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., 83 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.





### REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 154 IN THE OCTOBER ST. NICHOLAS

Poor old Judges! Poor old Judges! They have had to go away for a month in the country, completely done up.

Their troubles began on October 2d, when a few ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls began to send in such splendid answers to the October competition that they saw in a minute it was going to be terribly hard to select the winners.

Monday there were fifty more contributions. By the end of that week some exceptionally good "ads" had come in from very bright boys and girls. Some one standing near a Judge's desk heard him mutter, "No wonder they call ST. NICHOLAS readers the brightest children in the world."

You won't get too proud we hope—anyway, that is only one Judge's opinion, you know. Still he is a good judge of people as well as of contributions.

Well, anyway, the decisions were made at last, and up above we show you the prize-winning advertisements. The first prize is in the upper right-hand corner. That black one in the middle is the second prize, the others are "thirds" and one "fourth."

#### One First Prize, \$5.00:

Eleanor T. Middleditch, age 18, New York.

#### Two Second Prizes, \$3.00:

Mildred E. Roberts, age 14, Maine.

Jeanette S. Richardson, age 16, New York.

#### Three Third Prizes, \$2.00:

Varian Steele, age 12, New York.

Doris Carrier, age 14, Pennsylvania.

Huanayra Cowle, age 13½, England.

#### Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

E. Barrétt Brady, age 14, New York.

Robert A. Cushman, age 14, New Jersey.

Margaret Elder, age 22, Pennsylvania.

Charlotte St. George Nourse, age 19, Virginia.

Robert Wormser, age 14, California.

Herman Baer, age 16, Connecticut.

Dorothy Shrene, age 14, California.

Zoe Carola Schalek, age 13, Nebraska.

Pomelia Skinner, age 15, Pennsylvania.

Roy Beckmann, age 18, Washington.

#### Honorable Mention:

Constance Oehler, age 16, Wisconsin.

Frederick W. Agnew, age 17, Pennsylvania.

Henry Picken, age 13, New York.

Ada Terrill, age 14, Texas.

Frances H. Bogart, age 16, Delaware.

Norton I. Seeds, age 10, Massachusetts.

Marian Smith Whiting, age 20, Massachusetts.



## Delivered to You Free

A sample 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL** and free riding test. Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms. **RIDER AGENTS Wanted**—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do Business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. **WRITE TO US.**  
**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. T-15 CHICAGO**

## ABROAD AT HOME

The American adventures of two happy men, Julian Street and Wallace Morgan.

The humor and local color of the fifty drawings by Wallace Morgan match Julian Street's narrative and help make this the gift book of the year.

Price \$2.50 net, postage 12 cents

All bookstores. Published by  
**THE CENTURY CO.**

# HARTSHORN

**SHADE ROLLERS**  
 Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:  
*Stewart Hartshorn*



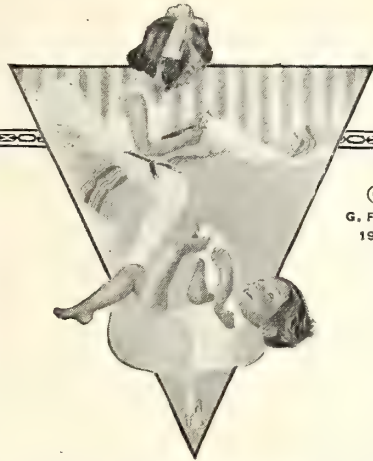
For More Than 40 Years the Recognized Sportsman's Authority

## FOREST AND STREAM

Edited by  
**W. G. BEECROFT**

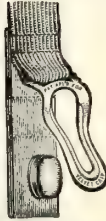
Hunting, fishing, yachting, trap shooting, travel. Full of "How to" and "Where to" articles—Game laws for 1914 and other material imperative to the outdoor man. Special trial subscription \$1.00 for six months. Regular price \$3.00 a year, weekly.

**FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
 22 Thames Street, New York City



©  
 G. F. CO.  
 1914

**H** EALTHY kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.



**Velvet Grip**  
 OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
 HOSE SUPPORTERS

Child's sample pair (give age) **16c.** post paid  
 Sold Everywhere

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

## ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCACTION

has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

## HOOPING-COUGH AND CROUP

It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street, London, Eng. All Druggists, or  
 E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York



**N**EXT time you buy  
a pair of garters for  
the boy or girl, get

**Children's  
Hickory  
Garters**

Protect the stockings between rubber and rubber

They'll save lots of darning above  
the knees; keep hose up snug; and  
they last a long time.

Extra quality; metal parts covered;  
strong, rustless pin.



Say **Hickory** to your dealer; they're  
15 to 25 cts. according to size. Trial  
pair 20 cts. by mail: state age of child.

**A. Stein & Co., Makers**  
326 Racine Ave. Chicago

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

## STAMP PAGE

Continued from page 56

We recently illustrated the French Red Cross surcharged on the current ten-centime stamp. There is now issued a regular or permanent Red Cross stamp of the "Sower" design. In the lower left corner is engraved (not surcharged) a "Red Cross" and "5 c." in a small upright rectangle. The whole design is printed in the same red as before. At present writing, German stamps are in use in those sections of Belgium which are occupied by German armies. The stamps are surcharged in black Gothic type, "Belgien," with new value in centimes.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Q** STAMP PAGE is always glad to be of service to its readers, and to help them to identify such stamps as may from time to time puzzle them. Stamps submitted for identification should be carefully hinged on a sheet of paper, leaving sufficient room below each specimen for notations of country or catalogue number. Stamps should not be sent loose in an envelop. Doing so increases the danger of loss. Each inquiry should contain a self-addressed envelop for reply. We find that our correspondents often fail to give their full address, or do not write it with sufficient plainness. Delays due to such causes are avoided by the self-addressed envelop. **Q** There is no catalogue of foreign envelops published in the United States. Bright & Son, of England, publish such a catalogue, priced, of course, in English currency. This could be procured from several of our advertisers.

## The Prize Winners in the Colgate Contest

(to see how many words  
can be made from "Col-  
gate's") were to be an-  
nounced in this issue.

So many long lists were sent  
in that the judges have not  
been able to complete the  
work of classifying them. We  
regret this very much and  
hope that contestants will  
pardon the delay.

Winners will be announced  
next month.

Any contestant who did not  
receive a free trial tube of  
Ribbon Dental Cream may  
receive one by writing to

**COLGATE & CO.**

Contest Dept. 60, 199 Fulton St., N.Y.

*Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious,  
lasting, refined*

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

Continued from page 57

### WAR PACKET FREE

to all who apply for my highgrade approval selection. Send  
two-cent stamp for return postage.

H. LITTEN, ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS.

**Stamps!** 333 Foreign Missionary stamps, only 7c. 100 for-  
eign, no 2 alike, incl. Mexico, Japan, etc., 5c.  
100 diff. U. S. fine, 30c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. Agents wanted,  
50%. List free! 1 Buy Stamps. L. B. DOVER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

**25** Xmas Cards and 135 Stamps 25 cents.  
"STAMP EXCHANGE," 401 MAPLE AVE., OAK PARK, ILL.



**FINE HAYTI SET, 1904, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c. FREE**  
**THE CATALOG VALUE OF THIS SET IS 48c.**

If you send 10c. for 10 weeks' subscription to Mykeel's Stamp  
Weekly, Boston, Mass., the best stamp paper in the whole world.  
All the news, stamp stories and bargains galore. If preferred,  
101 foreign or 50 different U. S. stamps.

6 mos. 25c. and Choice of These Premiums:

205 different foreign stamps, the world over; a collection of 102  
different U. S. stamps; illustrated book describing U. S. stamps;  
nice stamp album, holds 600 stamps.

MYKEEL'S WEEKLY STAMP NEWS

BOSTON, MASS.

# How to Start a Collection of Poster Stamps

## FIRST—

You get an album. Many ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls did this last month by sending the little coupon, like the one you see on the bottom of this page. If you will just do as it says, your album will be sent as soon as we get your coupon.

## SECOND—

You turn back to advertising page 26 of the November ST. NICHOLAS, and advertising page 5 of the August ST. NICHOLAS, and there you will find how to get the stamps of two of the best advertisers.

## THIRD—

You go to some of the storekeepers near you, show them your ST. NICHOLAS Album, and ask them if they have any stamps you can add to your collection. You can go to the grocery stores, drug stores, candy stores, hardware stores, and department stores. Perhaps you can go shopping with your mother.

## FOURTH—

You write to the advertisers who you know have poster stamps. Here is a partial list:

Mellins Food Co., Boston, Mass.  
Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Wells-Fargo Express Co., New York.  
Volland Poster Stamp Co., Chicago.  
North German Lloyd S. S. Co., N. Y.

Tell them you are making a permanent collection with the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp Album, and you have heard they have very nice stamps.

## FIFTH—

You can write to some of the companies who sell advertising stamps, such as the ones in this number.

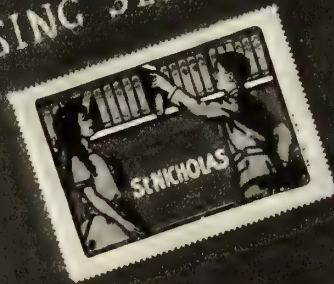
## SIXTH—

Ask your big brothers or sisters and fathers and mothers for the stamps they get with things they buy and the letters and packages they receive. Be sure every stamp you save is artistic, high grade, and descriptive of good products.

## Dear ST. NICHOLAS Readers:

To start your own collection of advertising stamps, send us the little corner coupon on this page or write us a letter enclosing 10c. in postage stamps

ST. NICHOLAS  
ADVERTISING STAMP ALBUM



ST. NICHOLAS  
33 E. 17th St., New York

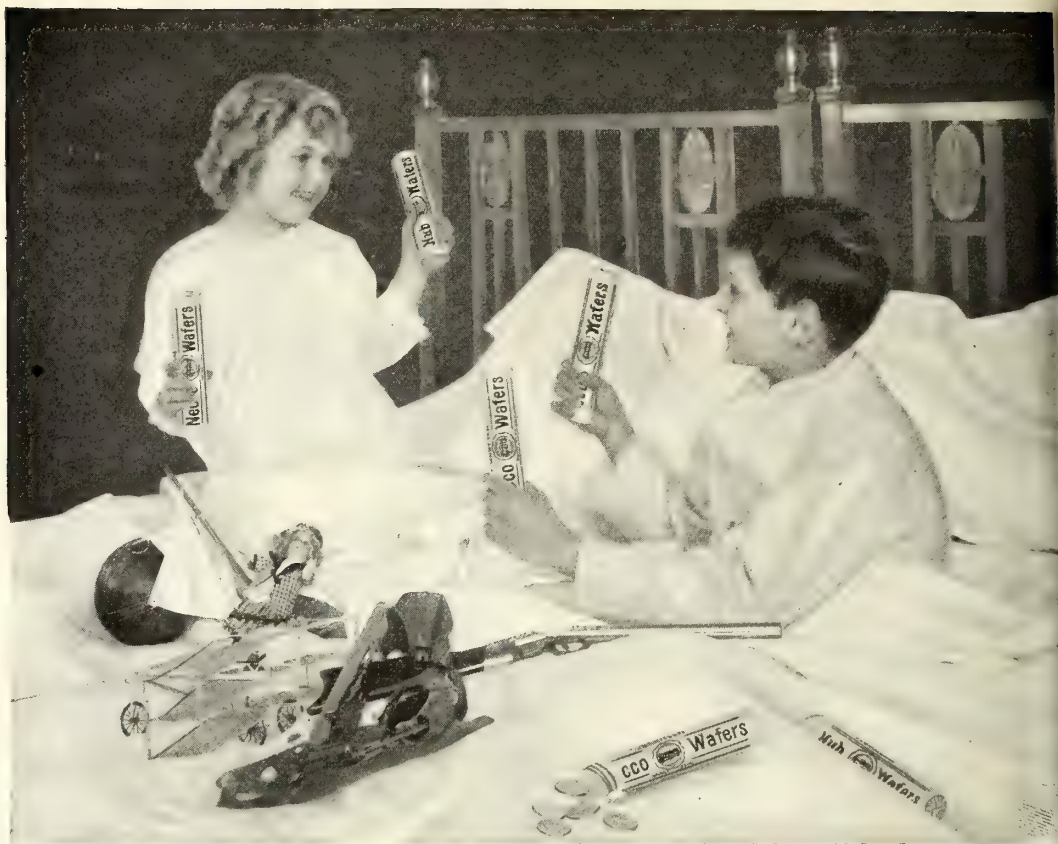
Dear ST. NICHOLAS: Enclosed find 10c. in stamps. Please send me the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP and the 32-page ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album.

NAME

ADDRESS

The real album measures seven inches by ten inches and has room for two or three hundred advertising stamps.





***"Just what we asked him to bring"***

"I knew old Santa Claus wouldn't forget us. He must have slipped in last night while we were asleep and put these Necco and Hub Wafers in our stockings. He certainly does know what little folks like. And mother says we can eat all we want, for they'll never hurt us."

**Necco Wafers      Hub Wafers**

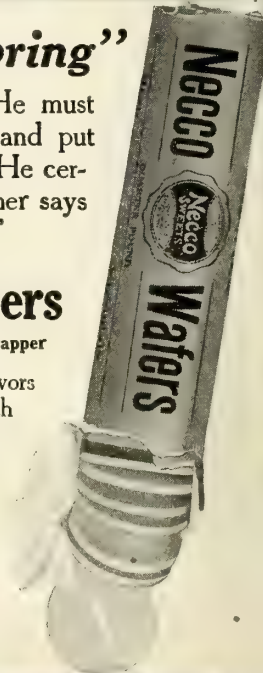
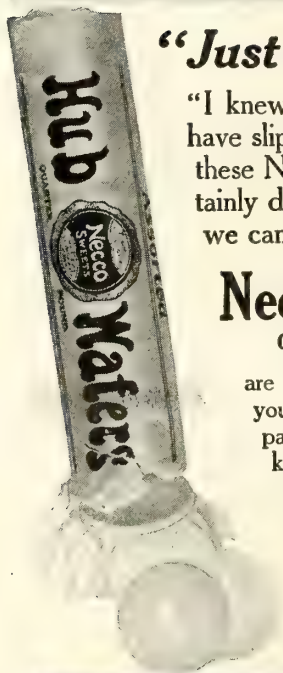
Glazed Paper Wrapper

Transparent Paper Wrapper

are made in the tastiest assortment of delicious flavors you can imagine. Just think—nine flavors in each package and all guaranteed pure. Thousands of kiddies will be eating these little joy disks on Christmas morning. Tell Santa to put some in *your* stocking.

**New England Confectionery Co.**  
Boston, Mass.

*Makers of "Necco Sweets"*



# Open on time

## War will not affect the 1915 Panama Expositions

Plan now to go and visit Grand Canyon  
of Arizona on the way

Four trains a day, including California Limited  
The Santa Fe de-Luxe (extra fare) weekly in winter

On request will send you our Panama Expositions  
and California trains folders.

W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager  
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1072 Railway Exchange, Chicago.





# POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month*



"SUSPENSE is really quite a dreadful thing," Peter Ponds said solemnly to Bill Conley as they walked across the campus together. "What do you mean by suspense?" Bill asked teasingly. "Well, if you must be so literal," Peter responded, using another big word he had just learned, "suspense is uncertainty which arouses apprehension or anxiety." Bill didn't know Peter had had to look up the word in the dictionary when writing home the night before, and so had learned the definition by heart. "Goodness gracious, Peter!" exclaimed Bill, astonished that Peter should know so much, "where did you learn it?" "Oh, I know more than you think, Bill," Peter declared.

From this conversation you can see that

Peter and Bill are better friends than they have been for a long time. In fact, Peter has asked Bill to spend the Christmas vacation at his home. Polly is going to ask Molly too, because the Conley home is so far away they can't go home very well.

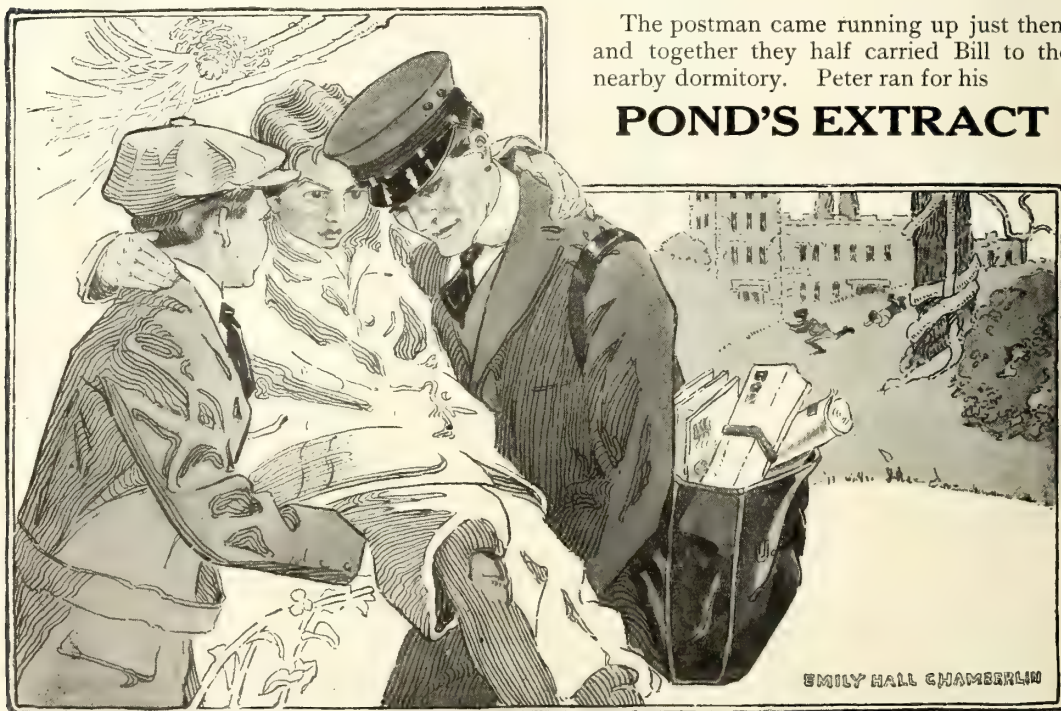
But going back to our story, you know better than Bill why Peter was looking up the meaning of suspense. You remember from last month that Uncle Will Ponds had sent Peter and Polly a surprise package, a very mysterious package.

Peter's package was late. He was beginning to think it was lost, and he was a good deal worried. As he and Bill crossed the campus, they spied the R. F. D. postman in front of the school. "There he is!" shouted Peter, gleefully, and started to run. "Who?" Bill asked, not knowing about the package. As Peter didn't answer, but just ran on, Bill made a rude dive for him, expecting to tackle him, but Peter was just too far away, and Bill went down with a thud, all in a heap. Peter turned quickly, crying out, "Did-you-hurt-yourself-Bill?"—all in one word.

Bill just gritted his teeth, gamely, and pointed to his stocking, the knee of which was torn badly. His knee was swollen a good deal, and all black and blue where it had struck the frozen ground.

The postman came running up just then, and together they half carried Bill to the nearby dormitory. Peter ran for his

## POND'S EXTRACT



EMILY HALL CHAMBERLIN

and cleansed and rubbed the bruised knee thoroughly. Pretty soon Bill could limp around. Then Peter wrapped his knee in a cloth soaked with Pond's Extract, and a few days later Bill was all right again. "It taught me a lesson, all right," he told Peter, "and you're a good sport to be decent to me when I tried to tackle you like that, Peter."

"Oh, that's nothing, Bill—Pond's Extract fixed you up—I didn't," said Peter deprecatingly (another big word of which we doubt if Peter knows the meaning).

The same postman who helped Bill brought Peter a letter from Polly which read:

"Dear Peter: I suppose your package has come, but anyway I'll tell you about mine, because something quite interesting happened about it when it came yesterday as we were returning from watching the Boys' High School football team play a practice game. (Oh, dear! I am all out of breath from that long sentence.) Well, anyway, it came; the package, I mean. Several of us girls, including Molly, had gotten our cheeks quite badly burned by the freezing northwest gale, and our lips were chapped too. Just as we got home there was the postman with my package. All the girls came to my room. I opened it—the package, I mean. What do you suppose Uncle Will had sent? There were samples of some of the good things the Pond's Extract Company makes:

"Pond's Extract, and Vanishing Cream, and Cold Cream, and Tooth Paste, and Face Powder, and Soap.

"You can imagine it wasn't long before our faces ceased to smart. My, but the girls thought they were fine! They all tried most of them, I guess, before they left, and every one of them has written to the Pond's Extract Company for a package just like mine. . . .

"Lovingly, Polly."

There was more in the letter, but that is the most interesting part.

If *you*, ST. NICHOLAS reader, will write to the Pond's Extract Company, they will send *you* a package just like the one Polly received.

We wish every ST. NICHOLAS reader a very Merry Christmas!

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York







# Wotsat in Wanamaker's

*Being a continuation of the adventures of Wotsat, the Spirit of Curiosity, and his merry fellow sprites in the Search for Information*

**SYNOPSIS CHAPTER I.**—Phansy, the Spirit of the Air, is sent to bring all the Children of the Earth to the Carnival of Delight. She rescues Alice from Wonderland, and gathers a merry company of sprites including Wotsat, Strumm, Pranko, Welsh, Optick, and many others. All are transported through the air in the Royal Bubble until, after many pranks, the bubble bursts and the children are rescued by the Big Butterflies which flutter over the Great City, each carrying a Sprite on his back.



## Chapter II

**N**OW it was Night, for the great ocean had climbed up into the sky and washed away the big round red sun.

Alice looked down through the gauzy webbing of the butterfly's wing, and a million glimmering little lights blinked up at her; she looked up and a million shimmering little stars blotted down at her.

"This is a world of blinks!" she murmured to herself.

Suddenly the butterfly stilled the flapping of his wings and soared in great spirals, or circles—down—down—down! Alice shouted in glee,—it was the sheer joy of coasting through the air.

Suddenly came Phansy mounted on her flying steed of purple and gold, and she shouted through her jeweled and spangled trumpet:

"All Bubble Babes alight at the top of the Moonbeam Ladder."

To her surprise, Alice beheld a huge luminous ladder projecting into the sky from two great large buildings. It seemed to be constructed of moonbeams curiously twisted and intertwined.

It was such fun!—clambering down the moonbeams with the merry sprites in mad pursuit,—Phansy, Pranko, Strumm, Wotsat, Welsh, Mr. Optick, and ever so many others!

Alice noticed a little sprite whom she had n't seen before—an elf all dressed in cardboard.

"That is a new kind of printed frock you wear," said Alice.

"My name is Taggie," replied the sprite.

"I am the spirit of plenty. You see, I have a sales form for a frock, and dollar-marks for wings—and I always carry this big Lucky Penny in my hand. I bring good fortune to little girls. Your mother never buys anything for you unless she consults with me. I am also called 'The Talking Pin-Ticket.'"

"Oh-h-h!" said Alice. "If I gave you a whole five cents could you buy me a pearl necklace? I would just *love* to have one!"

"No, dear, it can't be done! Better spend your five cents for lollypops."

This is the end of the flight in the air. The Bubble Babes had come to earth again, thanks to the Moonbeam Ladder. They were now in the Great City—in the Palace of Plenty, in the House of Wanamaker, in the midst of a Christmas Carnival!

Christmas at Wanamaker's!—a joy-world, a wonder-time, a marvel of delight. A land of enchantment for boys and girls, a world of enticement for little sprites.

Alice was amazed at the bigness of the place and the brightness of it. And the thousands of children,—from whence did they come, and how!

Suddenly, Phansy flew down out of the air followed by Strumm and Pranko. "Alice, get ready for the Grand March. The Bubble Babes will parade. We will show you all the marvels of the Wonder World at Wanamaker's."

Then came Taggie, The Talking Pin-Ticket, and she led Alice away to a seat under the big Christmas tree.

"Do you know, if you had your choice of everything in the world worth having, you could find it here! Do you know that little ivory clock once crashed through the jungles of India at the end of an elephant's nose? Do you know

that little leather purse used to go piggy-back riding through the mountains of Virginia? That China doll did n't come from China—it came from Germany. That steam-engine was made by a peasant who never rode on a railroad."

The Babes' Parade passed by the Big Tree, but Alice was too interested listening to Taggie to take much notice.

"See those rolls of beautiful silks. They are woven by the silk-worms of Japan,—then they are dyed in Germany, finished in France, and sold in America."

Alice felt some one pulling at her gown. It was Pranko, the spirit of mischief. "Come," he cried. "You are to join in the Babes' Chorus."

Taggie went with Alice and Pranko, and as they passed through the great House of Plenty, she explained all the strange stories of the beautiful things on every hand:—how we get pearls from Ceylon, and diamonds from Africa, and laces from Manila, and furs from Russia, and fashions from Paris. How Wanamaker's goes to the ends of the earth to gather the finest and best for little girls and their mothers.

Then down the Grand Stairway marched a thousand little girls and boys dressed in most beautiful colors, and each carrying a silken banner on which was embroidered:

### "THE WOTSAT CLUB"

"These," explained Taggie, "are the Wanamaker Girls and Boys. They belong to our club, 'The Wotsat Club,' which aims to make children more happy and useful. All good little children should join this club—because it helps you to learn of the many things you most want to know."

\*\*\*\*\*

Suddenly, Alice felt a shaking of her shoulder. "Wake up, dear," said her sister. "We will go to Wanamaker's." "I have been there, sister dear," replied Alice.

## JOIN THE WOTSAT CLUB

Enroll your children.

It costs nothing, but it will bring a world of joy and a fund of sugar-coated information.

Each month will come home, free of charge, the Wotsat magazine, containing further adventures of Wotsat in Wanamaker's.

At once will come to you, in booklet form, with illustrations in color, the first chapter of Wotsat, in addition to the chapter you have just read. Then you will have the whole connected story, up to date.

There will be heaps of fun and puzzles and things to do—and prizes to work for.

All boys and girls, whose parents or sponsors make the request, may enroll for membership. Address:

**WOTSAT IN WANAMAKER'S, New York or Philadelphia**

# This Meccano Model Puts You Right in Line for **AIRCRAFT BUILDING**



**This Happy Meccano Boy** has built this model in shining steel with Meccano parts. It is a tip-top design, well proportioned, with finely poised planes, landing chassis, and propeller geared up so that by moving the machine along a table the propeller is rotated.

## MECCANO

Boys, just imagine the fun of building this fine model; just feel your fingers tingling to get hold of the Meccano material and do the job!

Buy a Meccano Outfit, and you will build this Monoplane and scores of other real engineering models—cranes that raise, lower, and carry loads; wonderful bridges, with travelling carriages; lathes for real wood-turning; machines for various classes of work; battle-ships, towers, railroads, etc. Every day you can have a new model and a fresh thrill—Meccano's the game to keep the fun on the run.

**FREE BOOK NO. 7** tells you all about Meccano, and the delight of building engineering masterpieces in miniature. Plenty of pictures. Write for free boy's Book No. 7 to-day.

Meccano Outfits are complete with all necessary building parts and big illustrated Instruction Book. No extras to buy. For sale at Toy and Department Stores everywhere.



### MECCANO PRICES

No. 0....\$ 1	No. 3....\$ 6
No. 1.... 2	No. 4.... 10
No. 2.... 4	No. 5.... 14

**MECCANO COMPANY, INC.**

71 West 23d Street

(Corner of Sixth Avenue)

New York City



## ST. NICHOLAS' DEER AND DEARS



'Twas the night before Christmas—you all know the rest,  
At this time of the year you remember it best ;  
How Father and Mother, the children and mice  
Were all snuggled in bed, feeling warm and so nice.  
When out on the lawn Father heard such a clatter,  
He sprang from his bed to see what was the matter.

Then the story goes on to tell of the sight  
That greeted his eyes on that cold Christmas night.  
You know how he saw the old Saint with his deer  
Fly over the fences and up through the clear  
Frosty air to the house-top; he heard them alight  
(He could *hear* them, although they had gone out of sight).

Now this is the point we want to get clear—  
The *stamping* and *pawing* of each little deer,  
For, small as their hoofs were, they jarred that great house,  
So that nurse and the children and even the mouse  
Were disturbed in their rest as though it had thundered.  
(Surely, Santa, at this time you nearly had blundered,  
For if all the scrapes and the stamps had been louder  
'Twould have waked up the children like explosions of powder,  
And then you could not have come down the great flue  
With the bundle of toys as, of course, you must do.)

The old days of noisy slam-bang have gone by;  
Old Santa himself takes the trouble to buy  
O'Sullivan's Heels to put on himself  
And on each of his deer, the jolly old elf!

Now, parents, just follow this thought if you will:  
Provide all *your* dears with O'Sullivan's, till  
The house is as quiet at mid-day as though  
'Twere the middle of night and the ground were all snow,  
And the children were nestled all snug in their bed,  
Not a noise nor a sound—you'll have nothing to dread,  
They can play all the harder—for every one feels  
That no noise can be made with O'Sullivan's Heels.



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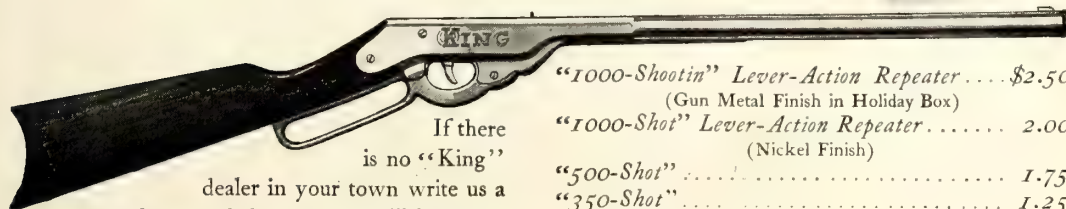
# From the Fun of Play— Come Habits That Stay—



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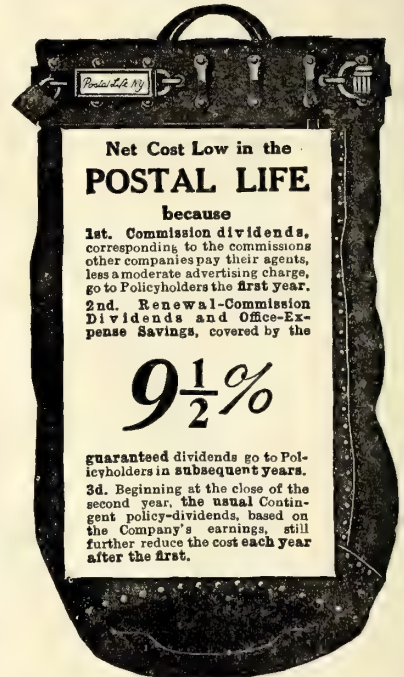
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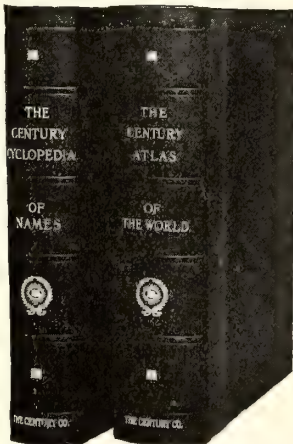
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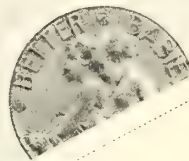
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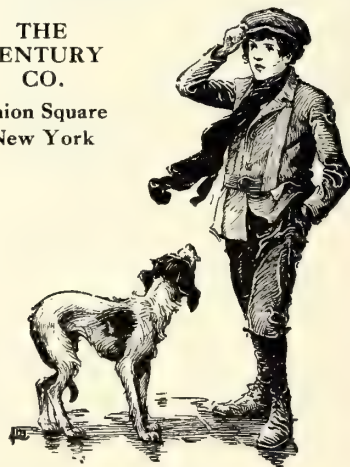
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

JANUARY, 1915

No. 3

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## THE LITTLE QUEEN OF TWELFTH-NIGHT

BY KATHARINE ELISE CHAPMAN

If she had not ridden to Newstowe Grange that afternoon before Twelfth-night, she would never have known about Robin, the poacher.

And who so joyous as Lady Marjorie, riding at her grandfather's side? Especially as her distant cousin, Percy de Lancy, was making his pony prance and canter, and was throwing teasing, roguish words at her of his better speed as he raced ahead.

"Better me no betters, Master Percy," laughed Marjorie, leaning over and patting her own Seafoam's neck. "We 'll show him who 's the better horse, won't we?"

"Dost thou then like thy birthday gift, my Meg?" asked her grandfather.

"Oh, my lord!—oh, Grandsire!—*like* him, coming from you? How could I *not* like him?—But, indeed, he seems just made to carry me."

"Hadst thou been a summer child, I would have given thee a jewel or other kickshaw; but hardy sports are more fitting for our midwinter maid who came to us twelve years ago on Twelfth-day. So thou art pleased?"

"Nothing could please me so well!" Marjorie rose in her saddle and grazed the earl's mustache with a kiss. "Indeed, dear Grandsire, this is the greatest birthday of my life."

Lord Penthaven smiled, well pleased. The boy Percy was heir of his title and earldom, but to Marjorie was given the old man's love.

"The maid is well grown and forward," he

thought, as the cousins raced ahead. "To-night she shall take her place as lady of Penthaven Castle. One of my own race shall again preside over the old rook's nest. The younger the better—she will learn all sweet customs by the time she and Percy are of an age to wed."

Marjorie's laugh echoed back clear upon the sweet, nipping air. The frosty grass crackled beneath their horses' hoofs, and little icicles hung from the bills of the stone swans at the fountain. Who so happy to-day as Lady Marjorie?

Just as Seafoam had sprung a length ahead at the park gates, Marjorie saw two men hurrying through the shadows, dragging a third between them. Lord Penthaven, riding up, reined in his horse.

"Who 's this?" he demanded.

"Robin Hogg, plowman, m'lord," replied one of the men. "We caught 'im stealin' a hare, m'lord; caught 'im in the act."

Through the gloom Marjorie peered at the thief's face. He looked hungry and ill, with soft, hollow eyes.

"Rascal! Has the fellow been poaching again—and twice pardoned already?—Ride on, Percy, with my granddaughter.—Take him to the tower," Marjorie heard her grandfather add, as she moved away; "I 'll finish this business after Twelfth-day."

The laughter was all gone from the girl's lips and eyes, and the lightness from her heart. She





THE LITTLE LADY OF THE MANOR "BLESSES" THE GRAND OLD APPLE-ORCHARD.

had seen tears, but never such a woeful face as this. She rode on silent and thoughtful, between huge bonfires beginning to blaze on every side. Men were shouting gaily to each other, and the Twelfth-night song echoed far from field and hayrick.

It was only when they reached Newstowe Grange that Marjorie began to be her happy self again. The farm was a portion of her own dower, and she had come as little lady of the manor to "bless" the grand old apple-orchard. Standing in great state by the oldest apple-tree, she sipped the farmer's hard cider without making a wry face—even sipping it again like a gracious little lady—then emptied the big pewter pitcher upon the ground, singing:

"Here's to thee, old apple-tree!"

while the men's voices took up the chorus:

"Mightily bud and mightily blow,  
And afterward give us apples enow!"

The great park gates stood wide open as the children raced up again, leaving Lord Penthaven behind. Seafoam sprang aside as a woebegone figure stepped forward into the moonlight. It was a woman. Her feet were bare, and she was shivering. Marjorie could see a baby's head against her bosom—a wan, lean little face.

"Come hither, poor woman," said Marjorie, quieting Seafoam. "What is thy name?"

"Lisbeth Hogg, m'lady."

"And is the baby hungry?"

"Hungry and cold, m'lady."

"Ah, poor babe! And thou, too!—Here, take this." The girl drew a coin from the purse at her girdle.

Instead of taking it, the poor creature burst into tears and fell upon her knees.

"Oh, m'lady, m'lady! I can go hungry—but Robin, my man! Speak to m'lord, m'lady"—She choked and was silent a moment. "Oh, sweet m'lady, do not let them—"

"It must be the wife of Robin, the poacher!" exclaimed Percy.

"Ah!" Marjorie burst into sudden tears. She had been told how people were punished in England for stealing; but nothing like this had ever come near her before.

"Oh, why did he do wrong?" she asked, sobbing.

"Ah, m'lady, m'lady, you know not what it is to starve—and he too ill to work! And the hares so near—they ran by the door— Speak to m'lord, m'lady!"

"I will, I will, indeed!" Marjorie choked back her tears as Lord Penthaven, riding up, tossed the woman a coin without asking her business.

Yet the earl wondered to see his granddaughter so quiet.

"Art afeard, Meg?" he asked, as they entered the shadows of the park again.

"No, my lord." And yet she was afraid, because she dreaded to speak to him about Robin. Not even Marjorie dared to cross his stern will. She trembled for herself; yet, still more, she

called her grandfather, as Marjorie ran up the broad steps.

After her tiring-women had finished dressing her, she stood a moment before her mirror, prinking herself with little pats at her wide lace collar and long, lace-bordered apron. Her maid had left some clustering yellow curls in front of her ears, and tied all the rest back at the crown of



"MARJORIE MADE THE FIRST CUT INTO THE TWELFTH-DAY CAKE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

trembled for the thief. Twelfth-night eve should be so joyous, and yet her young heart was heavy. If only her gentle mother had lived! But Percy whispered, "Cheer up, sweet Coz!" as he caught her hand in the darkness, and then she hoped that together they would find a way.

As they dismounted at the great hall, it was blazing with long rows of sconces and torches high among the stags' heads, while mighty logs yielded up their hearts in fire.

"Put on thy bravest finery, to-night, Meg!"

her head with a bright ribbon. The new gown of blue Padua satin glistened with silver roses. It had been copied from one worn by the king's little sister when she sat for her portrait to the great court painter.

"Grandsire will be pleased with me to-night," she said, with sparkling eyes.

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" called Percy from the gallery. Starting back as she sprang to the door, Percy threw up his hands as if dazzled by the girl's splendor. His dark eyes twinkled as he



fell upon one knee, bowing so low that his short sword clanked upon the floor.

"My lord bids the Lady Marjorie to the hall," he said.

Marjorie laughed aloud.

"Go before, Sir Page, and tell his lordship that I come."

She gathered up her satin skirts and minced daintily along, swinging on tiptoe and tossing her head when Percy threw a laughing glance backward.

But when she reached the staircase, she drew back blushing. It was lined on either side with people, and, below, stood Lord Penthaven, beckoning to her. As she tripped timidly down, the castle ladies followed in her train. When they reached the green-and-gold-covered dais, her grandfather, looking very stately in full dress, seated her at his right hand, with Percy on his left. Then he introduced her to his people as from that time the lady of the castle. Amid cheers which shook the glass dome, Marjorie rose with glowing cheeks and curtsied shyly to the earl.

The broad leaves of the outer door then swung open, and, amid a mighty clamor, a huge cake appeared, borne on a trestle and sparkling with silver frosting. It was a copy of Penthaven Castle itself, with glistening battlements. After the cake followed the Twelfth-night mummers. They danced around the cake, singing the "cake song," and then the real business of the evening began.

The Twelfth-day cake was cut.

Marjorie made the first cut into it and Percy the second. Somewhere inside that huge mountain of sweetness was a gold coin and a ring. Whoever got the coin would be king of the revels, and the ring would go to the queen.

The company waited, expectant and eager, until all were served. Then Marjorie broke her own piece in two, and, lo! a gold ring fell out! When at almost the same instant Percy found the coin, there was a shout of laughter, and the guests, trooping up to the dais, put the tinsel crowns upon the heads of the boy and the girl. Lord Penthaven rose and, bowing low, gave up his seat to Percy.

In the meantime, Tom, the earl's jester, had been sitting at his master's feet, throwing in a word or shaking his cap and bells. But now Lord Penthaven lifted with his staff the cap from the jester's head.

"Take off thy fool's bells," he said. "Thy crown is out of joint. We have another king of fools to-night."

But the jester snatched at his cap and flung it

so truly that it caught on one of the points of Percy's crown.

"Take my diadem, Your Majesty!" he said. "You 'll need it to raise the laugh. There's more wit under the fool's cap than under the king's crown."

But Percy tossed it back. "Keep thy wit, Sir Fool!" he replied, very smartly. "I 'll risk the folly for the sake of the crown."

The jester nodded. "Spoken like a right true king," he said.

The young king of Twelfth-night then called for the "lamb's-wool," and all drank, singing; for the ale was hot, sweet, and spiced, and white with crushed apples. After that came a pause. Percy stood silent, while Marjorie, with a pang, thought suddenly of the poor gaunt thief in the dungeon tower.

"Gracious Consort," at last said the king, turning to her, "you also must rule the revels.—Help me, *do*, Coz!" he pleaded, in a whisper. "My wits are wanting."

Tom the jester grinned and held out his cap. Marjorie, brought to the front so suddenly, could think of but one thing—to fly. Springing from her chair, she called out, "Follow me!" and fluttered down the hall like a captive bluebird. Percy made a streak of crimson in her trail.

At the outer door Marjorie called again, "Catch me who can!" and in a moment the cousins were tearing across the stone-paved and moonlit court. Passing the entrance arch and the tower where Robin was confined, Marjorie burst through a door into a stone passage lit by torches, and flew up a narrow staircase. There the children paused a moment to listen to laughing voices in the court, and a well-known tinkle. Tomfool was leading the chase like a bell-wether. The race began to be exciting. It had turned into a game of hide-and-seek. The children darted forward again.

After many turnings and windings through the old castle, they at last darted into a great room lying in dim moonlight, where huge figures towered on either hand like ghosts, and dark heaps here and there gave back a faint clang to their footsteps.

"See, a light!" whispered Percy to the trembling girl. He seized her hand and drew her toward a small door which stood ajar.

Their eyes were dazzled with sudden brightness. A sparkling candelabrum hung from the ceiling of the little room beyond. It threw a glory of light upon a large painting in front of them. Hand in hand they crossed the room and stood gazing.

The picture showed them a long, dim shed where



"‘YOU ARE FREE!’ SAID MARJORIE TO THE DAZZLED AND WONDERING CULPRIT."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



sat a simply clad woman with a Babe in her arms, and near them cattle were feeding from a manger. The beautiful Child had only a coarse cloth thrown about Him; but an old man, holding up a bowl full of glistening things, knelt, with two others, before the Babe as if in worship.

"The Christ-child!" exclaimed Percy. "Why, Coz, is not He the true King of Twelfth-night?"

"But what a low, dark, empty place!" replied Marjorie. "And see—snow lying upon the roof, and the baby looks cold—oh, Percy! the poor, poor babe at the park gate to-night—and Robin—"

The tears gathered in her eyes. She touched her satin bodice and the wide rich lace about her neck.

"My grandsire loads me with his favor—"

Just then, merry voices were heard echoing along the corridors.

"They are coming!" and Percy, laughing, led her from the room by another door than that by which they had entered. The long passage before them ended in gleams of moonlight beyond. Into the moonlight they ran, and out upon a parapet which overlooked the great court. At their right hand the old dungeon tower stood black in the moonlight.

Marjorie shivered with cold and the gloom of the place.

"Oh, Percy! to think of being shut in there, so cold, so dark—and poor Robin is there to-night! He cannot work now, even if he would—and his wife and baby starving!"

"If I should ever be earl," said Percy, his dark eyes flashing, "I'll pull down the old—"

The foremost of the pursuing party at that moment burst out upon the parapet. A young knight, leading a lady, came forward, and after falling upon one knee, rose and threw about Marjorie's shoulders a cloak rich with fur.

"My Lord of Penthaven beseeches Your Majesty to be covered from the chill," he said.

"For me—all good things for me," thought Marjorie, smiling; and yet the tears fell from her eyes upon the velvet. She looked across the court to where, around a corner, glowed the light from the great hall windows.

"So much for me—and so little for them," she said, turning to Percy.

"So little for—whom?" demanded Lord Penthaven, stepping out into the moonlight.

With sudden courage she fluttered forward and fell at his feet.

"A boon, a boon, dear my lord!" she pleaded.

"Does not my Twelfth-night queen know that she has only to command?" laughed the earl.

But she slipped away from his smiling face and

outstretched hand, and still knelt before him with moist eyes.

"Give me Robin poacher, oh, sweet my lord; do not let him lie longer in the cold dungeon!"

"What, what, tears? Tears on Twelfth-night—on thy birthday eve? This must not be. Why, the fellow is a pestilent thief, and needs the dungeon for his better manners."

"But see! you have given me everything"—the girl seized the earl's hand and kissed it, forgetful of all who might be looking on. "Give me this also—the poor poacher's freedom! Let him have bread and work, too, that he may not steal, oh, dear my lord!"

By this time, Percy was kneeling at his cousin's side.

"Have these two chits conspired against me?" asked the earl, laughing.

Calling for his page, he led Marjorie back into the room where hung the painting. In a few moments, Robin appeared with his guard. Behind them followed the trembling wife.

"You are free!" said Marjorie to the dazzled and wondering culprit. "But oh, do not come within the law again!"

She drew off her own new ring, and Percy, guessing her intent, held out to her his bright golden coin.

"See, here are gifts. Take them as from the Christ-child, the little Lord Jesus," she said, pointing to the picture. "This is *His* night. And stay at the castle till morn; we will find a place and work for you—shall we not, my lord?" she asked, turning to her grandfather, a look of irresistible appeal in her soft eyes.

Lord Penthaven smiled. The company, who had gathered around, gave a pleased murmur of assent. Tom the jester, hovering in the background, shook the bells upon his cap. Robin stood dazed, with bowed head, turning over in his hand the gold. But the wife knelt and kissed the girl's satin robe with mumbled blessings and with tears.

SUCH a happy company as trooped back to the hall—such jests—such merriment! Tom was wittier than ever; and even Percy's tutor translated an old joke from the Latin, at which everybody laughed because their hearts were full.

As for Marjorie, she was between laughing and crying all the time, just for joy. Robin was safe, and already the earl had promised her largess for all the poor around the castle.

At the Twelfth-day dinner on the morrow, every one toasted the children's healths, and declared it was the happiest Twelfth-day Penthaven Castle had ever known.



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"KISS AND BE FRIENDS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.



# A SCHOOL-BOY'S EXERCISE OF 1700 YEARS AGO.

BY BERTHA JOHNSTON

"WHAT do you most want to see?" asked my young nephew, as we mounted the steps to the entrance of the great British Museum.

Without a moment's hesitation I answered his question by saying:

"For years I have been curious about the wax writing-tablets of the Greeks and Romans. How could one write upon wax so legibly and durably that the message could be carried to a distance, perhaps, and then read by another? Surely if, by any rare chance, such a tablet has been preserved through the centuries, it will be found here."

[With a nod of satisfaction, my guide, an eager student of Greek and Latin history and literature, conducted me to a case where we found the treasures I had longed to see. Strange to say, the best preserved specimen was that of a school-boy's exercise dating back to about the second century of the Christian era. Thanks to the courtesy of the museum authorities, we are able to reproduce for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS this interesting tablet, with its scrawling, school-boy characters still legible, after the lapse of 1700 years.]

At first glance, one thinks, "Why, it is only a modern slate, with the usual wooden frame in which are bored two holes, for attaching sponge and slate-pencil!" But closer inspection reveals that what so resembles a slate, inscribed with whitish pencil-marks, is really a thin layer of black wax which covers a tablet of wood, having a raised margin to protect the writing from being rubbed. The whole measures seven by ten inches. The two holes in the rim were for the strings which bound it to a fellow-tablet, making a book with the waxed surfaces inside, such a two-leaved book being called a diptych (twice-folded).

Written upon this tablet are two boyish exercises, separated by a vertical line. The one to the left is the multiplication table, from "once one is one" to 3 times 10 is 30.

On the right side is a column showing the division between word stems and terminations. But what with the evident carelessness of the child,

and the wear and tear of time, the poorly made characters are difficult to decipher and translate. The fact that it is an exercise in etymology rather than one in sentence-making, doubtless accounts, in part, for its obscurity.

In order that the reader may better follow and understand this old-time exercise in number-work, we append herewith, for comparison with the tablet, the Greek numerals from 1 to 10,—20 and 30. The Greek symbol for one was the first letter of the alphabet,  $\alpha$ , with a stroke above it,  $\alpha'$ . 2 was  $\beta$  with a stroke,  $\beta'$ , and so on, till we come to six, which, instead of being represented by the corresponding sixth letter, was symbolized by a primitive form,  $\varsigma'$ . This spoils the uniformity of the scheme, as will be seen from the accompanying table. Note, however, that, in this

## Greek Alphabet and Numerals

1. A  $\alpha'$
  2. B  $\beta'$
  3.  $\Gamma$   $\gamma$
  4.  $\Delta$   $\delta'$
  5. E  $\epsilon'$
  6.  $\varsigma'$  (Primitive)
  7. Z  $\zeta'$
  8. H  $\eta'$
  9.  $\Theta$   $\theta'$
  10. I  $\iota'$
  20. K  $\kappa'$
  30.  $\Lambda$   $\lambda'$
- $\Gamma \Delta \text{ IB} = 3 \times 4 = 12$

boy's exercise, the capitals are used in most cases, instead of the small letters with the stroke. With the aid of a magnifying-glass, the different characters can be readily distinguished.

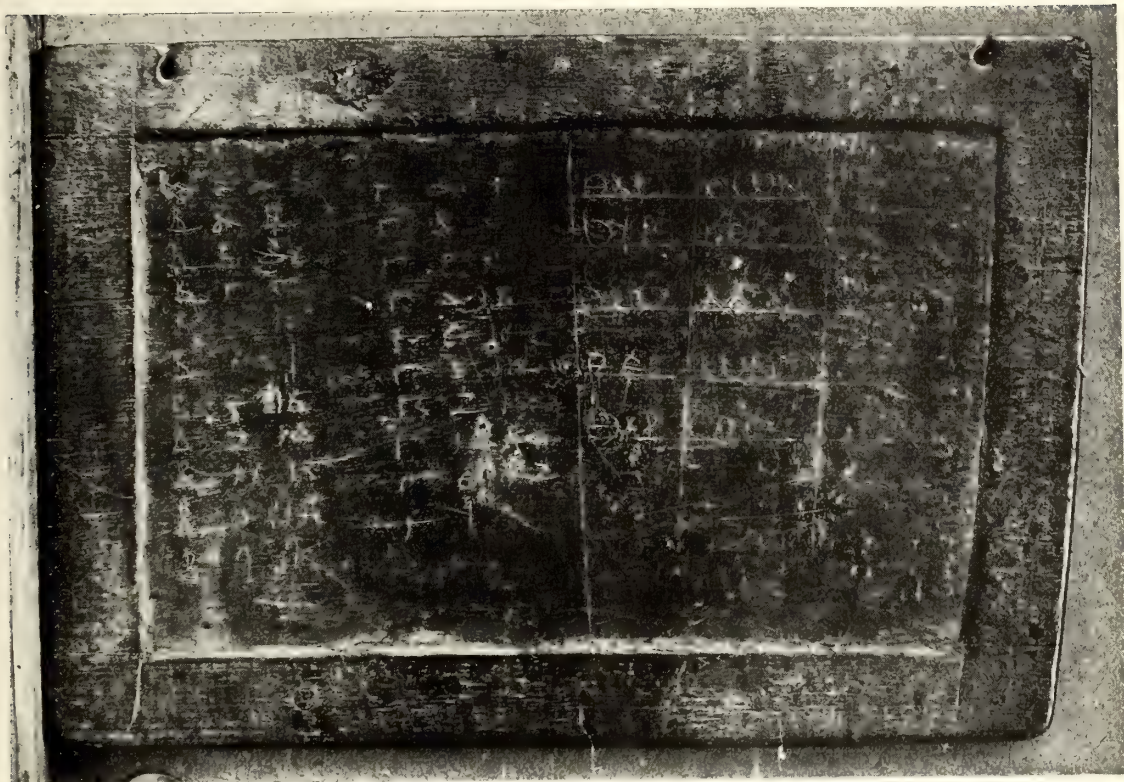
Upon another visit to the museum, we were permitted to hold in our hands the first tablet's twin. This second leaf is carefully inscribed by the schoolmaster with two lines of verse, one from Menander.<sup>1</sup> These are twice copied by the pupil. Our youngster was either quite new to his task, or of a happy-go-lucky nature, since he left so small a space for the second copy that the lines had to be drawn very close together, in order to squeeze in the letters at all; in some places they overlap, and in some come too far within the guiding lines. Neither speed nor beauty, however, was required of the average school-boy in the brave days of

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from the wise or witty sayings of the comic poet Menander (342-291 B.C.) were frequently used for writing and dictating exercises. Among those that might well have been thus employed are the following:

"Nothing is more useful than silence."

"Truth, when not sought after, often comes to light."

"It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand, as to recall a word once spoken."



## A SCHOOL-BOY'S EXERCISE OF 1700 YEARS AGO.

From the wax tablet in the British Museum.

## [TRANSLATION]

a a a (1×1=1)	Γ a Γ (3<1=3)
B a B (2×1=2)	Γ B ς (3×2=6)
B B Δ (2<2=4)	Γ Γ Θ (3<3=9)
B Γ ς (2<3=6)	Γ Δ IB (3<4=12)
B Δ H (2<4=8)	Γ EIE (3×5=15)
B E I (2×5=10)	Γ ς IH (3×6=18)
B ς IB (2<6=12)	Γ Z Ka (3<7=21)
B Z I Δ (2<7=14)	Γ H K Δ (3<8=24)
B H I ς (2<8=16)	Γ Θ KZ (3×9=27)
B Θ IH (2<9=18)	Γ I λ (3×10=30)
B I K (2×10=20)	

The first line may be translated thus:

- (1) Θ A P (P) E ω N  
 courageous being (being courageous),  
 the pupil having mistakenly put the E on the  
 wrong side of the line.
- (2) This line is very obscure, as it is difficult to tell  
 whether the tail on the upper left side of the first  
 letter is really the tail that converts the o into the  
 σ (s), or the accent that indicates "rough breath-  
 ing." If intended for the former, it might be the  
 root of the word for "Syria."
- (3) Although three of these letters are clear, the mean-  
 ing is obscure.
- (4) This line may be translated:  
 Θ E | ω N "Of the gods."
- (5) In this line again we recognize the root of "coura-  
 geous"; Θ A P. Apparently this boy was better  
 in "figures" than in grammar, and would not have  
 received 100 per cent. in the latter exercise.



old. If such were demanded, a slave performed the task. But the child must mind his p's and q's in regard to legibility—only there was no q in the Greek alphabet, and our letter p represented the r sound to him!

The tool with which our small boy traced his letters was the so-called style or stylus. It was



AN IVORY STYLUS, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

made of wood, bone, or ivory, often of beautiful or fantastic shape and decoration; one end was pointed for writing or *ploughing*<sup>1</sup> (as Roman writers later expressed it) in the wax. The other end was flat and broad, for erasing impressions already made and smoothing over the surface to make ready for further writing. When skilful with the use of the stylus, the boy might be promoted to practise with a reed pen upon papyrus, the "paper" of the Greeks and Romans.

Horace, the Roman poet, gives some good advice, as true to-day as it was then, when he says: "Often turn the style [correct with care], if you expect to write anything worthy of being read."

<sup>1</sup> Bias (sixth century B.C.), one of the Seven Sages, speaks of "turning in writing like oxen in ploughing," a reference to the custom, at one period, of writing from left to right and then back from right to left. The word is particularly appropriate, however, because the stylus did actually make a tiny furrow in the wax.

Would our little heedless school-boy have used his stylus more carefully had he dreamed that his exercise would be examined by curious eyes, almost 2000 years later? This rare human document brings so near to us a little fellow of a school era now so long vanished that we are glad he had no inkling of the immortality his childish labors were to achieve, lest he should have tried to make his alpha, beta, gamma's unboyishly perfect.

As it is, we are left free to wonder why it was he worked with such apparent carelessness. Was he in haste to join his playfellows in a game of ball, or marbles, or knucklebones? Or was he a beginner, just learning to use an instrument that was new to him and difficult to manage without the teacher's guiding hand?

Whatever the reason for his haste, his number-work was correct, as can be proved by any school-boy of to-day who has learned the old Greek numerals.

O little school-boy of that distant day,

Full many a line, oft heedless and in haste,

Time's pupil, Man, has written and erased,

With History's stylus, since yours dropped in play.

## AFTER SCHOOL

2 P.M.

"LET me see," said lazy Lynn. "Oceans of time to do them in—Seven examples. And some will be just as easy as pie for me. Compound numbers are simple enough, once you get the hang of the stuff. I think I 'll drop around to the gym, and try the tank. I 'd like a swim."

4 P.M.

"Twenty-fifth? You 're sure of the date? My library book is two days late. I promised Mother it should n't stay out for another single day. Want to walk to the library, Jack? I 've got a book that must go back. And then for home. I must n't forget I have n't done those examples yet."

5 P.M.

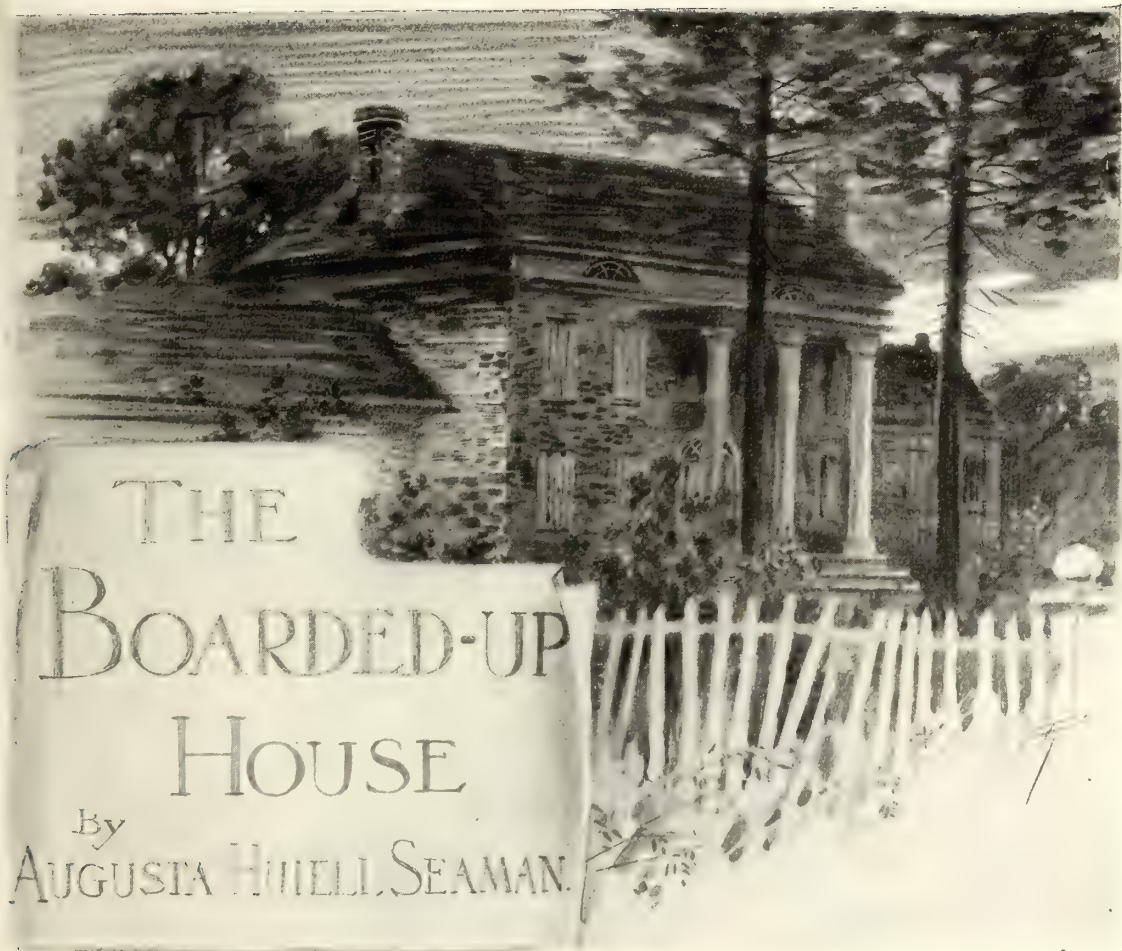
His mother calls him. "That you, Lynn? Your cousin 's here, my boy; come in. She 's come to dinner, and brings good news—an invitation you can't refuse. She wants to know if you can go to-night to the moving-picture show. There 's a tiger-hunt in Hindustan, I 've told her that I 'm sure you can."

6 P.M.—10 P.M.

Those examples! Poor little sinner! And yet a boy *must* have his dinner. Next, the "movies." Then to bed. "I 'll get up early and do 'em," he said. But let these stars \* \* \* \* \* denote the night; and then suppose it 's broad daylight—Let X be Lynn, and Y the bed,—and X was still in Y, 't is said!

Some things we learn outside of school. Among them is this splendid rule:  
*Having lessons to do each day, Pro-cras-ti-nation is not the way.*

*Tudor Jenks.*



## CHAPTER I

### GOLIATH LEADS THE WAY

**C**YNTHIA sat on her veranda steps, chin in hand, gazing dolefully at the gray September sky. All day, up to half an hour before, the sky had been cloudlessly blue, the day warm and radiant. Then, all of a sudden, the sun had slunk shamefacedly behind a high rising bank of cloud, and its retiring had been accompanied by a raw, chilly wind. Cynthia scowled. Then she shivered. Then she pulled the collar of her white sweater up to her ears and buttoned it over. Then she muttered something about "wishing Joy would hurry, for it's going to rain!" Then she dug her hands into her sweater pockets and stared across the lawn at a blue hydrangea bush with a single remaining bunch of blossoms hanging heavy on its stem.

Suddenly there was a flash of red on a veranda farther down the street, and a long, musical whistle. Cynthia jumped up and waved madly. The flash of red, speeding toward her, developed into a bright red sweater, cap, and skirt.

"Don't scold! Now you must n't be cross, Cynthia. Anne was just putting a big batch of sugar-cookies in the oven, and I simply *had* to wait till they were done! I've brought a lot over for you. Here!" The owner of the red sweater crammed a handful of hot cookies into Cynthia's pocket.

"You did keep me waiting an age, Joy," Cynthia began, struggling with a mouthful of cooky; "but I forgive you. I'd almost begun to be—angry!" Joy (her right name was Joyce) ignored the latter remark.

"We can't go! Momsie positively forbade it. Why on earth could n't it have kept sunny a little longer? It'll rain any minute now, I suppose."

"I know," Cynthia sympathized. "Mother for-



bade me too, long before you came out. And we counted on it so! Won't be much more chance to go canoeing *this* season." They sat down listlessly on the veranda steps, and solaced themselves with the last remnants of the cookies. Life appeared a trifle drab, as it usually does when cherished plans are demolished and the sun goes in! Very shortly there were no more cookies.

"What on earth has happened to your hydrangea bush? It was full of blossoms yesterday," Joyce suddenly exclaimed.

"Bates's pup!" replied Cynthia, laconically. There was no need of further explanation. Joyce giggled at its shorn appearance, and then relapsed into another long silence. There were times when these two companions could talk frantically for hours on a stretch. There were other seasons when they would sit silent yet utterly understanding one another for equally prolonged periods. They had been bosom friends from babyhood, as their parents had been before them. Shoulder to shoulder they had gone through kindergarten and day-school together, and were now abreast in their first high-school year. Even their birthdays fell in the same month. And the only period of the year which saw them parted was the few weeks during vacation when their respective parents (who had different tastes in summer resorts) dragged them unwillingly away to mountain and sea-shore. Literally, nothing else ever separated them save the walls of their own dwellings—and the Boarded-up House.

It is now high time to introduce the Boarded-up House, which has been staring us out of countenance ever since this story began! For the matter of that, it had stared the two girls out of countenance ever since they came to live in the little town of Rockridge, one on each side of it. And long before they came there, long before ever they were born, or Rockridge had begun its mushroom growth as a pretty, modern, country town, the Boarded-up House had stared the passers-by out of countenance with almost irritating persistence.

It was set well back from the street, in a big inclosure guarded by a very rickety picket-fence, and a gate that was never shut but hung loosely on one hinge. Unkempt bushes and tall, rank grass flourished in this inclosure, and near the porch grew two pine-trees like sentinels at the entrance. At the back was a small orchard of ancient cherry-trees, and near the rear door a well-curb, with the great sweep half rotted away.

The house itself was a big, rambling affair of the Colonial type, with three tall pillars supporting the veranda roof and reaching above the sec-

ond story. On each side of the main part was a generous wing. It stood rather high on a sloping lawn, and we have said that it "stared" at passers-by—with truth, because very near the roof were two little windows shaped like half-circles. They somehow bore a close resemblance to a pair of eyes that stared and stared and *stared* with calm, unwinking blankness.

As to the other windows and doors, they were all tightly boarded up. The boards in the big front door had a small door fashioned in them, and this door fastened with a very rusty lock. No one ever came in or out. No one ever tended the grounds. The place had been without an occupant for years. The Boarded-up House had always been boarded up, as long as its neighbors could recollect. It was not advertised for sale. When the little town of Rockridge began to build up, people speculated about it for a while with considerable interest. But as they could never obtain any definite information about it, they finally gave it up, and accepted the queer old place as a matter of course.

To Cynthia Sprague and Joyce Kenway, it had, when they first came to live on either side of it, some five years before, afforded for a while an endless source of attraction. They had played house on the broad veranda, climbed the trees in the orchard, organized elaborate games of hide-and-seek among the thick, high bushes that grew so close to the walls, and in idle moments had told each other long stories about its former (imaginary) inmates. But as they grew older and more absorbed in outside affairs, their interest in it ceased, till at length it came to be only a source of irritation to them, since it separated their homes by a wide space that they considered rather a nuisance to have to traverse.

So they sat, on this threatening afternoon, cheated of their anticipated canoe-trip on the little stream that threaded its way through their town to the wide Sound,—sat munching sugar-cookies, glowering at the weather, and thinking of nothing very special. Suddenly there was a flash of gray across the lawn, closely pursued by a streak of yellow. Both girls sprang to their feet, Joyce exclaiming indignantly:

"Look at Bates's pup chasing Goliath!" The latter individual was the Kenways' huge Maltese cat, well deserving of his name in appearance, but not in nature, for he was known to be the biggest coward in cat-dom. The girls stood on tiptoe to watch the chase. Over the lawn and through an opening in the picket-fence of the Boarded-up House sped Goliath, his enemy yapping at his heels, and into the tangled thicket of bushes about the nearer wing. Into the bushes

also plunged Bates's pup, and there ensued the sound of sundry, baffled yelps. Then, after a moment, Bates's pup emerged, one ear comically cocked, and ambled away in search of other entertainment. Nothing else happened, and the girls resumed their seat on the veranda steps. Presently Joyce remarked, idly:

guid interest, only seeking to pass the time, but had suddenly ended up with tremendous enthusiasm. That was like Joyce.

"I don't see what you want to do that for," argued Cynthia. "I don't care what became of him as long as he got away from Bates's pup, and I'm very comfortable right here!" Cynthia

was large and fair and plump, and inclined to be a little indolent.

"But don't you see," insisted Joyce, "that he must have hidden in some strange place,—and one he must have known about, too, for he went straight to it! I'm just curious to find out his 'bunk.' " Joyce was slim and dark and elfin, full of queer pranks, sudden enthusiastic plans, and very vivid of imagination, a curious contrast to the placid, slow-moving Cynthia. Joyce also, as a rule, had her way in matters, and she had it now.

"Very well!" sighed Cynthia, in slow assent. "Come on!" They wandered down the steps, across the lawn, through

the gap in the fence, and tried to part the bushes behind which Goliath had disappeared. But they were thick lilac bushes, grown high and rank. Joyce struggled through them, tearing the pocket of her sweater and pulling her hair awry. Cynthia prudently remained on the outskirts. The quest did not greatly interest her.

"There's nothing back there but the foundation of the house," she remarked.

"You're wrong. There is!" called back Joyce, excitedly, from the depths. "Crawl around the



"A FLIGHT OF STAIRS COULD BE DIMLY DISCERNED." (SEE PAGE 207.)

"Does it strike you as queer, Cynthia, what could have become of Goliath?"

"Not at all," replied Cynthia, who had no special gift of imagination. "What *could* have happened to him? I suppose he climbed into the bushes."

"He could n't have done that without being in reach of the pup," retorted Joyce. "And he could n't have come out either side, or we'd have seen him. Now where can he be? I vote we go and look him up!" She had begun with only a lan-



end of the bushes, Cyn! It will be easier. I want to show you something." There was so much suppressed mystery in Joy's voice that Cynthia obeyed without demur, and back of the bushes found her examining a little boarded-up window into the cellar. One board of it had, through age and dampness, rotted and fallen away. There happened to be no glass window-frame behind it.

"Here 's where Goliath disappeared," whispered Joyce, "and he 's probably in there now!" Cynthia surveyed the hole unconcernedly.

"That 's so," she agreed. "He will probably come out after a while. Now that you 've discovered his 'bunk,' I hope you 're coming back to the veranda. We might have a game of tennis, too, before it rains." Joyce sat back on her heels, and looked her companion straight in the eye.

"Cynthia," she said, in a tense whisper, "did it ever occur to you that there 's something *strange* about the Boarded-up House?"

"No," declared Cynthia, honestly, "it never did. I never thought about it."

"Well, I have—sometimes, at least,—and once in a long while, do you know, I 've even dreamed I was exploring it. Look here, Cynthia, would n't you *like* to explore it? I 'm just crazy to!" Cynthia stared and shrugged her shoulders.

"Mercy, no! It would be dark and musty and dirty. Besides, we 've no business in there. We 'd be trespassers. What ever made you think of it? There 's probably nothing to see, anyway. It 's an empty house."

"That 's just where you 're mistaken!" retorted Joyce. "I heard Father say once that it was furnished throughout, and left exactly as it was,—so some one told him, some old lady, I think he said. It 's a Colonial mansion, too, and stood here before the Revolution. There was n't any town of Rockridge, you know, till just recently,—only the turnpike road off there where Warrington Avenue is now. This house was the only one around, for a long distance."

"Well, that sounds interesting, but, even still, I don't see why you want to get inside, anyhow. I 'm perfectly satisfied with the outside. And, more than that, we could n't get in if we tried. So there!" If Cynthia imagined she had ended the argument with Joyce by any such reasoning, she was doomed to disappointment. Joyce shrugged her shoulders with a disgusted movement.

"I never saw any one like you, Cynthia Sprague! You 've absolutely *no* imagination! Don't you see how Goliath got in? Well, I could get in the same way, and so could you!" She gave the boards a sharp pull, and succeeded in

dislodging another. "Five minutes' work will clear this window, and then—"

"But good gracious, Joy, you would n't break in a window of a strange house and climb in the cellar like a burglar!" cried Cynthia, genuinely shocked.

"I just would! Why, it 's an *adventure*, Cynthia, like the kind we 've always longed for. You know we 've always said we 'd love to have some adventures, above everything else. And we *never* have, and now here 's one right under our noses!" Joyce was almost tearful in her earnestness to convince the doubting Cynthia. And then Cynthia yielded, as she always did, to Joy's entreaties.

"Very well. It is an adventure, I suppose. But why not wait till some bright, sunny day? It 'll be horridly dark and gloomy in there this afternoon."

"Nonsense!" cried Joyce, who never could bear to wait an instant in carrying out some cherished plan. "Run back to your house, Cynthia, and smuggle out a candle and a box of matches. And *don't* let any one see what you take!" But this Cynthia flatly refused to do, urging that she would certainly be discovered and held up for instant explanation by the lynx-eyed Bridget who guarded the kitchen.

"Very well, then. I 'll have to get them from mine, I suppose. Anne never asks what I 'm doing," said Joyce, resignedly. "You stay here and wait!" She sped away toward her own house, but was soon back, matches and candle under her sweater, her hands full of fresh cookies.

"We 'll eat these when we 're inside. Here, stuff them into your pockets! And help me break these other boards away. My! but they 're rotten!" Cynthia helped, secretly very reluctant and fearful of consequences, and they soon had the little window free of obstructions. Joyce poked in her head and peered about.

"It 's as dark as a pocket, but I see two things like balls of fire,—that 's Goliath up on a beam, I suppose. It is n't far to the ground. Here goes!" She slipped in, feet first, let herself down, hung on to the sill a moment, then disappeared from view.

"Oh, Joyce!" gasped Cynthia, sticking her head through the opening into the dark, "where *are* you?"

"Right here!" laughed back Joyce from below. "Trying to light the candle. Come along! The stones of the wall are like regular steps. You can put your feet on 'em!"

"Oh, but the *mice*, and the *spiders*, and—and all sorts of things!" groaned Cynthia. "I 'm afraid of them!"

"Nonsense! *they* can't hurt you!" replied Joyce,

unsympathetically. "If you don't come soon, I'm going on. I'm so impatient to see things, I can't wait. You'd better hurry up, if you're coming."

off! I've got the candle lit." Cynthia suddenly surrendered.

"Oh, wait, wait! I'm coming!" She adopted Joyce's mode of ingress, but found it scarcely as easy as it looked, and her feet swung in space, groping wildly for the steps described.

"I'm stuck! I can't move! Oh, why am I so fat and clumsy!" she moaned. Joyce laughed, placed her companion's feet on a ledge, and hauled her down, breathless, cobwebby, and thoroughly scared.

The lighted candle threw but a feeble illumination on the big, bare space they stood in. The beams overhead were thick with cobwebs, hanging like gray portières from every projection. Otherwise the inclosure was clear, except for a few old farm implements in a distant corner. As Joyce raised the candle over her head, a flight of stairs could be dimly discerned.

"This way!" she ordered, and they moved toward it cautiously. At that moment, there came from behind them a sudden scratching and scrambling, and then a thud. Both girls uttered a low, frightened shriek and clung together. But it was only Goliath, disturbed in his hiding-place. They turned in time to see him clambering through the window.

"Joyce, this is horrid!" gasped Cynthia. "My heart is beating like a trip-hammer. Let's go back!"

"It's lovely!" chuckled Joyce. "It's what I've always longed for. I feel like Christopher Columbus! I would n't go back now for worlds! And to think we

we've neglected such a mystery at our front doors, as you might say, all these years!" And she dragged the protesting Cynthia toward the cellar stairs.



"BOTH GIRLS GASPED AND STARED INCREDULOUSLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"But it is n't *right*! It's trespassing!" cried Cynthia, making her last stand. Joyce scorned to argue further along this line.

"We talked that all over before. Good-by! I'm



## CHAPTER II

## IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

THEY stumbled up the cellar steps, their eyes growing gradually used to the semi-darkness. At the top was a shut door which refused to be moved, and they feared for a moment that failure awaited them in this early period of the voyage of discovery. But after some vigorous pushing and rattling, it gave with an unexpected jerk, and they were landed pell-mell into a dark hallway.

"Now," declared Joyce, "this is the beginning of something interesting, I hope!" Cynthia said nothing, having, indeed, much ado to appear calm and hold herself from making a sudden bolt back to the cellar window. With candle held high, Joyce proceeded to investigate their surroundings. They seemed to be in a wide, central hall running through the house from front to back. A generous stairway of white-painted wood with slender mahogany railing ascended to an upper floor. Some large paintings and portraits hung on the walls, but the candle did not throw enough light to permit seeing them well. The furniture in the hall consisted of several tall, straight-backed chairs set at intervals against the walls, and at one side a massive table covered thick with the dust of years. There was a distinctly old-fashioned, "different" air about the place, but nothing in any other way remarkable.

"You see!" remarked Cynthia. "There is n't anything wonderful here, and the air is simply horrid. I hope you're satisfied. Do come back!"

"But we have n't seen a quarter of it yet! This is only the hall. Now for the room on the right!" Joyce hauled open a pair of closed folding-doors, and held the candle above her head. If they were searching for things strange and inexplicable, here at last was their reward! Both girls gasped and stared incredulously, first at the scene before them, then at each other.

The apartment was a dining-room. More portraits and paintings shone dimly from the walls. A great candelabrum hung from the ceiling, with sconces for nearly a hundred candles and ornamented with glittering crystal pendants. An enormous sideboard occupied almost an entire end of the room. In the middle, a long dining-table stood under the candelabrum.

But here was the singular feature. The table was still set with dishes, as though for a feast. And the chairs about it were all pushed awry, and some were overturned. Napkins, yellowed with age, were fallen about, dropped apparently in sudden forgetfulness. The china and glassware stood just as they had been left, though every ancient

vestige of food had long since been carried away by the mice.

As plain as print, one could read the signs of some feasting party interrupted and guests hastily leaving their places to return no more. The girls understood it in a flash.

"But why—why," said Joyce, speaking her thought aloud, "was it all left just like this? Why were n't things cleared up and put away? What could have happened? Cynthia, this is the strangest thing I ever heard of!" Cynthia only stared, and offered no explanation. Plainly, she was impressed at last.

"Come on!" half whispered Joyce. "Let's see the room across the hall. I'm crazy to explore it all!" Together they tiptoed to the other side of the hall. A kind of awe had fallen upon them. There was more here than even Joyce had hoped or imagined. This was a house of mystery.

The apartment across the hall proved to be the drawing-room. Though in evident disarray, it, however, exhibited fewer signs of the strange, long-past agitation. In dimensions it was similar to the dining-room, running from front to back of the house. Here, too, was another elaborate candelabrum, somewhat smaller than the first, queer, spindle-legged, fiddle-backed chairs, beautiful cabinets and tables, and an old, square piano, still open. The chairs stood in irregular groups of twos and threes, chumming cozily together as their occupants had doubtless done, and over the piano had been carelessly thrown a long, filmy silk scarf, one end hanging to the floor. Upon everything the dust was indescribably thick, and cobwebs hung from the ceiling.

"Do you know," spoke Joyce, in a whisper, after they had looked a long time, "I think I can guess part of an explanation for all this. There was a party here, long, long ago,—perhaps a dinner-party. Folks had first been sitting in the drawing-room, and then went to the dining-room for dinner. Suddenly, in the midst of the feast, something happened,—I can't imagine what,—but it broke up the good time right away. Every one jumped up from the table, upsetting chairs and dropping napkins. Perhaps they all rushed out of the room. Anyway, they never came back to finish the meal. And after that, the owner shut the house and boarded it up and went away, never stopping to clear up or put things to rights. Awfully sudden, that, and awfully queer!"

"Goodness, Joy! You're as good as a detective! How did you ever think all that out?" murmured Cynthia, admiringly.

"Why, it's very simple," said Joyce. "The drawing-room is all right,—just looks like any other parlor where a lot of people have been sit-

ting, before it was put to rights. But the dining-room 's different. Something happened there, suddenly, and people just got their things on and left, after that! Can't you see it? But what *could* it have been? Oh, I 'd give my *eyes* to know, Cynthia!

"See here!" she added, after a moment's thought. "I 've the loveliest idea! You just spoke of detectives, and that put it into my head. Let 's play we 're detectives, like Sherlock Holmes, and ferret out this mystery. It will be the greatest lark ever! We will come here often, and examine every bit of evidence we can find, and gather information outside if we can, and put two and two together, and see if we can't make out the whole story. Oh, it 's gorgeous! Did two girls ever have such an adventure before!" She clasped her hands ecstatically, first having presented the candle to Cynthia, because she was too excited to hold it. Even the placid and hitherto objecting Cynthia was fired by the scheme.

"Yes, let 's!" she assented. "I 'll ask Mother if she knows anything about this old place."

"No you won't!" cried Joyce, coming suddenly to earth. "This has got to be kept a strict secret. Never *dare* to breathe it! Never speak of this house at all! Never show the slightest interest in it! And we must come here often. Do you want folks to suspect what we are doing and put a stop to it all? It 's all right, *really*, of course. We 're not doing any actual wrong or harming anything. But they would n't understand."

"Very well, then," agreed Cynthia, meekly, cowed but bewildered. "I don't see, though, how you 're going to find out things if you don't ask."

"You must get at it in other ways," declared Joyce, but did not explain the process just then.

"This candle will soon be done for!" suddenly announced the practical Cynthia. "Why did n't you bring a bigger one?"

"Could n't find any other," said Joyce. "Let 's finish looking around here and leave the rest for another day." They began accordingly to walk slowly about the room, peering up at the pictures on the walls and picking their way with care around the furniture without moving or touching anything. Presently they came abreast of the great open fireplace. A heavy chair was standing directly in front of it, but curiously enough, with its back to what must have been once a cheery blaze. They moved around it carefully and bent to examine the pretty Delft tiles that framed the yawning chimney-place, below the mantel. Then Joyce stepped back to look at the plates and vases on the mantel. Suddenly she gave a little cry:

"Hello! That 's *queer*! Look, Cynthia!"

Cynthia, still studying the tiles, straightened up to look where her companion had pointed. But in that instant the dying candle-flame sputtered, flickered, and *went out*, leaving only a small mass of warm tallow in Cynthia's hand. For a moment, there was horrified silence. The heavy darkness seemed to cast a spell over even the irrepressible Joyce. But not for long.

"Too bad!" she began. "Where are the matches, Cynthia? I handed them to you. We can light our way out by them." Cynthia produced the box from the pocket of her sweater and opened it.

"Mercy! There are only three left!" she cried, feeling round in it.

"Never mind. They will light us out of this room and through the hall to the cellar stairs. When we get there, the window will guide us."

Cynthia struck the first match, and they hurriedly picked their way around the scattered furniture. But the match went out before they reached the door. The second saw them out of the room and into the long hall. The third, alas! broke short off at its head, and proved useless. Then a real terror of the dark, unknown spaces filled them both. Breathless, frantic, they felt their way along the walls, groping blindly for the elusive cellar door. At length Joyce's hand struck a knob.

"Here it is!" she breathed. They pulled open the door and plunged through it, only to find themselves in some sort of a closet, groping among musty clothes that were hanging there.

"Oh, it is n't, it is n't!" wailed Cynthia. "Oh, I 'll never, never come into this dreadful house again!" But Joyce had regained her poise.

"It 's all right! Our door is just across the hall. I remember where it is now." She pulled the shuddering Cynthia out of the closet, and felt her way across the wide hall space.

"Here it is! Now we are all *serene*!" she cried, triumphantly, opening a door which they found gave on a flight of steps. And as they crept down, a dim square of good, honest daylight sent their spirits up with a bound. It was raining great pelting drops as they scrambled out and scampered for Cynthia's veranda. But daylight, even if dismal with rain, had served to restore them completely to their usual gaiety.

"By the way, Joyce," she said, as they stood on the porch shaking the rain from their skirts, "what was it you were pointing at just when the candle went out? I did n't have time to see."

"Why, the *strangest* thing!" whispered Joyce. "There was a big picture hanging over the mantel. But what do you think? It hung there *with its face turned to the wall*!"





Photograph by Katharine Bingham.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES SIX.



Photograph by Katharine Bingham.  
WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES SEVEN.



# THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembaróm," etc.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE DRILL AND THE SECRET PARTY

LORISTAN did not forbid Marco to pursue his acquaintance with The Rat and his followers.

"You will find out for yourself whether they are friends for you or not," he said. "You will know in a few days, and then you can make your own decision. You have known lads in various countries, and you are a good judge of them, I think. You will soon see whether they are going to be *men* or mere rabble. The Rat now—how does he strike you?" And the handsome eyes held their keen look of questioning.

"He 'd be a brave soldier if he could stand," said Marco, thinking him over. "But he might be cruel."

"A lad who might make a brave soldier cannot be disdained, but a man who is cruel is a fool. Tell him that from me," Loristan answered. "He wastes force—his own and the force of the one he treats cruelly. Only a fool wastes force."

"May I speak of you sometimes?" asked Marco.

"Yes. You will know how. You will remember the things about which silence is the order."

"I never forget them," said Marco. "I have been trying not to, for such a long time."

"You have succeeded well, Comrade!" returned Loristan, from his writing-table, to which he had gone and where he was turning over papers.

A strong impulse overpowered the boy. He marched over to the table and stood very straight, making his soldierly young salute, his whole body glowing.

"Father!" he said, "you don't know how I love you! I wish you were a general and I might die in battle for you. When I look at you, I long and long to do something for you a boy could not do. I would die of a thousand wounds rather than disobey you—or Samavia!"

He seized Loristan's hand, and knelt on one knee and kissed it. An English or American boy could not have done such a thing from unaffected natural impulse. But he was of warm Southern blood.

"I took my oath of allegiance to you, Father,

when I took it to Samavia. It seems as if you were Samavia, too," he said, and kissed his hand again.

Loristan had turned toward him with one of the movements which were full of dignity and grace. Marco, looking up at him, felt that there was always a certain remote stateliness in him which made it seem quite natural that any one should bend the knee and kiss his hand.

A sudden great tenderness glowed in his father's face as he raised the boy and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Comrade," he said, "you don't know how much I love you—and what reason there is that we should love each other! You don't know how I have been watching you, and thanking God each year that here grew a man for Samavia. That I know you are—a *man*, though you have lived but twelve years. Twelve years may grow a man—or prove that a man will never grow, though a human thing he may remain for ninety years. This year may be full of strange things for both of us. We cannot know *what* I may have to ask you to do for me—and for Samavia. Perhaps such a thing as no twelve-year-old boy has ever done before."

"Every night and every morning," said Marco, "I shall pray that I may be called to do it, and that I may do it well."

"You will do it well, Comrade, if you are called. That I could make oath," Loristan answered him.

THE Squad had collected in the inclosure behind the church when Marco appeared at the arched end of the passage. The boys were drawn up with their rifles, but they all wore a rather dogged and sullen look. The explanation which darted into Marco's mind was that this was because The Rat was in a bad humor. He sat crouched together on his platform biting his nails fiercely, his elbows on his updrawn knees, his face twisted into a hideous scowl. He did not look around, or even look up from the cracked flagstones of the pavement on which his eyes were fixed.

Marco went forward with military step and stopped opposite to him with prompt salute.

"Sorry to be late, sir," he said, as if he had been a private speaking to his colonel.

"It 's 'im, Rat! 'E 's come, Rat!" the Squad shouted. "Look at 'im!"

But The Rat would not look, and did not even move.

"What 's the matter?" said Marco, with less ceremony than a private would have shown. "There 's no use in my coming here if you don't want me."

"'E 's got a grouch on 'cos you 're late!" called out the head of the line. "No doin' nothin' when 'e 's got a grouch on."

"I sha'n't try to do anything," said Marco, his boy-face setting itself into good stubborn lines. "That 's not what I came here for. I came to drill. I 've been with my father. He comes first. I can't join the Squad if he does n't come first. We 're not on active service, and we 're not in barracks."

Then The Rat moved sharply and turned to look at him.

"I thought you were n't coming at all!" he snapped and growled at once. "My father said you would n't. He said you were a young swell for all your patched clothes. He said your father would think he was a swell, even if he was only a penny-a-liner on newspapers, and he would n't let you have anything to do with a vagabond and a nuisance. Nobody begged you to join. Your father can go to blazes!"

"Don't you speak in that way about my father," said Marco, quite quietly, "because I can't knock you down."

"I 'll get up and let you!" began The Rat, immediately white and raging. "I can stand up with two sticks. I 'll get up and let you!"

"No, you won't," said Marco. "If you want to know what my father said, I can tell you. He said I could come as often as I liked—till I found out whether we should be friends or not. He says I shall find that out for myself."

It was a strange thing The Rat did. It must always be remembered of him that his wretched father, who had each year sunk lower and lower in the under-world, had been a gentleman once, a man who had been familiar with good manners and had been educated in the customs of good breeding. Sometimes when he was drunk, and sometimes when he was partly sober, he talked to The Rat of many things the boy would otherwise never have heard of. That was why the lad was different from the other vagabonds. This, also, was why he suddenly altered the whole situation by doing this strange and unexpected thing. He utterly changed his expression and voice, fixing his sharp eyes shrewdly on Marco's. It was almost as if he were asking him a conundrum. He knew it would have been a sort of one

to most boys of the class he appeared outwardly to belong to. He would either know the answer or he would n't.

"I beg your pardon," The Rat said.

That was the conundrum. It was what a gentleman and an officer would have said, if he felt he had been mistaken or rude. He had heard that from his drunken father.

"I beg yours—for being late," said Marco.

That was the right answer. It was the one another officer and gentleman would have made. It settled the matter at once, and it settled more than was apparent at the moment. It decided that Marco was one of those who knew the things The Rat's father had once known—the things gentlemen do and say and think. Not another word was said. It was all right. Marco slipped into line with the Squad, and The Rat sat erect with his military bearing and began his drill:

"Squad!

"'Tention!

"Number!

"Slope arms!

"Form fours!

"Right!

"Quick march!

"Halt!

"Left turn!

"Order arms!

"Stand at ease!

"Stand easy!"

They did it so well that it was quite wonderful when one considered the limited space at their disposal. They had evidently done it often, and The Rat had been not only a smart, but a severe, officer. This morning they repeated the exercise a number of times, and even varied it with Review Drill, with which they seemed just as familiar.

"Where did you learn it?" The Rat asked, when the arms were stacked again and Marco was sitting by him as he had sat the previous day.

"From an old soldier. And I like to watch it, as you do."

"If you were a young swell in the Guards, you could n't be smarter at it," The Rat said. "The way you hold yourself! The way you stand! You 've got it! Wish I was you! It comes natural to you."

"I 've always liked to watch it and try to do it myself. I did when I was a little fellow," answered Marco.

"I 've been trying to kick it into these chaps for more than a year," said The Rat. "A nice job I had of it! It nearly made me sick at first."

The semicircle in front of him only giggled



or laughed outright. The members of it seemed to take very little offense at his cavalier treatment of them. He had evidently something to give them which was entertaining enough to make up for his tyranny and indifference. He thrust his hand into one of the pockets of his ragged coat, and drew out a piece of newspaper.

"My father brought home this, wrapped round a loaf of bread," he said. "See what it says there!"

He handed it to Marco, pointing to some words printed in large letters at the head of a column. Marco looked at it and sat very still.

The words he read were: "The Lost Prince."

"Silence is still the order," was the first thought which flashed through his mind. "Silence is still the order."

"What does it mean?" he said aloud.

"There is n't much of it. I wish there was more," The Rat said fretfully. "Read and see. Of course they say it may n't be true—but I believe it is. They say that people think some one knows where he is—at least where one of his descendants is. It 'd be the same thing. He 'd be the real king. If he 'd just show himself, it might stop all the fighting. Just read."

Marco read, and his skin prickled as the blood went racing through his body. But his face did not change. There was a sketch of the story of the Lost Prince to begin with. It had been regarded by most people, the article said, as a sort of legend. Now there was a definite rumor that it was not a legend at all, but a part of the long-past history of Samavia. It was said that through the centuries there had always been a party secretly loyal to the memory of this worshiped and lost Fedorovitch. It was even said that from father to son, generation after generation after generation, had descended the oath of fealty to him and his descendants. The people had made a god of him, and now, romantic as it seemed, it was beginning to be an open secret that some persons believed that a descendant had been found—a Fedorovitch worthy of his young ancestor—and that a certain Secret Party also held that, if he were called back to the throne of Samavia, the interminable wars and bloodshed would reach an end.

The Rat had begun to bite his nails fast.

"Do you believe he 's found?" he asked feverishly. "*Don't* you? I do!"

"I wonder where he is, if it 's true? I *wonder! Where?*" exclaimed Marco. He could say that, and he might seem as eager as he felt.

The Squad all began to jabber at once. "Yus, where was 'e? There was no knowin'. It 'd be likely to be in some o' these furrin' places. Eng-

land 'd be too far from Samavia. 'Ow far off was Samavia? Was it in Roosha, or where the Frenchies were, or the Germans? But wherever 'e was, 'e 'd be the right sort, an' 'e 'd be the sort a chap 'd turn and look at in the street."

The Rat continued to bite his nails.

"He might be anywhere," he said, his small fierce face glowing. "That 's what I like to think about. He might be passing in the street outside there; he might be up in one of those houses," jerking his head over his shoulder toward the backs of the inclosing dwellings. "Perhaps he knows he 's a king, and perhaps he does 'n't. He 'd know if what you said yesterday was true—about the king always being made ready for Samavia."

"Yes, he 'd know," put in Marco.

"Well, it 'd be finer if he did," went on The Rat. "However poor and shabby he was, he 'd know the secret all the time. And if people sneered at him, he 'd sneer at them and laugh to himself. I dare say he 'd walk tremendously straight and hold his head up. If I was him, I 'd like to make people suspect a bit that I was n't like the common lot o' them." He put out his hand and pushed Marco excitedly. "Let 's work out plots for him!" he said. "That 'd be a splendid game! Let 's pretend we 're the Secret Party!"

He was tremendously excited. Out of the ragged pocket he fished a piece of chalk. Then he leaned forward and began to draw something quickly on the flagstones closest to his platform. The Squad leaned forward also, quite breathlessly, and Marco leaned forward. The chalk was sketching a roughly outlined map, and he knew what map it was, before The Rat spoke.

"That 's a map of Samavia," he said. "It was in that piece of magazine I told you about—the one where I read about Prince Ivor. I studied it until it fell to pieces. But I could draw it myself by that time, so it did n't matter. I could draw it with my eyes shut. That 's the capital city," pointing to a spot. "It 's called Melzarr. The palace is there. It 's the place where the first of the Maranovitch killed the last of the Fedorovitch—the bad chap that was Ivor's father. It 's the palace Ivor wandered out of singing the shepherds' song that early morning. It 's where the throne is that his descendant would sit upon to be crowned—that he 's *going* to sit upon. I believe he is! Let 's swear he shall!" He flung down his piece of chalk and sat up. "Give me two sticks. Help me to get up."

Two of the Squad sprang to their feet and came to him. Each snatched one of the sticks from the stacked rifles, evidently knowing what

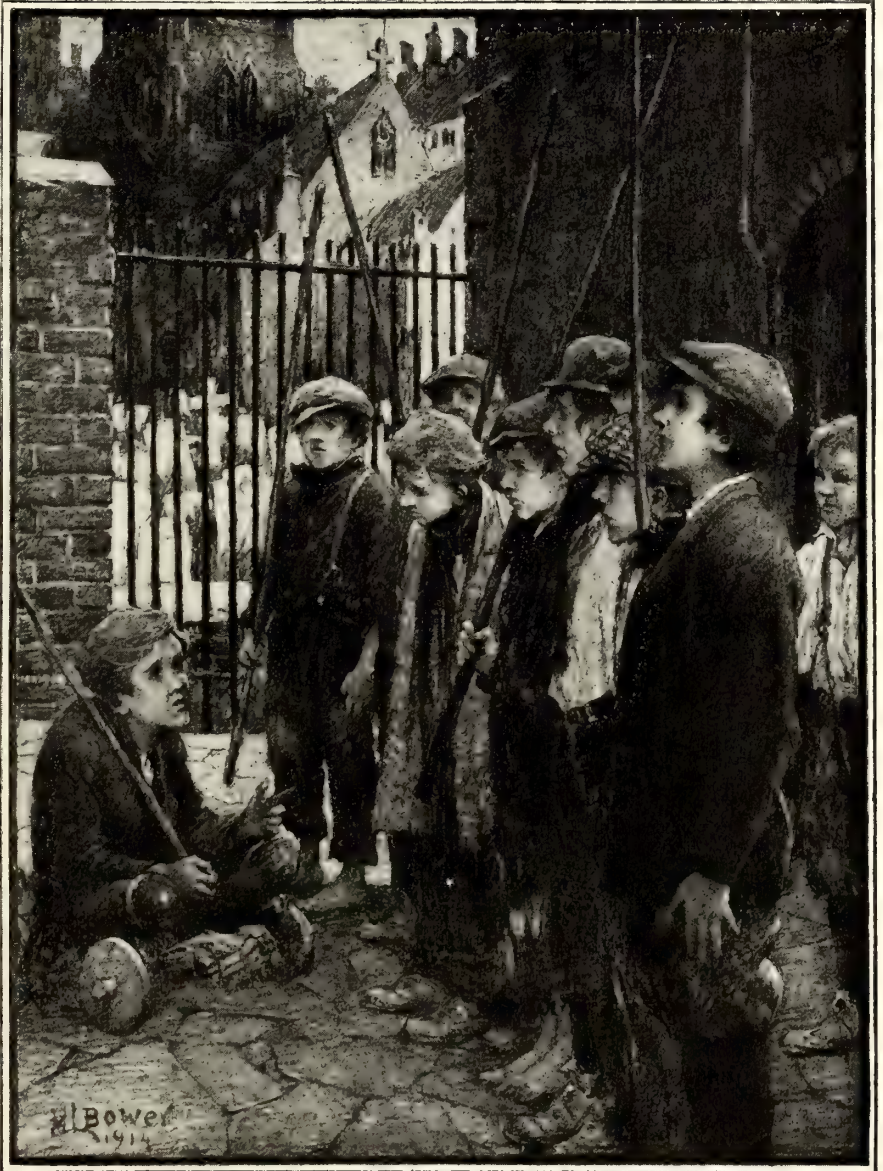
he wanted. Marco rose too, and watched with sudden, keen curiosity. He had thought that The Rat could not stand up, but it seemed that he could, in a fashion of his own, and he was going to do it. The boys lifted him by his arms, set him against the stone coping of the iron railings of the churchyard, and put a stick in each of his hands. They stood at his side, but he supported himself.

"'E could get about if 'e 'ad the money to buy crutches!" said one whose name was Cad, and he said it quite proudly. The queer thing that Marco had noticed was that the ragamuffins were proud of The Rat, and regarded him as their lord and master. "'E could get about an' stand as well as any one," added the other, and he said it in the tone of one who boasts. His name was Ben.

"I 'm going to stand now, and so are the rest of you," said The Rat. "Squad! 'Tention! You at the head of the line," to Marco. They were in line in a moment—straight, shoulders back, chins up. And Marco stood at the head.

"We 're going to take an oath," said The Rat. "It 's an oath of allegiance. Allegiance means faithfulness to a thing—a king or a country. Ours means allegiance to the King of Samavia. We don't know where he is, but we swear to be faithful to him, to fight for him, to plot for him, to *die* for him, and to bring him back to his throne!" The way in which he flung

up his head when he said the word "*die*" was very fine indeed. "We are the Secret Party. We will work in the dark and find out things—and run risks—and collect an army no one will know anything about until it is strong enough to



"MARCO SLIPPED INTO LINE WITH THE SQUAD, AND THE RAT BEGAN HIS DRILL: 'SQUAD! 'TENTION!'"

suddenly rise at a secret signal, and overwhelm the Maranovitch and Iarovitch, and seize their forts and citadels. No one even knows we are alive. We are a silent, secret thing that never speaks aloud!"



Silent and secret as they were, however, they spoke aloud at this juncture. It was such a grand idea for a game, and so full of possible larks, that the Squad broke into a howl of an exultant cheer.

"Hooray!" they yelled. "Hooray for the oath of 'legiance! 'Ray! 'ray! 'ray!"

"Shut up, you swine!" shouted The Rat. "Is that the way you keep yourself secret? You 'll call the police in, you fools! Look at *him!*" pointing to Marco. "He 's got some sense."

Marco, in fact, had not made any sound.

"Come here, you Cad and Ben, and put me back on my wheels," raged the Squad's commander. "I 'll not make up the game at all. It 's no use with a lot of fat-head, raw recruits like you."

The line broke and surrounded him in a moment, pleading and urging.

"Aw, Rat! We forgot. It 's the primest game you 've ever thought out! Rat! Rat! Don't get a grouch on! We 'll keep still, Rat! Primest lark of all 'll be the sneakin' about an' keepin' quiet. Aw, Rat! Keep it up!"

"Keep it up yourselves!" snarled The Rat.

"Not another cove of us could do it but you! Not one! There 's no other cove could think it out. You 're the only chap that can think out things. You thought out the Squad! That 's why you 're captain!"

This was true. He was the one who could invent entertainment for them, these street lads who had nothing. Out of that nothing he could create what excited them, and give them something to fill empty, useless, often cold or wet or foggy, hours. That made him their captain and their pride.

The Rat began to yield, though grudgingly. He pointed again to Marco, who had not moved, but stood still at attention.

"Look at *him!*" he said. "He knows enough to stand where he 's put until he 's ordered to break line. He 's a soldier, he is—not a raw recruit that don't know the goose-step. He 's been in barracks before."

But after this outburst, he dignified to go on.

"Here 's the oath," he said. "We swear to stand any torture and submit in silence to any death rather than betray our secret and our king. We will obey in silence and in secret. We will swim through seas of blood and fight our way through lakes of fire, if we are ordered. Nothing shall bar our way. All we do and say and think is for our country and our king. If any of you have anything to say, speak out before you take the oath."

He saw Marco move a little, and he made a sign to him.

"You," he said. "Have you something to say?"

Marco turned to him and saluted.

"Here stand ten men for Samavia. God be thanked!" he said. He dared say that much, and he felt as if his father himself would have told him that they were the right words.

The Rat thought they were. Somehow he felt that they struck home. He reddened with a sudden emotion.

"Squad!" he said. "I 'll let you give three cheers on that. It 's for the last time. We 'll begin to be quiet afterward."

And to the Squad's exultant relief he led the cheer, and they were allowed to make as much uproar as they liked. They liked to make a great deal, and when it was at an end, it had done them good and made them ready for business.

The Rat opened the drama at once. Never surely had there ever before been heard a conspirator's whisper as hollow as his.

"Secret Ones," he said, "it is midnight. We meet in the depths of darkness. We dare not meet by day. When we meet in the daytime, we pretend not to know each other. We are meeting now in a Samavian city where there is a fortress. We shall have to take it when the secret sign is given and we make our rising. We are getting everything ready, so that, when we find the king, the secret sign can be given."

"What is the name of the city we are in?" whispered Cad.

"It is called Larrina. It is an important seaport. We must take it as soon as we rise. The next time we meet I will bring a dark lantern and draw a map and show it to you."

It would have been a great advantage to the game if Marco could have drawn for them the map he could have made, a map which would have shown every fortress—every stronghold and every weak place. Being a boy, he knew what excitement would have thrilled each breast, how they would lean forward and pile question on question, pointing to this place and to that. He had learned to draw the map before he was ten, and he had drawn it again and again because there had been times when his father had told him that changes had taken place. Oh, yes! he could have drawn a map which would have moved them to a frenzy of joy. But he sat silent and listened, only speaking when he asked a question, as if he knew nothing more about Samavia than The Rat did. What a Secret Party they were! They drew themselves together in the closest of circles; they spoke in unearthly whispers.

"A sentinel ought to be posted at the end of the passage," Marco whispered.

"Ben, take your gun!" commanded The Rat.

Ben rose stealthily, and, shouldering his weapon, crept on tiptoe to the opening. There he stood on guard.

"My father says there 's been a Secret Party in Samavia for a hundred years," The Rat whispered.

"Who told him?" asked Marco.

"A man who has been in Samavia," answered The Rat. "He said it was the most wonderful Secret Party in the world, because it has worked and waited so long, and never given up, though it has had no reason for hoping. It began among some shepherds and charcoal-burners who bound themselves by an oath to find the Lost Prince and bring him back to the throne. There were too few of them to do anything against the Maranovitch, and when the first lot found they were growing old, they made their sons take the same oath. It has been passed on from generation to generation, and in each generation the band has grown. No one really knows how large it is now, but they say that there are people in nearly all the countries in Europe who belong to it in dead secret, and are sworn to help it when they are called. They are only waiting. Some are rich people who will give money, and some are poor ones who will slip across the frontier to fight or to help to smuggle in arms. They even say that for all these years there have been arms made in caves in the mountains, and hidden there year after year. There are men who are called Forgers of the Sword, and they, and their fathers, and grandfathers, and great grandfathers have always made swords and stored them in caverns no one knows of, hidden caverns underground."

Marco spoke aloud the thought which had come into his mind as he listened, a thought which brought fear to him. "If the people in the streets talk about it, they won't be hidden long."

"It is n't common talk, my father says. Only very few have guessed, and most of them think it is part of the Lost Prince legend," said The Rat. "The Maranovitch and Iarovitch laugh at it. They have always been great fools. They're too full of their own swagger to think anything can interfere with them."

"Do you talk much to your father?" Marco asked him.

The Rat showed his sharp white teeth in a grin.

"I know what you're thinking of," he said. "You're remembering that I said he was always drunk. So he is, except when he's only *half* drunk. And when he's *half* drunk, he's the most splendid talker in London. He remembers everything he has ever learned or read or heard since

he was born. I get him going and listen. He wants to talk and I want to hear. I found out almost everything I know in that way. He did n't know he was teaching me, but he was. He goes back into being a gentleman when he's half drunk."

"If—if you care about the Samavians, you'd better ask him not to tell people about the Secret Party and the Forgers of the Sword," suggested Marco.

The Rat started a little.

"That's true!" he said. "You're sharper than I am. It ought n't to be blabbed about, or the Maranovitch might hear enough to make them stop and listen. I'll get him to promise. There's one queer thing about him," he added very slowly, as if he were thinking it over, "I suppose it's part of the gentleman that's left in him. If he makes a promise, he never breaks it, drunk or sober."

"Ask him to make one," said Marco. The next moment he changed the subject because it seemed the best thing to do. "Go on and tell us what our own Secret Party is to do. We're forgetting," he whispered.

The Rat took up his game with renewed keenness. It was a game which attracted him immensely because it called upon his imagination and held his audience spellbound, besides plunging him into war and strategy.

"We're preparing for the rising," he said. "It must come soon. We've waited so long. The caverns are stacked with arms. The Maranovitch and the Iarovitch are fighting and using all their soldiers, and now is our time." He stopped and thought, his elbows on his knees. He began to bite his nails again.

"The Secret Signal must be given," he said. Then he stopped again, and the Squad held its breath and pressed nearer with a softly shuffling sound. "Two of the Secret Ones must be chosen by lot and sent forth," he went on; and the Squad almost brought ruin and disgrace upon itself by wanting to cheer again, and only just stopping itself in time. "Must be chosen *by lot*," The Rat repeated, looking from one face to another. "Each one will take his life in his hand when he goes forth. He may have to die a thousand deaths, but he must go. He must steal in silence and disguise from one country to another. Wherever there is one of the Secret Party, whether he is in a hovel or on a throne, the messengers must go to him in darkness and stealth and give him the sign. It will mean, 'The hour has come. God save Samavia!'"

"God save Samavia!" whispered the Squad, excitedly. And, because they saw Marco raise his hand to his forehead, every one of them saluted.



They all began to whisper at once.

"Let 's draw lots now. Let 's draw lots, Rat. Don't let 's 'ave no waitin'."

The Rat began to look about him with dread anxiety. He seemed to be examining the sky.

"The darkness is not as thick as it was," he whispered. "Midnight has passed. The dawn of day will be upon us. If any one has a piece of paper or string, we will draw the lots before we part."

Cad had a piece of string, and Marco had a knife which could be used to cut it into lengths. This The Rat did himself. Then, after shutting his eyes and mixing them, he held them in his hand ready for the drawing.

"The Secret One who draws the longest lot is chosen. The Secret One who draws the shortest is chosen," he said solemnly.

The drawing was as solemn as his tone. Each boy wanted to draw either the shortest lot or the longest one. The heart of each thumped somewhat as he drew his piece of string.

When the drawing was at an end, each showed his lot. The Rat had drawn the shortest piece of string, and Marco had drawn the longest one.

"Comrade!" said The Rat, taking his hand. "We will face death and danger together!"

"God save Samavia!" answered Marco.

And the game was at an end for the day. The primest thing, the Squad said, The Rat had ever made up for them. "'E was a wonder, he was!"

## CHAPTER VII

### "THE LAMP IS LIGHTED!"

ON his way home, Marco thought of nothing but the story he must tell his father, the story the stranger who had been to Samavia had told The Rat's father. He felt that it must be a true story and not merely an invention. The Forgers of the Sword must be real men, and the hidden subterranean caverns stacked through the centuries with arms must be real, too. And if they were real, surely his father was one of those who knew the secret. His thoughts ran very fast. The Rat's boyish invention of the rising was only part of a game, but how natural it would be that sometime—perhaps before long—there would be a real rising! Surely there would be one if the Secret Party had grown so strong, and if many weapons and secret friends in other countries were ready and waiting. During all these years, hidden work and preparation would have been going on continually, even though it was preparation for an unknown day. A party which had lasted so long—which passed its oath on from generation to generation—must be of a deadly

determination. What might it not have made ready in its caverns and secret meeting-places! He longed to reach home and tell his father, at once, all he had heard. He recalled to mind, word for word, all that The Rat had been told, and even all he had added in his game, because—well, because that seemed so real too, so real that it actually might be useful.

But when he reached No. 7 Philibert Place, he found Loristan and Lazarus very much absorbed in work. The door of the back sitting-room was locked when he first knocked on it, and locked again as soon as he had entered. There were many papers on the table, and they were evidently studying them. Several of them were maps. Some were road maps, some maps of towns and cities, and some of fortifications; but they were all maps of places in Samavia. They were usually kept in a strong box, and when they were taken out to be studied, the door was always kept locked.

Before they had their evening meal, these were all returned to the strong box, which was pushed into a corner and had newspapers piled upon it.

"When he arrives," Marco heard Loristan say to Lazarus, "we can show him clearly what has been planned. He can see for himself."

His father spoke scarcely at all during the meal, and, though it was not the habit of Lazarus to speak at such times unless spoken to, this evening it seemed to Marco that he *looked* more silent than he had ever seen him look before. They were plainly both thinking anxiously of deeply serious things. The story of the stranger who had been to Samavia must not be told yet. But it was one which would keep.

Loristan did not say anything until Lazarus had removed the things from the table and made the room as neat as possible. While that was being done, he sat with his forehead resting on his hand, as if absorbed in thought. Then he made a gesture to Marco.

"Come here, Comrade," he said.

Marco went to him.

"To-night some one may come to talk with me about grave things," he said. "I think he will come, but I cannot be quite sure. It is important that he should know that, when he comes, he will find me quite alone. He will come at a late hour, and Lazarus will open the door quietly that no one may hear. It is important that no one should see him. Some one must go and walk on the opposite side of the street until he appears. Then the one who goes to give warning must cross the pavement before him and say in a low voice, 'The Lamp is lighted!' and at once turn quietly away."

What boy's heart would not have leaped with

joy at the mystery of it! Even a common and dull boy who knew nothing of Samavia would have felt jerky. Marco's voice almost shook with the thrill of his feeling.

"How shall I know him?" he said at once. Without asking at all, he knew he was the "some one" who was to go.

"You have seen him before," Loristan answered. "He is the man who drove in the carriage with the King."

"I shall know him," said Marco. "When shall I go?"

"Not until it is half-past one o'clock. Go to bed and sleep until Lazarus calls you." Then he added, "Look well at his face before you speak. He will probably not be dressed as well as he was when you saw him first."

Marco went up-stairs to his room and went to bed as he was told, but it was hard to go to sleep. The rattle and roaring of the road did not usually keep him awake, because he had lived in the poorer quarter of too many big capital cities not to be accustomed to noise. But to-night it seemed to him that, as he lay and looked out at the lamplight, he heard every bus and cab which went past. He could not help thinking of the people who were in them, and on top of them, and of the people who were hurrying along on the pavement outside the broken iron railings. He was wondering what they would think if they knew that things connected with the battles they read of in the daily papers were going on in one of the shabby houses they scarcely gave a glance to as they went by them. It must be something connected with the war, if a man who was a great diplomat and the companion of kings came in secret to talk alone with a patriot who was a Samavian. Whatever his father was doing was for the good of Samavia, and perhaps the Secret Party knew he was doing it. His heart almost beat aloud under his shirt as he lay on the lumpy mattress thinking it over. He must indeed look well at the stranger before he even moved toward him. He must be sure he was the right man. The game he had amused himself with so long—the game of trying to remember pictures and people and places clearly and in detail—had been a wonderful training. If he could draw, he knew he could have made a sketch of the keen-eyed, clever, aquiline face with the well-cut and delicately close mouth, which looked as if it had been shut upon secrets always—always. If he could draw, he found himself saying again. He *could* draw, though perhaps only roughly. He had often amused himself by making sketches of things he wanted to ask questions about. He had even drawn people's faces in his untrained way,

and his father had said that he had a crude gift for catching a likeness. Perhaps he could make a sketch of this face which would show his father that he knew and could recognize it.

He jumped out of bed and went to a table near the window. There was paper and a pencil lying on it. A street lamp exactly opposite threw into the room quite light enough for him to see by. He half knelt by the table and began to draw. He worked for about twenty minutes steadily, and he tore up two or three unsatisfactory sketches. The poor drawing would not matter if he could catch that subtle look which was not slyness but something more dignified and important. It was not difficult to get the marked, aristocratic outline of the features. A common-looking man with less pronounced profile would have been less easy to draw in one sense. He gave his mind wholly to the recalling of every detail which had photographed itself on his memory through its trained habit. Gradually he saw that the likeness was becoming clearer. It was not long before it was clear enough to be a striking one. Any one who knew the man would recognize it. He got up, drawing a long and joyful breath.

He did not put on his shoes, but crossed his room as noiselessly as possible, and as noiselessly opened the door. He made no ghost of a sound when he went down the stairs. The woman who kept the lodging-house had gone to bed, and so had the other lodgers and the maid of all work. All the lights were out except the one he saw a glimmer of under the door of his father's room. When he had been a mere baby, he had been taught to make a special sign on the door when he wished to speak to Loristan. He stood still outside the back sitting-room and made it now. It was a low scratching sound—two scratches and a soft tap. Lazarus opened the door and looked troubled.

"It is not yet time, sir," he said very low.

"I know," Marco answered. "But I must show something to my father." Lazarus let him in, and Loristan turned round from his writing-table questioningly.

Marco went forward and laid the sketch down before him.

"Look at it," he said. "I remember him well enough to draw that. I thought of it all at once—that I could make a sort of picture. Do you think it is like him?" Loristan examined it closely.

"It is very like him," he answered. "You have made me feel entirely safe. Thanks, Comrade. It was a good idea."

There was relief in the grip he gave the boy's hand, and Marco turned away with an exultant



feeling. Just as he reached the door, Loristan said to him:

"Make the most of this gift. It is a gift. And it is true your mind has had good training. The more you draw, the better. Draw everything you can."

Neither the street lamps, nor the noises, nor his thoughts kept Marco awake when he went back to bed. But before he settled himself upon his pillow he gave himself certain orders. He had both read, and heard Loristan say, that the mind can control the body when people once find out that it can do so. He had tried experiments himself, and had found out some curious things. One was that if he told himself to remember a certain thing at a certain time, he usually found that he *did* remember it. Something in his brain seemed to remind him. He had often tried the experiment of telling himself to awaken at a particular hour, and had awakened almost exactly at the moment by the clock.

"I will sleep until one o'clock," he said as he shut his eyes. "Then I will awaken and feel quite fresh. I shall not be sleepy at all."

He slept as soundly as a boy can sleep. And at one o'clock exactly he awakened, and found the street lamp still throwing its light through the window. He knew it was one o'clock, because there was a cheap little round clock on the table, and he could see the time. He was quite fresh and not at all sleepy. His experiment had succeeded again.

He got up and dressed. Then he went downstairs as noiselessly as before. He carried his shoes in his hands, as he meant to put them on only when he reached the street. He made his sign at his father's door, and it was Loristan who opened it.

"Shall I go now?" Marco asked.

"Yes. Walk slowly to the other side of the street. Look in every direction. We do not know where he will come from. After you have given him the sign, then come in and go to bed again."

Marco saluted as a soldier would have done on receiving an order. Then, without a second's delay, he passed noiselessly out of the house.

Loristan turned back into the room and stood silently in the center of it. The long lines of his handsome body looked particularly erect and stately, and his eyes were glowing as if something deeply moved him.

"There grows a man for Samavia," he said to Lazarus, who watched him. "God be thanked!"

Lazarus's voice was low and hoarse, and he saluted quite reverently.

"Your—sir!" he said. "God save the Prince!"

"Yes," Loristan answered, after a moment's

hesitation,—*"when he is found."* And he went back to his table smiling his beautiful smile.

THE wonder of silence in the deserted streets of a great city, after midnight has hushed all the roar and tumult to rest, is an almost unbelievable thing. The stillness in the depths of a forest or on a mountain top is not so strange. A few hours ago, the tumult was rushing past; in a few hours more, it will be rushing past again. But now the street is a naked thing; a distant policeman's tramp on the bare pavement has a hollow and almost fearsome sound. It seemed especially so to Marco as he crossed the road. Had it ever been so empty and deadily silent before? Was it so every night? Perhaps it was, when he was fast asleep on his lumpy mattress with the light from a street lamp streaming into the room. He listened for the step of the policeman on night-watch, because he did not wish to be seen. There was a jutting wall where he could stand in the shadow while the man passed. A policeman would stop to look questioningly at a boy who walked up and down the pavement at half-past one in the morning. Marco could wait until he had gone by, and then come out into the light and look up and down the road and the cross streets.

He heard his approaching footsteps in a few minutes, and was safely in the shadows before he could be seen. When the policeman passed, he came out and walked slowly down the road, looking on each side, and now and then looking back. At first no one was in sight. Then a late hansom-cab came tinkling along. But the people in it were returning from some festivity, and were laughing and talking, and noticed nothing but their own joking. Then there was silence again, and for a long time, as it seemed to Marco, no one was to be seen. It was not really so long as it appeared, because he was anxious. Then a very early vegetable-wagon on the way from the country to Covent Garden Market came slowly lumbering by with its driver almost asleep on his piles of potatoes and cabbages. After it had passed, there was stillness and emptiness once more, until the policeman showed himself again on his beat, and Marco slipped into the shadow of the wall as he had done before.

When he came out into the light, he had begun to hope that the time would not seem long to his father. It had not really been long, he told himself, it had only seemed so. But his father's anxiousness would be greater than his could be. Loristan knew all that depended on the coming of this great man who sat side by side with a king in his carriage and talked to him as if he knew him well.

"It might be something which all Samavia is waiting to know—at least all the Secret Party," Marco thought. "The Secret Party is Samavia,"—he started at the sound of footsteps. "Some one is coming!" he said. "It is a man."

It was a man who was walking up the road on the same side of the pavement as his own. Marco began to walk toward him quietly but rather rapidly. He thought it might be best to appear as if he were some boy sent on a midnight errand

in the carriage with His Majesty. He was not more than thirty years old. He began swinging his cane and whistling a music-hall song softly as Marco passed him without changing his pace.

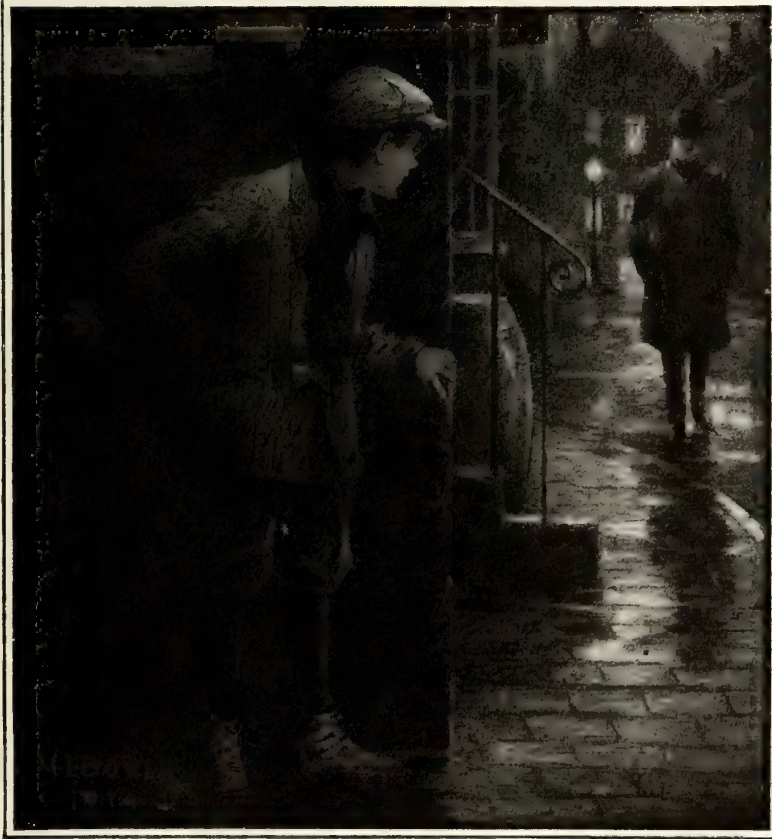
It was after the policeman had walked round his beat and disappeared for the third time, that Marco heard footsteps echoing at some distance down a cross street. After listening to make sure that they were approaching instead of receding in another direction, he placed himself at a point

where he could watch the length of the thoroughfare. Yes, some one was coming. It was a man's figure again. He was able to place himself rather in the shadow so that the person approaching would not see that he was being watched. The solitary walker reached a recognizable distance in about two minutes' time. He was dressed in an ordinary shop-made suit of clothes which was rather shabby and quite unnoticeable in its appearance. His common hat was worn so that it rather shaded his face. But even before he had crossed to Marco's side of the road, the boy had clearly recognized him. It was the man who had driven with the King!

Chance was with Marco. The man crossed at exactly the place which made it easy for the boy to step lightly from behind him, walk a few paces by his side, and then pass directly before him across the pavement, glancing quietly up into his face as he said in a low voice but

distinctly, the words "The Lamp is lighted," and without pausing a second walk on his way down the road. He did not slacken his pace or look back until he was some distance away. Then he glanced over his shoulder, and saw that the figure had crossed the street and was inside the railings. It was all right. His father would not be disappointed. The great man had come.

He walked for about ten minutes, and then went home and to bed. But he was obliged to tell himself to go to sleep several times before his eyes closed for the rest of the night.



"IT WAS THE MAN WHO HAD DRIVEN WITH THE KING!"

—perhaps to call a doctor. Then, if it was a stranger he passed, no suspicion would be aroused. Was this man as tall as the one who had driven with the king? Yes, he was about the same height, but he was too far away to be recognizable otherwise. He drew nearer, and Marco noticed that he also seemed slightly to hasten his footsteps. Marco went on. A little nearer, and he would be able to make sure. Yes, now he was near enough. Yes, this man was the same height and not unlike in figure, but he was much younger. He was not the one who had been

(To be continued.)





## A MATTER OF COLOR




BY GEORGE O. BUTLER



A Gray Mouse met two vain White Mice;  
They caused him much surprise.  
He'd never seen *such* Mice before;  
He rolled his beady eyes.

"Where have you been?" he asked of them,  
"I'd rather like to know;  
Do you live in a Flour Mill?  
You're *white* from head to toe!"

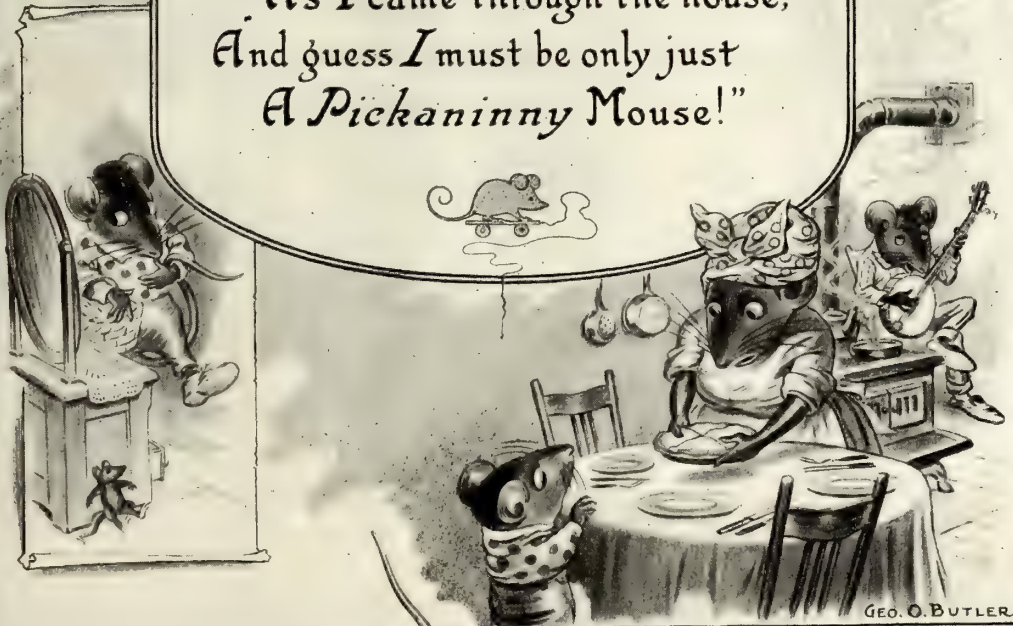




"Oh! what a simpleton you are,"  
 They said: "*We're always white!*  
 So please don't stand and stare at us;  
 It's not at all polite."

The little Gray Mouse meekly asked,  
 When he arrived for tea:  
 "If there are *White Mice*, Mother dear,  
 What kind of Mice are *we*?"

"I peeped into the looking glass,  
 As I came through the house;  
 And guess *I* must be only just  
 A *Pickaninny Mouse*!"



GEO. O. BUTLER.



# THE PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE

BY JOSEPHINE G. TIGHE

IN your histories and books of medieval romance, you have undoubtedly read about pages—lithe, slim lads who sat at the foot of the throne and at a sign, or a "What ho!" ran swiftly hither and thither for their majesties, upon pressing errands of state. These pages wore long hose and slashed doublets; lace flounces fell about their wrists; their slippers were decorated with buckles of finely wrought gold, and their caps with graceful, drooping feathers.

One of your very best friends, the dictionary, says that a page is "(a) A boy attendant upon a person of rank or distinction; (b) A boy who attends upon the members of a legislative body; as, a Senate page."

And these very page-boys of the United States Senate perform just about the same duties as did the silken-clad ones in the centuries past. Instead of sitting at the foot of a throne, the Senate pages are placed on the steps surrounding the dais which holds the chair occupied by the Vice-President of the United States, whose chief duty it is to preside over the sessions of the upper branch of our legislature.

There are sixteen pages, and eight are seated on each side of the Vice-President's desk. Instead of the gaudy, glowing costumes of the early pages, our boys wear knickerbocker suits of blue or black wool, white shirts and collars, and neckties of any desired color. The suits must be thoroughly brushed and pressed, linen immaculate, shoes the blackest of the black, and stockings guiltless of a single darn.

Each morning at nine, the pages report to the chief of the pages, Mr. Edwin Halsey, and woe to the boy whose attire and general appearance are not up to the mark! Woe to the page whose teeth and finger-nails do not show signs of proper and exquisite care, whose tie is not adjusted precisely as it should be! Mr. Halsey keeps a careful record, on which the marks for conduct, efficiency, appearance, and intelligence displayed by each page are duly entered.

After passing the scrutiny of the chief of the pages the real work of the day begins, and until five o'clock the lads find scant time for rest or amusement. Each boy has the desks of six senators to look after, and on these desks must be placed every morning the file of the current Congressional Record, together with the bills, resolutions, and documents of the previous day. All told, ninety-six desks are in the senate-cham-

ber, and each day of the session ninety-six inkwells must be cleaned and freshly filled. Each desk has a sand bottle, but as most of the senators prefer blotting-paper to the old-fashioned way of tossing sand upon newly written sheets, the pages have little work with the sand bottles.

Two antiquated snuff-boxes, which did strenuous duty long years ago, still occupy a place of honor in the Senate, and though seldom used nowadays, must be kept filled with snuff by the pages. Sometimes, when a new member is sworn in, he will be solemnly invited by a brother member to try a pinch of snuff; but there is really little call for it, although it is still religiously purchased by the United States Government for the use of the senators.

On every desk must go newly sharpened, finely pointed lead-pencils, also penholders containing new pens. As many of the senators are decidedly particular about large, small, sharp, or stub pen-points, the page must be extremely careful to supply the desired kind.

The Vice-President's gavel is carefully, formally put away each night, and as carefully and formally restored by a page each morning to its place in front of the presiding officer. It would be a decided breach of page-etiquette—involving a considerable fine for the negligent page—should the Vice-President attempt to call the Senate to order and find no gavel with which to do so.

When the desks have been fully arranged and the hour of twelve arrives, the pages file in and take their allotted places on the steps of the rostrum. Down goes the gavel; the Honorable Senate is in session; the chaplain offers prayer, and the real work of the day begins in earnest. From now until adjournment the pages are actually "on the jump." A senator desires a copy of a record of three days, or perhaps thirty years, ago. He claps his hands smartly, and the page nearest to him speeds down the aisle and takes the order. Sometimes it is plainly written out; more often it is hurriedly mumbled. And right here is where the page must exert his intelligence, and with sense and logic swiftly do the required errand. Naturally, the boys must know every member of not only the Senate, but of the House as well, and they must be absolutely familiar with every hole and corner of the Capitol, the House and Senate office-buildings, and the Library of Congress. Legislators and employees



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THE SIXTEEN PAGES OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND THEIR CHIEF, EDWIN A. HALSEY (IN THE CENTER).

at the Capitol may get confused and turned around in the intricate mazes of the building, but the page-boys, never!

When the Senate adjourns, there are many

duties yet to be performed by the boys, and it will be seen that they earn every penny of the seventy-five dollars a month paid them by their good Uncle Sam. The hours, of course, are long, and



the boys miss day-school. Some of them attend night-school; others have tutors; still others are coached by their parents. An alert, bright, energetic boy will learn very many things during the four years he may serve as a page, because he comes in contact with the best and broadest minds in the nation; he hears affairs of national importance discussed. The senators, as a rule, are devoted to the pages, and will often patiently explain a matter in which a boy is interested. The page who will stop, look, listen, and learn has an immense advantage over other boys.

That many of them have profited by the association and the environment is shown by the fact that a large number of them have turned out to be men of prominence and affairs. Some who



"IMITATING THE POSE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MEMBER WHOSE SEAT HE HAPPENS TO OCCUPY."

started as pages return in after years real, live, "honest-to-goodness" senators. For instance, the late and eminent Senator Arthur Pue Gorman was once a page. Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, used to answer handclaps; now he claps his own hands for a page.

Stuart Robson, the actor, was once numbered among the Senate pages; so was Edward B.

Moore, the present commissioner of patents. So were Admiral Frailly, General John W. Wilson, David I. Walsh, former governor of Massachusetts, Charles S. Sloan, geographer of the Census, William Delaney Hunter, consul at Nice, France, George P. Foster, Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Cuba, and a host of other notable, successful men. In a book written by Christian Eckloff, the oldest living page, it is stated that there are nearly 300 former pages in state legislatures to-day, and most of them are aspiring to return to Congress as members. The House of Representatives, by the way, also has pages, but they are young men instead of boys, and, therefore, not nearly so interesting!

The first record of pages dates back to 1809, and since then there have been 8029 employed in this capacity. George B. Cortelyou, private secretary of both President McKinley and President Roosevelt, was one of the 8029. So was Augustus Thomas, one of the most noted and successful of American playwrights.

Always there are more applicants for the coveted places than openings to be filled. Whenever possible, a vacant position is given to a boy whose family or education will be assisted by the monthly amount earned. The pages, who are appointed by the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, Charles P. Higgins, upon the recommendation of senators, may begin service at the age of twelve. Carl Loeffler, who at present holds the important position of assistant doorkeeper, was made a page in 1889, and has worked his way steadily upward.

Sometimes, when the Senate adjourns early or unexpectedly, the pages have a merry half-hour to themselves. Taking possession of the senate-chamber, they proceed to elect and solemnly induct into office a vice-president. The rest of them scurry into the seats just vacated by dignified and mighty senators, and each proceeds to imitate the pose and characteristics of the member whose seat he happens to occupy. Copying their elders with care, the first bill invariably introduced is one "to shorten the hours and lengthen the pay of the honorable pages." Needless to state, the bill goes through without a dissenting page-vote, and amid much acclaim. All work and no play would make even a Senate page a dull boy; so the officers of the upper branch of Congress indulgently let the lads have their own good time once in a while. It has even been whispered that certain senators have secreted themselves in cloak-room or lobby and watched with amusement their own dignity burlesqued by the daring youngsters.

# THRILLING ESCAPES OF WILD ANIMALS

BY ELLEN VELVIN, F.Z.S.

Author of "Tales Told at the Zoo," "Rataplan, a Rogue Elephant," etc.



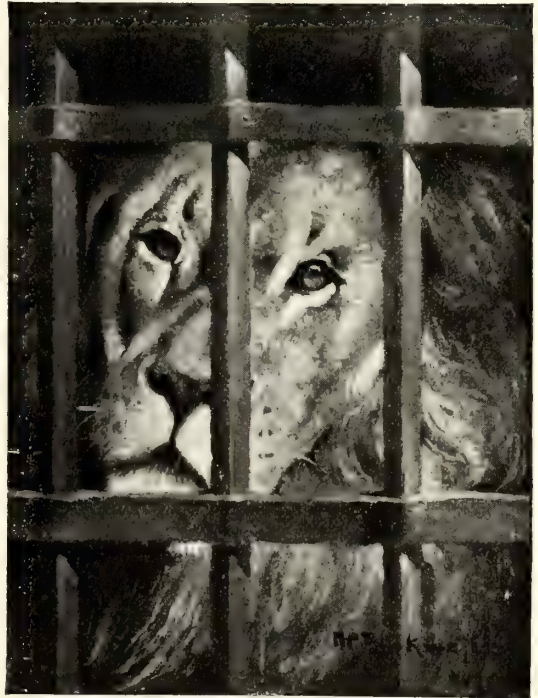
A LION CUB.

WITH every care and precaution, the best of locks and bolts, and in spite of much thought and anxiety concerning the matter, wild animals will occasionally, in some way or another, make their escape when in captivity, and these escapes take place, naturally, when least expected.

When every one is keenly on the alert, continually in fear of something happening to the

very quietly and without offering any objection. On examining the lock of his cage door, it was found that the bolt ran rather too easily, and it was supposed that the lion, in rubbing himself against the door, jolted the bolt back, and, as the door opened, he naturally walked out. It was not possible for him to get anywhere outside the trainers' precincts, but there was the probability that, had he met a strange trainer unexpectedly, a dozen dreadful things might have happened. As it was, it speaks volumes for his trainer that the animal found his way along the passage and up three steps to his room, and behaved as though he did that sort of "calling" every day of his life.

As a rule, lions do not often try to get out when in captivity. Other animals, like bears,



"WHEN ALL SEEMS SAFE."

wild creatures, or that they may possibly break their bounds, nothing, as a rule, happens. But just when all seems undoubtedly safe, and the owners and trainers, or keepers of the animals, feel entirely at ease, then comes some little incident which not only makes every one doubly cautious, but in many cases extremely uncomfortable.

In every menagerie, no matter how carefully guarded, there comes some time or other when the animals break out, in nearly all cases with quite as much surprise to themselves as to every one else. A bolt, perhaps, has not been driven firmly into its socket, a gate not properly fastened, a door not quite shut. In one wild animal show in Paris, a trainer, having finished his performance with his lions, seen them safely into their cages behind the runway, given each one his small piece of meat—as a reward for doing well—and, as he thought, safely fastened them in, went to his supper in another part of the show.

When in the middle of his supper, he and his wife heard something rubbing against the door of their living-room, and the trainer, thinking it was his boar-hound, got up and opened the door, when in walked one of his largest lions! With great presence of mind the trainer kept him until other trainers came and the lion was induced to go back to his cage again, which he did

foxes, pumas, and panthers, always seem to be on the watch, and are so sly and crafty that it needs constant supervision and great care to see that they do not either gnaw through the floors of their cages, or weaken some fastening or bolt. Bears, especially, are so very strong and power-



ful with their teeth and claws, that special precautions have to be taken. When kept in cages, the very hardest teak-wood is used, and the cages

dently wishing to be alone, got up with a little grunt and walked calmly away, followed by the men, who were uncertain as to what was the best



"IN WALKED ONE OF HIS LARGEST LIONS!"

are sometimes lined with zinc or sheet-iron. Even then, an indefatigable bear has been known to get one or two claws underneath the zinc or sheet-iron, and, when once he has accomplished this, a good wrench will make an excellent beginning for ripping off the whole lining.

Most bears are now kept in stone dens, surrounded by iron railings. But even in these cases bears have been known to get out. Two remarkable escapes took place in the London Zoölogical Gardens sometime ago. A huge polar bear was found about six o'clock one morning sitting quite comfortably among the shrubs in the Gardens, licking his paws.

The alarm was at once given, and the keepers, armed with every kind of implement they could pick up on the way, hastened to the spot. The polar bear stopped sucking his paws to look quietly at the many men looking at him, and, evi-

thing to do. One keeper was armed with a strong lasso; this he threw with great dexterity, and luckily threw it right over the bear's head.

The great creature did not appear to mind this, however, and at once went off into a swinging stride. Seeing some railings just in front of him, he climbed over, no doubt with the intention of continuing his promenade on the other side. But the men held on for dear life, while the tighter and harder they pulled, the tighter grew the cord around the bear's neck, until he was nearly suffocated. Mad with rage, the bear suddenly put forth all his strength, and snapped off the cord close to his ear, leaving the tight noose still round his neck. But a few struggles with his strong claws soon loosened that, and off he went again, shaking his shaggy white body from side to side, and keeping a very close watch on the men who were following him.

Whenever they came too close, he would stop and turn round suddenly; his attitude was unmistakably dangerous. It was useless to attack him; besides, he was a most valuable animal, and, as long as he kept in the Gardens, they were anxious not to harm him. Whenever he showed any signs of going near the entrances, he was turned carefully in another direction, and after about three hours' hard work, he was at last driven into the passage which leads to the carnivora dens. As it was luckily quite near to his own home, he was finally driven behind his bars again without being hurt in any way. He seemed rather glad to be back, and soon settled down, appearing to forget all about it. But the poor, tired keepers did not so quickly recover from the effects of their struggle.

Another bear who got out, belonging to these same Gardens, was a brown bear. In some way he managed actually to climb up his chain to the top of the bear-pit and jump off! He raced round the Gardens, turned over a number of chairs and tea-tables, and seemed to be in an exceptionally bad temper. Several keepers came up, and, seeing them, the bear decided to turn back again. He ran along the top of the terrace which leads to the bear-pit, and, when he reached it, looked down thoughtfully. Afraid that he might turn back again, one of the keepers rushed forward and, with an old broom, gave the bear such a sudden and unexpected push, that he tumbled headlong into the pit again; and no one seemed more surprised than he was himself!

In the Belle Vue Zoölogical Gardens, Manchester, England, a leopard one night got out from

chickens. The animal was so surprised that it walked straight back into its own cage, and stood quietly looking at her while she fastened him in.

Perhaps one of the most exciting escapes of a hippopotamus is that which happened to a young one belonging to Mr. Carl Hagenbeck. This animal had just been purchased by Mr. Hagenbeck in South Germany, and, when it arrived at Hamburg, the arduous task of transferring it to the wagon, and then from the wagon to the stable, took place. The first was accomplished without any great difficulty, but for some reason or other, the huge animal did not appear to want to leave the wagon. She took various delicacies which were offered her, and then drew inside again.

They were all very patient with her, but when several hours had been wasted in this manner and no progress had been made, it was decided to try some other method. So some went back of her and gave her several good hard blows, but this, instead of making her come out, only caused her to turn round and try to get at the men. Then Mr. Hagenbeck tried himself, and just as he had got the men back of her a second time, the huge



"LIFTING UP HER APRON, SHE 'SHOOED' IT, AS SHE DID HER HENS AND CHICKENS."

its cage, and walked about the lion-house sniffing, and evidently very much puzzled. A woman, who was some relation to one of the officials of the Gardens, saw it and most courageously went straight into the lions' house; lifting up her apron, she "shooed" it, as she did her hens and

animal suddenly turned round again in a fury and charged the barrier, sending it down with a crash and burying the men underneath.

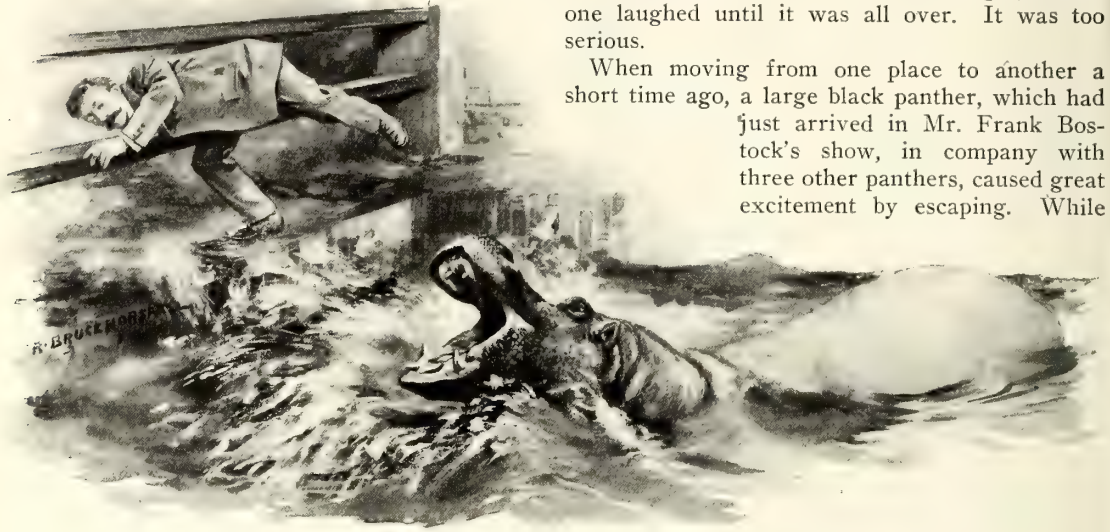
As the hippopotamus was rushing out of the wagon at the men, Mr. Hagenbeck, knowing her intentions, tore up to her and gave her a hard



kick. The kick could not possibly hurt such a thick-skinned animal, but it turned her attention away from the men to Mr. Hagenbeck himself,

rushing round to the door of the stall, quickly closed it. The hippopotamus's freedom was at an end, and she was a prisoner for life! To the onlookers, had it not been for the great danger, it would have been a most comical sight, but no one laughed until it was all over. It was too serious.

When moving from one place to another a short time ago, a large black panther, which had just arrived in Mr. Frank Bostock's show, in company with three other panthers, caused great excitement by escaping. While



"HE CREPT THROUGH THE BARS ONLY JUST IN TIME."

and with a furious snort of rage she rushed at him. Mr. Hagenbeck was known to be an extremely brave man, but he was not foolhardy, and, seeing what was in store for him, he took to his heels and ran as he had never run before in his life.

Seeing no other means of escape, he ran right into the very house which was waiting for the

moving them from their traveling cages to their permanent dens, the black one—the most savage and dangerous of all panthers—in spite of the most careful precautions, slipped out and disappeared.

The show was exhibiting just then in France, in a large open part of the country, a long way from buildings of any kind, and, it being a jet-black night, and the animal as black as the night, the task of finding it was almost impossible. Diligent search was kept up until morning and throughout the day, but without the slightest sign of the panther. The proprietor was terribly worried, as it might mean a bad accident at any moment, for women and children were coming in large crowds to the performance.

But the morning afterward, a working-man came to the show and said casually that, in the house in which he was working—a new one in course of building—he had seen a very large black cat—enormous it was, and he wondered if it could be the panther which the show people had lost. All this in the most unconcerned manner, the man evidently not having the least idea of the great danger and of the ferocity of the animal.

Without losing a moment, Mr. Bostock, with several of his best men, took a large shifting-den, and, well armed, they sallied forth, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides, for black panthers are so marvelously quick in their movements and



"THE 'QUIET-LOOKING CAT' LICKED UP SOME MILK FROM A SAUCER."  
(SEE PAGE 232.)

huge animal, and, springing across the water, crept through the wide wooden bars on the other side, only just in time to escape the infuriated animal. Even in that supreme moment of danger, Mr. Hagenbeck did not lose his wits, but,

so light in springing, that the brute was likely to be on them at any moment. But they all arrived safely at the unfinished house, and, carrying a thick rope and a loaded pistol, Mr. Bostock led the way. They had gone nearly all over the house—the man having said he last saw it going up-stairs—when they cautiously descended to the cellar, and there, in a corner, lying down quietly and comfortably, was the panther. In front of him were a few feathers and other remains of some chickens which he had evidently found and helped himself to. At sight of the intruders he kept quite still, but drew back his lips showing his teeth and breathing in a savage, throaty manner.

Keeping very quiet, the men tried to lasso it with the rope, but the panther was too quick each time, and dodged it most skilfully. They had hoped to capture it in this manner and draw it into the shifting-cage, but soon found that this was out of the question. Then Mr. Bostock, taking a loaded pistol in one hand, and holding a wooden shutter in front of him as a shield with the other, went in to drive it out. But he had no sooner put one foot inside than the panther charged furiously at him, throwing him to the ground and scratching him terribly on one arm. At the same time he knocked the weapon out of his hand.

Knowing well that all panthers go for the throat in any attack, Mr. Bostock quickly grasped it round the neck, and being a very muscular man, succeeded in partially choking it for a moment, and thus causing it to pause. This pause was the creature's undoing and Mr. Bostock's salvation. For, with a quick movement, Mr. Bostock threw himself on the panther. Letting his full weight rest on the savage brute, it was nearly suffocated, and could only struggle feebly. But this could not be kept up long, so with marvelous rapidity the men fastened ropes round its feet and then its body, and got it safely into the den. Not a man but was streaming with perspiration, and Mr. Bostock was bleeding profusely, so no time was lost in getting back and obtaining medical assistance. It took some time to recover from those terrible scratches, for all wounds from wild animals are peculiarly painful; but the marks remained for life.

Of course, when any wild animal does get out, it is rarely, indeed, but some one suffers for it in some way; but there have been other cases which have been rather amusing. Nearly all New Yorkers can remember when a very young puma got out of its cage in the New York Zoölogical Park, and was away for several days. It was only a baby, and more like a young playful

kitten than a wild animal, but the story of its escape of course altered as the days went on, and by the third day, workmen were afraid to go home by the park, mothers kept their children



"SUDDENLY REALIZING THAT SHE HAD ACTUALLY ENCOUNTERED A LIVE LION." (SEE PAGE 232.)

home from school, and nearly every one was afraid to go into the park itself.

In vain Dr. Hornaday, the director of the park, explained that it was only a playful cub; that it would not harm a fly; that it had been a great pet of the keepers, etc. It was no use. Even the



papers got excited over it at last, and said it was time some steps were taken to recapture it, and so protect the public from a wild animal at large. And just at this time a farmer's wife, living about a couple of miles from the park, went out one morning to feed her chickens, and found all the hens, with their little broods, cuddled up in a frightened state in a corner of the yard. After looking round for hawks and seeing no signs of any, she went into one of the large coops, and there in the corner, licking its paws gravely, was a tawny-looking cat, who looked at her quietly for a few moments, and then went on licking its paws as before.

And this "quiet-looking cat," who licked up some milk from a saucer which the farmer's wife offered it, was the "dangerous wild animal" which the papers and public had been making such a fuss about. Information was at once sent to the park, and the keeper came and took back his lost pet, and so that was the last of it; except that many people went after this to look at the

unique incident is that of a lion making its escape in Australia, only a short time ago. The story has been given me by an authority whose word is absolutely reliable, and has not yet been heard of in this country or in Europe. The incident took place in Melbourne.

It seems that the lion, a full-grown male, was one of a group performing at that time in a large music-hall. One afternoon, after the performance, in some way his cage was left open, and the lion very quietly walked out of the stage-door and down the street. At first, no one seemed to notice him, but after a while he met a lady, who looked at him for a moment, and then, suddenly realizing that she had actually encountered a live lion, she promptly fainted away. The lion turned, sniffed at her contemptuously, and evidently not considering her interesting, passed on.

By this time he had been seen, and people flew from him in all directions, but the lion kept on his way quietly, and, curiously enough, walked right up one of the principal streets in Mel-



"THE LION BEGAN TO GET RESTLESS."

"wild animal," and were much amused when they saw a playful young puma rolling over on its back, playing with the shadows, and purring loudly.

But what is a far more amusing and most

bourne, and actually turned into the offices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals! Of course, after the first moment of paralyzed astonishment, every door in the building was immediately locked against him, and for-

tunately some one had the presence of mind to shut the outer door as well, so he was confined to the vestibules and stairs.



NOT ANGRY—JUST YAWNING.

His imprisonment at first simply bored him—indeed, he sat down and yawned several times.

Then, after walking round and making a quiet tour of inspection, he began to get restless, and, wanting to get out, spent his time in rushing up and down the stairs, roaring at the top of his powerful voice. Meanwhile, the immense crowd outside which had quickly gathered, shouted loud and futile advice to the imprisoned people inside, whose feelings can better be imagined than described. Finally, his trainer arrived just when every one was becoming desperate, and, backing the cage which he had brought with him to the door, invited the lion, with kind words (and a piece of meat) to enter it. And the lion walked placidly into the cage, ate his piece of meat, and then, settling himself down comfortably, went sound asleep!

It would have been an interesting study in physiognomy to see the various expressions on the faces of the officials and employees of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as the lion raced up and down the stairs of their building, roaring at the top of his voice, and incidentally giving big thumps at the doors occasionally with his heavy tail as he passed by. But when the lion had safely departed, and the doors were opened once more, there can be no doubt that very much the same sort of expression then rested on every face there—an expression of immense relief!

## TRY IT

BY KATHERINE BASTEDO

SOME say that long, hard work is the secret of success;  
I think there 's quite a different explanation;  
I would n't say to shirk—but when you work, why *work*;—  
In other words just practise concentration.

If you are playing tennis, try hard for every ball,  
Don't think about the issue of the game;  
And, when the set is done, if you 've lost or if you 've won,  
You 'll be a better player just the same.

When you are studying Latin, don't think of all the French  
You have to do, and try perhaps to hurry;  
Just stick to what you 're at, and you 'll soon discover that  
You know your lessons without useless worry.

When there 's work for you to do, get it done and then you 're through;  
Success is hindered by procrastination;  
You are sure to do your best if with sturdy pluck and zest  
You work and play with steady concentration.



# STORIES OF FRIENDLY GIANTS

BY EUNICE FULLER

## V. THE MAN WHO WENT TO THE GIANTS' COUNTRY

You who scoff at tales of giants,  
Only sure of what you've seen,  
Listen to this man of science  
Who had long with giants been;

Then, when doubting folk confront you,  
Flout your faith, and mock your fear,  
Tell them of this wise man, won't you?  
Read them what 's recorded here.

*Seymour Barnard.*

As the world grew older and ways became stiffer, there came a dreadfully dull time when nothing ever happened by magic, and everything could be explained by a Reason. Worn out by this heavy atmosphere, the gods left the earth for the clouds, and the fairies vanished into moonlight and mist.

As for the giants, who had been so neighborly, they disappeared altogether. No frightened herd-boy following a cry through the moonlit forest came upon their towering figures. No Indian pushing out over the misty sea was hailed by a giant canoe.

People became quite superior and scornful. There was hardly a person who would discuss giants seriously. The grown-ups would only sniff; and even the children, who were young enough to know better, would cry, "Pooh! There never were any *giants*!"

Oddly enough, it happened that one of the most matter-of-fact persons of all, an Englishman and a scientist, came suddenly upon the giants' country. After that, you may be sure, the people who had been the first to scoff whenever giants were mentioned, became quite silent and respectful. Here is the Englishman's own story of the adventure, almost as he wrote it in his stiff, honest, grown-up way:

IN June, 1702, I, Lemuel Gulliver, ship's surgeon, went on board the merchant-vessel *Adventure* bound for Surat. Rounding the Cape of Good Hope, we had a good voyage through the Straits of Madagascar. But just south of the equator, a violent gale sprang up, and continuing for days, drove us before it beyond the Spice Islands. Suddenly the wind dropped and there was a perfect calm. I was delighted, but the captain, who knew those seas, bade us all prepare for a storm. The next day, just as he had said, a wind called the Southern monsoon set in. We reefed as best we

could, but it was a very fierce storm, and the waves broke strange and dangerous. We let our topmast stand, and the ship scudded before the sea.



"POOH! THERE NEVER WERE ANY GIANTS!"

Thus we were carried so far to the east that the oldest sailor aboard could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health, but we were in great distress for lack of water.

The wind moderated, and the next day a boy on the topmast discovered land. Soon we were

in full view of an island or continent, on the south side of which was a neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold our ship. We cast anchor about a league away, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well



"A CAT THREE TIMES AS BIG AS AN OX."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

armed, in the long-boat, with buckets for water. I asked his leave to go with them, to see the country and make what discoveries I could.

When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men wandered on the shore, hoping to find some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone on the other side where the country was all barren and rocky. Beginning to be tired, I started back toward the shore, only to see our men already in the boat rowing for dear life to the ship.

I was going to hollo to them when I saw a huge creature walking after them in the sea. The water was hardly to his knees, and he took prodigious strides. But our men had the start of him by half a league, and, as the sea thereabout is full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was told afterward, for I dared not stay to see, but ran as fast as I could up a steep hill.

I came upon a highroad, for so I took it to be, though it served the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked for an hour, but could see little, for the grain rose forty feet into the air on either side. Coming at last to the end of the field, I found it fenced in with a hedge one hundred feet high.

I was trying to find a gap in the hedge when I saw a man as tall as a church-steeple approaching the stile. Hiding myself in the grain, I heard him call, but the noise was so high in the air that at first I thought it was thunder. Immediately seven monsters, each with a reaping-hook as big as six scythes, came to reap the grain in the field where I was.

I kept as far from them as I could, but I could move only with great difficulty, for the barley-stalks were sometimes less than a foot apart, so that I could hardly squeeze between them. However, I struggled on till I came to a part of the field where the grain had been beaten down by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible to advance a step, for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep between, and the beards of the barley were so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes. Hearing the reapers close behind me, I threw myself down between two ridges, overcome with despair.

The next moment, I saw an immense foot not ten yards away and the blinding gleam of a great reaping-hook above my head. I screamed as loud as fear could make me. The huge reaper stopped short, and, looking about on the ground for some time, finally spied me. He considered awhile, as if he were planning how he could pick up a small, dangerous animal so that it could neither bite nor scratch him. At last he ventured to take me up by the middle, between his forefinger and thumb, and held me within three yards of his eyes.

Good fortune gave me so much presence of



"THE BABY SUDDENLY SEIZED ME BY THE MIDDLE."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

mind that I resolved not to struggle as he held me in the air about sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides. In-



stead, I raised my eyes and clasped my hands, speaking some words in a humble tone and groaning a little to let him know how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to understand, for, putting me gently into his pocket, he ran along with me to his master, the farmer I had first seen.

The farmer blew my hair aside to get a better view of my face, and then placed me softly on



"A LITTLE GIRL NINE YEARS OLD AND NOT ABOVE FORTY FEET HIGH."

the ground on all-fours. But I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward. Pulling off my hat, I made a low bow to the farmer. I fell on my knees, and spoke several words as loud as I could. I took a purse of gold out of my pocket and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand and turned it with the point of a pin, but could make nothing of it.

He spoke to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain. We could not understand each other.

He then sent his servant to work, and taking out his handkerchief, spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward. He beckoned to me to step up on it,

which I could easily do, as it was not more than a foot thick. Wrapping me up in the handkerchief, he carried me home to his house. There he showed me to his wife; but she screamed and ran back as if I had been a spider. However, when she had seen how gentle I was, and how well I obeyed the signs her husband made, she became extremely tender to me.

It was dinner-time, and the servant brought in a dish of meat about twenty-four feet across. At the table were the farmer, his wife, and three children. The farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat and crumbled some bread, placing it before me on a plate. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and began to eat, which gave them much delight.

Then the master beckoned me to come to his plate; but as I walked on the table, I stumbled against a crust and fell flat on my face. I got up immediately, and, finding the good people greatly concerned, I waved my hat over my head, giving three huzzas to show that I had received no hurt.

Just then I heard a noise like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work, and, turning my head, found it to be the purring of a cat three times as big as an ox. The fierce look of this creature, which had jumped into the mistress's lap, altogether discomposed me, although I stood at the farther end of the table, fifty feet away.

But my chief danger came from another quarter. When dinner was almost over, a nurse came in with a child a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me and began a squall that you might have heard across London, to get me for a plaything. The mother put me toward the baby, who suddenly seized me by the middle, and put my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that he was frightened and let me drop. And I should certainly have broken my neck if the nurse had not held her apron under me. To quiet the baby, the nurse shook a rattle filled with rocks as big as cobblestones, which was fastened by a cable to the child's waist.

But the one of all the family whom I liked the best was a little girl nine years old, who became from the first my chief protector. It was she who fixed up a bed for me in her doll's cradle, and it was she who taught me the language. When I pointed out anything, she told me the name of it in the giants' tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I wished. She was very good-natured, and not above forty

feet high, being small for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, meaning manikin. I called her my Glumdalclitch, or little nurse.

It soon began to be known in the neighborhood that my master had found in the field a tiny animal shaped exactly like a human creature, which seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, walked erect on two legs, was tame and gentle, and would come when it was called. Another farmer, who lived near by, came on a visit on purpose to find out the truth of this story. Being old and dim-sighted, he put on his spectacles to see me better, at which I could not help laughing, for his eyes looked like the full moon shining into a room at two windows. This man was thought to be a great miser, and to my way of thinking he well deserved it, for the first thing he did after seeing me was to advise my master to show me as a sight in the next town.

Accordingly, the next market-day, my master mounted his daughter, my little nurse, on a pillion behind him, and rode with me to town. I was carried in a wooden box, closed on every side, with a little door to let me in and out, and a few gimlet holes to give me air. Although Glumdalclitch had put her doll's quilt in the box for me to lie down on, I was nevertheless terribly shaken up by this journey of only half an hour. The horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the motion was like the rising and falling of a ship tossing on the waves in a great storm.

My master alighted at an inn, and, having hired the crier to give notice of me through the town, placed me on a table in the largest room of the inn, which was about three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close by, to take care of me and direct what I should do. To prevent danger, my master would allow but thirty people at a time to see me, and set benches round the table so

as to put me out of everybody's reach. I walked about on the table as Glumdalclitch commanded; she asked me questions, and I answered them as loud as I could. I paid my humble respects to the audience, and said they were welcome. I took up a thimble filled with wine and drank their health. I flourished my sword, and exercised with part of a straw as a pike. That day I was



"THE QUEEN COULD NOT DINE WITHOUT ME."

shown to twelve sets of people, and as often forced to go through the same antics, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in.

Finding how profitable I was, my master decided to take me to the metropolis. And so, hav-



ing made my box more comfortable for a longer journey, he and Glumdalclitch set out with me for Lorbrulgrud, or the Pride of the Universe, three thousand miles away. Arriving there, my master hired a large room on the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and exhibited me ten times a day.

The fame of me spread far and wide, for during the journey I had learned to speak the language fairly well, and understood every word I heard. Indeed, we had not been long in the city when a gentleman usher came from the palace, commanding my master to take me there immediately for the diversion of the queen and her ladies.

Her Majesty was beyond measure delighted with me. I fell on my knees, and begged the honor of kissing her imperial foot. But she ordered me to be set on a table, and held out her little finger toward me, which I embraced in both my arms, putting the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lips. She asked whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the table, and answered that I should be proud to devote my life to Her Majesty's service. She then asked the farmer if he was willing to sell me at a good price. He said he would part with me for a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered for him on the spot.

One request only I made of the queen: that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much kindness, might continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her Majesty agreed, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court. As for the poor girl herself, she was not able to hide her joy.

So fond of my company did the queen become that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed on that at which she ate, just at her left elbow. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool near by, to take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes, which, in proportion to the queen's, were not much bigger than those of a doll's house. For Her Majesty's knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle, and her spoons, forks, and plates were all on the same scale. I remember the first time I ever saw a dinner-party at court, when a dozen of these enormous knives and forks were being plied at once. I thought I had never seen so terrible a sight.

But nothing mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who was the smallest ever known in the country, being hardly thirty feet high. Seeing at last a creature so far beneath him, he became insolent, and never failed to make some

smart remark about my littleness. My only revenge was to call him brother and challenge him to wrestle, which made him not a little angry. One day, at dinner, he became so nettled that, raising himself up on the frame of the queen's chair, he picked me up by the middle and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell in over my head, and if I had not been a good swimmer, I believe I should have been drowned. For Glumdalclitch was at the other end of the room, and the queen was too frightened to help me. However, my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed more than a quart of cream. I was put to bed, but I was not hurt, except for my clothes, which were ruined.

Indeed, I should have lived happily enough in Brobdingnag (for that is the name of the giants' country) if my littleness had not made me continually the victim of the most absurd accidents. I remember one morning Glumdalclitch set me in my box on a window-sill to give me the air. I opened my windows and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet-cake for breakfast, when twenty wasps as big as partridges came flying into the room, droning louder than so many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake and carried it piecemeal away. Others flew about my head, deafening me with their noise, until I was afraid I should be stung to death. However, I had the courage to draw my sword, and attack them in the air. Four of them I killed, but the rest got away, and I shut my windows in a hurry.

Another day, Glumdalclitch let me walk about by myself on a smooth grass-plot in the garden, when there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail that I was struck to the ground. And when I was down, the hailstones, which were as big as tennis-balls, gave me such cruel bangs that I could scarcely creep to the shelter of a primrose. As it was, I was so bruised from head to foot that I could not go out for ten days.

So, even though I was the favorite of a great queen and the delight of a whole court, I could not help sometimes wishing to be in a country where I need not live in fear of being stepped on like a toad or a young puppy. But my escape came sooner than I expected, and in a most curious way. For convenience in traveling, the queen had made for me a small box about twelve feet square. On top was a great ring, by which one of the giants could carry the box in his hand. And on one side were two iron loops, through which a person carrying me on horseback could run a leather belt and buckle it around his waist. The other sides had windows, latticed with iron wire to prevent accidents. Inside, I had a ham-

mock swung from the ceiling, and a small hole cut in the roof just above it to give me air in hot weather. There were, besides, two chairs screwed to the floor so that they could not be tossed about by the motion of the horse or coach.

It was in this traveling-box that I made my last trip in the giants' country. One spring I was carried in it to spend a few days at the sea-



"I HEARD A VOICE CALLING IN ENGLISH TO ASK IF THERE WAS ANYBODY BELOW."

shore along with the queen and Glumdalclitch. My poor little nurse and I were tired by the journey. I had only a little cold, but Glumdalclitch was sick in bed. I longed to see the ocean, and asked leave to have one of the pages carry me along beside the sea. I shall never forget how unwillingly Glumdalclitch consented, bursting into a flood of tears, as if she had a foreboding of what was to happen.

The page took me out in my box, and walked with me on the rocks along the shore. Feeling slightly ill, I ordered him to set me down so that I could take a nap in my hammock. I got in, and the boy shut the window to keep out the cold. For some time, I lay and watched him through the window-panes as he searched about among the rocks for birds' eggs. But, after a while, he went out of my sight altogether, and feeling more and more drowsy, I fell asleep.

There was a sudden, violent pull on the ring of my box, and I awoke with a start. I felt my room raised high in the air, and then carried forward at a terrific speed. The first jolt almost shook me out of my hammock, but afterward the

motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could, but all in vain. I looked out of my windows, but could see nothing but clouds and sky. I listened, and made out a noise over my head like the flapping of wings. Then for the first time I realized what had happened. Some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak. Soon, no doubt, he meant to let it fall on a rock like a turtle in a shell, and pick out my body to devour it.

Suddenly the great wings above me began to beat faster, and my box was tossed up and down like a swinging sign on a windy day. I heard several bangs, as I thought, given to the eagle, and then felt myself falling straight down for more than a minute, but so swiftly that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash that sounded louder to my ears than Niagara Falls; after which, I was in the dark for another minute. Then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now saw that my box had fallen into the sea, and with the weight of my body, the furniture, and the broad plates of iron on the bottom, floated about five feet deep in water.

I did then, and do still, suppose that the eagle which flew away with my box was chased by two or three others who wanted a share in the prey. In defending himself he was forced to let me drop, but the iron plates on the bottom kept the box from breaking when it struck the water. Every joint was snugly fitted, and the door shut down like a window, which kept my room so tight that very little water came in.

Nevertheless, I expected every minute to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overturned by a wave. A break in a single pane of glass would mean immediate death, and indeed nothing could have saved the windows but the iron lattices the giants had put on the outside. I could not lift up my roof, or I should certainly have climbed out and sat on top, where I would at least have had a chance of living a few hours longer than by being shut up inside. But, even if I escaped drowning for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death from cold and hunger?

After four hours of these wretched imaginings, I thought I heard a kind of grating noise on the side of my box where the iron loops were fixed. And soon after, I began to fancy that the box was being towed along in the sea, for now and then I felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This somehow gave me a hope of escape, although I could not imagine how it could be brought about. I unscrewed one of



my chairs from the floor, and having managed to screw it down again directly under the air hole in the ceiling, I mounted on it and called for help in all the languages I knew. Then, fastening my handkerchief to my walking-stick, I thrust it up through the hole, and waved it several times in the air, so that if any ship were near, the sailors might see that there was some one shut up in the box.

There was no reply to my signals, although I saw plainly that my box was moving along; and in an hour or so the side where the iron loops were, struck against something hard. I feared that it was a rock, for I was being tossed about more than ever.

Suddenly I heard a noise on the roof, like the grating of a cable passing through the ring, and I felt myself being hoisted up at least three feet higher than I was before. At that, I waved my stick and handkerchief again, and called for help till I was hoarse. In return I heard a great shout repeated three times. There was a trampling over my head, and a voice calling in English to ask if there was anybody below. I answered that I was an Englishman, and begged to be rescued from the prison I was in. The voice replied that I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship, and the carpenter would come immediately to saw a hole in the roof large enough to pull me out. I said that was needless, for one of the crew had only to put his finger in the ring and take the box out of the sea into the ship. On hearing me talk so wildly, some of the crew thought I was crazy, and others laughed, for indeed it never occurred to me that now I was among people of my own height and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed an opening, then let down a small ladder, which I mounted, and from there took me to the ship.

The sailors crowded about me, asking me a thousand questions, but I was all in a daze at the sight of so many pigmies. For my eyes had been so long accustomed to the giants that I could not believe that these were ordinary-sized Englishmen. However, the captain, seeing that I was about to faint from weariness and amazement, took me into his own cabin and put me

upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest.

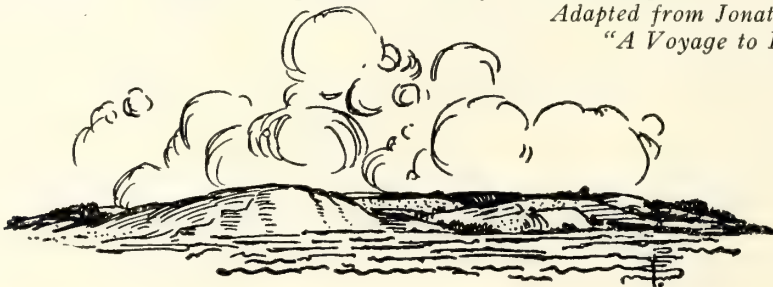
I slept some hours, and when I woke up, felt much better. It was then about eight o'clock at night, and the captain entertained me most kindly at dinner. He said that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied my chest at a distance, and thought it was a sail. As his ship's biscuit had begun to run short, he made for it, hoping to buy some. On coming nearer and finding a huge chest instead of a ship, he sent out his long-boat to find out what it was. His men came back in a terrible fright, vowing they had seen a swimming house.

Laughing at their folly, he went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. He rowed around me several times, saw my windows, and the great iron loops upon the other side. To one of these loops he ordered his men to fasten a cable and tow the chest along toward the ship. When it was there he told them to fasten another cable to the ring in the cover, and raise the chest up with pulleys. But all the sailors tugging together were able to lift it only three feet. It was then that they saw my stick and handkerchief waving through the hole, and decided that some unlucky man was shut up inside.

He asked me how it was that I had come there, and I told him my story from beginning to end. And as truth always forces its way into reasonable minds, so this honest gentleman was not slow in believing me. He said he wondered at one thing very much, which was to hear me speak so loudly, and he asked whether either the king or queen of the giants was deaf. But I explained to him how, for the two years I had lived among the giants, I had been like a man on the street talking to people in a steeple far above. I told him, too, how the sailors on the ship had seemed to me the tiniest little creatures I had ever seen.

The captain laughed heartily, and during the whole voyage we were the best of friends. With a favorable breeze all the way, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and so sailed safely home to the tiny shores of England.

*Adapted from Jonathan Swift's  
"A Voyage to Brobdingnag."*



# PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

## HOW BOYS MAKE FURNITURE FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City



A WAGON-LOAD OF RAW MATERIAL.

Two things help to make good results in box furniture—good boxes and good boys—although I have found the results from the combination of good boxes and bad boys to be equally successful, simply because, in my experience, I have found "bad boys" to be "good boys." The boys mentioned here, however, are good boys—quite the best in New York City.

Before beginning to make box furniture, be sure you have your tools ready. A few good sharp tools are absolutely necessary, if you expect good results. Do not attempt to do anything with the small, useless tools which are often found in a child's cheap tool-chest, costing about five dollars. For that amount of money the seven tools here mentioned may be bought, and will last a

lifetime. With the following tools you are equipped for work:

1. A large hammer with a good claw.
  2. An iron-handled screw-driver.
  3. An iron jack-plane (kept well sharpened).
  4. A square.
  5. A rule (we often use a yardstick).
  6. A cross-cut saw. (A rip-saw also is helpful, but not necessary.)
  7. An iron vise screw for the work-bench vise.
- A big jack-knife every boy has.

A nail-set can be improvised by filing off the end of a large nail. With plenty of sandpaper, a little putty, and some stain, or paint, of the desired color, we are ready to begin work.



Borrow a brace and two bits (one quarter-inch bit, the other the size of a broom-handle) for boring the holes when fastening the vise on the work-bench.

I used to say, first get your boxes; but now I state emphatically, first get your boys—then *they*

tinents there are large box-companies that make weekly rounds among the various shopkeepers, buying and collecting old boxes of every description.

We are very careful to get a variety of boxes, so as to have thick and thin lumber, and large



HURRYING UP THE STEPS, EAGER TO BEGIN MAKING "BOX FURNITURE."

will get the boxes. Be careful to select good boxes, that is, boxes with enough pieces of good wood in their sides to pay for purchasing them. We buy most of our boxes, as we use such large quantities, although we often have boxes given to us. We find that the shopkeepers are far more willing to save good boxes for us when they know we are ready to buy them for a small amount. It is not an uncommon thing for me to find, on my grocery or shoe bill, forty or eighty cents for boxes. Crates are also very useful when the strips of wood are thick enough to be planed to a smooth surface, as they may then furnish facing-strips and slats.

We do not realize that over a million dollars' worth of lumber is burned up every year in the boxes we ruthlessly discard. I found this wasteful condition throughout Europe as well as America, notwithstanding the fact that in both con-

and small pieces of wood. The boys have different days for collecting the various kinds of boxes. Monday is for shoe cases, Wednesday for grocery boxes, Thursday for packing cases from the drapery shops, for instance.

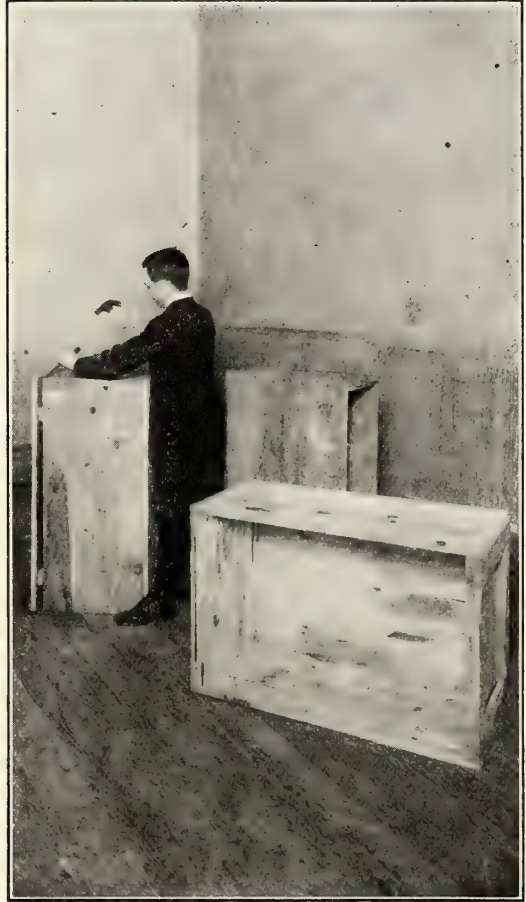
The boxes are then stacked in piles that can be easily reached by boys of all ages, uniform sizes being stacked together.

Next comes one of the most important steps if good furniture is to be the result of your labor—that of taking every box apart so that each piece of lumber that composes the six sides shall be intact, not split or broken to pieces. Few people know how to do this. You must remember that, when you make your furniture, every piece of this lumber will be used again.

To open a box, with the exception of dovetailed boxes, place the screw-driver between the cover and box, close to each nail to be removed.



STACKING THE BOXES.



OPENING THE BOXES.

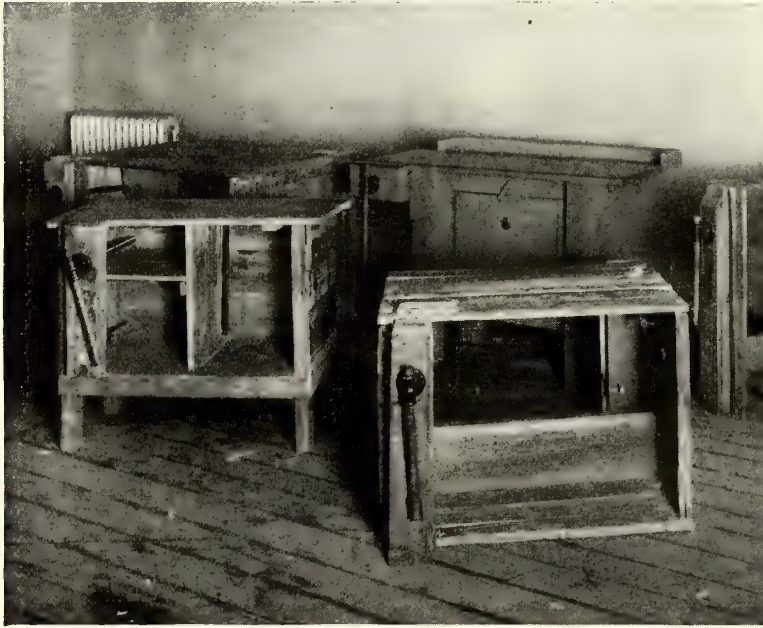


EACH PIECE OF WOOD IS STACKED ACCORDING TO LENGTH.



Strike the screw-driver gently with the hammer until the nail is raised above the surface a little, and withdraw the nail with the claw on the hammer. Then tap the bottom of the box from the inside, close to the nails, until they are "started," and withdraw the nails as when removing the cover. Remove the two sides last, as they are always nailed, or screwed to the two ends.

Care must be taken in the next step, when every piece of wood, no matter how small or knotty, is placed according to length. The longest ones are arranged first, and so on down to the smallest.



"IF PROPERLY CONSTRUCTED, THIS WORK-BENCH WILL BE FOUND VERY SATISFACTORY."

In this way a great waste of material is saved, as one can readily find the desired length.

On the preceding page a lad is seen measuring a fourteen-inch board against a nineteen-inch one. Finding he must waste five inches by sawing it down to fourteen inches, he will go to the fourteen-inch pile for his second piece.

The next important step is making the work-bench. This work-bench scheme I worked out several years ago in Norway, when I found that the average boy, both foreign and American, could do little with tools unless he had his fine, and usually expensive, work-bench. The expense of my work-bench seldom exceeds forty-seven cents, which is the cost of the vise screw. A good, strong packing-box, the proper height for the person that is to use it, is selected for the bench. Place the best side up for the top, with

your nail-set, "set" all the nails on the top so there will be no projecting nails with which to nick your tools, especially the plane. Remove the strips of one side of the box, leaving the top and bottom strip of wood to support the vise. Fit one of these strips inside of the box from the top to the bottom in the left-hand corner, and nail securely from the top and sides. This strip reinforces the vise.

Nail together three of the boards that were removed from the side, keeping their tops flush, until you have a long, thick block about three inches thick by five inches wide—that is, just the height of your box. This block forms the vise. Five inches from the top bore a hole the size of the vise screw, and another directly through the two strips of wood in the left-hand corner of the open side of the box, five inches from the top. Insert the vise screw so that it projects into the box. With your jack-knife, cut out and fit the vise screw onto the vise block, and screw securely.

From an old broom-handle saw a piece the length of your vise screw. This makes a good leverage stick. Bore another hole straight through the vise block and the bottom strips in the lower left-hand corner, about five inches from the floor, and insert the piece of broom-handle. Secure this to the vise block. Bore two or three quarter-inch holes in

the projecting end of the broom-handle. A large nail, or peg, placed in the holes keeps the vise block parallel. An inch screw, screwed into the top of the work-bench, answers nicely for a bench stop, as the screw may be easily raised, or lowered, when planing boards of various thicknesses.

If properly constructed, this work-bench will be found very satisfactory. After one has been able to "do things" on this simple bench, it is an easy matter to add cupboards, doors, or a heavier top, like the other benches shown in the picture on this page. I am especially anxious that man be "master over a few things."

In my next article, I will tell you how we made our tool-chests and had our exhibition, and will show you some of the articles of furniture we took home to Mother and Baby Brother and Sister.

# A SMALL TOBOGGAN-SLIDE THAT ANY BOY CAN MAKE

BY A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys," "The Handy Boy,"  
"The Boy Craftsman," etc.



FIG. 1. A SNOW TOBOGGAN-SLIDE, PLATFORM, AND RAILINGS.

A FRAME toboggan-slide is a simple structure for boys to build, but the matter of expense frequently prevents them from undertaking the work, or the idea does not occur to them until after the first snow-storm has arrived,—and any boy who has tried outdoor carpentry in cold weather, with gloves and heavy clothing to hamper the movements of hands and limbs, knows that it cannot be done satisfactorily. Such conditions often cause the abandonment of the idea of building a slide, or a postponement until the following autumn.

The plans here presented will enable a boy to build a small toboggan-slide with little or no expense, and he can put it up in cold weather because there is but little carpentry connected with the work, and part of that may be done indoors. Besides, as there are no heavy pieces of lumber to handle, small boys can do the work as well as can their older brothers.

Figure 1 shows the completed toboggan-slide, while Figures 2 and 3 show how it is constructed out of a packing-case, a few wooden strips, and snow. Of course, such a slide as the one illustrated may be built entirely of snow, but, unless

it is placed in a corner of a yard where there will be a high fence on each side of the platform to protect the coasters, there should be a railing to prevent any one from slipping off of the top of the slide and possibly injuring himself. A most satisfactory form of construction for such railings is shown in Figure 2. In this a packing-case is used for a base, and the railing supports are fastened to it. Get a large packing-case, or, if you cannot find one, take a number of small boxes and bind them together with strips. The length of the packing-case, or the length of the combined boxes, should be at least three feet, as there should be this space between the railings.

Figure 3 shows how two uprights, A and B, should be spiked to each end of the packing-case, and how a crosspiece, C, should be fastened to the top ends of these. The top of the railing should extend at least two feet six inches above the finished toboggan-slide platform; and, as the top of the platform may be built up of snow twelve inches or more higher than the top of the box to make a higher slide, this height must be settled before cutting the railing uprights, in order to get them of the right length.



Figure 2 shows how the railings of the steps are fastened in place, and Figure 4, how the lower uprights, D, are connected and braced.

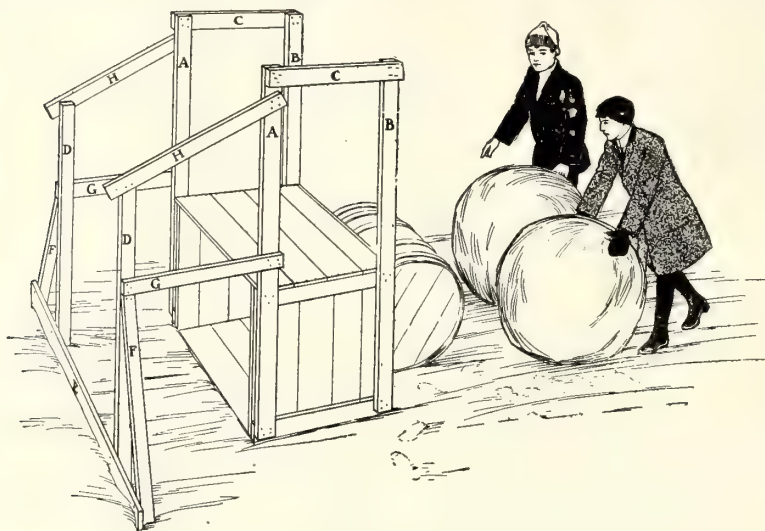


FIG. 2. THE COMPLETED RAILINGS AND PLATFORM.

First cut uprights D about eighteen inches shorter than uprights A (Fig. 2), then cut the board, E (Figs. 2 and 4), about three feet longer than the packing-case, and nail it to the edges of uprights D at their lower ends, placing the uprights the same distance apart as uprights A. Cut the braces, F, three or four feet long, and nail their ends securely to board, E, and uprights D. After making this piece of framework, set it about thirty inches away from the packing-case platform base, with uprights D directly in line with uprights A (Fig. 2), and connect the uprights with the crosspieces, G, and the hand-rails, H.

With the framework of the platform and steps completed, select a good location for your toboggan-slide; then place the framework upon a sled and pull it over to that spot and set it in position.

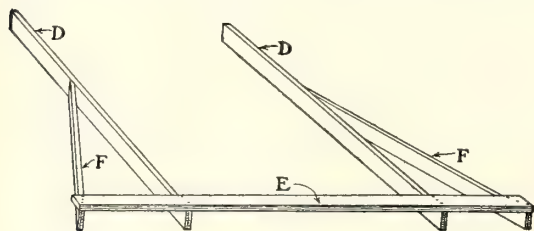


FIG. 4. HOW THE LOWER UPRIGHTS FOR THE STEP-RAILINGS ARE CONNECTED.

One good thing about this form of framework is its compactness and the ease with which it may be taken from one place to another. You may

build a toboggan-slide in your own back yard one time; then another time, if you decide conditions are better in your chum's back yard, all you will

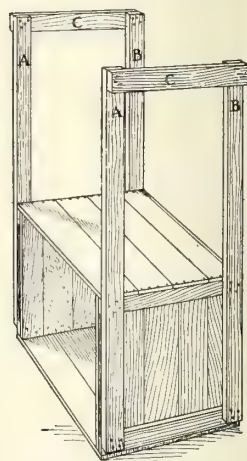


FIG. 3. HOW THE PLATFORM RAILINGS ARE NAILED.

have to do will be to set the framework upon your sled and haul it over to his yard.

While you have been making the platform framework, your companions should have busied themselves with bringing together the snow necessary for the slide. The snow is gathered easiest by rolling it into balls, starting with small balls some distance away from the position selected for the toboggan-slide, and gradually working them over toward that spot as you roll them. Each boy may start a ball and roll it until it becomes too heavy for him to manage alone; then two or more boys should work together, and, when the balls are of the right size, roll them into position. The size of the balls should diminish in the proportion necessary to give the proper slope to the slide. Fill in the spaces between the balls with snow and tamp it down with a stick; then level off the tops. If the snow is too dry to pack well, pour water over the slide as you construct it. The more compact you make the slide, the more substantial it will be, and the longer it will last.

Pile upon the packing-case the amount of snow necessary to make the platform of the desired height; then build a set of steps to it, as shown in Figure 1. Make these steps broad, and pitch them slightly toward the back. Do not pour water on them, because it will make them slippery. They will wear down, of course, but they can be repaired quickly. If a board is built into the top of each step, they will be more durable.

The top of the slide should be made icy by pouring water upon it, but, before this is done, tracks should be formed by running a sled down the slide a few times. Make these tracks wide enough so that sleds of different widths will fit them. It is a good idea, also, to bank up the snow along each side of the slide to form a ledge, so there will be no possibility of a sled running off of the slide in case it leaves its tracks.

If there is a scarcity of snow, much may be saved by filling in a portion of the base of the slide with a barrel or with boxes. The snow placed upon the top of the barrel or boxes will form an arch over them and make the slide just as firm as though it were built entirely of snow.

A couple of planks may also be used for the upper portion of the slide to save snow (Fig. 5). These may be either ten inches or twelve inches in width by whatever length you can get. Fasten them together with wooden battens placed about three feet apart, as shown in Figure 6, and nail a strip to each edge, as shown, to form a guard with a three- or four-inch projection. If ten-inch planks are used, they may be placed two or three inches apart, in order to make the slide that much wider (Fig. 6). The width of a sled is greater than that of one plank, so the runners could not possibly run into the opening left between the planks. Nail a board across uprights B of the platform framework (Fig. 5) to sup-

port the upper end of the planks. Then build up a snow-slide at the end of the planking, as shown in Figure 5, to make the slide as long as is desired, and embed the end of the planks in the snow.

These ideas have been worked out in a very

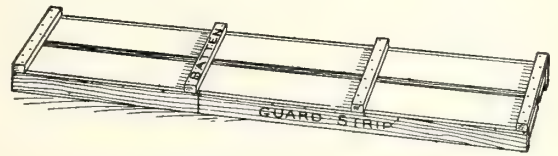


FIG. 6. HOW TWO PLANKS MAY BE BATTENED TOGETHER.

simple form, but any boy who wants to build a more elaborate toboggan-slide, longer, and with a higher platform, will readily see that its construction will be similar. A number of packing-cases may be fastened together to make the platform as large as is desired, while several lengths of planking may be used for the slide, supported at the ends on snow piers—just as a long bridge is supported upon piers of masonry. If several packing-cases are fastened together for a large platform, they should be bound with strips, and in case the top boxes are made of thin wood, a flooring of boards should be nailed across them to distribute the weight of the coasters who are to stand upon them and thus prevent the possibility of breaking through.

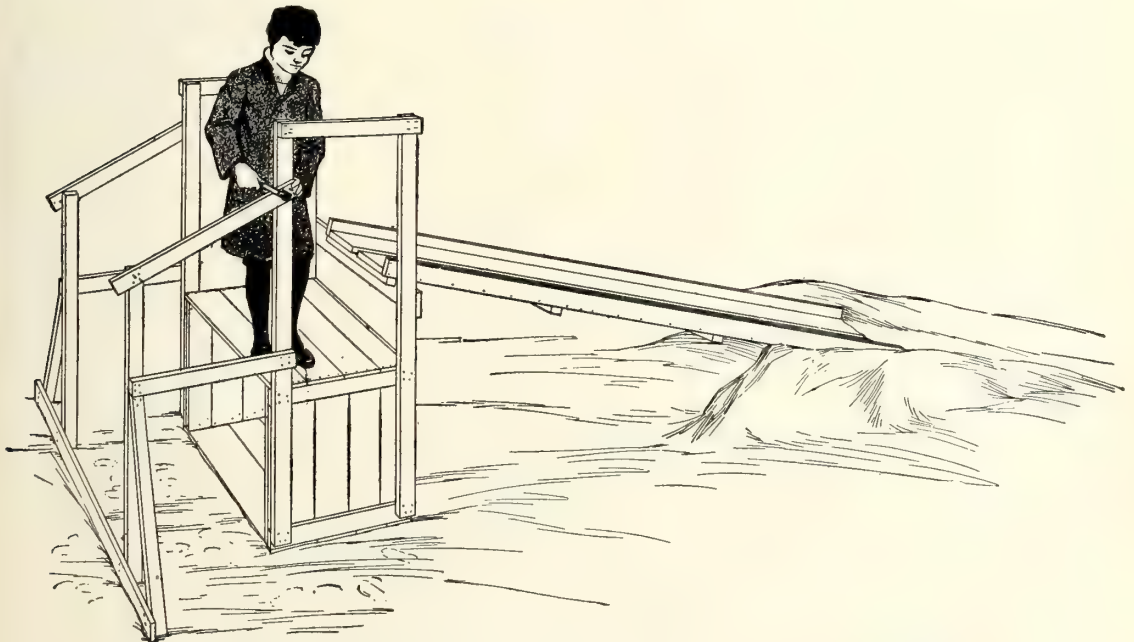
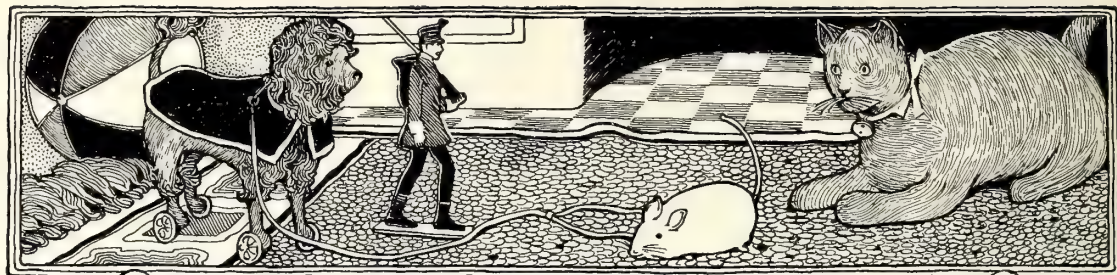


FIG. 5. "A COUPLE OF PLANKS MAY BE USED FOR THE UPPER PORTION OF THE SLIDE."





## THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

BY MRS. JOHN T. VAN SANT

'T was the night *after* Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not even the mouse!—  
The mechanical mouse,  
The marvelous mouse,  
Who had traveled and traveled  
All over the house.  
His spring was demolished,  
And, powerless to run  
From the little tin soldier  
With his little tin gun,  
He lay on the hearth-rug  
And trembled with fear  
Of the cotton-wool cat  
Who was frightfully near—  
The mechanical cat,  
So gaunt and gray,  
Who had chased him about  
On Christmas Day.  
And the little toy dog,  
Whose bark was controlled  
By a spring in his side,  
Looked fierce and bold  
To the poor little mouse,  
The mechanical mouse,  
Who had traveled and traveled  
All over the house.  
In terror he shrank  
From the whole toy Zoo.—

But he need not have feared,  
For *their* springs were smashed, *too*!



# PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

## CHAPTER VI

### PEG TURNS TRAPPER

FOR a moment after little Jack and the Indian had disappeared I stood still, so appalled that I scarce seemed able to move. It is true that I had been apprehensive at not finding the boy, but that came from a vague fear that he might have wandered too far. That he should have been taken away by a savage or any one else had never entered my mind.

I came to my senses and tore wildly across the open space to the spot where they had disappeared, and then on into the forest. I was nigh to panic and ran blindly, conscious only of a great fear in my heart; but after a time my thoughts cleared, and, though my alarm was not less, I realized that I must summon all my wits if I would regain the boy.

I slowed my pace and took note of my surroundings with a view to finding some trace of the Indian's passage through the wood. I knew of men to whom every bent twig would have told a story; who could find footprints even on the leaves and moss; who could follow a trail unerringly by signs that were not visible to the unskilled, and, though I lacked experience in this wood lore, I had heard much of the methods, and made an effort to use what I could remember of it.

But search as I might, there were no signs to guide me that I could understand. I stopped and listened, shuddering at the solemn stillness of the deep forest, which I knew hid a host of living creatures, with hostile eyes upon me even as I stood. All about me in the silent, sunlit solitude were huge trees, putting out tender shoots of green through which the shimmering light shed shifting shadows on the soft earth. At my feet the brown carpet of leaves was starred with hepaticas, bloodroot, and anemones, while here and there little clumps of fern fronds made emerald patches, and sprouts of dog-tooth violets, splashed with darker color, marked a damper spot or perhaps a spring.

But, though there was naught to tell me in which direction my path lay, naught was to be gained by standing still; so I started forward,

heeding not the briars that caught at my skirts as if to stay my progress.

Ere long, I began to question the wisdom of my attempt to catch the Indian. Might it not be wiser to return to Denewood and give the alarm? Against this was the time it would require to retrace my steps, and also the feeling that it would seem almost as if I were turning my back upon Jacky. Moreover, sooner or later there would be inquiries for both the boy and me; Hal would then tell of our meeting, and I had no doubt they would be after us in short order.

So I determined to go on. It was what my love for the child dictated, and, as if to confirm this decision, my glance was suddenly arrested by a bloodroot flower crushed into the brown leaves a yard or two ahead of me.

I leaned down to examine it, and found that it was freshly broken, for the thick red sap which gives the flower its name was not yet dry, and, though I was not sure, it looked to me as if there were a slight depression around the broken plant that might have been made by a foot. Eagerly I peered about, hoping to see other signs, and was rewarded by finding a dead leaf turned up to show the damp under side. Something must have disturbed it but a short while before, and my heart gave a great bound of joy.

Then, to dash my spirits, came the thought that an animal might have left such traces.

But proof of this was easy, and, standing beside the crushed flower, I stepped forward toward the upturned leaf. To my delight I found that the distance was about what I should judge a man's pace to be; and once more, as if to reward my patience, a broken flower the same space away in a straight line caught my eye.

Here surely was evidence that some person had been walking there, and, though I saw no further signs, these three marks gave me the general direction of the traveler, and spurred me on to continue the pursuit. True, it might not be the Indian at all,—but I put this thought from me.

I went forward more cautiously now, alert to catch any other indication that I had reasoned truly, yet found naught more to point the way; but I reflected that I had a redskin to deal with, and tales of them had taught me that I should



not have seen his three footprints had he not been careless or indifferent.

After a space, I began again to doubt that I was on the right track, and presently stopped in despair. To go on blindly through that great forest would lead to naught, and I was about to turn back when I bethought me of a tale I had been told, namely, that distant sounds can be heard if one sets an ear to the ground.

In an instant I had dropped to my knees, and, brushing aside the dry leaves, pressed my head against the damp earth, listening with all my might.

At first there was silence, then soft pats upon the ground came to me faintly. Straining every nerve, I caught a regular beat like the slow jog-trot of a man. Moreover, I judged it to be not far away.

I leaped to my feet, ready to shout "Jacky" at the top of my voice; yet, ere I did so, a new thought entered my mind, and I put my hand to my mouth to stifle the cry. I was sure that if the Indian knew he was being followed, my chance of ever catching up with him would vanish. Naught save his carelessness, and great good luck on my part, had brought me thus near him. I must still be cautious till I sighted him.

I pressed forward at top speed, and presently came to a brook running merrily among the gray stones. In two minds whether to cross or not, I stopped to listen. This time I heard no sounds, though I crushed my ear closer than ever to the damp earth.

"He has halted," I said to myself as I arose; but somehow I did not feel sure of it.

"Nay," I murmured, on second thought, "he has taken to the brook to hide his trail. I've heard of that Indian trick."

Of this I felt certain and was gladdened, for now I had only to take the merry stream as my guide, and could push on more rapidly.

And at last I had my reward! My long chase was not in vain. Ahead of me, picking his way carefully among the stones, was a tall Indian, and on his back he carried Jacky. My heart nigh ceased its beating with joy at the sight.

"Jacky!" I cried at the top of my voice; "Jacky! Jacky!"

## CHAPTER VII

### THE EAGLET

My shout halted the savage abruptly, and he wheeled about to face me, showing plainly enough that my appearance was a complete surprise; but he waited only an instant, then turned, and, stepping out of the water, plunged into the woods. With a bound across the little stream,

I took after him as fast as I could; for, having come this far, I was not to be put off.

"Jacky!" I kept calling as I ran; "Jacky! Wait for me!" And though I did not gain, the Indian, hampered by the boy, did not draw away from me, and we raced on for a time, neither securing any advantage.

But at length my breath began to come in shorter gasps, and I knew that in the end I must be distanced.

Jacky, however, now took a hand in the matter, and I heard him crying at the top of his voice:

"I tell you 't is Auntie Peg! I *will* stop and speak to her!" and I saw him beat the warrior about the head with his little fists.

I had no hope that the boy's childish efforts would deter the Indian, but to my surprise and delight, the savage stopped in obedience to his orders, and set him upon the ground, where they waited till I came up to them.

"Oh, Jacky!" I panted, "what are you doing out of bounds alone?"

"I 'm not alone, Auntie Peg," he answered readily and with truth. "We 're going to shoot a deer; Uncle Hal is taking care of muvver, so I 'm not needed at home, and I 'm not naughty."

It all came out in such a burst of injured innocence that I saw he had no idea he was doing aught he should not have done, and for a moment I was at a loss.

"The fledgling must some day leave the nest," said the Indian, in a deep voice. "To chain it is to cripple it, but even an eaglet must be taught to fly."

"The Eaglet's my Indian name. I like it better than Jack," put in the boy, complacently; but I heeded not his words, for I was looking at the redskin before me. His face was familiar, as if, perchance, I had seen him before, but I could in no wise place the time or circumstance. He was adorned as for a ceremony. His moccasins were rich with beads, his leggings fringed and embroidered with quills of the porcupine, and he was painted gaily with yellow, red, and white. On his head were two eagle feathers arrogantly upright, and he had the haughty manner of a chief.

Little Jack too, I noted, had a worked band about his head with two feathers sticking in it, and this afforded me much comfort, for I had heard that Indians strip of all ornament those they mean to harm. Thus there was no indication that any hurt was intended to the boy; nevertheless, the situation seemed threatening enough, and I decided that my best plan was to put a bold front on the matter, and show the savage that, at least, I was not afraid.

"You had no right to take the boy," I said to him. "He is too young to leave his mother."

"The maiden can say where the Eaglet is," he returned stolidly, adding, as if it were an after-thought, "tell the mother of the Eaglet that the appointed time is come."

"Think you I will desert the lad?" I exclaimed, for he seemed to take it for granted that I would start back immediately. "I shall not leave him."

"It is well," he replied indifferently. "Now we go."

He took Jacky's hand and started forward with a light step.

"Nay," I protested, "that is not the way to his home!"

"The Eaglet's home lies where Tiscoquam is going," he answered, and strode off, with Jacky trudging happily along beside him.

There was naught to be done but follow and keep my wits about me. I felt certain that by dinner-time we must be missed and the search for us organized, so I concluded that my wisest course now was to stay by the boy until we were found.

When the sun was at its highest, the Indian suddenly stopped and settled down on his haunches with a grunt.

"Eat here," he announced, and drew forth from his pouch a piece of dried meat. Cutting it into thin strips, he handed some slices to Jacky; but the boy relished it not.

"I'd rather have fowl, please," he said; but as no fowl was forthcoming, he ate a portion of the meat on my telling him that hunters must take the rough with the smooth.

After the savage had eaten his fill, he wiped his knife upon the sole of his moccasin and handed it and the lump of meat to me. A woman, to his thinking, could expect naught better than second place; and, though I had no particular inclination to eat, I knew that all my strength was needed, and made shift to gnaw a little of the dried flesh. The knife, however, had been but indifferently cleansed, and so, before I used it, I took the precaution to thrust it once or twice into some damp earth, after which I wiped it upon a clump of newly sprouted ferns.

All this I did with as much show of coolness as I could muster. To tell the truth, I was at my wit's end to know what was best to be done, but I was certain that a show of courage would not hurt my cause; for all the while the Indian watched me with eyes that gleamed like sparkling bits of jet, though he scarce moved a muscle, nor could I learn aught of what he thought from the expression of his face. He simply sat there

eying me, and I went on with my meal, trying to seem as indifferent as he.

At length he drew forth his tobacco-pouch, and, after throwing a pinch of tobacco into the air to placate some deity of his own, he filled a small pipe. This he lighted with two flints struck together against some dried pith, and began to smoke, ignoring me completely, as if he had decided that my presence mattered naught one way or the other.

Jacky, seeking entertainment, had wandered off a little, and I thought it a good time to come to an understanding with the redskin, if I could; so I turned to him, and, speaking with as few words as possible, after the Indian fashion, demanded what he meant to do with the boy.

"The Eaglet goes to his home," he answered, and turned his eyes to what I guessed was the northward.

"Nay, you wish to deceive me," I protested; "his home lies not there."

"His home lies with his people, the Mengive," he retorted. This startled me, for it is what the Iroquois call themselves, and their lands are far from Denewood.

"Who are you?" I asked. "I thought you were a Delaware."

"Tiscoquam is no Lenni-Lenape slave," he said, half angrily, the Delawares being subject to the Iroquois. Then with a quick gesture, he put his hand to his neck and plucked out a stout cord, at the end of which glittered a bit of yellow gold, which he held toward me. It was the battered half-joe that had centered the target of the bride's wreath, and, as I looked, the scene of the shooting-match that had taken place soon after Bee's marriage came back to me, and I understood why this man's face had been vaguely familiar.

"I remember," I murmured, under my breath.

"Tiscoquam is a chief of the Senecas," he announced proudly.

"What has the boy to do with you?" I asked, after a moment. "What mean you when you talk of 'his people'? He is no Indian, though his hair is black."

"Is he not the papoose of the young Eagles?" he demanded, showing in the flashing of his eyes the intensity of his feeling. "Is he not the son of the great white chief who shoots with the bow of the red man? Is he not the son of the great squaw who fears naught, and looks with the level eyes of the warrior? Tiscoquam knows he is the child the Mengive have need of."

"But think of his poor mother!" I gasped.

"Pity her not," said Tiscoquam, sternly. "The mother of every eaglet knows that it will fly some day, yet would she rather be the mother of



that eaglet than of the timid lapwing. He goes to his people," he ended, with his voice dropped low as if he whispered; but had he shouted it, it could not have been more impressive.

I knew not what to say. I was helpless in the face of the grim determination of the savage before me.

"Listen to a true tale," he began suddenly, speaking as if to himself. "For many moons, Tiscoquam has waited. His people have grown timid as does. Their hunting-grounds are given to the plow. Their lands melt like ice at the breath of spring. Tiscoquam has seen his chiefs follow Cornplanter to the island of Manhattan to beg of the white men's council that the redskins be not enslaved even as are the blacks." The words came out with a rush of anger, and he spat upon the ground as though he had poison in his mouth.

"But this has naught to do with the boy," I said, quite bewildered, for I saw that he spoke from the bitterness of his heart. "He is but a child, and cannot endanger your liberties."

"For many moons, Tiscoquam has waited," he repeated, calm again after his outburst. "He has watched this sachem and that. He has said of this one, 'He is great, and will lead the Senecas as of old.' He has thought of such a warrior, 'He will widen our lands, and the braves of the Iroquois will be as the leaves of the forest.' But no! The people dwindle. Their lodges are few, and they are cut down like the grass of the fields. They are led to Manhattan to seek favor of the white men who are ever pressing upon them. Their hearts are turned to water!"

He stopped for a moment, as if the recollection of his humiliation was more than he could bear.

"But to-day Tiscoquam turned his face from the council fires," he went on, a grimmer tone coming into his voice. "Tiscoquam knows that all the Senecas lack is a great warrior. He pondered these matters as he walked alone in the forest, and his spirit was sad within him. Then came the young Eaglet. In his heart there was no fear of the red warrior. The eyes of the Eaglet met the eyes of Tiscoquam. The heart of the Eaglet is one with the heart of Tiscoquam. The Eaglet asks good hunting. Then Tiscoquam looks back into the past. He sees the marriage feast; the young Eagle whose arrow pierces the

apple in the air; the squaw with eyes that hold no fear. He remembers the shooting, and his spirit is once more glad within him. The Great Spirit has answered the prayer of Tiscoquam. Tiscoquam has found the warrior who shall lead the Iroquois to victory." He ended in a low voice even as before, but lifting his arms straight up beside his head, the fingers outstretched as if to touch the heavens.



"THE HEART OF THE EAGLET IS

There was silence for a moment. It was all too plain to me that the Indian, though he meant no harm to Jacky, had yet a fixed purpose, and I, a weak girl, could in no way change his will.

"Think you his father will sit idle and let you steal his son?" I asked.

"The young Eagle can shoot with the bow," Tiscoquam answered calmly; "can he follow the trail as well? Tiscoquam and the Eaglet will go fast and far."

"You cannot go so far that I will not go too," I replied promptly.

Tiscoquam waved his hand as if to brush away a subject in which he had no interest.

"Enough," he grunted. "A brave has not the

heart of a woman. Go back and tell the pale-faces Tiscoquam has the Eaglet, and let them catch him if they can."

"I 'll not leave the boy," I insisted stubbornly.

"Come then, but murmur not, lest Tiscoquam lose patience," said the Indian. "The Eaglet shall grow strong. He shall be the king of a great nation. His white blood will give him the cunning to put at naught the purposes of the

Whether this came about as the result of my threat that Cousin John would surely follow I know not, but it set me thinking, and I resolved to mark our path wherever an opportunity served.

"Tiscoquam's way lies here," the Indian grunted, pointing to the brook as we started. "Go before."

I protested that I preferred to follow along the bank, but he would have his way, and, seeing that I had no choice, I took off my shoes and stockings to wade the stream.

As I stepped into the water, I chose a soft spot on the edge to set my foot, thinking that the print of it would show the way to those who followed, but Tiscoquam was not to be fooled. Casting an evil glance at me, he lifted a flat stone from the bed of the brook and set it upon the place. In a few moments the gray rock would dry, leaving naught to show its sudden change of position.

"Go!" growled Tiscoquam, and I splashed ahead, realizing that his sharp eyes would be upon me every moment. Nevertheless, my brain was busy, and my position in front at least permitted me to set the pace, which I took care should not be too swift, though I was ordered now and then to cease my loitering.

In this way we went on for quite a distance, but at length, much to my relief, for my feet began to suffer from the sharp stones, we took to the woods again, and I was allowed to put on my shoes and stockings.

After leaving the stream, the Indian was not so watchful of my doings, thinking, doubtless, that none would

pick up our path at the end of that long passage through the brook. This gave me a chance to bend or quietly break a twig here and there along the way, and to do such other things as occurred to me to make our route clear.

All the while, Jacky seemed as happy as the day, and the redskin was as quick to please the child as if he were already the great chief of his dreams. I saw no need of telling the boy in what danger we lay. Rather did it seem wise to encourage, for his own protection, his innocent attachment for the savage.

So we plodded on for two hours or more, chatting of the deer to be killed (always just a little deeper in the forest), while my heart grew



ONE WITH THE HEART OF TISCOQUAM."

white men. His red heart will give him the courage to lead red men. The Eaglet shall rule the Senecas. The Senecas shall rule the land once more!" He rose suddenly to his feet. "The time to take the trail has come," he ended.

'T was plain he had no mind to argue further, so I took little Jack's hand and prepared to follow in silence.

## CHAPTER VIII

### MAGIC

ERE we took our flight through the forest, Tiscoquam was at pains to obliterate all signs of our resting-place, and made it plain that he meant to leave no trace behind.



heavier and heavier as I thought of poor Bee's anxiety and my own helplessness.

Finally, as the sun began to cast long rays between the tree trunks, we stopped.

"Here is the place to kindle fire," said the Indian, stringing his bow. "Tiscoquam goes to shoot squirrels. Let the pale-face maiden gather sticks," and with that he disappeared into the forest.

The fact that he feared not to leave us alone showed all too plainly how helpless we were; but his absence gave me an opportunity for which I had been longing.

Always my thoughts were on those I hoped were already looking for us, and if in any way I could let them know that we were headed for the Iroquois country in the north, such information might save them many days of vain searching, and bring the succor we stood in such dire need of.

If I could but write a note telling of our destination, perchance it might be found by those tracing our steps. But this was easier said than done, as Mummer might have put it.

In my pack-pocket there was but a small housewife, naught else, not so much as a handkerchief. I thought at first to scratch my message on a piece of birch-bark, but there were none of those trees about, and, as I gathered fagots at Tiscoquam's order, I racked my brains to think what I could use.

Just then, Jacky, who was helping me, opened his hand and showed me three pieces of paper, which he had been holding rolled up in his hot little palm.

"See, Aunty Peg, we 'll light the fire with these!" he suggested proudly, looking at me with a happy smile.

Here before me was one of the materials I needed, and I cast about for the best way to obtain it without risking his suspicion of my purpose, lest a chance word from him should betray the secret to the savage.

"Jacky!" I cried, with a show of surprise at his proposal, "you would never light a fire with paper! No true hunter does it in that fashion."

"Don't they, Aunty Peggy?" he asked innocently. "Then how do they?"

Now I was as ignorant of the matter as he, but I looked wise and shook my head.

"Watch Tiscoquam," I suggested mysteriously, and held out my hand for the crumpled ball, which he gave me without a word.

"Don't tell Tiscoquam," he cautioned in an undertone, and went off to find more sticks.

I lacked now but half the means of writing; and remembering the marking stones, as we chil-

dren used to call hard bits of colored clay which we treasured to draw pictures with, I set about looking for one. But my search was vain. Naught but flints could I discover, and these would not serve. As I yet hunted, the white, starlike flower of the bloodroot caught my eye, and I nigh cried out with joy. Here, indeed, was the ink I needed! The juice from the stem would make fine red marks upon my scraps of paper.

Still pretending to be on the outlook for firewood, I retraced my steps along the path we had come till I was out of sight of our stopping-place. There I halted and set to work to carry out my plan.

Little Jacky's fire-lighters had evidently been picked hastily out of the waste-basket in Mummer's office, for two of the bits were filled upon one surface with close columns of figures.

The other side, however, was blank, and, plucking a bloodroot, I printed as quickly as I could the following message:

Tiscoquam is taking Jacky to the Seneca country to make him a great chief. I go with them. All well. Do not fear harm for the boy.

These words nigh filled my sheet, and I was about to sign it "Peg," when I bethought me of a hunter or trapper finding it who knew naught of us. This determined me to use the space left for our address, so I added, "For Denewood in Germantown."

There was still a little room in the lower corner, but not enough to print my name, so large was I obliged to make the letters; then, remembering how many times I had used my mysterious ring to make wax seals, I rubbed some of the bloodroot juice upon the cutting and stamped it upon the spot at the end of my brief note.

To my delight, the design showed perfectly, and I was assured that, once in the hands of any one at home, there would be no doubt that I had written it.

My next task was to find a suitable place to leave my message; but, as I looked about me, it seemed as though one spot was as good as another, for I must trust its being found at all to a merciful Providence. I put it on a rock at my feet, placing a stone on one corner against its blowing away, and it looked so small in that vast forest that my heart misgave me lest no one would come upon it. Indeed it was plain that I must do something to attract attention to it.

By dint of hard thinking, albeit I wasted no time for fear of Tiscoquam's return, I hit upon the plan of tearing one of the other pieces of paper into bits and putting on each a bloodroot seal from my ring.

This I did with all haste, dropping them at equal distances from one another on both sides of the spot where lay my little letter.

"Surely," I thought, "any one picking up a scrap of paper with so strange a marking will look for more, and so be led to the place I wish them to go."

This scheme seemed so encouraging that I was about to tear up the remaining portion of my paper in order to extend the trail, but, as I glanced down, I saw written thereon in Mummer's crabbed script, "Overhaste churns bad butter!"

It was as if the old steward himself had spoken a warning, and I thrust it into my pocket to save it, as seemed wise, against future needs.

Luckily, Jacky, playing the mighty hunter most earnestly, had scarce noted my absence.

"Just see all I've got, Auntie Peg!" he exclaimed, pointing proudly at the pile of sticks he had gathered.

"Where did you find so many?" I asked penitently.

"Come and I'll show you," he answered, and I set to work with a will.

Not long after this Tiscoquam returned, and with him was an Indian woman, his squaw. Where she had been I know not, but evidently their meeting was prearranged, and perhaps accounted for Tiscoquam's slow pace, which had permitted me to overtake him.

This woman carried a little animal of some sort, and a few roots of katniss, which are not unlike turnips, and immediately she set to work to kindle the fire and prepare the food. She took no notice of Jacky or me so far as I could tell, though I doubted not she was well aware of all we did.

Tiscoquam sat for a while watching me idly, as I thought. Presently he rose to his feet and began circling the open glade in which we had stopped, gazing intently upon the ground. As he reached the outer edge of it, he suddenly gave a grunt, looking sharply at me. Then he turned and disappeared into the wood. 'T was plain he had marked my footprints and was on the track leading to the information I had left to guide those whom I hoped would be searching for us.

Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for he returned, holding in his hand my precious message,

and several of the smaller scraps of paper. He came running quickly, and it was plain that he was excited, though, with the Indian habit of suppressing emotion, he endeavored to hide his agitation. I was greatly frightened, thinking he would seize upon this as a pretext to leave me behind, but to my surprise he went directly to the squaw, holding out for her inspection the papers I had marked. The woman, when she saw them, gave a half-stifled cry of amazement, and started back, pressing her hands to her breast and lowering her head as if fearful that a blow might fall.

Presently Tiscoquam strode over to where I stood, and, holding out a bit of the paper with the imprint of the seal plainly visible, struck it with the forefinger of his other hand.

"Where did the pale-face maiden learn this magic?" he demanded sharply.

Now at the word "magic" I thought it wise to encourage any awe he might have on that score, and, by playing on his superstitions, win some consideration.

"You do well to call it magic, Tiscoquam," I said, gravely, though I had not the faintest idea what all the pother was about.

"What is the portent?" he demanded, again striking the paper with his finger.

"That it bodes no good to you to keep the child and me," I returned promptly.

"Tiscoquam's heart is not turned to water even now," he returned proudly; "but the pale-face maiden is free to go."

"I go not alone, Tiscoquam," I answered; and then, noting the broad band of white paint about each of his wrists, another idea came to my mind.

Seeing a bloodroot flower at my feet, I leaned down, pretending to fix a shoe-latchet, but in reality smearing with the juice from its stem the stone set in my ring and now turned palm inward. Suddenly I rose and grasped the Indian by the wrist, squeezing the seal down upon the white band.

"And by this sign," I cried, "know that evil will befall you and your race an you keep the boy and me an hour longer!"

Tiscoquam looked at the imprint on the white paint, and, though an Indian brave may not show fear, he staggered back from me as if he saw a ghost.

*(To be continued.)*



# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

## WHY PETER RABBIT HAS ONE LESS ENEMY

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

PETER RABBIT was happy. There was no question about that. You had only to watch him a few minutes to know it. He could n't hide that happiness any more than the sun at midday can hide when there are no clouds in the sky. Happiness seemed to fairly shoot from his long heels as they twinkled merrily this way and that way through the brier-patch. Peter was doing crazy things. He was so happy that he was foolish. Happiness, you know, is the only excuse for foolishness. And Peter was foolish, very, very foolish. He would suddenly jump into the air, kick his long heels, dart off to one side, change his mind and dart the other way, run in a circle, and then abruptly plump himself down under a bush and sit as still as if he could n't move. Then, without any warning at all, he would cut up some other funny antic.

He was so foolish and so funny that finally Tommy, who, unseen by Peter, was watching him, laughed aloud. Perhaps Peter does n't like being laughed at. Most people don't. It may be Peter was a little bit uncertain as to why he was being laughed at. Anyway, with a sudden thump of his stout hind-legs, he scampered out of sight along one of his private little paths which led into the very thickest tangle in the old brier-patch.

"I'll have to come over here with my gun and get that rabbit for my dinner," said Tommy, as he trudged homeward. "Probably though, if I have a gun, I won't see him at all. It's funny how a fellow is forever seeing things when he has n't got a gun, and when he goes hunting he never sees anything!"

Tommy had come to the great gray stone which was his favorite resting-place. He sat down from sheer force of habit. Somehow, he never could get past that stone without sitting down on it for a few minutes. It seemed to just beg to be sat on. He was still thinking of Peter Rabbit.

"I wonder what made him feel so frisky," thought Tommy. Then he laughed aloud once more as he remembered how comical Peter had looked. It must be fun to feel as happy as all that. Without once thinking of where he was, Tommy exclaimed aloud: "I declare, I wish I were a rabbit!"

He was. His wish had come true. Just as quick as that, he found himself a rabbit. You

see, he had been sitting on the wishing-stone. If he had remembered, perhaps, he would n't have wished. But he had forgotten, and now here he was, looking as if he might very well be own brother to Peter Rabbit. Not only did he look like Peter, but he felt like him. Anyway, he felt a crazy impulse to run and jump and do foolish things, and he did them. He just could n't help doing them. It was his way of showing how good he felt, just as shouting is a boy's way, and singing is the way of a bird.

But in the very midst of one of his wildest whirls, he heard a sound that brought him up short, as still as a stone. It was the sound of a heavy thump, and it came from the direction of the brier-patch. Tommy did n't need to be told that it was a signal, a signal from Peter Rabbit to all other rabbits within hearing distance. He did n't know just the meaning of that signal, and, because he did n't, he just sat still. Now it happens that that was exactly what that signal meant—to sit tight and not move. Peter had seen something that to him looked very suspicious. So on general principles he had signaled, and then had himself sat perfectly still until he should discover if there was any real danger.

Now Tommy did n't know this, but being a rabbit now, he felt as a rabbit feels, and, from the second he heard that thump, he was as frightened as he had been happy a minute before. And being frightened, yet not knowing of what he was afraid, he sat absolutely still, listening with all his might, and looking this way and that, as best he could, without moving his head. And all the time, he worked his nose up and down, up and down, as all rabbits do, and tested the air for strange smells.

Presently Tommy heard behind him a sound that filled him with terrible fear. It was a loud sniff, sniff. Rolling his eyes back so that he could look behind without turning his head, he saw a dog sniffing and snuffing in the grass. Now that dog was n't very big as dogs go, but he was so much bigger than even the largest rabbit, that to Tommy he looked like a giant. The terrible fear that filled him clutched at Tommy's heart until it seemed as if it would stop beating. What should he do, sit still or run? Somehow

he was afraid to do either. Just then the matter was settled for him. "*Thump, thump, thump!*" the signal came along the ground from the brier-patch, and almost any one would have known just by the short sharp sound that those thumps meant "Run!" At just the same instant, the dog caught the scent of Tommy full and strong. With a roar of his great voice he sprang forward, his nose in Tommy's tracks.

Tommy waited no longer. With a great bound he leaped forward in the direction of the brier-patch. How he did run! A dozen bounds

brier-patch looking for some place where he could get in more comfortably. But there was no place, and after a while he gave up and went off.

Tommy sat right where he was until he was quite sure that the dog had gone. When he *was* quite sure, he started to explore the brier-patch, for he was very curious to see what it was like in there. He found little paths leading in all directions. Some of them led right through the very thickest tangles of ugly looking brambles, and Tommy found that he could run along these with never a fear of a single scratch. And as he hopped along, he knew that here he was safe, absolutely safe from most of his enemies, for no one bigger than he could possibly get through those briars without being terribly scratched.

So it was with a very comfortable feeling that Tommy peered out through the brambles and watched that annoying dog trot off in disgust. He felt that never, so long as he was within running distance of the brier-patch, would he be afraid of a dog. Right into the midst of his pleasant thoughts broke a rude "*Thump, thump, thump!*" It was n't a danger-signal this time. That is, it did n't mean "Run for your life." Tommy was very sure of that. And yet it might be a kind of danger-signal, too. It all depended on what Tommy decided to do. There it was again—"*Thump, thump, thump!*" It had an ugly, threatening sound. Tommy knew just as well as if there had been spoken words instead of mere thumps on the ground that he was being warned to get out of the brier-patch—that he had no right there, because it belonged to some one else.

But Tommy had no intention of leaving such a fine place, such a beautifully safe place, unless he had to, and no mere thumps on the ground could make him believe that. He could thump himself. He did. Those long hind-legs of his were just made for thumping. When he hit the ground with them, he did it with a will, and the thumps he made sounded just as ugly and threatening as the other fellow's, and he knew that the other fellow knew exactly what they meant—"I'll do as I please! Put me out if you can!"

It was very clear that this was just what the other proposed to do if his thumps meant anything at all. Presently Tommy saw a trim, neat-looking rabbit in a little open space, and it was something of a relief to find that he was about Tommy's own size. "If I can't whip him, he certainly can't whip me," thought Tommy, and straightway thumped, "I'm coming," in reply to the stranger's angry demand that he come out and fight.

Now the stranger was none other than Peter



"PETER RABBIT WAS VERY INDIGNANT."

brought him to the brier-patch, and there just before him was a tiny path under the brambles. He did n't stop to question how it came there or who had made it. He dodged in and scurried along it to the very middle of the brier-patch. Then he stopped to listen and look. The dog had just reached the edge of the briars. He knew where Tommy had gone. Of course he knew. His nose told him that. He thrust his head in at the entrance to the little path and tried to crawl in. But the sly old brambles tore his long tender ears, and he yelped with pain now instead of with the excitement of the chase. Then he backed out, whining and yelping. He ran around the edge of the



Rabbit, and he was very indignant. He considered that he owned the brier-patch. He was perfectly willing that any other rabbit should find safety there in time of danger, but when the danger was past, they must get out. Tommy had n't; therefore he must be driven out.

Now if Tommy had been himself, instead of a rabbit, never, never would he have dreamed of fighting as he was preparing to fight now—by biting and kicking, particularly kicking. But for a rabbit, kicking was quite the correct and proper thing. In fact, it was the only way to fight. So instead of coming together head-on, Tommy and Peter approached each other in queer little half-side-wise rushes, each watching for a chance to use his stout hind-legs. Suddenly Peter rushed, jumped, and—well, when Tommy picked himself up, he felt very much as a boy feels when he has been tackled and thrown in a foot-ball game.



"WITH PETER HE MADE VISITS TO A GARDEN."

Certainly Peter's stout hind-legs were in good working order.

Just a minute later Tommy's chance came, and Peter was sent sprawling. Like a flash, Tommy was after him, biting and pulling out little bunches of soft fur. So they fought until at last they were so out of wind and so tired that there

was no fight left in either. Then they lay and panted for breath, and quite suddenly they forgot their quarrel. Each knew that he could n't whip the other; and, that being so, what was the use of fighting?

"I suppose the brier-patch is big enough for both of us," said Peter, after a little.

"I 'll live on one side, and you live on the other," replied Tommy. And so it was agreed.

In three things, Tommy found that, as a rabbit, he was not unlike Tommy the boy. These three were appetite, curiosity, and a decided preference for pleasure rather than labor. Tommy felt as if he lived to eat instead of eating to live. He wanted to eat most of the time. It seemed as if he never could get his stomach really full. There was one satisfaction, and that was that he never had to look very far for something to eat. There were clover and grass just outside the brier-patch,—all he wanted for the taking. There were certain tender-leaved plants for a change, not to mention tender bark from young trees and bushes. With Peter he made occasional visits to a not too distant garden, where they fairly reveled in goodies.

These visits were in the nature of adventure. It seemed to Tommy that not even Danny Meadow-mouse had so many enemies as he and Peter had. They used to talk it over sometimes. "It is n't fair," said Peter, in a grieved tone. "We don't hurt anybody. We don't do the least bit of harm to any one, and yet it is n't safe for us to play two minutes outside the brier-patch without keeping watch. No, sir, it is n't fair! There 's Redtail the Hawk watching this very minute from way up there in the sky. He looks as if he were just sailing round and round for the fun of it; but he is n't. He 's just watching for you or me to get one too many jumps away from these old briers. Then down he 'll come like a shot. Now what harm have we ever done Redtail or any of his family? Tell me that."

Of course Tommy could n't tell him that, and so Peter went on: "When I was a baby, I came very near to finding out just how far it is from Mr. Blacksnake's mouth to his stomach by the inside passage, and all that saved me was the interference of a boy, who set me free. Now that I 'm grown, I 'm not afraid of Mr. Blacksnake,—though I keep out of his way,—but I have to keep on the watch all the time for that boy!"

"The same one?" asked Tommy.

"The very same!" replied Peter. "He 's forever setting his dog after me and trying to get a shot at me with his terrible gun. Yet I 've never done *him* any harm,—nor the dog either."

"It 's very curious," said Tommy, not knowing what else to say.

"It seems to me there ought to be some time when it is reasonably safe for an honest rabbit to go abroad," continued Peter, who, now that he was started, seemed bound to make the worst of his troubles. "At night, I cannot even dance in the moonlight without all the time looking one way for Reddy Fox and another for Hooty the Owl."

"It's a good thing that the brier-patch is always safe," said Tommy, because he could think of nothing else to say.

"But it is n't!" snapped Peter. "I wish to goodness it was! Now there's—listen!" Peter sat very still with his ears pricked forward. Something very like a look of fear grew and grew in his eyes. Tommy sat quite as still and listened with all his might. Presently he heard a faint rustling. It sounded as if it was in one of the little paths through the brier-patch. Yes, it surely was, and it was drawing nearer. Tommy gathered himself together for instant flight, and a strange fear gripped his heart.

"It's Billy Mink!" gasped Peter. "If he follows you, don't run into a hole in the ground, or into a hollow log, whatever you do! Keep going! He'll get tired after a while. There he is—run!"

Peter bounded off one way and Tommy another. After a few jumps, Tommy squatted to make sure whether or not he was being followed. He saw a slim, dark form slipping through the brambles, and he knew that Billy Mink was following Peter. Tommy could n't help a tiny sigh of relief. He was sorry for Peter; but Peter knew every path and twist and turn, while he did n't. It was a great deal better that Peter should be the one to try to fool Billy Mink.

So Tommy sat perfectly still and watched. He saw Peter twist and turn, run in a circle, criss-cross, run back on his own trail, and make a break by leaping far to one side. He saw Billy Mink follow every twist and turn, his nose in Peter's tracks. When he reached the place where Peter had broken the trail, he ran in ever widening circles until he picked it up again, and once more Peter was on the run. Tommy felt little cold shivers chase up and down his back as he watched how surely and persistently Billy Mink followed. And then—he hardly knew how it happened—Peter had jumped right over him, and there was Billy Mink coming! There was nothing to do but run, and Tommy ran. He doubled and twisted and played all the tricks he had seen Peter play, and then at last, when he was beginning to get quite tired, he played the same trick on Peter that had seemed so dreadful when Peter played it on him: he led Billy Mink straight to

where Peter was sitting, and once more Peter was the hunted.

But Billy Mink was getting tired. After a little, he gave up and went in quest of something more easily caught.

Peter came back to where Tommy was sitting. "Billy Mink's a tough customer to get rid of



"ONCE THEY MET BOBBY COON."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

alone, but, with some one to change off with, it is no trick at all!" said he. "It would n't work so well with his cousin, Shadow the Weasel. He's the one I *am* afraid of. I think we should be safer if we had some new paths; what do you think?"

Tommy confessed that he thought so too. It would have been very much easier to have dodged Billy Mink if there had been a few more cross paths. "We'd better make them before we need them more than we did this time," said Peter; and, as this was just plain, sound, rabbit common sense, Tommy was forced to agree. And so it was that he learned that a rabbit must work if he would live long and be happy. He did n't think of it in just this way as he patiently cut paths through the brambles and tangles of bush and vine. It was fear, just plain fear, that was driving him. And even this drove him to work only by spells. Between times, when he was n't eating,



he sat squatting under a bush just lazily dreaming, but always ready to run for his life.

In the moonlight he and Peter loved to gambol and play in some open place where there was room to jump and dance; but, even in the midst



"REDDY FOX WAS BETWEEN HIM AND HIS CASTLE."

of these joyous times, they must need sit up every minute or so to stop, look, and listen for danger. It was at night, too, that they wandered farthest from the brier-patch. Once they met Bobby Coon, and Peter warned Tommy never to allow Bobby to get him cornered. And once they met Jimmy Skunk, who paid no attention to them at all, but went right on about his business. It was hard to believe that he was another to be warned against; but so Peter said, and Peter ought to know if anybody did.

So Tommy learned to be ever on the watch. He learned to take note of his neighbors. He could tell by the sound of his voice when Sammy

Jay was watching Reddy Fox, and when he saw a hunter. When Blacky the Crow was on guard, he knew that he was reasonably safe from surprise. At least once a day, but more often several times a day, he had a narrow escape. But he grew used to it, and, as soon as a fright was over, he forgot it. It was the only way to do.

As he learned more and more how to watch, and to care for himself, he grew bolder. Curiosity led him farther and farther from the brier-patch. And then, one day, he discovered that Reddy Fox was between him and his castle. There was nothing for it but to run and twist and double and dodge. Every trick he had learned he tried in vain. He was in the open, and Reddy was too wise to be fooled. He was right at Tommy's heels now, and with every jump Tommy expected to feel those cruel white teeth. Just ahead was a great rock. If he could reach that, perhaps there might be a crack in it big enough for a frightened little rabbit to squeeze into, or a hole under it where he might find safety.

He was almost up to it. Would he be able to make it? One jump! He could hear Reddy panting. Two jumps! He could feel Reddy's breath. Three jumps! He was on the rock! and—slowly Tommy rubbed his eyes. Reddy Fox was nowhere to be seen. Of course not! No fox would be foolish enough to come near a boy sitting in plain sight. Tommy looked over to the old brier-patch. That at least was real. Slowly he walked over to it. Peering under the bushes, he saw Peter Rabbit squatting perfectly still, yet ready to run.

"You don't need to, Peter," said he. "You don't need to. You can cut one boy off that long list of enemies you are always watching for. You see, I know just how you feel, Peter!"

He walked around to the other side of the brier-patch, and, stooping down, thumped the ground once with his hand. There was an answering thump from the spot where he had seen Peter Rabbit. Tommy smiled.

"We're friends, Peter," said he, "and it's all on account of the wishing-stone. I'll never hunt you again. My! I would n't be a rabbit for anything in the world. Being a boy is good enough for me!"

(To be continued.)



# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## EUGENE FIELD, LOVER OF CHILDHOOD

It was writing sermons that brought Eugene Field the first money he earned by authorship. He got ten cents apiece for them, a prize offered by his grandmother, a noble sum to a boy of nine in a New England college town; and he wrote them, he used to say in after years, with a painstaking care that he never achieved later. All but one of these ten-cent gems have disappeared. This one commences with the following statement:

The life of a Christian is often compared to a race that is hard, and to a battle which a man must fight hard to win; these comparisons have prevented many from becoming Christians.

He signed these efforts Eugene P. Field, for he strongly objected to having no middle name, as had all his boy companions. So he chose Phillips for that position, after Wendell Phillips, who was a hero of his, and stuck to the P. through his school-days.

This is about all the signs of precocity discoverable in "Gene." He spent his boyhood days chiefly in the business of being a boy, a business that kept him thoroughly and happily occupied; indeed, he liked it so much that he never gave it over entirely, remaining largely boy to the end of his life, always ready for a practical joke, always fond of pets, always fond of collecting. He never forgot how to play, even though he died from overwork.

When I saw Eugene Field, he was a tall, lank, bald-headed man, with what he called "gander-blue eyes," the best, kindest, merriest, and most winning eyes I have ever met. No child ever came into contact with Field without falling completely in love with him, and this though he was an inveterate tease. The whole seven of us were his slaves and chums at once, and the week he spent in our house was one of the golden weeks of our lives, unforgotten to this day.

Field was born at St. Louis in 1850, but he was never sure whether his birthday fell on September 2 or 3. While he was young, it was always celebrated on the second day of the month, but whether this was because that really was the date, or whether it was because of what his father had once said, to the effect that since September 3 having been the day on which Oliver Cromwell

died, no child of his should celebrate it as a birthday, Field never surely knew. Anyway, he chose the later date during the grown-up part of his life, but he used to discuss the subject and wonder about it regularly as each birthday drew near.

His mother died when he was barely six, and 'Gene and his brother Roswell were mothered by a cousin, Mary Field French, who took the boys back east with her and brought them up. Field loved this second mother deeply, and to her he dedicated his first volume, "A Little Book of Western Verse," in a tender little poem.

Field studied for a while at a preparatory school in Amherst, and at fourteen worked under a fine old scholar, Reverend James Tufts, who gave him that enthusiasm for the classics which remained strong through life. At eighteen he entered Williams College, but the following year, when his father died, he chose as his guardian Professor John William Burgess, and went to Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, where the professor was teaching. But after a year there, he moved again, restless as he always was, to the University of Missouri, at Columbia, where Roswell was a student.

The next year, he ceased collegiate life and went for a six months' trip to Europe, most of it in France and Italy. And in 1873 he married Julia Sutherland Comstock, sister of a college chum. He settled in St. Louis, and began work as a journalist, work that lasted all the rest of his life, except for one year's holiday with his family in Europe in 1889-1890.

Field had a perfect genius for friendship. Drifting from St. Louis to St. Joseph, from there to Kansas City and Denver, and bringing up finally in Chicago, he made everywhere a circle of friends who loved him to the end. He was the most sociable of men, always finding time to give to those who knew him, in spite of the enormous amount of work he got through.

But it was children whom Field loved best, and he would take all sorts of trouble to make a child happy. His room was crowded with toys, queer dolls, funny little mechanical toys that ran about, or boxed, or nodded strange heads, or performed tricks. His study door was never shut to a child, and he had many child friends his family knew nothing of. His brother tells how, a few hours after his death, a little crippled boy came to the door and asked if he might go up and see Mr.



Field. He was taken into the room where the gentle, much-loved figure lay, and left there. In a little while he came limping down-stairs, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and went silently away, known to nobody there.

'Gene loved fairies and gnomes and spells. He was always a little afraid of the dark, and not ashamed to say so, either. In one of his work-rooms was a trap-door leading to the attic, a dark, mysterious place, and Field liked to keep that door shut.

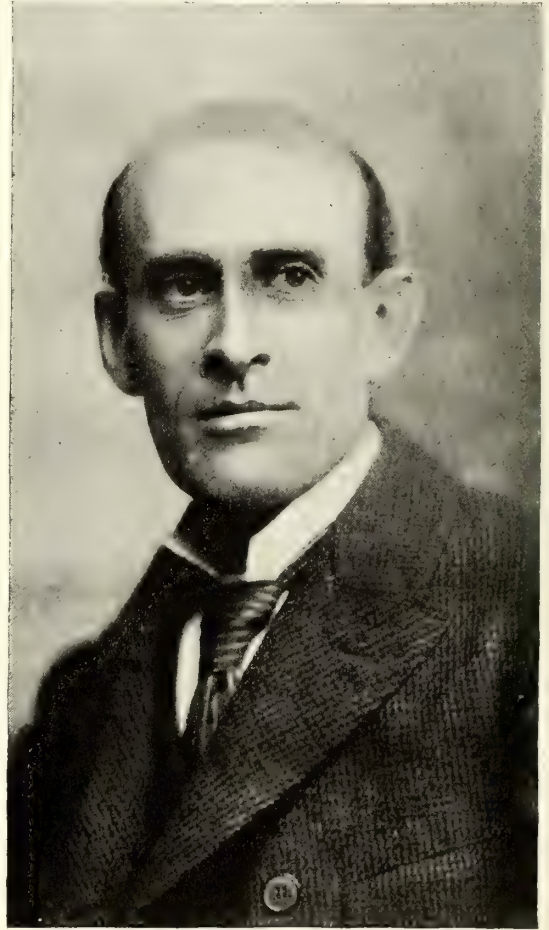
"Something queer *might* come down it, you know, and spirit me off," he said, with his quaint, twisted sort of smile; an adorable smile!

Somehow Field always appears to me as the ideal of the American type. He drew from New England, and was brought up there as a boy, and yet belonged to the West, which he passionately loved. He was full of the finest kind of humor, and the tenderest soul that ever breathed. All men were alike to him; he had friends in all classes, he was at home everywhere. There was about him, too, a certain homespun quality into which his genius fitted well. Whoever you were, and whatever you might want, you felt sure that Field would understand you, and would be able to tell you just the right thing. Perhaps he might laugh at you, but if he did, he'd set you laughing too. He loved home folks and home ways, he loved his country, not blindly, for he made fun of her faults, but as a man loves what is close and dear.

No one, not even Stevenson, ever wrote more lovely poems for and about children. While he was traveling with his family in Germany, his oldest son died, and this great sorrow gave Field a wonderful sympathy for human loss and grief, especially that which comes through the death of a little child. Such poems as "Little Boy Blue" and "The Little Boy," put that tragedy into words so simple and perfect that they stand unmatched; no matter how well you know them, you cannot read them over without a sudden tightening of the heart and tears that will rise in spite of you. His first poem, or at least the first one he thought worthy of being preserved from the oblivion of newspaper columns, was "Christmas Treasures," written in 1879, which touched on this same theme, though then he had not suffered a personal loss.

But for all this exquisite power to express grief, Field was the most sunny-natured, joyous man, who believed in laughter just as he believed in fresh air. You had to laugh, he would say, and the more you laughed, the better for you and all about you. He was a marvelous mimic, there was no one he could n't hit off to the life, and he

has kept a company of friends shaken with helpless laughter while he impersonated the idiosyncracies of some character known to all. He could have made a success as an actor, and was an incomparable reader and speaker, with a deep, fine voice. It is said that, while he was a college undergraduate, he used to threaten his staid relatives with going on the stage unless he were allowed plenty of spending money.



EUGENE FIELD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN LANN AND MIROSKY, CHICAGO.

Field was thirty-three when he came to Chicago, which was to be his future abiding-place. Here he built himself a house, out in the suburbs, where he had his large and interesting library, full of first editions and rare copies. Here, too, or at least on the lawn outside, he had his donkey, Don. Don was utterly useless. He did nothing but eat and bray. But Field loved him. Since there were no fences separating house from house, the donkey was kept tethered. But now

and then the little beast would break his rope and gallop off, to work havoc in the neighbors' gardens. So Field got into the way of keeping a lookout for him, and, should he miss him, up to the top of the house he 'd run, open a window, and, leaning out, proceed to heehaw in the most lifelike manner. Presently, faint from the distance, the answering bray of the affectionate animal would come wafted on the wind, and Field would rush away in the direction of the sound to bring the truant home.

The home-life of the gentle-hearted poet was infinitely tender and beautiful, as so many of his best-known verses testify. But in addition to these, he wrote many charming bits of prose or rhyme intended only for the members of his family. One of these was published in *ST. NICHOLAS* in 1896, and is reprinted here, with the paragraph which introduced it at that time:

"For years it was Mr. Field's habit to write personal verse about his children. There are a number of scrap-books filled with these little poems and quaint rhymes which have never been seen outside the home circle. When Roswell Francis Field, usually called 'Posey,' was born, he received many beautiful presents from the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Field—porringers, spoons, cups, and other gifts serving a baby's joys and needs. The one thing lacking, his father thought, was a silver plate, which he purchased for Posey. For this plate Mr. Field composed the following beautiful verse, which was afterward engraved in facsimile upon the plate:

"Inscription for my little son's silver plate.  
Unto Roswell Francis Field his father Eugene  
Field giveth this Counsel with this Plate. Sep-  
tember 2, 1893.

"When thou shalt eat from off this plate,  
I charge thee: Be thou temperate;  
Unto thine elders at the board  
Do thou sweet reverence accord;  
Though unto dignity inclined,  
Unto the serving-folk be kind;  
Be ever mindful of the poor,  
Nor turn them hungry from the door;  
And unto God, for health and food,  
And all that in thy life is good,  
Give thou thy heart in gratitude."

Besides the poems by which he is most familiar, Eugene Field wrote a number of beautiful fairy

stories. It is a pity not to know these stories, which are full of the folklore spirit Field knew and loved so dearly. "A Little Book of Profitable Tales" and "Second Book of Tales" are the titles, and, besides the fairy interest, they possess to a high degree that faith in all good and beautiful things, that trust in God's ways, which were a deep strain in Field's character.

Field began to write late; not till he was over thirty did he begin to do work other than the journalistic kind by which he lived, and which, though clever, witty, full of allusions, and better than anything else being done, was not the enduring sort, depending on the moment's interest and accident for its own being. Once he did get started on the real labor of literature, he worked unceasingly. He seemed to want to make up for lost time, and would take no rest, would hear of no vacation. He was a tireless reader, and would lie half the night poring over books, for no one could make him take care of himself. Never really robust, his physique began to suffer. Severe dyspepsia gave him almost constant pain, and he got into the habit of eating hardly anything. On November 4, 1895, during the night, he died, alone and peacefully, to judge by the calm serenity of his face.

Gracious and fine and gentle as he was to all who knew him, this last year of his life he seems to have been doubly lovable. No one who met him during the last months but spoke of the amazing kindness, the sweetness, the patience of his character. Chicago idolized him. When the news of his death came, people would not believe it; he was too much loved, it could not be that he was dead!

He left behind him a novel, published the following year, which was really an autobiography, "The House," unfinished by a single chapter. In this chapter the two people who had built the house, which was now finished and waiting, were to enter and live there. Joel Chandler Harris wrote the introduction for this book, in which he makes this comment:

The chapter that is unwritten in the book is also unwritten in the lives of perhaps the great majority of men and women.

Field's own chapter ended too soon. But America was the better for his short life. And, as James Whitcomb Riley sang:

. . . Meed exceeding all,—  
The love of little children laurels him.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## WHEN THE LITTLE NEW-YEAR CAME IN

BY MARY SMALL WAGNER

I am the Little New-Year, oho!  
Here I come, tripping it over the snow,  
Shaking my bells with a merry din,  
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring to one and all,  
Big folks and little folks, short and tall;  
Each one from me some treasure may win,  
So open your doors and let me in!

—KINDERGARTEN SONG.

THEY were all going to Grandfather's on New-Year's eve—to let the Old-Year out and the New-Year in, all except Tommy Tucker and his sister Jane, who had toothache.

Tommy Smith was his name, but they called him "Tommy Tucker" for short.

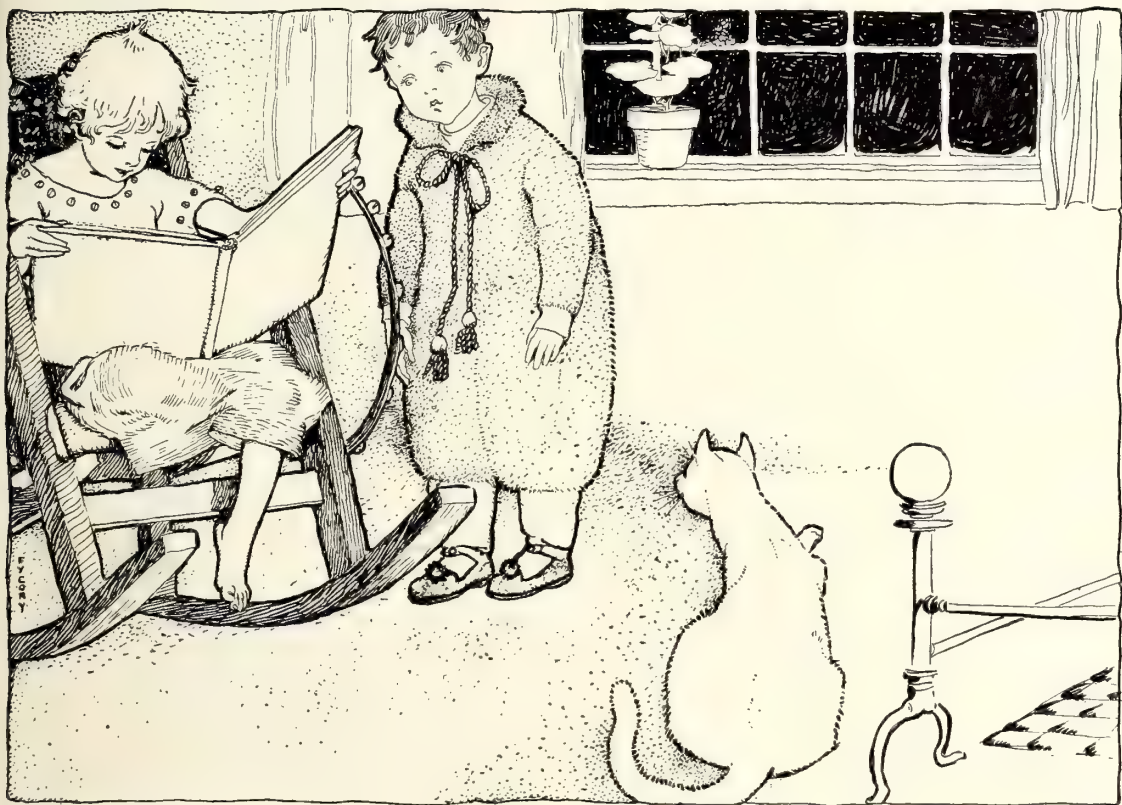


"HE COULD SEE AN OLD MAN HURRY OUT, AND *SOMEBODY* CAME IN WITH THE SNOW."

Poor Jane had cried herself to sleep, but Tommy Tucker lay thinking. "I must let the Little New-Year in," he said to himself, and then he dropped asleep. It was just five minutes of twelve, by the little French clock on the mantel,

when he awoke. There was a light in the room, so Tommy could see it. He put on his little pink wrapper and slippers and hurried down-stairs.

Then the big clock struck: One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—



"IT WAS A CALENDAR."

eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve. As Tommy threw open the front door, saying, "Good-by, Old-Year! Happy New-Year!" he could see an old man hurry out, as the snow blew in, and *somebody* came in with the snow.

"Shut the door, Tommy; it is cold," said a voice.

Tommy turned in the direction of the voice, and there sat a little boy in the big rocker by the fire. He had curls, and little bells were sewed on his gown, which had a great many tucks. "It must be the Little New-Year!" thought Tommy.

The little boy was looking earnestly into a large book or calendar.

Tommy came closer and looked over his shoulder. It *was* a calendar.

"Your calendar, Tommy, for last year," said the Little New-Year; "Old-Year left it here." A great many of the numbers were bright gold, but some were dull.

"What do they mean?" asked Tom.

"The bright gold numbers stand for your good days, the dull for the bad," answered the Little New-Year, sadly.

"Why, what did I do on July 4?" said Tommy.

"You tied a fire-cracker to Toby's tail," answered the Little New-Year, with a sigh.

"And on March 5?"



"You disobeyed your mother."

"On January 16?"

"You told a wrong story."

Tommy hung his head. "Can't you brighten up the dull numbers, Little New-Year?"

"I am afraid not, Tommy, but I hope *my* year will have more bright numbers."

"I'll try," said Tommy.

Then he never knew exactly how it happened, but suddenly he felt the Little



"THEY WENT LIKE A PUFF OF THISTLE-DOWN."

New-Year carrying him up the stairs, and they went like a puff of thistle-down, until Tommy found himself in bed, with the little boy laughing at the foot.

"Why do you have so many tucks in your gown, Little New-Year?" asked Tommy.

"I grow so fast that I let down one every day; there are 365 of them!" And he laughed and shook his bells.

"Shaking my bells with a merry din," said Tommy, remembering his Kindergarten Song.

"What did you say?" asked Little New-Year.

Then Tommy sang all the Kindergarten Song, and told him of the play that went with it.

"Is n't that nice!" cried the Little New-Year. "I will be with you through the year," he went on, "though you will not see me. I will bring snow in winter,



"TOMMY FOUND HIMSELF IN BED, WITH THE LITTLE BOY LAUGHING AT THE FOOT."

and flowers in summer, until I am an old year, when I, too, must go to make room for the *New* Little-Year, as Grandfather made room for me."

"I see," said Tommy.

"And now, good-by, Tommy; don't forget your calendar!" and the Little New-Year laughed and ran down-stairs, his bells growing fainter and fainter until the sound died away. Then Tommy went to sleep.

The next morning, Tommy told Daddy Smith all about the Little New-Year's visit. "It was a dream, Tom," said Daddy. But Tommy knew better all the time.



"'IT WAS A DREAM, TOM,' SAID DADDY."



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



Copyright, 1913, by L. H. Pedersen.

AN ALASKAN MAIL-TEAM.

## AMONG ALASKA'S ANIMALS

ALASKA is not like Central Africa, where hundreds of different kinds of animals may be found in the same locality. Nearly every species in Alaska has its own particular part of the country for a home. The only one which seems to have no preference, and may be found almost anywhere, is the small black bear.

The beautiful archipelago known as Southeast Alaska, where tourist steamers thread their way through a mystic maze of channels all summer, among spruce-covered islands and islets, is the home of the shy, blacktail deer. It is such a pretty, graceful creature, with its glossy, brownish coat, its impudent little black tail, and its slender, curving, pointed horns, that one feels more like petting it than killing it. It scarcely ever weighs over one hundred pounds; you could carry it in your arms if it were tame; but ruthless hunters have made it dread a human being, and only under pressure of starvation, when winter snows have covered its food too deeply to be reached, will it come near a human habitation.

There was once a lighthouse keeper on a little,

lonely island in this region who cleared most of the land and planted a vegetable garden, and in a distant part of it he had a large cabbage patch. When the winter storms came, the wind swept this patch so freely that the old cabbage stalks and some uncut plants remained exposed above the snow. One morning, the keeper's little daughter called out in great excitement, "Oh, Papa! Come and see the pretty animals in the garden!" Sure enough, two blacktail deer were browsing on the cabbage stalks. They were still wet from swimming across the straits from another island. The little girl went softly out to them to make friends, but they immediately fled to a neighboring thicket.

In a day or two, the cabbage stalks had all been eaten, and the little animals would stand in the bare patch and look wistfully toward the keeper's house. Then the little girl took cabbages from the cellar and walked toward them, holding the vegetables out in her hands; but again they fled.

So, for several days, she would take cabbages and lay them in the patch, and when she was gone

the deer would come and eat them. Gradually the little animals would let her come nearer and nearer, until at last one dared to take a cabbage from her hand. It is needless to tell how that little girl and her deer became great chums, for before they came she had had no playmates, and had been as lonesome as they were; but fortunately the cellar of the lighthouse was well stocked and never again did they suffer for food or she for companionship.

A great glacial barrier, from Mount Saint Elias to the coast, cuts off Southeast Alaska from Alaska proper. After coasting past this barrier, one comes to a remarkable island: long, high, and narrow, covered densely with hemlock and spruce, extending out for twenty miles like a jetty into the ocean, and terminating in a high, jagged mountain of rock shaped like a rooster's comb. I once landed at this spot (known as Cape Saint Elias), and found one lone Indian family living there, a man and wife and two children. After some conversation, I learned why he lived in such a lonely place. It was a foxes' paradise. Red, blue, and silver foxes prowled the island over. The previous year had been a bonanza one for the lone trapper. He had even gotten one black

becoming extremely rare, for which skins he got seven hundred dollars apiece.

Alaska's foxes, especially the more desirable fur varieties, are so rapidly disappearing that fox-farms have been established. Especial effort is being made to propagate the blue fox, the silver gray, and the black fox. The latter has become so nearly extinct that the one trapped by my Indian friend was the only one caught that year. Red foxes are very plentiful in many parts of the territory, and fully half the fox furs of other colors so much worn now are red fox skins dyed. Last summer, I was one of a party which cornered a magnificent red fox in a thicket near the shores of Cook Inlet. We saw him go in, and could faintly distinguish him through the bushes, apparently crouching close to the ground. I fired point-blank, and saw him jump and stretch out on his side. Then we plunged in to drag him out, and found only a poor little rabbit scarcely bigger than a kitten. What became of Mr. Fox we never found out.

But let us go farther west, to that rugged, mountainous peninsula lying between Prince William Sound and Cook Inlet, for this is the great game-preserve of Alaska, the spot where the



"THE BIGGEST BEAR-TRACKS I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE." (SEE PAGE 271.)

fox, the rarest of all, and had received four hundred dollars for its skin in Cordova. But his greatest good luck was to kill two sea-otters, now

homes of three of its largest animals overlap: the moose, the mountain-sheep, and the huge and dangerous Kadiak bear. Kenai Peninsula, as it is



called, has every variety of scenic country: mountains and meadows, lakes and forests, brooks and bays. Its lakes are surrounded by hills of spruce



A BULL MOOSE THAT HAS SHED HIS ANTLERS.

and hemlock, with giant mountains rising above the timber-line, first grass-covered, then bare, then capped with snow. Its streams meander through groves of tall cottonwoods and smaller birch and alder. Through these groves whole families of moose roam wild; bulls with huge antlers, smaller cows, and awkward, big-jointed calves.

Kenai Peninsula is reached by steamer from Seattle, stopping at the town of Seward in Resurrection Bay. From here the unfinished Alaska Northern Railroad runs entirely across the peninsula, skirting some of its most beautiful lakes. A few years ago, I was one of a hunting party returning to Seward in a motor-car on the railroad, when a magnificent bull moose, which had swum across Lake Kenai, came majestically out of the lake and mounted the railroad embankment scarcely six hundred yards ahead of us. In fact, we were almost upon him when he discovered us and started down again to the water. There were at least five in the party with rifles, but we were much more demoralized by surprise than was the moose. We stopped the car and scrambled out,

firing wildly. When the firing commenced, the big animal seemed to be almost close enough to be hit with a brick or an old shoe, yet he calmly sank in the water and swam away amid a perfect shower of bullets, turning his head occasionally to see if he was pursued, until he was out of range. Then we discovered a boat and tumbled frantically into it; but it had no oars. We improvised paddles out of some timber slabs, and gave fruitless chase until our prey walked up out of the water on the far side of the lake, apparently none the worse for a three-mile swim, and disappeared in the bushes.

Moose shed their antlers periodically and grow new ones, and there is nothing more pathetic-looking than a bull moose without his antlers.

Between sixteen hundred and two thousand feet above sea-level, along the Alaskan coast, all trees cease to grow, and the mountains are covered only by a deep carpet of succulent, bright green grass. This altitude is called the timber-line. Above it, on the mountain sides of the Kenai Peninsula, one can often see with good binoculars many white objects moving about against the



THE KADIAK BEAR.

green background. All Alaskan hunters carry binoculars, and frequently scan the higher mountain sides through them; and when these white

objects are seen, the hunters will note keenly the direction of the wind, and climb some carefully chosen mountain trail toward the timber-line, for

been made since the tide had gone out. I looked at the precipitous sides of the bay, and felt that he would probably have to return our way before



"THE MOST AMUSING PETS IN THE WORLD  
ARE BEAR CUBS."



the white objects are the most prized of all Alaska's game, the magnificent, curly horned mountain-sheep. Their inaccessibility and keenness of scent make their pursuit the most arduous and hazardous hunting in Alaska, and their meat, when tender, is the most delicious of all game meat.

While the big, ferocious Kadiak bear prowls through the forests of the Kenai Peninsula, his real home is farther west, in the island of Kadiak, from which he gets his name, and all along the west shores of Cook Inlet. One cannot land anywhere along these shores without almost immediately coming upon the tracks of this huge animal in the mud or sand, for he lives on berries and fish, and follows streams and shore-lines looking for food. On one occasion I was making a reconnaissance of the headwaters of Iniskin Bay, near Iliamna, and we reached a point where the falling tide had made of the bay a vast mud-flat. I left my boat to continue the reconnaissance on foot, taking with me my steward with a lunch-basket and a photographer with a camera. We were about to start unarmed, when the cockswain of the boat suggested that I take a rifle, and placed one in my hand. We had gone several miles and completed our work, when we came upon the biggest bear-tracks I ever saw in my life. The animal had evidently gone up the bay but an hour or two before, for the tracks had

the tide came in again, and the tide was even then rising. Then I realized that the magazine of my rifle held but five cartridges, and I had already fired two of them. Moreover, they were small steel bullets which would have no stopping effect upon such an animal unless they reached a spot causing instant death. With the gravest misgiving I started my unarmed attendants ahead as fast as they could walk, and took up a slower pace as a rear-guard. By good fortune, we outstripped the bear, but I never again went into that part of the country without being properly armed.

The Kadiak bear is dark brown in color and an exceedingly ugly brute. If he finds you blocking his way, or suspects that you are going to interfere with his feeding, he will attack you ferociously. On the other hand, when they have their stomachs full and you are not in their way, they may let you go by with the most mortifying lack of interest. They sleep in caves all winter, and seem to be impervious to cold during their long slumber.

Some Alaskans say that by making an unusual noise you can frighten a bear away, but an unarmed prospector once tried this advice on a bear which had not seen him, by hammering his gold pan on his pick. The result was that he spent the night in a tall tree and only came down when the bear went away for breakfast. And to add to his





"HUSKY" PUPPIES—"THE DEAREST AND MOST VALUABLE OF ALL ALASKAN ANIMALS."

troubles, he found, when he gathered up his tools, that he had knocked holes in his pan when he beat it on the point of his pick.

Probably the most amusing pets in the world are bear cubs. In their gambols they stand on their hind feet and wrestle like human beings, or they will stand up and drink with great gusto from a bottle held between their front paws.

Westward of Kadiak, on the long narrow Alaska Peninsula, all trees disappear, and the rolling hills and meadows are covered with long, succulent grass. This is the home of the prettiest animal of Alaska, and, next to the mountain-sheep, the most delicious food-animal known. It is the caribou. It has a body as sleek and graceful as that of an antelope, with mouse-brown back, pure white flanks and legs, and enormous outspreading and recurving, sharp-pronged antlers. A peculiar feature of these antlers is that the first branch of one of them curves directly in front of the forehead and then spreads straight out to the front into a broad, edgewise fan, which is called the plow. These animals roam in herds and feed almost entirely upon the grass of this region. When the snow falls and freezes in winter, they first use the plow to break the snow crust, and then their horns like rakes to scrape the snow from the grass.

In arctic Alaska, especially in the Bering Sea region, we find the fur-seal, the walrus, the reindeer, and the polar bear; but the description of these and their habits is always an accompaniment of arctic stories, and will not be repeated here. I cannot close, however, without mentioning the dearest and most valuable of all Alaskan animals: the "Malamute" or "Husky"; the Alaska dog. Strong as a young ox, absolutely indifferent to cold, and almost humanly intelligent, he draws

the Alaskan and his goods and chattels for thousands of miles through the frozen, trackless wilderness, and in camp becomes his sympathetic companion, comrade, and friend.

CAPTAIN JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

#### CLEANING SOILED MONEY

ALL the boys and girls who read these pages know how important it is to keep one's self and one's clothing spick and span, not only because it looks so much better, but because cleanliness is actually necessary to health.

Now Uncle Sam has applied this idea to the paper money that he makes. Gradually it becomes soiled as it passes from hand to hand, paying the grocer, the marketman, or the shopkeeper, or is deposited in savings-banks by grimy hands.

The doctors say the soiled money is unhealthy and may carry sickness from one to another, and yet for years it has been in circulation, sometimes until it becomes so worn that the bankers send it to the United States Treasury to be "redeemed"—that is, to exchange it for clean bills of the same value. These bank-notes were formerly made into pulp which was sold and made into writing-paper. This waste caused great loss to the Government.

Burgess Smith, a workman in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in the department where soiled money is received from the banks to be exchanged for new bills, knew of this loss, and, in trying to find a method of preventing it, he made the discovery that paper money, if not torn or eaten into by acid so the lettering is destroyed, can be washed and made as clean as collars or handkerchiefs. When washed, the bills are so crisp and clean that they look as if they had just been printed.

He accordingly designed what is called the money-washer; and, when tried, it was found to be a complete success, since one machine will clean 35,000 bank-notes and dry them ready for packing into bundles, every six hours.

The way in which the money is washed and dried by machinery is interesting. First, each bill is placed by the woman operator on a rubber-covered cylinder that, as it revolves, carries it through a tank filled with what a washerwoman would call soap-suds—soap melted in hot water. This cleanses the bill, removing all grease and dirt.

Then another revolving conveyer draws it out of the vat of soap-suds and carries it through a tank of pure water that rinses it thoroughly. The now clean money must be dried, and this is the most interesting part of the process.

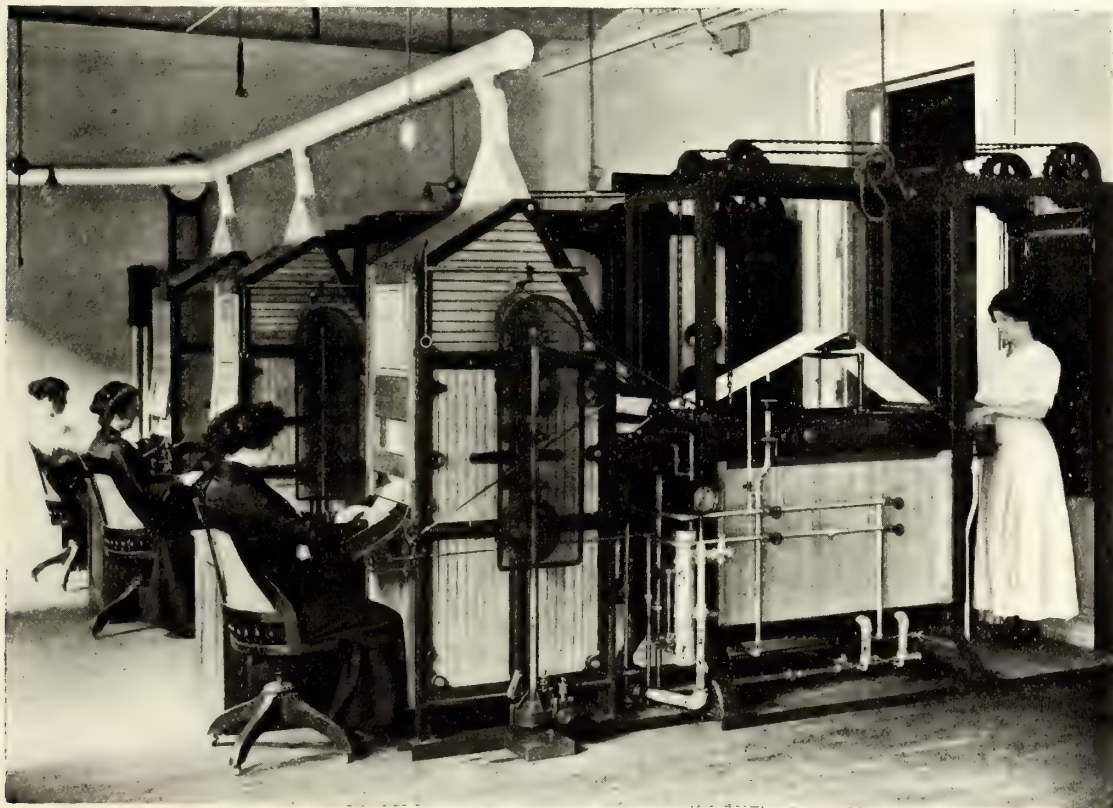
The five-dollar or ten-dollar note, or whatever the denomination may be, passes from the rinsing tank, on an endless, moving, cotton belt, between two polished steel rolls revolving so close to each

is thoroughly dried as it passes between them. The pressure of the hot rollers also stiffens it and smoothes it out, so it comes out of the machine perfectly flat, and looking like new currency, every figure and every letter perfectly distinct.

With the money-washer, bills can be cleaned at a very small expense when compared with the printing and engraving of new currency. A toy electric motor of one half horse-power moves the mechanism at such a speed that four money-cleaners can clean and dry in a day 140,000 bills, ranging from one dollar to \$100, at a cost of only one tenth of a cent each.

The money-washers are used not only in Washington, but, in the branch treasuries of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, are turning soiled currency into bills as good as new, to the extent of nearly one million a day, to be sent to banks throughout the country in return for the soiled money which is a menace to those who handle it.

This preservation of our currency means a saving of millions of dollars a year to the nation in



THE MONEY WASHING-MACHINE.

other that they leave only enough space for the note to pass between them. The rolls are hollow and heated inside by gas flames, so that each bill

avoiding the great expense of destroying old bank-notes and making new ones to replace them.

D. ALLEN WILLEY.



### AUTOMOBILING ON THE ICE

WINTER sports have long attracted visitors from all parts of Europe to certain favored localities in the Alps, just as similar pastimes serve as the



A SWISS MOTOR-SLED.

magnets which draw Americans to Montreal, Canada, Saranac Lake, New York, and other scenes of "ice carnivals" and ice frolics. Within recent years, however, the Alpine winter sports have grown tremendously in popularity, and crowds of unprecedented size—in which young people predominate—are usually to be found throughout the season at the favorite coasting and skeeing Meccas in France and Switzerland.

A characteristic of the past few years has been the eager and unending quest for something new in the form of winter sports. The revelers have refused to remain content with skating, tobogganing, and the other time-honored diversions, and have cast about for all kinds of novelties. Every manner of game that can be satisfactorily played on the ice has been introduced, and even dancing is attempted on the frozen surfaces. However, the credit for providing a brand-new sensation for the devotees of winter sports belongs to the men who have invented and developed what are known as motor-sleds. Chamonix

is a center for this exciting and picturesque form of automobiling on the ice. Some of the new vehicles are simply sleds which are driven over the ice by means of a propeller similar to the type in use on aëroplanes, but the most ingenious mechanical coasters combine the principles of the sled and the automobile, and move over the ice by means of pronged wheels which cut into the frozen surface, thereby getting a grip on it—a grip as firm as that which a rubber tire obtains on the most favorable road or pavement.

In our American "auto-scooter" there is used practically the same method of adapting the automobile to ice locomotion, the chassis having sled-runners substituted for the front wheels, while the rear wheels have a heavily cogged tread.

The scooter attains a high speed, of course, but an even more exciting method of traveling over an ice-bound lake or river is on the ice-yacht—



Courtesy of the New York "Sun."

THE "AUTO-SCOOTER," WHICH HAS RUN 61 MILES AN HOUR.

another American invention—which, in a high wind, has been known to spin along at the rate of eighty-five or ninety miles an hour.

## A WINTER LANDSCAPE AT 110°

A TREE covered with white crystals until every twig of it is apparently formed of delicate lace-like frost—that is the appearance of the tree in



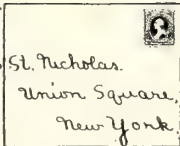
THE SLUDGE-COVERED TREE.

this remarkable photograph, which was taken on an August day, when the thermometer registered the great heat of 110°.

The tree stands within one hundred feet of the engine-house of a mine in Arizona, and every day the sludge from the boilers is blown out with great force, the white particles clinging to everything they touch. The tree was killed long ago by this treatment, and now stands in the middle of a winter landscape, several hundred feet in area, for it will be noted that all the boulders and ground about it are covered with white "snow." To the beholder of the actual scene, however, the hillside beyond was unaffected and had a mid-summer appearance in strange contrast with this queer "winter landscape."

ROBERT H. MOULTON.

? "BECAUSE WE  
! WANT TO KNOW"  
???????????????



NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this "Because We Want to Know" page, for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department cannot afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—EDITOR.

## WHIRLS AND SOAP-BUBBLES

TALLADEGA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Father told me the other night to write to you and find out why all whirlpools turn to the right.

Will you also tell me why, after you have blown a soap-bubble and put your finger over the end of the pipe so the air cannot escape, the bubble becomes more brilliant? Also, when you blow two bubbles out of the same dipping, why the second one is always more brilliant?

Is it true, and why, that the twist of all trees is to the right?

Yours truly,

WILLIAM W. LADD.

Large whirls, such as occur in cyclones, tornadoes, waterspouts, etc., turn to the right in northern latitudes and to the left south of the equator, on account of the earth's motion around its axis. For small whirls this effect becomes inappreciable, and the direction is determined by accidental causes. If, for example, you move a paddle through still water, the whirlpools behind it will revolve in opposite directions.

Soap-bubbles show colors only when the film is very thin. Bubbles, on standing, become thinner by evaporation, and the colors appear gradually and increase in brilliancy. A second bubble is thinner than the first and therefore more brilliant.

I do not know whether trees have a tendency to twist to the right rather than to the left.—E. L. N.

## WHY OUR EARS RING

SAGINAW, MICH.

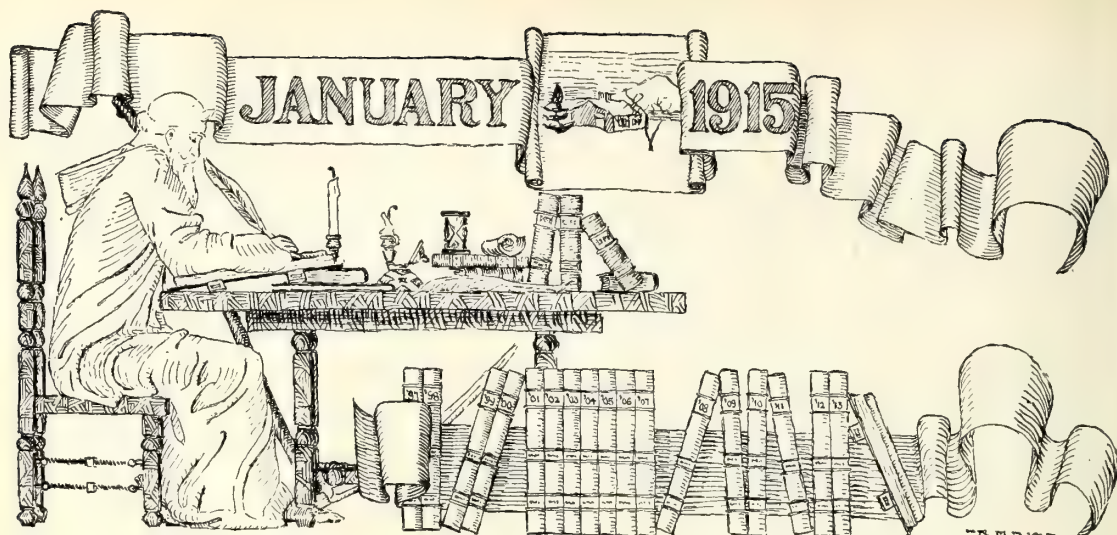
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me in "Because We Want to Know" why our ears ring?

Your faithful reader,

FLORENCE MARCIA VAN AUKEN.

Our ears ring when something sets the auditory nerve to vibrating in certain unusual ways. A large dose of quinine, cold water in the middle ear, the pressure of a tumor, a sudden blow upon the head, and many other causes for disturbance of the auditory nerve cause its impulse to be sent to the brain in such a way that we speak of it as ringing of the ears.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.





"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON JUNE, 1914.)

HERE we are again, dear Leaguers, at the portal of another year—with its enchanting vista of three hundred and sixty-five Glorious Possibilities stretching out before us—those Possibilities which are surely going to make us the "so-much-better" and "so-much-wiser" folk that we are bent upon becoming! How glorious they seem, indeed! But they will greet us, one by one; and so, at the dawning of the New-year, through which they will come "marching, endless, in a single file," let us remember that noble "Exhortation of the Dawn" from the old Sanskrit: "Look well to this day! For it is life—the very life of life. In its brief course lie all the

verities and realities of your existence—the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty. . . . To-day, well-lived, makes every Yesterday a dream of Happiness and every To-morrow a vision of Hope. Look well, therefore, to this day!" Or, as our own Emerson has so wisely said: "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the Year!"

It is in some such spirit, we are sure, that each member of the League is facing 1915—with the high resolve to make a reality of "the bliss of growth, the glory of action, the splendor of beauty," or some other precious possibility of Every Day.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 179

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Olive E. Northup** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Naomi Archibald** (age 12), Maine; **Susanna Paxton** (age 12), Kansas; **Helen Donnolly** (age 10), Louisiana; **Mary Margaret Kern** (age 7), Indiana.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Katherine Hunn** (age 14), Pennsylvania; **Dorothea Derby** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Maria B. Platt** (age 14), N. Y.; **William R. Anderson, Jr.** (age 16), N. J.; **Christina Phelps** (age 12), Conn.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badges, **Robert Martin** (age 14), Massachusetts; **Margaret Cohn** (age 16), California. Silver badges, **William H. Savin** (age 14), Illinois; **Lillian Alexandra Anderson** (age 14), Rhode Island; **Margaret Pratt** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Virginia L. Hyams** (age 13), California.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **J. Warren Shoemaker** (age 16), Pennsylvania. Silver badges, **Norman Johnson** (age 12), Massachusetts; **Elise Sedberry** (age 14), Texas, **Dorothy Booth** (age 11), Connecticut; **Miriam Johnson** (age 13), Colorado.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Warren Hanna** (age 16), North Dakota; **G. Huanayra Cowle** (age 13), England.



BY GEORGE STRAUS, AGE 13.



BY WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLAIN, AGE 13.

"HAPPY HOURS."

## THE RIVER

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 12)

(Honor Member)

THE throstle in the flowering thorn  
 Poured forth his heart in joy,  
 While dabbled in sweet Avon's stream  
 A barefoot country boy.

He sent his fleets of paper boats  
 A-sailing down the stream,  
 And many a lovely nook he knew  
 In which to idly dream.

And, I dare say, full many a time  
 The water brightly clear  
 He envied; for it left that town  
 A million times a year.

I think he plucked an iris there,  
 Fresh from the river-bank;  
 Or threw a stone, to watch it break  
 The quiet, as it sank.

Perhaps the river now has lost  
 Young Shakspeare's bright reflection  
 Perhaps the willows by the bank  
 Have lost the recollection.

But April comes, and, on the thorn,  
 A throstle sings at last;  
 And still the river gently tells  
 Of Shakspeare and the past.

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY OLIVE E. NORTHUP (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won November, 1914)

For nine days and nights, the great ocean liner *Czarina* had wrestled with the winds and waves of the Atlantic on her way from St. Petersburg to New York; but on the morning of the tenth day, every one on board was



"HAPPY HOURS." BY ELISE SEDBERRY, AGE 14.  
 (SILVER BADGE)

thrown into a state of excitement at sight of a long, thin line of gray lying low against the western horizon.

To little Ivan Ostrakoff, leaning against the railing which ran around the crowded steerage deck of the *Czarina*, this distant line of gray, which was soon to broaden and deepen into the fertile shores of North America, meant the beginning of a new life and new hope. Many and many a time in his dreams of the future he

had imagined this new country as a place where each man was his own master, where the rich did not oppress the poor, and the poor might, if it were their will, rise to the highest station in the land. Here the doors which led to learning were always open, the gates to knowledge always stood ajar, and in the heart of every American burned the desire to live a higher and better life.

Thus, as the great steamer moved slowly into the harbor of New York and the outlines of that great city loomed up black and powerful against the sky, Ivan's heart beat faster and his breath came quicker, for he realized that at last his dreams had come true—America, the Land of Opportunity, lay before him! Soon the



"HAPPY HOURS." BY NORMAN JOHNSON, AGE 12.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

gang-plank was lowered, he mingled with the surging crowd about him, and so passed through the doorway into this land of promise.

## THE RIVER

BY KATHERINE HUNN (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1914)

Oh give me the river, the river in springtime,  
 A boat, and two oars, and a book;  
 And down in the grove where the buds are just breaking,  
 I'll fish with my line and my hook.

Oh give me the river, the river in summer,  
 Away from the world and its strife;  
 And down in the nook where the flowers are blooming,  
 I'll drowsily squander my life.

Oh give me the river, the river in autumn,  
 When the purple-gray haze tops the trees,  
 And the woods that are decked in their wonderful glory  
 Seem to sigh to the tune of the bees.

Oh give me the river, the river in winter,  
 'T is all frozen over, you see,  
 And all that I need is my skates—and a sweetheart,  
 To glide down the river with me!

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY NAOMI ARCHIBALD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

It was a hot night in August. The family had all gone to bed, leaving Katie, the cook, to shut and lock the door. But poor tired-out Katie had fallen sound asleep in her kitchen.

The house was in a lonely place, and a poor weary



tramp, not knowing it was so late, came to the door to ask for food, and permission to spend the night in the barn. Finding the door open, the temptation was too strong for the poor fellow, and he went in and lay down on the couch, perceiving that the owners were all asleep.

He had not been sleeping more than two hours when he was awakened by a slight noise; he soon realized that it was some other intruders like himself, but with more serious designs. They were burglars, and were just congratulating each other on finding the door open.

The tramp got up, and, going softly to the door, said:



"HAPPY HOURS." BY J. WARREN SHOEMAKER, AGE 16.  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON SEPT., 1914.)

"Who is there?" The burglars, thinking it was the owner of the house, ran away; and the tramp, after resting a while longer, went off too.

The family, coming down in the morning and finding the door open, said to each other how lucky it was that no one had come in, little knowing all that had passed through the "open doorway" during that night.

### THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

WHEN I see a door ajar, I always wish to peep in. The very fact that it is open makes me feel that there is something worth seeing beyond it. And that is the way it is with the St. Nicholas League—it is an open doorway that is inviting every one to come inside; and I, like many others, have accepted the invitation.

There are only pleasant surprises that meet me beyond this open door that I have just entered. First, there is the invitation to delightful and congenial work, for certainly every one would be interested in some branch of the League. Then the great lesson of patience is taught by the League. Any one who sends in a contribution must wait almost four months before he can discover if it is good enough to win a prize! Perseverance is also taught by the League, for "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again." Next, the League has offered me its beautiful motto, "Live to learn and learn to live." And the last thing that the League has given to help me on the road to success is the promise of reward, for every one likes that, although many do not acknowledge it.

Considering all this, I think that the St. Nicholas League has more advantages to offer than any other "open doorway."

### THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY SUSANNA PAXTON (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"Honk! honk!" Every member of the household sat upright in bed. "Honk-k-k-k!"

The hired man and Father met at the foot of the stairs, still crawling into their clothes.

Each had recognized the sound of the horn on the family auto, and had started to the barn.

They found the stable door leading into the room where Beauty, the children's new pony, was left untied at night, securely locked.

The garage room, a new addition built on to the old barn, was connected with the pony's room by a single door.

To their amazement, this door was wide open, but all outside doors were locked. Beauty was munching hay at her stall. After a thorough search for tramps, the men shut the connecting door, locked the outside ones, and, much mystified, went back to bed.

The next night the same thing happened. Father again went to the barn, only to find the outside doors locked, but the door between the stable and garage again open.

The third night Father and the hired man spent in the garage.

About three o'clock in the morning, the door between the stable and garage opened, and Beauty calmly walked to the auto, took the horn bulb between her teeth, and began to chew it! At an exclamation from Father, she wheeled suddenly and went back to her own stable.

Later, when Father related his experience to Beauty's former owner, he said the pony had been taught tricks



"HAPPY HOURS." BY DOROTHY BOOTH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

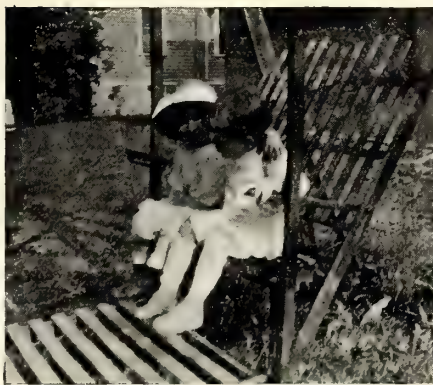
in her earlier days, and had learned to unlatch doors, which easily explained the mystery of the open doorway.

Then he laughed, and said he always had trouble when he tied the pony near an auto, and had replaced several horns because of Beauty's fondness for what the hired man called her "new kind of chewing-gum."

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY CARTER MCCULLOUGH, AGE 11.



BY PHYLLIS RADFORD, AGE 13.

BY MIRIAM JOHNSON, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

BY ELIZABETH CLUVERIUS, AGE 12.



BY NEVETT S. BARTOW, AGE 13.



BY WILLIAM S. BIDDLE, AGE 13.



BY ROSE F. KEEFE, AGE 13.



BY JAMES L. CLIFFORD, AGE 13.



BY MARGARETHE MARTINI, AGE 13.

"HAPPY HOURS."



## ON THE RIVER

BY MARIA B. PLATT (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

In the East, in crimson splendor,  
 Rose the sun to crown the dawn;  
 Temple bells along the river  
 Sound to greet the rising morn.

Opal lights upon the river,  
 Sampan sails of amber hue,  
 Fading softly in the distance,  
 Dark, against a sky of blue.



"HAPPY HOURS." BY KATHRYN ROHNERT, AGE 11.

Little craft of all description,  
 Rice-boats tossing in the sun,  
 Junks, are sailing on the river,  
 And the day has just begun.

Twisting, winding Irawadi,  
 Coursing onward to the bay  
 On the banks and in the river  
 Little Burmese children play.

Fleeting day upon the river  
 Passes swiftly into night,  
 And the river, dark and tranquil,  
 Sleeps beneath a blaze of light.

Dark and mystic Irawadi,  
 Twinkling lanterns hung on high,  
 Little craft upon the river,  
 Sleeping 'neath a starlit sky.

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY HELEN DONNOLLY (AGE 10)

*(Silver Badge)*

We live in a large white house in the country.

I am lame, and cannot run in and out of doors like most children.

In front of my room is a wide balcony, with a glass door opening on it.

I love to watch the wagons pass, loaded with hay and cotton. I can also watch the negroes at work in the cotton fields. They pick big bags full and drag them to the ends of the rows, emptying them into large baskets. But, best of all, I love to watch the birds. Once in a while, I see an empty oriole's nest, swinging in the breeze from the branch of a tree.

As the dinner gong sounds, Mary, the cook, comes up with an inviting meal on her tray. She moves a small table near the open door. When I have finished eating, my crumbs are all scattered on the balcony for the birds. Not long ago, one little bird ate crumbs from my hand. They enjoy these crumbs in winter, especially.

I am in a wheel-chair, so I can go out on the balcony at any time. From my open door I can see the bed of bulbs Father set out. He had many different kinds, so they would not all bloom at once. Later, he fills this bed with red geraniums. I always send some of these to my sick friends.

My uncle brought me a little dog who had been taught to beg. He never hurts kitty when they play together.

My mother often sits with me and points out things I would not notice.

Do you wonder I like to sit in the open doorway?

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY CAROLYN FANNY ROGERS (AGE 11)

YES, it was the open doorway that caused Cæsar's misbehavior. In the first place, Cæsar's owner, Mrs. Brown, wished to go to a certain play at a popular theater. Now you must know that Cæsar was a big collie, and a spoiled pet.

He followed his mistress into the theater, gravely indeed for the amount of mischief he had in his head. While Mrs. Brown was at the box-office purchasing her tickets, Cæsar was busy investigating. Unfortunately, a performance was then taking place.

A soloist was singing sweetly, the orchestra was playing softly, and the whole house intently listening, when Cæsar poked his too inquisitive nose in the open doorway.

He walked slowly down the aisle to the orchestra and sat down. The music was sweet, very sweet indeed, but Cæsar evidently did not think so, for he threw back his head and let out one pitiful and distressing howl.



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

The soloist red-dened, stopped, and turned away disgusted. The orchestra played violently to drown Cæsar's unwelcome voice. The audience tittered, and, in short, it was a very bad mix-up, caused by an "innocent pup."

At this instant, Mrs. Brown appeared, looking for her dog. Seeing the commotion he was causing, she hastened down the aisle to him. Cæsar, greatly disturbed at the noise, saw her, and made great leaping

bounds up the aisle toward her, landing stiffly on his four legs.

Mrs. Brown got hold of the dog's collar and hurried out. But, dear me! Cæsar was taught a lesson when he got home. The soloist felt, the orchestra knew, and the audience decided, that an open doorway can cause a lot of trouble.

## ON THE RIVER

BY DOROTHEA DERBY (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won October, 1914)*

FROM the mountains, through the meadows, through the  
green and waving meadows,  
Waving, blowing in the breezes that refresh the  
thirsty day,  
Past the highlands, past the lowlands, winding slowly  
through the forest,  
Pausing oft to make the flowers fresher with its  
snow-cooled spray,  
Runs the river, sparkling, falling, singing, sighing, on  
its way.



"HAPPY HOURS." BY ANNE LANE WARREN, AGE 11.

Down this river, lightly dancing like the lily-pads  
a-floating,  
Tossed by every sporting whitecap, filled with bubbling  
springtime glee,  
Come canoes of whitest birch-bark, colored, manned by  
Indians skilful,  
Deftly passing every rapid, every brown, uprooted  
tree,  
Till they come a-down the river to the deep, blue,  
open sea.

"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY LILLIAN ALEXANDRA ANDERSON,  
AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

After them come clumsy flatboats, clumsy, but with  
precious burdens;  
Slow they ply across the river, poled by men of  
countenance grim,  
But who face the unknown forests, face the dark and  
savage forests,

As they face the rock-filled river, pass each stone sub-  
merged and dim,  
Those who conquer every hardship, trusting God and  
praising Him.

Now a-down this ancient river that has seen the painted  
savage,  
Seen the pioneers, the settlers, heard their joys and  
sorrows too,  
Come the steamboats, puffing, panting, churning into  
frothy bubbles  
All the water once so sparkling, now of dingy, somber  
hue,  
But which, hurrying to the ocean, mingles with its  
unchanged blue.

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

*(A true story)*

BY ELIZABETH NASON (AGE 14)

JUST outside of Vienna, in the midst of a lovely garden,  
stood a large stone house. This was a physical culture  
school. It was more like a home to that family of happy  
little girls that dwelt within. Some were from Ger-  
many, some from Austria, some from Belgium, and some  
from Russia.

About the first of August, nineteen hundred and four-  
teen, as they were romping and chasing about in the  
garden, they were informed that war  
had been declared,  
and they must  
leave immediately,  
for the Govern-  
ment had demand-  
ed their palatial  
home for a hospi-  
tal.

Of course no  
time was to be  
lost. Those who  
still had homes  
were sent to them,  
but most of their  
homes had already  
been broken up,  
and their fathers  
and brothers had  
gone to war,  
and the mothers  
of some were

"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY MARGARET  
COHN, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.  
SILVER BADGE WON JULY, 1914.)

then working in hospitals as Red Cross nurses.

Their guardian, who is an American woman, took the  
children to England. They had just gotten rested and  
comfortably settled, after their long, hard journey, when  
the English Government demanded that house, also, for  
a hospital. So there they were, nine little girls and two  
young women, all without homes. Finally, they thought  
of America, and, as they knew its doors are open to all  
those in trouble, the teacher decided to bring them here.

After much trouble they obtained steamship tickets.  
They had to come in the steerage, but they were glad  
to get that.

The teacher had not thought of the immigration laws.  
But they all looked so pretty that Uncle Sam did not  
have the heart to send them back.

So now in another lovely garden in Yonkers the little  
exiles are free and happy. Here they have again started  
their studies, without fear of further interruption, or  
having to give up their school-rooms for hospitals.



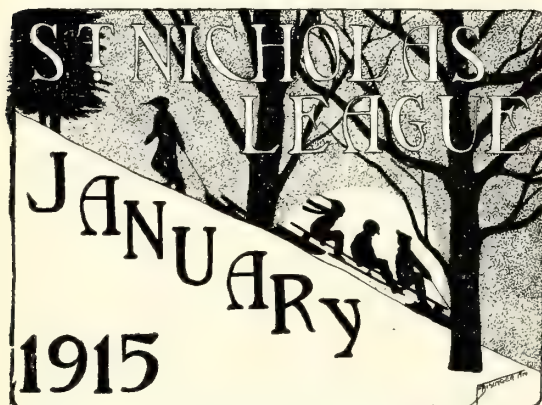
## THE RIVER OF LIFE

BY WILLIAM R. ANDERSON, JR. (AGE 16)

*(Silver Badge)*

I stood as in a trance upon the brink  
 Of a tempestuous stream which wildly surged  
 O'er rocks and bars as though 't were madly urged  
 On from behind; and, as if like to sink,  
 Upon its turbid tide a myriad souls  
 Did strive, the most in vain, to reach an isle  
 Where from their struggles they might pause awhile;  
 The rest, not drowned, were cast upon the shoals.

From Nowhere unto Nowhere seemed to flow  
 This mighty river, for an endless mist  
 Obscuring all the view seemed to resist  
 The eye's attempts the great Beyond to know.  
 And, as I mused, from out this Waste to me  
 This awful murmur came—"Eternity!"



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY FRANK BISINGER, AGE 14.

## THE OPEN DOORWAY

BY MARY MARGARET KERN (AGE 7)

*(Silver Badge)*

MILDRED and her mother were visiting Uncle George and Aunt Martha. They lived in the country, and Grandpa lived there too.

Grandpa had a beautiful little Scotch collie puppy. Mildred liked to play with the puppy on the big lawn. His name was Brownie.

Aunt Martha had many beautiful chickens, and she was very proud of them.

One night, before Mildred's visit was over, her mother heard the chickens making a great deal of noise.

It was about three o'clock in the morning. But she arose and called Uncle George and Aunt Martha. Uncle George was up in a minute, and Aunt Martha was close behind him.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and you could see for miles over the country. They were expecting chicken thieves, but they could not see any.

But what do you think they did see? Mr. Brownie was in the chicken coop!

Brownie's bed was in the barn. The door of the barn had not been closed, and the door of the chicken house had been left open, too.

The chickens were badly frightened. Uncle George said they were piled up "three deep."

Brownie was given a sound spanking and put in the barn. After that, when he thought about going to visit the chickens, Mr. Brownie found no open doorway.

## THE RIVER

BY CHRISTINA PHELPS (AGE 12)

*(Silver Badge)*

FLY with the flying river,  
 As on to the sea it goes;  
 Flow with the flowing river,  
 As ever and onward it flows,

Smiled on by the sun in the daytime,  
 Shone on by the moon at night;  
 Kissed by the rain in summer,  
 And blessed by the darkness and light;

Winding through forests and moorlands,  
 Dashing down cataracts free,  
 With a message from the mountains  
 To the wild and wonderful sea.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

## PROSE, 1

Dorothy G. Ramsdill  
 Catherine F. Urell  
 Helen D. Church  
 Katharine Van R.  
 Holste  
 Miette M. Brugnot  
 Aletha Deitrick  
 Edith Brill  
 Daisy P. Williamson  
 F. Alma Dougherty  
 Ruth B. Brewster  
 Catherine J. Wätjen  
 Lucy Andrews  
 Doris Purrington  
 Frances Kestenbaum  
 Agnes Nolan  
 Margaret S. Beach  
 Margaret Day  
 Marjorie McCreary  
 Sibyl Sears  
 Mildred Benjamin  
 Bessie Rosenman  
 Frank L. Way  
 Louis McL. Fisher  
 Dorothy L. Tait  
 Kathryn Barnhisel  
 Frances E. Mills  
 Marian Wightman  
 Marjorie M. Carroll  
 Elizabeth Roper  
 Margaret White  
 Dorothy Rossiter  
 Albert Campbell  
 Elizabeth B. Cobb  
 Harry Cohen  
 Nancy Vuille  
 Lily Caddoo  
 Virginia M. Allcock  
 Marcella H. Foster  
 Katharine Brooks  
 Margaret Overington  
 Charles H. Smith  
 Jessie Edgerly  
 Page Williams  
 Esther J. Lowell  
 Nell Hiscow  
 Lowry A. Biggers  
 Emilie U. Goode  
 Eileen Hayes  
 Clarita Lowrie  
 Alice Pratt  
 Marion Ellet  
 Helen Miller  
 Mary C. Ballard  
 Gertrude Woolf  
 Harriet G. Warnecke

## VERSE, 1

Margaret P. Smith  
 Mollie Greenfield  
 Marjorie Seligman  
 Elizabeth T. Scott  
 Bridget B. Knight  
 Eleanor Hebblethwaite  
 Florence M. Treat  
 Eleanor Johnson  
 Margaret C. Bland  
 Mary R. Evans  
 Ruth Hess  
 Marion M. Casey  
 Gretchen Hercz  
 Elizabeth Le B. Chase  
 Max Konecky  
 Ethel W. Kidder  
 Marion K. Valentine  
 Sarah F. Borock  
 Helen H. Stevens

Gertrude M. Harkins  
 Elizabeth Sheble  
 Grace L. Savage  
 Selma Brenner  
 Phyllis Moorhouse  
 Mildred E. Fish  
 Gladys E. Livermore  
 Dora G. Golder  
 Ruth M. Cole  
 Frances Riker  
 Elizabeth Peirce

## DRAWINGS, 1

Ruth C. Robinson  
 Beatrice B. Brown  
 Mary A. Cushman  
 Jessie L. Remington  
 Helen Lowe  
 Helen Welty  
 Beryl M. Siegbert  
 Edwin M. Gill



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY MARGARET PRATT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dorothy Levy  
 Miriam R. Ottinger  
 Helen L. Carroll  
 Ruth Gullette  
 Elizabeth Elting  
 Thyra Weston  
 Dorothy C. Snyder  
 Charles Schley  
 Margaret C. Haggott  
 Nell Adams  
 Carroll Alexander

Walter Jensen  
 Venette M. Willard

## DRAWINGS, 2

Katharine Winchester  
 Mary McKittrick  
 Dagny Meldahl  
 Eleanor Wilson  
 Lauri Maki  
 Katharine B. Neilson

B. McGrath  
Mary E. Askew  
Anne C. Sharp  
Josephine Hayes  
Alice L. Walter  
Mildred Fisher  
Eleanor L. Topliff  
Frederick W. Agnew  
Adelaide Winter  
Edith B. Woodworth  
Marion Lazenby  
Virginia Gardiner  
Elizabeth Dantzler  
Margaret Perley  
Edith T. Seales  
Evelyn Ringemann

John P. Vose  
Anna Crawford  
Carolyn Eshman  
Gertrude Slaughter  
Katharine C. Switzer  
Katherine M. Pinckney  
Grace A. Moore  
Dolly Thompson  
Elspeth MacLaren  
Helen C. Kirkwood  
Ernest Loeb  
Edith Baker  
Elizabeth Harlow  
Marjorie G. Allin  
Katherine Matter  
Katherine B. Card

Esther M. Daly  
Anne L. Forstall  
Lowell Comfort  
  
**PHOTOGRAPHS, 2**  
Nannie E. Timberlake  
Margaret M. Horton  
Marie F. Boas  
Frances M. Doane  
Paul Olsen  
Mary E. Orr  
Helen F. Neilson  
Phyllis Coate  
Rosalie Wilson  
Jennie E. Everden  
Lucia P. Barber  
Patrina M. Collis  
Ruth Farrington  
Julia Van Voast  
Irma Gortner  
Cornelia A. Ely  
Eva P. Jamison  
Alec H. Pearl  
Mary L. Reeves  
Mylla B. Cavis  
John Perez  
Evelyn R. Brooks  
Ethel Carter  
Jessica B. Noble  
Whitney Henry  
Alice Richards  
Louise May  
Francis F. Palmer  
Geo. E. Spitzmiller  
John S. Williams  
Marshall Shaffer  
Miriam Wilson  
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.  
Henry W. Powell  
Carolyn R. Averbek  
D. Frederick  
Pomeroy, Jr.  
Barbara Westmacott  
Edith Shaw  
Mary Cunningham  
Helen Ferguson  
Dora Ritchie  
Mildred Presby  
Margaret Underhill  
Margaret L. Southam  
Dorothy H. Leach  
Martin B. Biddle  
Richard H. Balch  
Marion Adams  
Woodbury S. Ober  
M. Gladys Müller  
Alethea Carpenter  
Lucy Pomeroy  
James E. Marsh  
Elizabeth Huff  
Lucienne Glorieux  
Eleanor Gibbons  
Ruth G. Hawley  
Marion Thayer  
Alice M. Johnson  
Gilbert Byron  
Ruth McKinnie

Harold Blach  
Frances Scott  
Gertrude A. Cushing  
Jean Kitchen  
Janet Mac Gowan  
Margaret Sherwin  
Della Schenck  
Wallace Wiggins  
Stanleigh Honeywell

**PUZZLES, 1**  
Eloise M. Peckham

Henry S. Johnson  
Edith Pierpont Stickney  
Edith Mabel Smith  
John W. Sanborn  
Martha Lambert  
Sewell Woodward  
Florence E. Wallace  
Anna Schumansky  
Annie Bainbridge  
Emily Pendleton  
Joe Earnest  
Elizabeth Cushing  
Bessie Radlofsky  
Elizabeth R. Child  
Henrietta M. Archer  
Henrietta Wolf  
Josephine Bigger  
Dorothy E. Walker  
Katharine Risher  
Mildred Ascheim  
Charles B. Johnson  
Fred Floyd  
Ruth Freiberg  
Mildred H. Lanman

### PRIZE COMPETITION No. 183

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 183** will close **January 24** (for foreign members **January 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **May**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Reason Why," or "The Wakening World."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Triumph of Faith."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Chance Shot."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Fine Feathers," or a Heading for **May**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

### RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

**The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.**



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY VIRGINIA L. HYAMS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Dorothy Dingwall  
Mildred Aaron  
Mildred MacIntosh  
Mildred Hankee  
Hortense Douglas  
Clayton B. Seagears  
Isabel Goodell  
Isabel Emery  
Doris M. Crepin  
Zoë Shippen  
Mary Genung  
Barbara Knight  
Alice Hughes  
Gladys Hiegelman  
Mary C. Cohen  
Katharine Reynolds  
Clarence Rogers, Jr.  
Page Benthall  
Selma Osborn  
Bessie Chapman  
Elvira Miller  
Dorothy L. Denby  
Robert Gwynn  
Frances S. Badger  
Louise McElroy  
Louis F. Adams  
Gladys A. Quentell  
Cecile Waters  
Amy P. Smith  
Elizabeth Thompson  
Ralph Schubert  
Wyatt E. Carter  
Evangeline Clark  
Barbara Lee  
Jeanne Wildman  
Robbins H. Miller  
Miriam Sipfle  
Jean von der Lancken  
Marie Gormully  
Amelie de Witt  
Elizabeth Carmatt  
Florence Jennison  
Anne Johnston  
Harry Elbaum  
Esther Rice  
Ethel Polhemus  
Peggy Gantt  
Jane Webber  
Frances Sturgis  
Howard Payson  
Marjorie Schnarr

### PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Watson C. Cady  
Arthur Detlefsen  
Emma Wyper  
Kenneth D. Smith  
Russel A. Reed

Mary W. Vail  
Elizabeth Slade  
Clara Fredericks  
Priscilla M. Safford  
Henry Hagan  
Margaret Avery  
Grace H. Parker  
Frances E. Galpin

Leona Tackabury  
Gertrude H. Woodward  
Anne E. Moffett  
Joseph Gruenebaum  
Ruth Weinberger  
Chas. A. Noble, Jr.  
Pauline May  
Edith M. Coit



"AT YOUR SERVICE." BY MARGARET BARNES, AGE 13.



# THE LETTER-BOX

OUR readers will remember with pleasure the article printed in the February number of last year—just about a year ago—entitled “The Story Corner” and telling of the hour in a great library when the most famous stories for young folk are retold to scores of girls and boys who throng to hear them. They will remember, too, the photographs,—showing the youngsters crowding close into the story corner and listening with eager, intense interest, spellbound by some fairy-tale of Grimm’s or Andersen’s, by the adventures of “Robin Hood and His Merry Men,” or perhaps by one of the dear nursery stories familiar to us all. And so, this year, we gladly print the following earnest appeal to the girls and boys who read ST. NICHOLAS to aid the kind folk of the Henry Street Settlement in telling these beloved stories to the children of New York’s overcrowded East Side.

Here is the letter from the Head Worker of the Settlement:

DEAR READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: Did you ever hear the story of “The Little Red Hen and the Grain of Wheat,”—yes, of course, for ST. NICHOLAS told it to you—and that of “Old Cluck-Cluck and her little Chick Tuppin”? I think, of them all, my favorite was the story of “The Three Bears.” But you will find it very hard to realize that there are hundreds of little girls and boys who live near us on Henry Street who have never heard any of these tales. Their mothers are too busy to tell them stories, even if they knew them; and in the narrow crowded rooms where they must live there is no place for play. Some of our little neighbors are already too busy helping father and mother earn money for food and clothing to have time for stories.

We feel sure that the boys and girls who read this magazine will be glad to help us tell these stories to our new little Americans. Every Friday afternoon last winter, our Kindergarten room was filled with a hundred and fifty little girls who listened eagerly to the stories of “The Sleeping Beauty,” “The Pied Piper of Hamelin,” “Cinderella,” and the rest—and the boys had a fine story of their own every Saturday. We cannot have those story-hours this year unless our friends come to our help. Contributions, large or small, may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Todd, 48 Henry Street, New York City.

Very sincerely yours,

DR. JANE E. ROBBINS.

NORFOLK, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How very glad I was when the postman brought you to-day! I have been looking forward for you to come ever since the last number.

There are so many nice stories that I hardly know which I like best, but I think “The Runaway” was my favorite. To read such a fine story as that one and get all excited, to come to the end and see (*To be continued.*), is simply awful. But then it makes one look forward to the next issue so much more, does n’t it?

I was so sorry to have missed “The Lucky Sixpence” and its sequel, “Beatrice of Denewood,” that I got the books and read them. It has been a long time since I read anything that interested me more.

I enjoy reading the Letter-box very much. The ones from Europe are so interesting.

With best wishes, your most devoted reader,  
SARAH DUKE GRAHAM (age 13).

LA ROMANA, SANTO DOMINGO, WEST INDIES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I look forward to your arrival with pleasure.

La Romana seems a queer name for a town. It means “The Scales” in English; the way it got the name is this: before this place was ever a town, there was a pair of scales here, and it was the only one for miles and miles around, so the people from out in the country brought their cocoa here to weigh it. Then a town sprang up.

The way that great woods have been cut down here and made into waving fields of sugar-cane is perfectly wonderful.

Your grateful reader,

EDITH L. HARRIS (age 9).

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for over two and a half years. Papa buys you at the book store every month.

I am very proud to say I am one of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart’s little friends. She has given me quite a number of curiosities which she gathered in her travels. One is a little negro doll named “Martha Ann of the Evergreens,” given to Mrs. Stuart by Mary Mapes Dodge.

I was reading about Annie Fellows Johnston, and, as in her home, we are not made to lay aside ST. NICHOLAS before it is finished. But my brother Elliot and I are so anxious to see you each month, that one month he has you first and the next I do. Elliot is ten and I am twelve years old. Besides Elliot and me there are two little sisters, and a baby brother, who was born Thanksgiving Day, 1912.

I am your friend,

MARY BALLINTINE.

COLONY, OKLA., SEGER INDIAN SCHOOL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old this week. I go to this boarding-school; my papa is the principal. We have a large farm in connection with the school; the boys help to raise the crops and take care of the stock. We have a park with ten large deer, and now have two little baby deer.

There is a creek very near the school where the boys go swimming; many of them can swim under water for a long way, but I have not learned that stunt yet. When school is in session, we have moving-picture shows two nights each week. We had a nice closing program.

I have always gone to Indian schools, and I think I learn more than if I were in a school for white children, as we have so many more interesting things than in white schools. Every Tuesday night we have a story hour.

I have been writing on the typewriter since I was five years old. I read the ST. NICHOLAS from the boys’ reading-room, and I like it very much. I lived in an Indian school for five and one half years in South Dakota, among the Sioux. Up there we had fine sport skating and coasting in the winter, and we went to the Black Hills for the summer. I have an Indian name, it is Oglala Hocshela; it is Sioux.

Very sincerely your reader,

PAUL H. HAMAN (age 8).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a ranch, five miles from the post-office and thirty-eight miles from town.

I have a little colt that I am going to raise on skimmed milk. It is a very pretty little thing, but it kicks. It hurts when it kicks. It kept me locked up in the stable for a long time. I was climbing all over the stable. At last I got out.

We have got five cats. The dog fights with the best one, and plays with the little kittens.

I ride horseback all the time. I ride after the cows. There is a wild bear hanging around our ranch, and there is a deer hanging around, too. I like to read you.

BARBARA POTTER (age 7).

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year, and am one of your most devoted and interested readers. "The Runaway," "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," and "Beatrice of Denewood" were my favorite stories.

The Letter-box is also very interesting. Your puzzles and advertising competitions have changed long, dull hours into short, happy ones.

With best wishes for a prosperous future, I remain,

Your loving reader,

CARLA TORNEY (age 13).

KUSHLA, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a farm. I will tell you how to make molasses. First you strip the leaves off the sugar-cane with long knives, then you cut the ripe stalks of sugar-cane down and haul them to the sugar-cane mill. Next you run it through the mill to squeeze the juice out in a barrel, then you pour the juice out into a long pan and cook it. A green foam rises, which you skim off; cook the molasses till done enough, then pour into a can through cotton flannel, then pour into cans or jugs, and the molasses is made.

The story I liked best was "With Men Who Do Things." "The Lucky Stone" ended beautiful, I thought. We have three cows. We call them Mary Jane, Blossom, and Kate.

Your loving reader,

KATHARINE LU McDONALD (age 8).

BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for a year, this is the first time I have written you. I have no pets, but I think you are the best companion I could have. I am visiting my grandmother now, and am having a very nice time.

My favorite story is "The Lucky Stone," and I was so sorry when it ended. It is bedtime now, so I must close.

Your loving reader,

EVELYN HILLMAN (age 8).

THREE RIVERS, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like the stories in ST. NICHOLAS very much. I like especially the pictures of the mountains. I have been through the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Rocky Mountains. The Sierra Nevada Mountains are covered with evergreen-trees. How I would like to climb some of the tall fir-trees! The Rocky Mountains are very steep and tall. On one side of the train, there was a river running swiftly, and I could see the mountains better than on the other side. The name of the river is the Arkansas River. On the other side the mountains are close to the train. When I was

going through the mountain coming back from California, I saw two geysers. When we were in California, I went to San Diego.

Your interested reader,

JULIAN F. EVANS (age 7).

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A photograph of a horse with two heads, one on each end, calmly carrying two riders in opposite directions, reminds one of the classical phrase "the camera cannot lie—but the camera man can"! This is a very clever print from two negatives, and was



made by taking two pictures of the same horse against the same background and standing on the same spot. About the only detail that exposes the deception is the shadow of the horse, which shows only one rider! By using part of each negative and cleverly matching it up, this striking result was obtained.

Yours very truly,

C. L. E.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much indeed. You are the most interesting magazine I ever read. My mother took you when she was a little girl; we have some numbers printed in 1877.

I liked the story "Beatrice of Denewood" very much. I have not taken you quite a year, but I hope to take you some more years yet.

Yours truly,

ROBERT CHILD (age 8).

CARMEL, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have not taken you very long, but we like you very much.

Carmel is on the Carmel Bay. South of Carmel are Mount Carmel and Point Lobos. Point Lobos is a wonderful place with very dangerous rocks. There is a place in the rocks where the air comes through so strongly that when the water dashes up onto the rocks it is blown back in spray. This is called the Blow Hole. There are a great many other interesting places around Carmel.

My sister and I are members of the League, and we enjoy it very much.

I am always your interested reader,

ELIZABETH PEIRCE (age 13).



DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I'm very fond of your magazine, and would n't miss a number for a good deal. I am eleven years old, but I loved those round, fat little bears in the section For Very Little Folk. They were so cunning.

I was sorry to have "Beatrice of Denewood" end, for I liked it very much.

Your interested reader,  
PHOEBE MOTT MOORE.

THE writer of this little poem has failed to state his age, but from "internal evidence," as the learned critics say, we believe it comes from a very young correspondent.

THE WORKING WOMAN  
BY FLETCHER COLLINS JR.  
THE WORKING WOMAN IN AND OUT  
GOS ABOUT  
WITH HER LITTLE BROOM  
AND DUSTS THE ROOM  
ALL NICE AND CLEAN  
AND THEN SHE STRINGS THE  
BEEN

MENTON, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Without you I don't know what I would have done while I have been in Europe. My brother and I have taken you since 1907, bound at the end of the year. I have just recovered from scarlet fever after giving it to my nurse, who is now laid up, "finishing off," while I am deep in ST. NICHOLAS. I got the scarlet fever just after we came from Italy, where we had been touring in a motor. We went to all sorts of places. Alassio, San Remo, Genoa, Parma, Florence, Bologna, Sestri Levante, Verona, the Italian Lakes, Garda, Maggiore, Como, and Lecco.

We also went into Switzerland, but in no places, alas! did we find anything like ST. NICHOLAS. We leave for Paris to-morrow. I've been waiting for days to write this. Au revoir.

FRANCIS HOWARD (age 12).

OGDEN, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love your magazine, and I anxiously wait each month for the next one.

That called "The Runaway" is about the best story. Next to that comes "The Lucky Stone."

I have read the whole last number through.

I got a year's subscription for a Christmas present, and I told my aunt that if she would give me a year's subscription every year, I would be satisfied. I have many things for Christmas, but I like this about the best.

Your anxious reader,  
FLORENCE JENKINS (age 11).

ELIZABETH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how much I enjoy your magazine; not only I enjoy it, but the whole family enjoys it. I look forward to your coming every month.

This is my first letter to you, but I thought I must

write. I love to read the Letter-box, and enjoy the League very much.

Wishing you lots of success,  
Your loving reader,  
JEANNETTE MERRICK (age 10).

HELSINGÖR, DENMARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are spending our summer holidays in Denmark, and as I thought it might interest you, I will tell you something about it. Our hotel is right next to the Oresund, and we can see Sweden across the way. On our right is the Kronborg castle, that is the castle where *Hamlet* used to live. This castle was built by Frederick II from 1577 to 1585, and restored by Christian IV in 1635. When it was new, the roof was quite gray, but now it is almost entirely green, and I am sure it looks just twice as pretty. To get to the Kronborg castle, one has to cross a moat, go through an arch, and down a path which leads between a lot of little houses to another arch, before one comes to the castle itself. This is surrounded by another moat, out of which the castle wall rises. In many places in this wall there are little holes, and bluebells and small trees are growing out of them. When one has crossed the second moat, one comes to another archway. On one side there is a gate, and behind it are the vaults. On the other side a short path leads to the courtyard of the castle. We went first into the castle, where we saw many pretty pictures, and we climbed a tower from where we had a fine view. Afterward we went down to the vaults, which are the coldest, dampest, and darkest things I've ever seen. The first thing we saw when we passed the gate was a very ghostly-looking statue of Holger Danske, made out of white stone. Holger Danske is the spirit of Denmark, who is supposed to sleep there, but when war comes he wakes up and conquers Denmark's enemies. The poor soldiers used to have to exercise down in the vaults, and there are also huge stone boxes where they put provisions in time of war. In one of these there were two or three fried eggs, and our guide said they had been left there by the Swedes and were over two hundred years old. Was n't that absurd? As we came out of the castle, we saw the platform where the ghost of *Hamlet's* father walked.

There are beautiful woods and meadows here, and so many of the prettiest wild flowers. Very often we go for long walks and bring home large bunches of them. In one of these walks we came upon *Hamlet's* grave, which is a tiny hill built out of stones. We also saw the spring from which *Ophelia* used to drink.

We all just love the ST. NICHOLAS, and at present it is the only thing we've got to read, because Mother could n't bring a lot of books to the seaside. I don't know which is my big sister Helen's favorite story, whether it is "Beatrice of Denewood" or "More Than Conquerors," but "Beatrice of Denewood" is certainly the favorite of my little sister Blossom and myself.

Lovingly,  
GEORGENE DAVIS.

WAYNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been getting the ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and Mother thinks it is a lovely magazine. There are so many nice stories in it. The story I liked best was "With Men Who Do Things" and the story about Sir Walter Scott, also the historical stories. But there are so many good ones that I could write a whole lot down.

Your devoted reader,  
ALICE JOHNSTON (age 11).



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Initials, "Eight Cousins"; fourth row, Louisa Alcott. Cross-words: 1. Emblems. 2. Idiomatic. 3. Genuine. 4. Halibut. 5. Thistle. 6. Capable. 7. Oceanus. 8. Unclasp. 9. Sarcasm. 10. Indoors. 11. Neptune. 12. Scatter.

**CONNECTING WORDS.** I. Fable, blend, endow, dowel, Welsh. II. Raced, cedar, dared, redan, Danae. III. Argus, gusto, stout, outer, terse. IV. Nacre, crest, estop, topic, Picts. V. Celia, liars, arsis, sisal, salad. VI. Elves, Vesta, stall, allow, lower.

**CONCEALED CITIES.** 1. Butte. 2. Tampa. 3. Buffalo. 4. Salem. 5. Reno. 6. Utica. 7. Augusta. 8. St. Louis. 9. Ogden. 10. Dayton. 11. Lansing. 12. Dallas.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Whittier. 1. Walrus. 2. Hornet. 3. Infant. 4. Tandem. 5. Thirty. 6. Indian. 7. Ermine. 8. Rabbit.

**BIBLICAL DIAMONDS.** Moses, Sarah, Haman, Nahum. Cross-words: 1. Humor. 2. Broth. 3. Moses. 4. Steam. 5. Waste. 6. Crawl. 7. Sarah. 8. Award. 9. Usher. 10. Wrath. 11. Haman. 12. Stage. 13. Pansy. 14. Smart. 15. Nahum. 16. Prune. 17. Nomad.

**SOLVERS** wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to St. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received before October 24 from Max Stolz—"Chums"—Warren Hanna.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER** were received before October 24 from Harry C. Bailey, 10—Janet Brouse, 10—Otto Bulena, 10—"Two Pals," 9—Winifred S. W. Hobbs, 9—Claire A. Hepner, 9—Arthur Poulin, 8—Francine A. Lanphier, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Florence Noble, 8—Florence A. Wallace, 8—Sarah Gilles, 7—M. H. and H. N. Pierce, 6—Isabel Shaw, 5—Herbert Miller, 4—Marguerite Jackson, 2—Elizabeth Wells, 1—Lucienne Glorieux, 1—Alice L. Stowell, 1—Grace Leahy, 1—Helen E. Waite, 1—M. Althea Tyte, 1—Agnes D. Rowland, 1—Winifred S. Walz, 1.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell the Christian name, and my finals the surname, of a famous author.

**CROSS-WORDS** (of equal length): 1. To nick. 2. A letter of the Greek alphabet. 3. To fling. 4. An important organ. 5. The Arabic name for God. 6. An African. 7. A lazy person. 8. A feminine name. 9. To quit.

JEAN F. BENSWANGER (age 11), *League Member*.

### SWASTIKA

1	—	—	—	—	2	5	—	6
20	—	—	—	19				
17	—	—	—	18	3	—	4	
	14	—	13		8	—	—	7
					9	—	—	10
16	—	15	12	—	—	—	—	11

FROM 1 to 2, one of the Hawaiian Islands; 2 to 3, a legendary king who was fastened to an ever-revolving wheel; 3 to 4, a woman devoted to a religious life; 5 to 4, an eastern country; 5 to 6, a hard, black substance; 6 to 7, to distress; 8 to 7, way; 8 to 9, to despoil; 9

**NUMERICAL ENIGMA.** "To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved."

**TRANSPOSITIONS.** St. Nicholas. 1. Hose, shoe. 2. Note, tone. 3. Mane, name. 4. Side, Ides. 5. Mace, came. 6. Hare, hear. 7. Slow, owls. 8. Rail, lair. 9. Pals, Alps. 10. Lose, sole.

**INTERLOCKING SQUARES.** I. 1. Lamb. 2. Area. 3. Mess. 4. Base. II. 1. Base. 2. Acid. 3. Sing. 4. Edge. III. 1. Edge. 2. Dead. 3. Gaud. 4. Eddy. IV. 1. Base. 2. Apod. 3. Song. 4. Edge. V. 1. Edge. 2. Dead. 3. Gaud. 4. Eddy. VI. 1. Eddy. 2. Dora. 3. Draw. 4. Yawn.

**NUMERICAL ACROSTIC.** Initials, Nathaniel; fourth row, Hawthorne. From 1 to 5, Salem; 6 to 11, fourth; 12 to 18, Bowdoin; 19 to 26, "Fanshawe"; 27 to 39, "Scarlet Letter"; 40 to 44, Italy; 45 to 50, Pierce (Franklin). Cross-words: 1. Nowhere. 2. Affairs. 3. Trowels. 4. Heathen. 5. Asphalt. 6. Nicolas. 7. Intrude. 8. Economy. 9. Liberty.

to 10, to obstruct; 10 to 11, relations; 12 to 11, a light; 13 to 12, a frame for holding a picture; 14 to 13, frozen water; 14 to 15, a country of Asia; 16 to 15, a feminine name; 17 to 16, a Mediterranean boat; 17 to 18, a bottle; 19 to 18, a dark fluid; 20 to 19, a small place near Mt. Nebo, Utah; 1 to 20, a human being.

The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 20 may be so arranged as to form the name of a famous American who was born in January, as well as the name of a plaything that he made famous.

HARRY C. BAILEY (age 15), *Honor Member*.

### GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

1. What mountain in Oregon might we wear?
2. What river in Montana do we drink?
3. What cape of New Jersey is associated with spring?
4. What cape of North Carolina do we dread?
5. What lake in Canada should we fear?
6. What cape of Newfoundland is a beam?
7. What cape of Greenland do we say to friends on parting from them?
8. What islands in the Pacific are the wisest?
9. What islands in the Pacific are fond of company?
10. What cape near Constantinople suggests Charles Dickens?
11. What Irish bay do we seek when reading a detective story?

ELOISE RIGBY (age 12), *League Member*.





### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this numerical enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, forms a quotation from "King Henry IV."

### WORD PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

```

      I
    2 . 24
      3 . . 23
    4 . . 25 . 22
  5 . . 26 . 36 . 21
  6 . . 27 . 35 . 20
  7 . . 28 . 34 . 19
  8 . . 29 . 33 . 18
  9 . . 30 . 32 . 17
    10 . . 31 . 16
      11 . . 15
      12 . 14
        13
  
```

FROM 2 to 24, equal value; 3 to 23, a song of joy; 4 to 22, a company of travelers; 5 to 26, trace; 6 to 27, spoken; 7 to 28, a musical composition for two performers; 8 to 29, network; 9 to 30, to assess; 10 to 16, to go in again; 11 to 15, an icy rain; 12 to 14, the foot of a quadruped; 13 to 17, to scorch; 13 to 18, ran away; 34 to 19, part of the eye; 35 to 20, an ideally beautiful place; 36 to 21, a famous English school; 1 to 25, a feminine name; 2 to 26, to peel; 3 to 27, a wooden clamp; 4 to 10, confused noise; 5 to 9, a fisherman's basket; 6 to 8, a pronoun; 29 to 11, the nights before holidays; 30 to 12, a shrill bark; 31 to 13, nigh; 32 to 14, to simmer; 33 to 15, pedal extremities; 22 to 16, in a roundish mass; 21 to 17, at no time; 20 to 18, a masculine nickname; 23 to 35, tardy; 24 to 36, to wander.

WARREN HANNA (age 16).

### WORD-SQUARE

1. A FEMININE name. 2. To acquire knowledge. 3. Rescued. 4. A feminine name. 5. Finished.

PAULINE LYLES (age 10), *League Member*.

### TRANSPOSITIONS

EXAMPLE: Transpose colorless, and make to jump. Answer, pale, leap.

1. Transpose a tropical plant, and make a means of illumination. 2. Transpose not easily broken, and make

should. 3. Transpose twisted, and make cautious. 4. Transpose to let, and make a frame for holding a picture. 5. Transpose experienced, and leave forsook. 6. Transpose coarse flour, and leave crippled.

The foregoing words are not all of the same length. When they have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet.

EDNA M. GUCK (age 14), *League Member*.

### NOVEL ACROSTIC

WHEN the following words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a famous English poet, and another row of letters will spell the maiden name of his first wife.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A climbing plant that bears fragrant flowers. 2. Pertaining to an organ. 3. A water-nymph. 4. An important city. 5. Something that figures largely at May-day festivities. 6. Wicked. 7. A plover-like, crested bird. 8. Special faculties. 9. A four-sided pillar or monument. 10. To slight.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

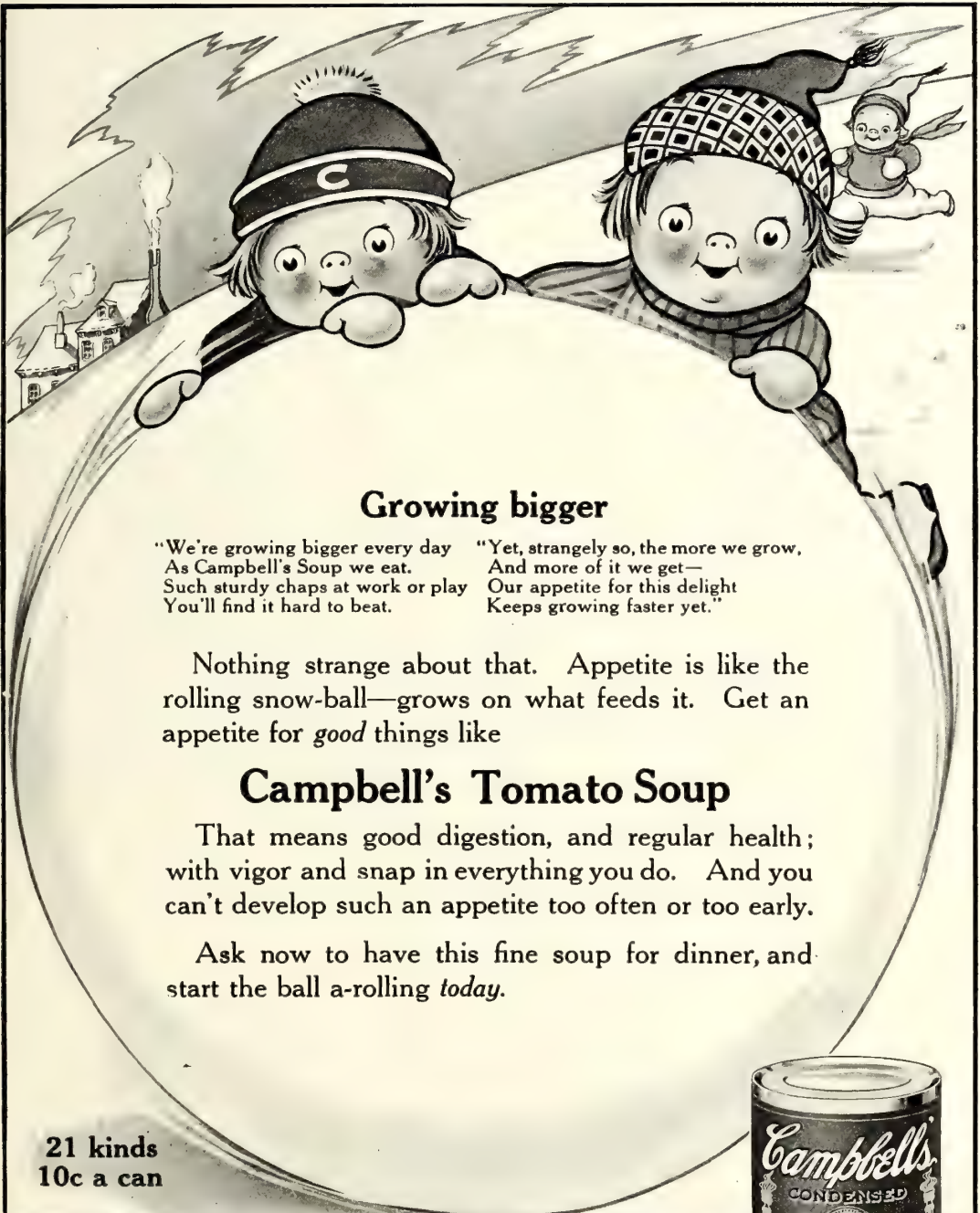
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Certain delicious deserts. 2. A valley. 3. A masculine name. 4. A small lizard. 5. Centers. 6. An imaginary monster. 7. To acquire by labor.

The initial letters spell the name of a famous novel, and the letters represented by the following groups of numbers each spell the name of a character in this most famous book:

I. 2-3-10-23-1-2.  
 II. 23-21-15-3-28-9.  
 III. 9-16-17-24-7-4-16-26-13-25.  
 IV. 22-18-23-16-17.  
 V. 15-9-12-19-9.  
 VI. 23-1-2-17-9-27-10.  
 VII. 27-3-19-3-2-2-26.  
 VIII. 1-20-9-11-2.  
 IX. 7-18-2-6-4 10-3 19-14-26-18-12-11-13-21-1-27.  
 X. 19-23-1-9-28 10-25 19-21-1-4-22-18-1-7-19-8-27-16.

The author, born nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, is 4-1-27 15-9-7-16-3-23 '20-2-21-16-16.

G. HUANAYRA COWLE (age 13).



### Growing bigger

"We're growing bigger every day  
As Campbell's Soup we eat.  
Such sturdy chaps at work or play  
You'll find it hard to beat.

"Yet, strangely so, the more we grow,  
And more of it we get—  
Our appetite for this delight  
Keeps growing faster yet."

Nothing strange about that. Appetite is like the rolling snow-ball—grows on what feeds it. Get an appetite for *good* things like

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

That means good digestion, and regular health; with vigor and snap in everything you do. And you can't develop such an appetite too often or too early.

Ask now to have this fine soup for dinner, and start the ball a-rolling *today*.

21 kinds  
10c a can



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# The Prize Winners

in the contest to see who could make  
the most words from the name

# COLGATE'S

The Prize Winners are  
as follows:

**1st Prize - - - \$10**

DOROTHY S. WALWORTH  
16 Lenox Place, Maplewood, N. J.

**2nd Prize - - - \$5**

JEAN MULLIGAN  
395 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

**3rd Prize - - - \$3**

MARY K. GREENE  
371 Convent Ave., New York City

**4th Prize - - - \$2**

CHARLES H. TARBOX  
Fredonia, N. Y.

**5th Prize - - - \$1**

DOROTHY WEED  
45 West 177th St., New York City

WE were nearly overwhelmed by the great number of answers we received and by the length of the lists. The judges were rather alarmed too, but they went at their task bravely, though they had to sit up for several nights to finish in time to get this notice in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. And as for publishing the winners last month, as we promised, we regret we were unable to do so—for which we once more apologize.

However—here is the list. We have learned many new words ourselves and some of them are most extraordinary.

Whether or not you won a prize, we hope you have learned one thing from the Colgate advertising—and that is to keep your teeth clean—for without cleanliness your teeth cannot be sound and strong. With good teeth you are able to chew your food so that your digestion and strength of body are the best possible.

A trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream was sent to each contestant. We will send one to any boy or girl who addresses Dept. 60, Colgate & Co., 199 Fulton St., New York, and mails us 4c. in stamps. This sample will acquaint you with its delicious flavor—another reason why

**You too should use**



for  
**Good Teeth—Good Health**

**BOO!**  
THEY CAN'T GET IN



**YES, KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

Is wrapped exactly right.  
And little Dusts and Dirtiness  
May dig with all their might.  
They delve and twist and torture  
At KELLOGG'S box to win  
The tiniest little entrance place  
But, BOO! THEY CAN'T GET IN.

**YES, KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

Provokes an appetite.  
Its most delicious flavor lasts;  
Its sweetness gives delight.  
No Atmos Pheres can reach it,  
Or Dampies pierce the thin  
But perfect air-tight "WAXTITE" box,  
For, BOO! THEY CAN'T GET IN.

**YES, KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES** is just a crispy joy,  
And makes a breakfast ECSTASY for every girl and boy.  
**YES, KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES** tastes good from toes to chin,  
The things that try to spoil it, CAN'T, for BOO! THEY CAN'T GET IN.

*This page is reproduced by special permission of "John Martin's Book," a magazine for little children.*

**Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES**



# POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of  
this story in last month's  
St. Nicholas and another  
next month*



IT was a long and tedious trip to Polly and Molly from their school to the Ponds' home, where they and their brothers spent the Christmas holidays.

It wasn't quite as long, but just as tedious, for Peter and Bill, because they had to travel on a local with milk-cars attached. "We might as well have been shipped by freight," Bill said disgustedly.

But it wasn't long before they had forgotten that there was anything tiresome, tedious, or vexing in the whole wide world.

Christmas at Polly and Peter's is just like Christmas at your house. When it came time

to leave, Molly and Bill both declared emphatically and repeatedly, as if they couldn't say it enough, "I never had such a good time in my life!"

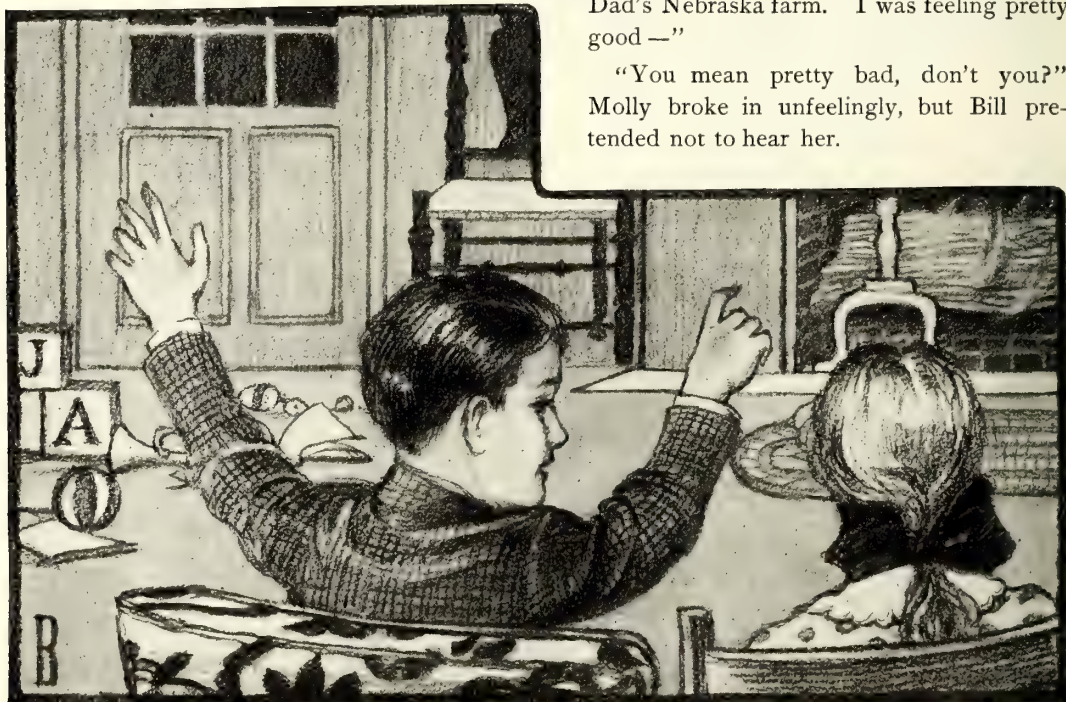
And, strangely enough, nobody got a bump or a bruise or a bite or a burn or even a scratch or a sting all through the holidays. Only when they finally got back to school there were enough to make up. That's the way things go, you know, so it's always best to be prepared. You never can tell about it.

"Perhaps we didn't have any accidents here because the Ponds' house, like Pond's Extract, has such a soothing effect," Molly suggested to Polly one night just before going to sleep.

Bruises and bumps are so much a part of their life that they couldn't help talking about them. So after playing games all day, Christmas night found them all sitting before a roaring fire listening with all their ears to a story Bill was telling.

"It was last summer after we went to camp," Bill began, and then went on—"Peter has heard this story, but he won't mind hearing it again—Molly and I were riding our ponies out on Dad's Nebraska farm. I was feeling pretty good—"

"You mean pretty bad, don't you?" Molly broke in unfeelingly, but Bill pretended not to hear her.



"—and cutting up a little. First I tried some circus stunts. I thought my horsemanship was good, because I have ridden all my life—but then I tried to ride bareback. Indian, my pony, thought that was an order to gallop like his ancestors used to with Indians on their backs. Molly says I was scared. She says I yelled like everything, and I guess I did, but I think she is making the scared part up."

"You were very brave, Will," said his sister.

"Well," continued Bill, blushing a little, "I was getting a little bit scared, because the pony was running away by this time and, try as I would, I couldn't stop him. I suppose the more I yelled, the faster he ran. All of a sudden I heard an awful clatter behind me, and there was Molly galloping like wild, with her hair streaming straight out like a pennant. She had a pretty hard time catching me, but finally reached over and with her strong little wrist pulled in my horse, slowing her own down."

Molly was blushing now.

"But," Bill went on, looking straight into the fire, "my pony stumbled just then in a furrow, and over I went, head over heels. I fell in a field with a good many stones in it, and I believe I was black and blue from my eyes to my toes."

"Did you have any Pond's Extract?" Molly asked quickly.

"No, we didn't; but we were near the house by this time, and some of the farm boys came out and carried me in, and Molly raced to the village for some. Then the boys gave me a long rub down with Pond's Extract, wrapped up my worst bruises in cloth saturated with Pond's, and I got out of it all right. I don't know where I'd be now if it wasn't for Molly."

And Molly added quickly, "You mean if it wasn't for Pond's Extract."

"Yes, I mean that too," said her brother fervently.

\* \* \* \* \*

Is your bottle of Pond's Extract where you can get at it quickly in any emergency?

\* \* \* \* \*

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY**

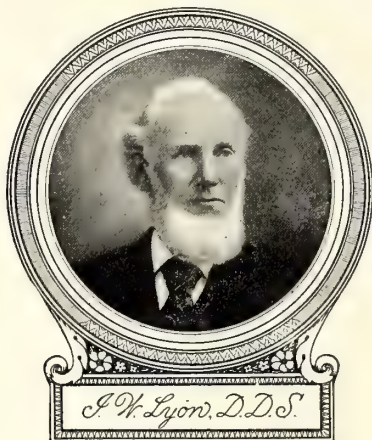
**131 Hudson Street**

**New York**





This is the picture



ESTABLISHED IN 1866

of the man that first began to manufacture Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder back in the days when your grandfathers and grandmothers were young men and women.

The day this copy of ST. NICHOLAS reaches you is the very day when you are starting in on a new year—new resolutions—new hopes and efforts. We believe in the young folks—we want them for our friends, and we want to get better acquainted with the large ST. NICHOLAS family.

So this is our first effort in your Magazine. It is pleasing to start in the first issue of the new year, and hope you will be interested in the advertisements we will publish in ST. NICHOLAS from month to month.

Our sincere wish is that all you boys and girls have a very Happy New Year and that 1915 will be a fine year for all of us.

# Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream

I. W. LYON & SONS  
533 WEST 27TH STREET  
NEW YORK

Samples of either sent on receipt of 2 cent stamp



## THE BOOK MAN

*This, Books can do;—nor this alone; they give  
New views to life, and teach us how to live;  
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they  
chastise,*

*Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;  
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun  
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;  
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,  
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;  
Nor tell to various people various things,  
But show to subjects what they show to kings.*

—CRABBE.

CRABBE, you know, was an English poet, who lived and wrote from 1754 to 1832. He started on a surgeon's career, then turned to the church and literature. His best known works are "The Library," "The Village," "The Newspaper," "The Parish Register," and "Tales of the Hall."



I AM delighted that so many of you have written to me about the Thumb-Nail Classics. They are quite the choicest small books, either for gifts or for your own library, of which I know, only  $2\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{8}$  inches in size, with covers of rich brown leather embossed from exquisite designs by Blanch McManus Mansfield—little gems of book-making in every detail, and here is the complete list:

The Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám  
Tennyson's In Memoriam  
The Odes of Horace  
Keats's Odes, Sonnets and Lyrics

(Continued on page 15)

**THE BOOK MAN—Continued**

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese

Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn

Romeo and Juliet

As You Like It

Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer

Sheridan's The Rivals

Socrates (Apology, Crito, Phaedo)

Thoughts of Pascal

Discourses of Epictetus

Meditations of Marcus Aurelius

The De Amicitia of Cicero

The Proverbs of Solomon

Dickens's Seven Poor Travelers

The Cricket on the Hearth

A Christmas Carol

The Chimes

Irving's Rip Van Winkle

George Wharton Edwards's Thumb-Nail Sketches, P'tit Matin', and Break o' Day

Lincoln (passages from his speeches and letters)

Washington (some of his principal state papers)

Emerson's Power, Success and Greatness

Friendship and Character

Poor Richard's Almanac

Nadal's Notes of a Professional Exile

Dr. Mitchell's A Madeira Party

Bishop's Writing to Rosina

The Man Without a Country

Great Hymns of the Middle Ages

Travels with a Donkey

Rab and his Friends

O'Connor's Motifs and Tracings

Every one of these is worth reading and owning; most of them are treasures to make lasting friends with. And as you may buy them one at a time for only one dollar, you will have the joy of building up a library which will increase in value year by year.

**This is the kind of family The Book Man rejoices to hear of:**

"Dear Book Man:

"I read your articles in the ST. NICHOLAS every month and I am much interested in them as I like to read better than almost anything else—in fact, my father and mother say that so much reading often interferes with my work. We have a library of over three hundred books. It includes the Harvard Classics and the works of Dickens, Shakspeare, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Kipling, besides the principal English and American poets. . . .

"In the long winter evenings my father reads aloud to us. Last winter some of the books Father read to us were 'Ben Hur,' 'David Copperfield,' 'The Old Curiosity Shop,'

(Continued on page 16)



## Rough, Chapped Hands

make one of winter's most unpleasant problems.

VASELINE CAMPHOR ICE quickly heals the rough and broken skin. It relieves the smart of chapping over-night.

# Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## CAMPBOR ICE

has many uses that make it just as good for grown-ups as for the little ones. There are also many special "Vaseline" preparations—CARBOLATED "Vaseline," MENTHOLATED "Vaseline," CAPSICUM "Vaseline" and others. Write for free illustrated booklet telling all about them.

Refuse to accept substitutes. Insist on "VASELINE" preparations. Drug and department stores everywhere.

**CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.**

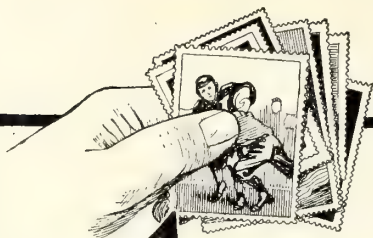
(Consolidated)

**38 State Street, New York City**



Send 5c. for trial size





## Start Your Collection POSTER STAMPS

**T**HIS sample packet—six of the newest Poster Stamps—each a work of art—in colors, sent for 4c. in stamps.

This fascinating pastime has spread all over Europe and has just come to America. Hundreds of bright boys and girls are collecting these beautiful, artistic Poster Stamps. They're about twice the size of postage stamps and are works of art.

It is easy to get the stamps, too. We have started a Poster Stamp Collectors League—and have ready for our members the following assortments of Poster Stamps:

**American Ad. Stamps, 25 varieties each**

**Foreign Ad. Stamps, 12 varieties each**

**Special series War Stamps**

To become a member send twenty-five cents (in stamps or coin) for an attractive stamp album, a member's special stamp, and any one of the above stamp assortments. From time to time each member of the Art Stamp League will receive *absolutely free* special assortments of new stamps. **You will not be able to buy them.**

Join the League now. Send us your name and address, with either four cents in stamps for the sample packet or 25 cents for membership stamp and the album and assortment of stamps. (Indicate which series you want.)

**THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.**

SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU  
80 Maiden Lane New York

## ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROICATION

has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

## HOOPING-COUGH AND CROUP

It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street,  
London, Eng. All Druggists, or

E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

'Hugh Wynne,' and 'T. Tembarom.' We have just started our reading for this year with 'Kenilworth.' We have planned to read first one of Scott's novels and then one of Dickens's, so that our next will be 'Dombey and Son.'

"Your interested friend and reader."

AMONG those of you who have written which of Dickens's books you like best, "David Copperfield" is easily the favorite, being mentioned in all but two lists. "A Tale of Two Cities" comes next, and then "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." "Bleak House," "Our Mutual Friend," and "Great Expectations" come at the very end, each getting one vote.

A LETTER, addressed not to The Book Man, but to the President of The Century Co., brought up an interesting point this month—a point which, no doubt, has been raised by most of the older readers of ST. NICHOLAS.

"What is your opinion," asked the letter, evidently written by a High School student, "of the relation of Latin to practical life?" And this was the answer, given, not as an expert's judgment, but as the personal opinion of a publisher who has had unusual pleasure from his life-work and unflinching companionship and pleasure from books always:

"Perhaps you may know that the father of Frederick the Great took a very great interest in the education of his son, and was bound that it should be practical. With that end in view he excluded Latin from his studies, and the result was that he invested Latin with the charms of forbidden fruit, and Frederick secretly took lessons in it and became quite a Latin scholar. I dare say if your parents and teachers should make it harder for you and your high school friends to get hold of any Latin text-books—instead of forcing them into your hands—you, too, might be found behind the fence poring over the pages of Sallust and Virgil.

"But whether one learns Latin secretly or aboveboard, I believe it is very useful, no matter what one does afterward. I never went to college, but I studied Latin up to the Harvard requirement of my time, and I have never been sorry. In fact, I have always been very glad, for Latin is, I believe, the very greatest possible help to a knowledge of the meaning of words. One never forgets the affixes and the prefixes and the many, many common words that come from the Latin. Just what the percentage is you doubtless know—I have known but have forgotten. And I have forgotten a

(Continued on page 17)

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

great deal besides, but somehow the meaning of 'con' and 'inter' and 'post' has never slipped away. And this takes no account of the classical lore that one gets from a knowledge of Latin authors. This may not be absolutely necessary, and it might be acquired from reading in English, but it is very useful, and the chances are, the reading in English about Æneas would never make the impression on the mind that is made by digging out the story for one's self. I never read the Iliad in Greek, but I did study Greek for two years, and have never been sorry, though I do not feel that it is as necessary as Latin. I read the Iliad in English, but it never was as alive as the Æneid, which I read in Latin.

"So my vote is cast for the practical value of Latin,—not in the sense that chemistry is of practical value to a chemist, or even that Latin is of practical value to the physician or the lawyer, but I believe it is of practical value in one's life outside of work, no matter what that work is,—for the outside hours are many, and that which will add to their pleasure and to their elevation and to one's incentive for further culture is worth while."

You will be interested to know that no state in the Union gives more attention to the education of its citizens than the state of Wisconsin, and that its library system is unequaled in the world. Recently the Free Library Commission sent out a circular headed, "Do You Want a Book? Any Person in the State of Wisconsin Can Now Borrow a Book to Read at His Home." The circular describes the method.

**And such a letter as this makes The Book Man's day a "red-letter" one:**

"I do hope I have n't worried you with my long letter, but I love your pages so I can hardly restrain myself from writing forever. I read the pages over time and time again, and have read many good books that you suggested to other girls.

"I love the idea of Book Christmas, and we have agreed that we will have one. There will be one hundred books."

It is only natural that The Book Man should ask you to make one of your New Year resolutions a firm determination to read good books, and good books only. Please!

And the best of New Years to you all!

*The Book Man*

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



**B**ABY can have some too! Loves Beech-Nut Peanut Butter as much as big brother and sister do, because of its pure flavor—the acrid heart of the nut completely removed.

## You Can't Shoot

straight if your gun is dirty. Clean out the barrel, polish the stock, lubricate the trigger with 3-in-One. Use 3-in-One on your skates, bicycle, tools—prevents rust.

## Can You Hunt

rabbits, birds? Oil your gun with 3-in-One and every shot goes straight to the mark. Makes trigger work right—keeps barrel bright inside and out.

## Boys, Don't Drown

your tools in cheap oil. A few drops of 3-in-One makes brace and bit, plane, saws, all toolwork perfectly—keeps them bright and clean, free from rust.

Write for generous sample bottle—FREE

3-IN-ONE OIL CO.,  
42 QG. Broadway, New York





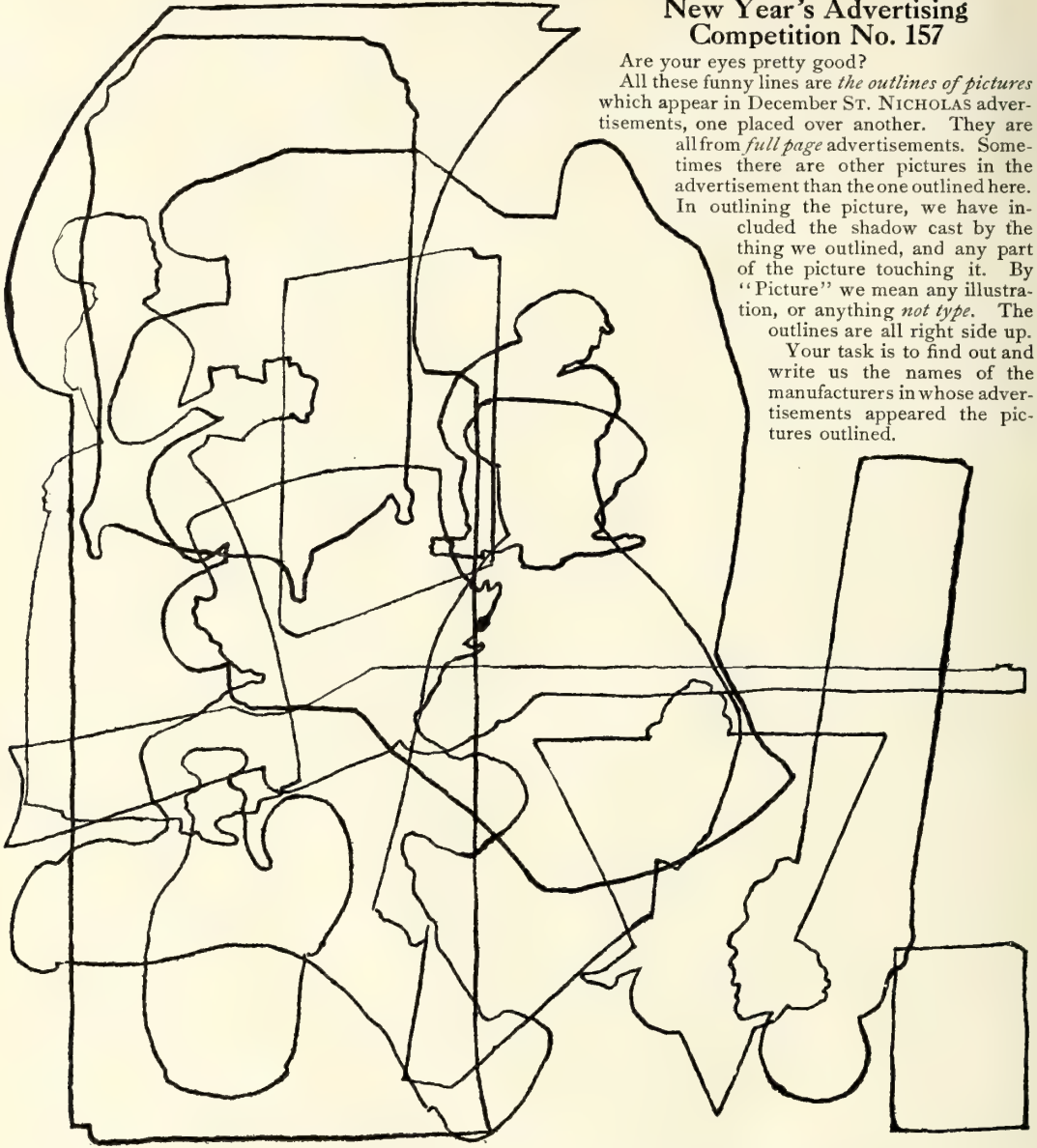
## New Year's Advertising Competition No. 157

Are your eyes pretty good?

All these funny lines are *the outlines of pictures* which appear in December ST. NICHOLAS advertisements, one placed over another. They are all from *full page* advertisements. Sometimes there are other pictures in the advertisement than the one outlined here.

In outlining the picture, we have included the shadow cast by the thing we outlined, and any part of the picture touching it. By "Picture" we mean any illustration, or anything *not type*. The outlines are all right side up.

Your task is to find out and write us the names of the manufacturers in whose advertisements appeared the pictures outlined.



For example, you see the Walter Baker Chocolate girl, don't you? That is one. You find the others. After arranging them in alphabetical order and numbering them, write on a separate sheet of paper in the form of a NIGHT LETTER a short account telling how you used the "What I Want for Christmas" page, and which of the things advertised in ST. NICHOLAS last month you liked most as Christmas gifts.

Here are the rules and regulations. Be sure to comply with *all* these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Send us the list of advertisers.
2. Send us the night letter mentioned.
3. In the upper left-hand corner of your list give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (157).

4. Submit answers by January 20, 1915.

5. Do not use a lead pencil. Write on one side of your paper only. Fasten sheets together.

6. Address answer: Advertising Competition No. 157, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, Union Square, New York.

The First Prize, \$5.00, will go to the person sending in the correct list and most interesting letter. There will be Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each, to the next two in merit. Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each, to the next three. Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each, to the next ten.

*Note: Prize-winners who are not subscribers to St. Nicholas are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.*

**This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.**



# DROMEDARY DATES

**Delicious  
Golden  
Dates in  
Dust-proof  
Packages**

Because they are sweet they are loved by children.  
Because easily digested they are good for children.  
Because a strength producer they are best for all.

*Buy them of Your Grocer or Fruit Dealer,  
in air-tight, dust-proof packages.*

The HILLS BROTHERS Company

Dept. 29, 375 Washington Street, New York

**FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN**

## Report on Advertising Competition No. 155, in the November St. Nicholas

If the Judges thought their task a hard one last month, they were convinced this month that October's was almost easy. Not really easy, you know, but easy in comparison with judging No. 155.

In fact, so many boys and girls got the word "Victor" right that we have had to create an Honorable Mention list this time to give credit to those who wrote especially good letters, even though they weren't quite good enough to win prizes.

The Judges feel more convinced than ever that the St. NICHOLAS readers are the brightest people they know, and the Judges hope you will all have a very, very Happy New Year—and not even spell a word wrong during 1915.

Here are the lucky ones:

### One First Prize, \$5.00:

Ruth Barcher, age 14, New York.

### Two Second Prizes, \$3.00 each:

Lois Beach, age 12, Connecticut.

Elizabeth F. Robinson, age 13, Connecticut.

### Three Third Prizes, \$2.00 each:

Marjorie Newell, age 14, Tennessee.

Norma Stebbins, age 14, Colorado.

Irving Martin Will, age 16, France.

### Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

Minnie Eisen, age 10, Canada.

Margaret Wyer, age 14, New York.

Henry M. Simmons, age 15, New York.

Donald Findlay, age 13, Canada.

Lucy Cochlin, age 12, Michigan.

Elizabeth Bell, age 13, Mississippi.

Lois Rogers, age 9, Texas.

Henry S. Pancoast, Jr., age 14, Pennsylvania.

Frances Miller, age 9, California.

Samuel H. Smith, Jr., age 11, Missouri.

### HONORABLE MENTION

Miriam Sawyer

Fredrika Day

Eleanor D. Smith

Elizabeth Ely

Elizabeth Smith

Ruth Seymour

Pauline Coburn

Eleanor May Kellogg

Elizabeth Hawks

Charlotte H. Skinner

Mary E. Horton

Marian Haynes

Mildred W. Dickinson

Mary Fuqua Turner

Elizabeth F. Cooley

Gertrude Davis

Lena Bell

Constance E. Hartt

Beatrice Harper

Patrina M. Colis

Celia Carr

Catherine Landon

Dorothy Clark

Mildred Upjohn

Ada Heinze

Katherine Bull

Dorothy Wooding

Mary Dennett Munson

Frances Maxwell Sweet

Adela L. Balch

Louise Burton

Margaret White

Alice Louise Clarke

Elaine Blackman

Marjorie Fisher

Mildred E. Roberts

Jean P. Robertson

Bennett Cerf

Ruth Fox

Theodore S. Smith

Edward S. Hinckley

Jean Cochrane

Neale Rodger

## Mothers!

Get the **Rubens** shirt for baby. That is the shirt without buttons, without open laps—the shirt which fits snugly and which never gets tight. The warm shirt that's needed in winter and summer—the shirt that's double-thick in front.

Sizes for any age from birth. Made in cotton, wool and silk. Also in merino (half wool). Also in silk and wool. Prices 25 cents up.

Sold by dry-goods stores, or sold direct where dealers can't supply. Ask us for pictures, sizes and prices.

**Rubens & Marble, Inc.**  
354 W. Madison St.  
Chicago

*Rubens*  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Get this Label



## LISTERINE

### Use it every day

Mothers should begin brushing the children's teeth with diluted Listerine as soon as the first eight incisors are cut, to render the mouth aseptic.

Listerine is the safe antiseptic. Use it freely. Avoid imitations. Other uses given in folder wrapped around the bottle.

All Druggists Sell Listerine

**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.**





# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## NEW ISSUES

WE illustrate this month several of the new issues. The first three of these are all of the so-called charity stamps. First is the second type of the French Red Cross. In this the "cross," instead of being sur-



charged as on the first issue, is incorporated in the design at the lower left corner of the stamp, while at the right side of the stamp, reading upward, are the



words: "croix-rouge postes." The design is all in red, as before. The postage value is ten centimes, the cost of the stamp fifteen centimes, the difference being devoted to Red Cross purposes. The second issue is from Monaco, a "cross" and "5c." being surcharged upon the current ten-centimes stamp. The prices here are the same as in the French Red Cross issues. Thirdly come the charity stamps of Austria. Here there are two values, five-heller, green, and ten-heller, red, each stamp to be sold at an advance of two hellers above the face-value. These stamps are much larger than the regular issue, which, however, they closely resemble. There is the usual head of the Emperor, with the familiar label, Kaiserliche, Königliche, Österreichische-post; to the left of the portrait is the date 1908, and the inscription, "Franciscus Josephus I." All this is like the current stamp. But between this portrait and the bottom label bearing the value



there is a space of about eight millimeters, in which is the date 1914 in white figures, surrounded by foliage, apparently laurel leaves and berries. The fund gained through the sale of these stamps is not for Red Cross purposes, but is to be devoted to the aid of widows and orphans of soldiers slain in the present war. The stamps are more especially for use in interior, rather than foreign, service. A new series of Bechuanaland Protectorate is now appearing, surcharged upon the current English stamps water-marked "Crown G. R." The surcharge is in two lines, at the left reading up, and the right reading down. Australia sends us a jolly little six-penny stamp. The design is simple and expressive in the

extreme. The color is plum, and the central design is the dearest little bird you ever saw. On the stamp he appears very much like the crested kingfisher; whether he really is like him I do not know. Certainly he is a wide-awake-looking bird, bright and cheery. It makes one feel better just to look at him. But, oh! he has a fearful name, for he is the Kookaburra bird. He is also called the "laughing jackass."

## WAR ITEMS

WHEN the English took possession of the German colony of Samoa, report says that they over-printed the stamps found there with G. R. I. and new values. The new values were in English currency. The three-pfennig and five-pfennig were over-printed  $\frac{1}{2}$ d., the ten-pfennig 1d., twenty-pfennig  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., twenty-five-pfennig 3d., thirty-pfennig 4d., forty-pfennig 5d., fifty-pfennig 6d. Rumor says that only very limited quantities were so surcharged, and that no one is allowed to buy more than sufficient to pay actual postage on letters. If this report is true, these stamps should be well worth looking for. They are to be followed by a series of New Zealand stamps over-printed Samoa. Togo is another German colony which has come under English control. At first, the stamps of the Gold Coast were used here, but these have been succeeded by the Togoland German stamps surcharged: Togo—Anglo-French—Occupation, in three lines but without any alteration of values. German New Guinea is reported to be using the stamps of Papua. The Caroline and Marshall Islands were seized by Japan. We have not heard whether any change was made in the stamps during Japanese control. Now they are in English hands, and there will surely be some provisionals issued here. Fighting with the English troops in France is a body of native soldiers from India. For their use a complete series of the stamps of India have been surcharged I. E. F., India Expeditionary Force. Hungary, following the example of several of the European nations, has issued a charity stamp. We have not seen a copy of it, but understand that it is printed in four colors—black, green, red, and gold. Belgium, which has perhaps more need of such stamps than any of the other combatants, and which has previously given us several charity stamps, has issued recently two sets of such stamps. The first set was of three values, five-, ten-, and twenty-centimes. These stamps represent the Belgium Monument commemorating the war of independence. The second set, of two values, ten-centimes and twenty-centimes, shows a portrait of King Albert. Last month we called attention to the destruction of Malines, the city where Belgian and Congo stamps have hitherto been printed. These new stamps, then, must have been printed either in France or in England.

Even in our own neutral country the war has necessitated the creation of special means of revenue, and before this reaches the eyes of our readers the new United States war revenues will be in use. Watch for them.

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

**RARE Stamps Free.** 15 all different, Canadians, and 10 India with Catalogue Free. Postage 2cents. If possible send names and addresses of two stamp collectors. Special offers, all different, contain no two alike. 50 Spain, 11c.; 40 Japan, 5c.; 100 U. S. 20c.; 10 Paraguay, 7c.; 17 Mexico, 10c.; 20 Turkey, 7c.; 10 Persia, 7c.; 3 Sudan, 5c.; 10 Chile, 3c.; 50 Italy, 19c.; 200 Foreign, 10c.; 10 Egypt, 7c.; 50 Africa, 24c.; 3 Crete, 3c.; 20 Denmark, 5c.; 20 Portugal, 6c.; 7 Siam, 15c.; 10 Brazil, 5c.; 7 Malay, 10c.; 10 Finland, 5c.; 50 Persia, 89c.; 50 Cuba, 60c.; 6 China, 4c.; 8 Bosnia, 7c. Remit in Stamps or Money-Order. Fine approval sheets 50% Discount, 50 Page List Free. MARKS STAMP COMPANY, DEPT. N, TORONTO, CANADA.

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## All Europe at War

And when peace comes what changes there will be in the map! There'll be lots of new stamps, but the old issues will not be so easy to find. Our advice is to get them now before the prices go up.

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## STAMPS 108 ALL DIFFERENT.

Transvaal, Servia, Brazil, Peru, Cuba, Mexico, Trinidad, Java, etc., and Album, 10c. 1000 Finely Mixed, 20c. 65 different U. S., 25c. 1000 hinges, 5c. Agents wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. I buy stamps. C. STEGMAN, 5941 COTE BRILLANTE AV., ST. LOUIS, MO.





## Helpful Suggestions

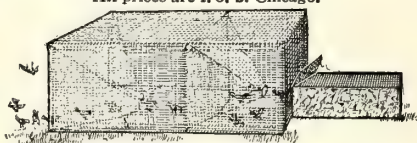
ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



**The Dodson Wren House**  
Solid oak, cypress shingles, copper coping. Price, \$5.00

**The Famous Dodson Sparrow Trap**  
Catches as many as 75 to 100 sparrows a day. Automatic, strong, electrically welded wire—adjustable needle points at two tunnel mouths. Help us get rid of this enemy of our native birds. Price, \$5.00.

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Write today for Mr. Dodson's free illustrated book about Birds  
**JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Mr. Dodson is a Director of  
the Illinois Audubon Society.



### FREE Mr. Dodson's Book ABOUT BIRDS

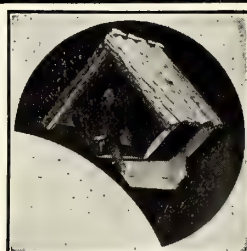
Tells you how you can win native birds—wrens, bluebirds, purple martins, tree swallows, etc.—to live in your garden. The best time to set out bird houses is Winter. Birds prefer houses a little weather worn.

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**THIS Beautiful Rustic Wren House** and our book "Bird Architecture" for \$1.00. 6 and one book for \$5.00. Our famous 3 Bird Houses for \$3.50. Best Wire Sparrow Trap, \$4.00. Parcel Post prepaid within 3d Zone on mailables.

The best for all breeds

### SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"

Spratt's Patent Ltd., Newark, N. J.



### Mary's New Year Adventure

There was the gold piece Grandpa had put in the stocking, and the check from Uncle! How should they be spent? Mary glanced through the Pet Department and saw this picture. She knew collies were wonderful pets and that Sunny brae Collie Kennels, Bloomington, Ill., sold beautiful collie pups at reasonable prices. Mary sat right down and wrote to Mr. Clarke. She now owns two beautiful little puppies and is very happy. Why don't you do the same! For 25c. you can also get Mr. Clarke's book on dog training. Write him at once.



### Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

#### PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418, Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth Ave., New York City (Tel.)



*The most unique and acceptable gift to your sweetheart or child.*

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Send Stamp for Catalog  
**SQUANTUM KENNELS**  
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### Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the author

**H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.**

118 West 31st Street

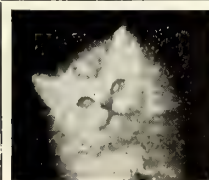
New York

### EQUAL PARTNERS

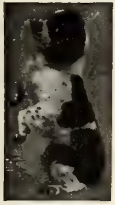
is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

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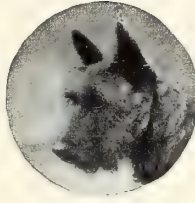
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SPANIELS <sup>AND</sup> COCKERS

Real *Spaniels*. Real *thoroughbreds*, for a *thousand* years. Our *Spaniels* are well-known ideal dogs for children and homes. Aristocratic, small, healthy, brainy, loving and *reliable*; beautifully colored and marked. Our *Cockers* are fancy marked. Over 60 blues won. Puppies and young trained dogs now.

**Van Dyck Kennels, Registered**  
Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Only  
the best



## For Christmas

A Scottish terrier puppy.  
Best for children's pets.

Order now.

NEWCASTLE KENNELS  
Brookline, Mass.



**THESE** boys are talking about how much fun they intend to have with something advertised in this number of St. Nicholas. What do you think it is?

## CLASS PINS

For School, College or Society. We make the "right kind" from hand cut steel dies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free.

FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 686 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.



## ELECTRICITY

**BOYS**—Send today for our new 128-page catalog of everything electrical. Motors, Dynamos, Flashlights, Lamps, Coils, Batteries, Transformers, Magnet and Resistance Wires, Telegraph Outfits, Miniature Electrical Railways and Parts. Catalog with coupon sent only for 6c. in stamps or coin. No postals answered.

VOLTAMP ELECTRIC MFG. CO., Nichol Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

## Coming Into Man's Estate

**REAL** boys read ST. NICHOLAS, real men read Forest and Stream. Between the age of boy and man is the time when the male human needs attention. Forest and Stream shows the youth how to become a real honest injun sportsman, and allows a special price to ST. NICHOLAS boys. Twenty-five cents for a three months' trial.

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For more than 40 years the recognized sportsman's authority  
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**National Park Seminary** For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. For booklet address Registrar, Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

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Learn on your own talking machine, at home, during spare moments—**French, German, Spanish, Italian**—easily, quickly. No tiresome rules. Just listen to the native professor's voice pronounce each word and phrase until you know it. Study becomes play by use of the

## LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD

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SHADE  
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Original and unqualified.  
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:

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## Rider Agents Wanted

1915 Model  
in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms.  
**"DELIVERED FREE** on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.  
**FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$8. Write if you want a bargain.  
Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half value prices. Write us before buying.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. W-15, CHICAGO**



## I Got "What I Wanted for Christmas"—Did You?

**"Bristol"**



I wanted a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, and my father said when I thanked him for it, that he never knew a boy to be so happy over anything. Wait until Fishing Season opens. He will see a happier one then. Say—why don't you send for their new catalogue, and show your father the rod you would like to have? It's free.

**THE HORTON MFG. CO.**  
167 Horton Street  
Bristol, Conn.



## Have You Sent for Your Album Yet?

Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are starting collections of those wonderful little Poster Stamps.

This morning we got a letter which read like this:

"My sister and myself certainly do appreciate your sending the fine stamp albums to us, and we are already very much interested in collecting the stamps."

Have you sent the little "coupon" yet? If you send 10 cents in stamps you will receive the fine album, which is really *much* finer than the picture shows.

You can see by the coupon that ST. NICHOLAS has a stamp which we will send you to start your collection with. If you have an album and just want the stamp, send us a 2c. stamp to pay for postage and we will send some of our stamps by the very next mail. You can use some of them for "trading" purposes.

When you write to advertisers like those mentioned in the December number, asking them for their stamps, send them a 2c.

stamp to pay the postage. You see, so many ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are making collections of Poster Stamps that it costs manufacturers quite a good deal just for postage. So don't forget to send them a postage stamp to pay Uncle Sam, and they will be very grateful to you.

Did you read all about Poster Stamps on page 43 of the November ST. NICHOLAS, and page 61 of the December number? It's an interesting story. The first chapter is about "How Poster Stamps Originated," the second is about "How to Collect Poster Stamps," and the third, this chapter, is about "Many Things About Poster Stamps," as you can see.

More than half of the ST. NICHOLAS albums are gone, so perhaps you better send for yours to-day so you can start your collection early in 1915.

We are thinking of offering prizes for the best collection made by ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls during 1915. What would you think of that?

The real album measures seven inches by ten inches and has room for two or three hundred advertising stamps.

Dear ST. NICHOLAS Readers:

To start your own collection of advertising stamps, send us the little corner coupon on this page or write us a letter enclosing 10c. in postage stamps.



ST. NICHOLAS  
33 East 17th St., New York

Dear ST. NICHOLAS: Enclosed find 10c. in stamps. Please send me the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP and the 32-page ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

## 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



## Out There Nature Spent Last Summer Storing Vim

She stored it, in a lavish way, in luscious grains of oats. They came to us, and we picked from those grains just the biggest and plumpest and richest.

We applied dry heat, then steam heat, and enhanced the flavor. Then we rolled them into large, inviting flakes.

As Quaker Oats they bring to your table a tempting dish, appealing in looks, in aroma and taste. And that dish is the marvel of the ages in its vim-producing power.

Millions of mothers serve it. Millions of children derive vitality from it. Millions of grown-ups "feel their oats" because of their morning dish of Quaker.

# Quaker Oats

*Delicious Flakes of Energy*

**Quaker Cooker** We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

**10c and 25c per Package, Except in Far West and South**



## NABISCO

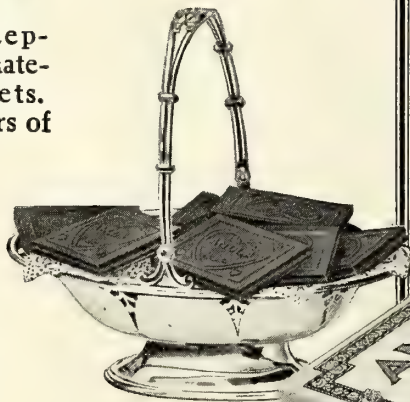
### Sugar Wafers

—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.



## ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell—a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



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## is the only line to both expositions

Four trains a day, including  
California Limited

The Santa Fe de Luxe (extra fare) weekly  
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Arizona en route

On request will send you our Panama Expositions  
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Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway  
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"Two fares for one fare"

**Santa Fe** **California** **1915**

All the way **Panama Expositions** San Francisco **San Diego**



# MORE ADVENTURES of IVORY SHIP by LAND AND SEA.

## CHAPTER 1. *The cruel Dragon.*



**D**EAR little Readers of this book: the words of tongue and pen have never fitly chronicled the doughty deeds of men. Try as we will, all words of ours come very, very far from telling just how wonderful our heroes *really* are. And so it's very natural and very proper, too, that we should want to tell some more of what our heroes do.

From here, and there, and everywhere throughout this peaceful land, the little folks are clamoring this natural demand:

"We *must* hear more of Gniff, the gnome, and Bob, and Betty who most surely have more fights to fight, more doughty deeds to do. And Snip the dog and Yow, the cat, it's needless to pretend that *your* adventurous lives have come to an untimely end. And so we want to hear some more about you all, and hope your *new* adventures may be with the help of IVORY SOAP."

I've told our heroes that they must let me, the humble poet, tell one more tale of IVORY SOAP, for you should surely know it. So here begins a wondrous tale, exciting,

strange, and new, told as our little heroes bid me tell the tale to you.

One day Gniff Gnome all out of breath to Bob and Betty came. He stamped his feet, and waved his arms, and panted

"It's a SHAME!"

"What is a shame?" said Bob to him.

"I'll tell you all," said Gniff. "When I heard it I tell you what, it scared me nearly stiff. You see that mountain over there (Gniff's voice was very grave)? Well, back of it a DRAGON lives deep in a horrid cave. When little children are at play, with grunts and gestures dire, that dragon drags the children off and dips them all in *mire*. And then he bounces up and down and kicks up both his heels, and asks those wretched little tots how mussy mire feels. He is a terror to the land. He's fearsome and he's grim. We must get out our IVORY SOAP and make an end of him."

When this sad tale was told to Bob, uprose that gallant boy and said,

"This outrage can't be borne. Come hurry and destroy this dirty dragon creature who kicks up his horrid heels. We'll show him how *clean* children look, and how a thrashing feels."

Yes, IVORY SOAP is good for you, but it will vanquish dragons, too,  
For dragon spite can never cope with purity of IVORY SOAP.

THIS PAGE IS  
REPRODUCED, BY  
SPECIAL PERMIS-  
SION OF "JOHN  
MARTIN'S BOOK"  
(A MAGAZINE FOR  
LITTLE CHILDREN)

# IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

Says Percy Pot,  
"I now am not  
As black as I've  
been painted.  
I know as much  
Because Old Dutch  
And I've become  
acquainted"



On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks. "Old Dutch," Dept. 165—111 West Monroe St., Chicago





*On the Big Hill after school  
healthy little chaps want Peter's.*

How happy your youngster will be if you slip  
a cake of Peter's Milk Chocolate into his pocket!

It's just what he wants when he's hungry and cold.  
He likes it because it tastes so good, and *you* know how  
wholesome and nourishing it is for him.



# Peter's Milk Chocolate

*"High as the Alps in Quality"*

"THE LOST PRINCE," by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

VOL. XLII, No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

# ST. NICHOLAS



THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK





A good  
thing  
to start  
work on



# "Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon

It is not necessary to parboil "Swift's  
Premium" Ham before broiling or frying.

# Tone

That's where  
the Victrola  
is pre-eminent

The Victrola brings to you the pure and varied tones of every musical instrument, and the beauty and individuality of every human voice—all absolutely true to life.

Such fidelity of tone was unknown before the advent of the Victrola—the *first cabinet style talking-machine*; and this pure and life-like tone is exclusively a Victrola feature.

"Why exclusive with the Victrola?"

Because of the patented Victrola features, which have been perfected after years of study and experiment:

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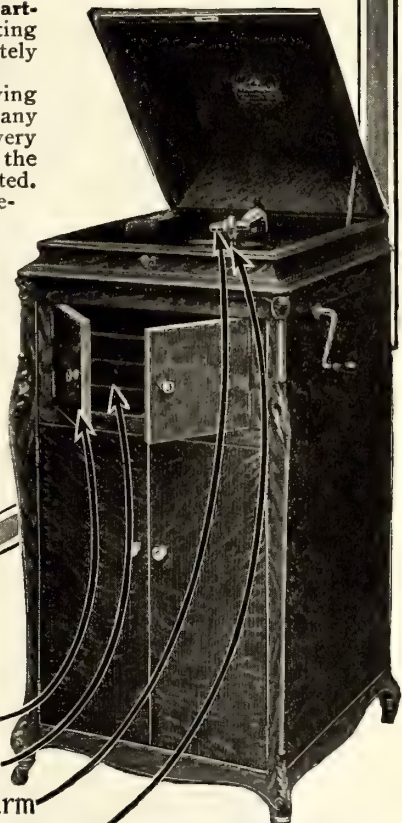
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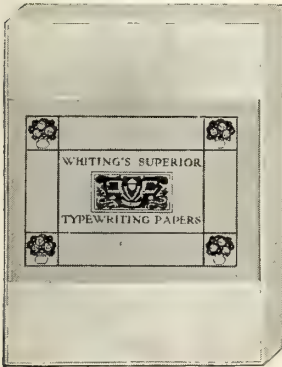
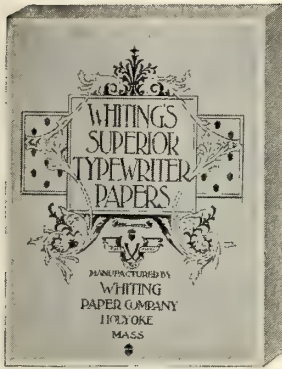
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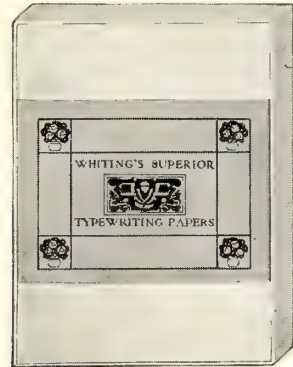
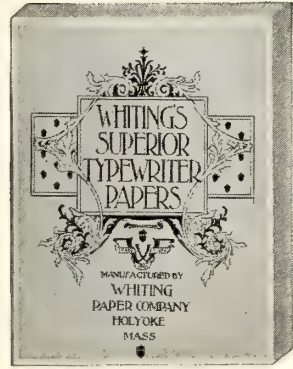
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"LITTLE ELSIE."—PAINTED BY B. JENKINS.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

FEBRUARY, 1915

No. 4

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## WHERE THE BUFFALOES BEGIN

BY OLAF BAKER

OVER the blazing camp-fires, when the wind moaned eerily through the thickets of juniper and fir, they spoke of it in the Indian tongue—the strange lake to the southward whose waters never rest. And Nawa, the medicine-man, who had lived such countless moons that not even the oldest brave in the tribe could remember a time when Nawa was not old, declared that, if only you arrived at the right time, on the right night, you would see the buffaloes rise out of the middle of the lake and come crowding to the shore; for there, he said, was the sacred spot where the buffaloes began. It was not only Nawa who declared that the buffaloes had their beginnings under water, and were born in the depths of the lake. The Indian legend, far older even than Nawa himself, said the same thing, and Nawa was only the voice that kept the legend walking on two feet.

And often in the winter, when the wind drove with a roar over the prairies and came thundering up the creek, making the tepees shudder and strain, Little Wolf would listen to it and think it was like the stampede of the buffaloes. And then he would snuggle warmly under the buffalo-robe that was his blanket, and be thankful for the shelter of the tepee. And sometimes he would go very far down the shadow-ways of thick sleep, and would meet the buffaloes as they came up from the lake, with the water shining on their shaggy coats and their black horns gleaming in the moon. And the buffaloes would begin by being very terrible, and shaking their great heads

at him as if they fully intended to make a finish of him there and then. But afterward they would come close up to him, and smell him, and change their minds, and be companionable after all.

Little Wolf was only ten years old, but he could run faster than any other Indian boy in the tribe, and the wildest pony was not too wild for him to catch and ride. But the great thing about him was that he had no fear. He knew that an angry bull bison would gore you to death, and that if the prairie-wolves ran you down, there would be nothing left of you but your bones. Also, he was well aware that if you fell into the hands of the terrible Assiniboin, they would kill you and scalp you as neatly as could be. Yet none of these things terrified him. Only, being very wise for his age, he had a clear understanding that, for the present, it was better to keep out of their way.

But of all the thoughts that ran this way and that in his quick Indian brain, the one which galloped the hardest was the thought of the great lake to the south where the buffaloes began. And as the days lengthened and the spring began to be a thing that you could smell on the warm blowing air, the thought grew bigger and bigger in Little Wolf's brain. At last it was so very big that Little Wolf could n't bear it any longer; and so, one morning, very early, before the village was astir, he crept out of the tepee as noiselessly as his namesake, and stole along below the junipers and tall firs till he came to the spot where the ponies were hobbled.



The dawn was just beginning to break, and in the gray light the ponies looked like dark blotches along the creek; but Little Wolf's eyes were very sharp, and soon he had singled out his own pony, because it had a white fore foot, and a white patch on its left side. When he spoke, calling softly, the animal whinnied in answer, and allowed himself to be caught. Little Wolf unhobbled him, slipped on the bridle, which he had brought with him, and leaped lightly upon his back. A few minutes afterward, horse and rider had left the camp behind them, and were out upon the prairie, going due south.

When the sun rose, they were already far upon their way. Little Wolf swept his piercing gaze round the immense horizon, lest there should be any danger, moving or in ambush, which might interrupt his journey, or make him alter his course. Far off, so far as to be just on the edge of his sight, there was a dim spot on the yellowish gray of the prairie. Little Wolf reined in his pony to watch if it moved. If it did, it crept so slowly as to seem absolutely still. He decided that it was a herd of antelope feeding, and that there was nothing to fear.

On he went, hour after hour, never ceasing to watch. The prairie-grouse got up almost under his pony's feet. The larks and savanna-sparrows filled the air with their singing, and everywhere the wild roses were in bloom. It seemed as if nothing but peace would ever find its way among these singing-birds and flowers; yet Little Wolf knew well that the Assiniboin could come creeping along the hollows of the prairie, like wolves, and that there is no moment more dangerous than the time when there is no hint of danger.

All this time he had not seen a single buffalo, but he told himself that this was because the herds had taken some other way, and that he would probably not see any until he was near the lake. He lost sight of the shadowy spot he had seen so far away. If he had known that it was a party of Assiniboin on the war-path, he might have thought twice about continuing to the lake, and would probably have returned along his trail to give warning to his tribe. But his head was too full of the singing of the birds and of the breath of the roses, and, above all, of the great thought of the buffaloes, fighting below the lake.

It was late in the afternoon when, at last, he sighted the lake. It lay, a gray sheet with a glint of silver, glimmering under the sun. He looked eagerly on all sides to see if there were any signs of buffaloes, but far and wide the prairies lay utterly deserted, very warm and still in the white shimmer of the air. As he approached nearer, however, he saw trails, many trails, all going in

one direction and leading toward the lake. Antelope and coyote, wolf and buffalo; all these had left traces behind them as they went to the water and returned. But it was the buffalo trails which were most numerous and most marked, and which Little Wolf noted above all the others.

When he was quite close to the lake he dismounted, and, hobbling his pony, turned him adrift to graze. Then he himself lay down behind some tussocks of prairie-grass, above the low bank at the edge of the lake, and waited. From this position he could overlook the lake, without being seen. He gazed far over its glittering expanse, very still just now under the strong beams of the sun. It was disappointingly still. Scarcely a ripple broke upon the shore. You could not possibly imagine that the buffaloes were struggling underneath. Little Wolf asked himself where was the movement and the mysterious murmur of which Nawa had spoken? But, being of Indian blood, he had no impatience. He could afford to wait and listen for whole hours, if need be.

The time went on. Slowly the sun dipped westward, and the shadows of the grass grew longer. Yet still the lake kept its outward stillness, and nothing happened. At last the sun reached the horizon, lay there a few moments, a great ball of flame, and then sank out of sight. Twilight fell, and all over the vast wilderness crept a peculiar silence like a wild creature stealing from its lair, while far in the west there lingered long the strange orange light that belongs to the prairie skies alone when the sun is down, and the night winds sigh along the grass. And whether it was the sighing of the wind or not, Little Wolf could not tell, but there came to him along the margin of the lake a strange, low murmur that died away and rose again. As the night deepened, it grew clearer, and then he was certain that it was not the wind, but came from the center of the lake. For hours he lay and listened, but the mysterious murmur never ceased. Sometimes it was a little louder; sometimes a little softer; but always it was plain to hear—a wonderful and terrible thing in the silence of the night. And as Little Wolf lay watching under the stars, the words of Nawa kept singing in his head:

"Do you hear the noise that never ceases?

It is the Buffaloes fighting far below.

They are fighting to get out upon the prairie.

They are born below the Water, but are fighting for the Air,

In the great lake in the Southland where the Buffaloes begin!"

Suddenly, Little Wolf lifted himself up. He could n't tell whether he had been asleep or not,



"LITTLE WOLF SWEEPED HIS PIERCING GAZE ROUND THE IMMENSE HORIZON."



but there, in the lake, he saw a wonderful sight: the buffaloes!

There they were, hundreds and hundreds of them, risen out of the lake. He could not see the surface any more. Instead, he saw a lake of swaying bodies, and heads that shook; and on their horns and tossing heads the water gleamed in the moonlight, as he had seen it in his dreams.

Little Wolf felt the blood run along his body. He clutched at the prairie-grass, crushing it in his hot hands where the pulses throbbed. Through his staring eyeballs he drank in the great vision. And he did not only drink it with his eyes: he drank it also with his ears and with his nose; for his ears were filled with the trampling and snorting of the herd, and the flash of the water as they moved it with their feet; and his nose drank the sharp, moist smell of the great beasts as they crowded upon each other; the smell which the wolves know well when it comes dropping down the wind.

Little Wolf never knew what came to him, nor what spirit of the wild it was which whispered in his ear; but suddenly he leaped to his feet and loosed a ringing cry out of his throat. And when he cried, he flung his arms above his head; and then he cried again.

At the first cry, a shiver passed through the herd, like an electric thrill. As if they were one beast, the buffaloes threw up their heads and listened, absolutely still. They saw, in the white light of the moon, a little wild Indian boy above the margin of the lake, who made swift motions with his arms. He seemed to speak with his arms—to talk buffalo talk with the ripple of his muscles and the snatch of his fingers in the air! They had never seen such a thing before. Their little eyes fastened upon it excitedly, and shot out sparks of light. And when it cried again, there swept through the stillness of the herd a stir, a movement, a ripple which you could see. And the ripple became a wave, and the wave a billow. It was a billow of buffaloes, which, beginning on the outskirts of the herd, broke along the margin of the lake in a terrifying roar.

It was a wonderful sound, that roar of the buffaloes on the edge of a stampede. It rolled far out upon the prairie in the hollow silence of the night. Wandering wolves caught it, threw their long noses to the moon, and howled an answering cry.

It was the hour when, on the lonely prairie lands, the feet of the wild folk pad softly, and sound carries to an immense distance. But the ears it might have warned—the quick ears of Assiniboin braves on the war-path—did not catch it, being too far off upon the northern trail.

On moccasins, noiseless as the padded feet of the wolves, as grim, and almost more cruel, these painted warriors were stealthily approaching the camp of Little Wolf's people, determined to wipe it out ere the dog-star faded in the dawn.

But now the buffaloes had received the strange message which the Indian boy waved to them from the margin of the lake. He himself did not understand it. He cried to the buffaloes because he could not help it; because he loved them as the creatures of his dreams. But when he saw and heard their answer; when they came surging out of the lake like a mighty flood, bellowing and stamping and tossing their heads, a wild excitement possessed him, and, for the first time in his life, he knew the meaning of fear!

Swift as one of the wolves themselves, he darted toward his pony. To unhobble it and leap upon its back took but a moment. Then he was off, riding for his life!

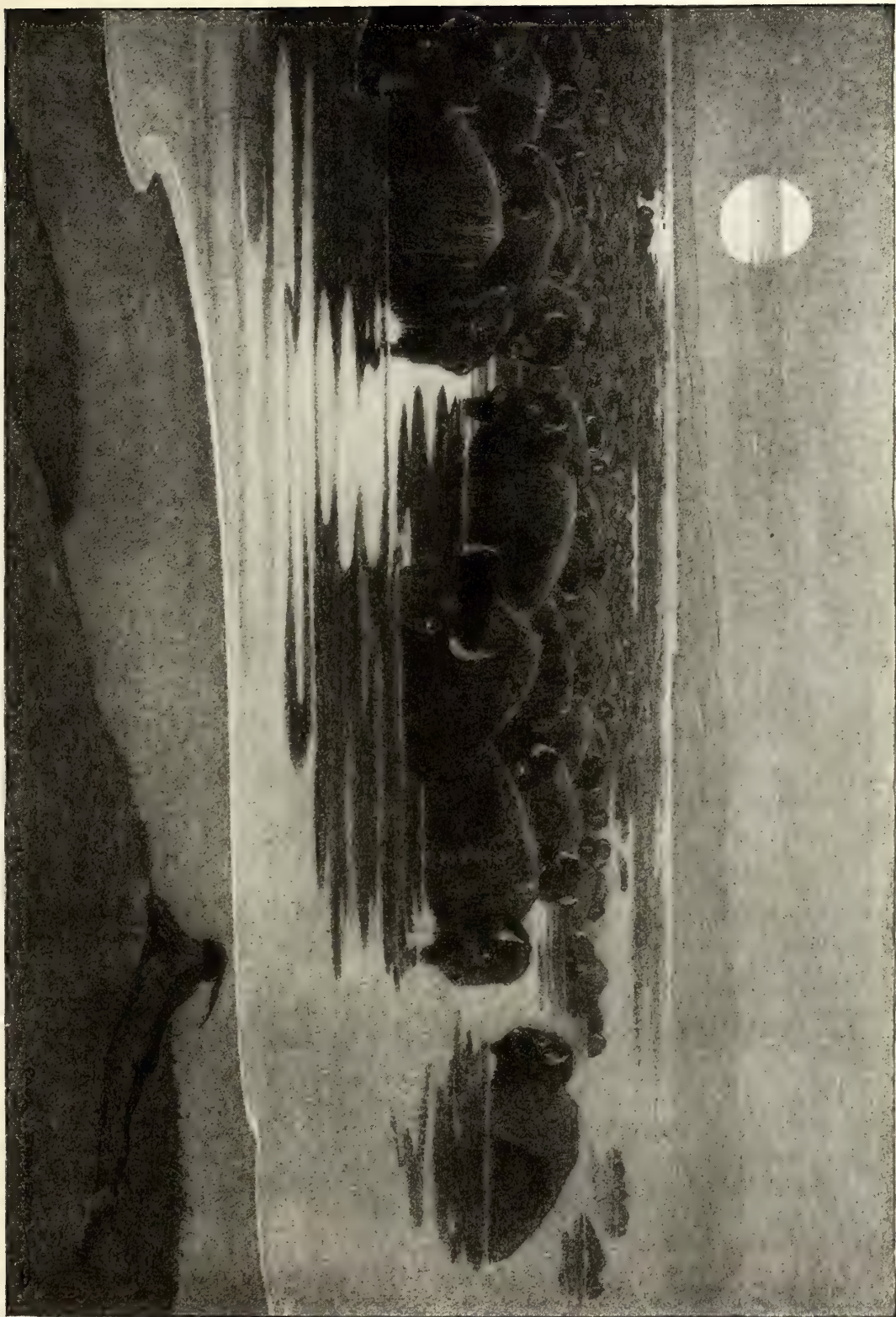
Behind him came the terrible sound of the buffaloes as they swept out of the lake. He threw a quick glance behind to see which way they took. He saw a dark surging mass throw itself out upon the prairie and come on at a gallop, heading due north.

Little Wolf turned his pony's head slightly westward so as to escape the middle rush of the herd. If once it surrounded him on all sides, he did not know what might happen. If his pony had been fresh, he could have easily outstripped the buffaloes, but after a long day the animal was tired, and was going at half his usual speed. Little Wolf threw a quick glance over his shoulder. The buffaloes were gaining! He cried to his pony, little, short cries that made a wild note in the night.

Soon, as they swept along, the leaders of the left flank of the herd drew so close that he could hear the snorting sound of their breath. Then they were abreast of him, and the pony and the buffaloes were galloping side by side. Yet they did nothing to him. They did not seem to have any other desire but to gallop on into the night.

Soon Little Wolf was completely surrounded by the buffaloes. In front, behind, on both sides, he saw a heaving mass of buffaloes that billowed like the sea. Again, as when he had cried beside the lake, a wild feeling of excitement seized him, and he felt the blood stir along his scalp. And once again he cried aloud, flinging his arms above his head, a long, ringing cry. And the buffaloes replied, bellowing a wild answer that rolled like thunder far along the plains.

North the great gallop swept. Down the hollows, over the swells of the prairie, below the lonely ridges with the piles of stones where the



"THERE THEY WERE, HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF THEM, RISEN OUT OF THE LAKE."



Indians leave their dead; crashing through the alder thickets beside the creeks; through the shallow creeks themselves, churning the water into a muddy foam, the mighty herd rolled on its way, and the thunder of its coming spread terror far and wide in the hearts of all lesser prairie

not see very clearly, because of the buffaloes in front of him; but it looked like a band of Indians. They were not mounted, but were running swiftly on foot, as if to regain their ponies. At first, Little Wolf thought they were his own people, as he knew, by the outline of the country, that the camp could not be far off. But then he saw that they were not running toward the camp, but away from it. And then very swiftly, the thing flashed upon him. They were Assiniboin, the deadly enemies of his tribe, and they must have left their ponies some distance off, in order to approach the camp unseen through the long grass, and attack it in its sleep!

Little Wolf knew well that, unless they reached their ponies in time, the buffaloes would cut off their retreat. Once that great herd hurled itself upon them, nothing could save them from being trampled to death. He cried shrilly, hoping that it would excite the buffaloes even more. He saw the Indians making desperate efforts to escape. The buffaloes seemed as if they answered to his cries. They bore down upon the fleeing Indians at a terrible gallop, and, in spite of the long distance they had come, never slackened speed. One by one the Indians were overtaken, knocked down, and trampled underfoot. The herd passed pitilessly over their prostrate bodies.

Suddenly, Little Wolf's pony went down. He leaped clear as the animal fell. Fortunately, by this time, they were on the extreme outskirts of

the herd, and before Little Wolf could get to his fallen pony again, the last buffalo had passed.

OVER the blazing camp-fires, when the wind rises and moans eerily through the thickets of juniper and fir, they still speak of the great lake to the south where the buffaloes begin; but now they always add the name of Little Wolf to the legend,—the boy who led the buffaloes, and saved his tribe.



"IT SEEMED AS IF HE, TOO, WERE A MEMBER OF THE HERD."

folk. The antelopes were off like the wind; the badgers and coyotes slunk into their holes. Even the wolves took warning, vanishing shadow-like along the hollows east and west, so as to be well out of the way.

Little Wolf was beside himself with excitement and joy. It seemed as if he, too, were a member of the herd, as if the buffaloes had adopted him and made him their own.

Suddenly he saw something ahead. He could

# "A FEBRUARY SALE"

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

A SPRINGLIKE warmth was in the air,  
And, without rhyme or reason,  
I strolled abroad, when on a tree  
This poster pinned I chanced to see,—  
The firm was

## "Time and Season"

**"Before** our Spring and Summer Goods"  
(It ran) "we get together,  
We 're selling off a splendid stock  
Of our left-over weather!  
There 's not a style that in this sale  
Will not be represented;  
The value and variety

ARE QUITE  
UNPRECEDENTED!

**"The Sunshine** offered in this sale  
Is spring's, gold-wove  
and flashing;  
The rains, of all the standard makes,  
In styles subdued or dashing.  
The frosts are guaranteed to wear,  
Their quality surprises;  
With January thaws to match,  
ASSORTED  
LENGTHS AND SIZES.

**"We've** Airs from May, light-weight and soft,  
That must be sold with quickness;  
Snow-storms, of winter's finest weave,  
And extra length and thickness.  
Some splendid sunsets, from the hand  
Of Fall, the famous dyer;  
Some April rainbows, very choice,

ONE ONLY  
TO A BUYER.

**"Some** Sample Zephyrs, just returned  
By June, that we 've had word of,  
We 'll sell half-price—cold snaps at cost—  
Were e'er such bargains heard of!  
Warm waves, some little odds and ends  
From summer stocks collected,  
Must go at once; some twilights, too,  
IN EVENING  
SHADES SELECTED.

**"A broken** line of Thunder-Storms,  
Good style, although last  
summer's;  
And gales,—for March was overstocked,—  
Of styles to suit all comers.  
Some remnants of October haze,  
Shopworn, but soft and mellow;  
December glooms, in blues and grays,  
AND FOGS,  
IN AUGUST YELLOW.

**"No goods** exchanged, or C. O. D.,  
They 're things we hate to  
part with;  
And all the prices are reduced,  
Absurdly low to start with!  
Come, pick and choose!" (The sun went in.)  
"You 'll never find together"  
(A dash of rain), "as advertised,  
SO MANY  
KINDS OF WEATHER!"

"THE MONTH IS SHORT—"

(Down came the floods;

The folk flew helter-skelter.)

"THE GOODS ARE GOING FAST!"

With that

A "bargain" breeze blew off my hat!

I turned and ran for shelter!





## My Grandpapa



SOME boys I know have grandpapas  
 Grave, dignified, and tall,  
 Or old men just like Santa Claus;  
 And some have none at all.  
*My grandpapa 's just seven years old,*  
 And very, very small!

He wears a frill around his neck,  
 And has a funny hat;  
 His hair is all in tumbled curls,  
 And he is pink and fat.  
 I am the only boy I know  
 Whose grandpa is like that!

They painted him on ivory,  
 A little boy in blue,  
 And never any more in all  
 The years he grew and grew.  
 Some people say I look like that—  
 I hope it is n't true!

He grew to be a General,  
 And more than six feet tall;  
 But I am best acquainted with  
 The picture on the wall—  
 My grandpapa, just seven years old,  
 And fat, and pink, and small!

*Dorothy McPherson Farnsworth.*



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE SQUARE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.



# THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

## CHAPTER VIII

### AN EXCITING GAME

LORISTAN referred only once during the next day to what had happened.

"You did your errand well. You were not hurried or nervous," he said. "The Prince was pleased with your calmness."

No more was said. Marco knew that the quiet mention of the stranger's title had been made merely as a designation. If it was necessary to mention him again in the future, he could be referred to as the Prince. In various Continental countries there were many princes who were not royal or even serene highnesses—who were merely princes as other nobles were dukes or barons. Nothing special was revealed when a man was spoken of as a prince. But though nothing was said on the subject of the incident, it was plain that much work was being done by Loristan and Lazarus. The sitting-room door was locked, and the maps and documents, usually kept in the iron box, were being used.

Marco went to the Tower of London and spent part of the day in living again the stories which, centuries past, had been inclosed within its massive and ancient stone walls. In this way, he had throughout boyhood become intimate with people who to most boys seemed only the unreal creatures who professed to be alive in school-books of history. He had learned to know them as men and women because he had stood in the palaces they had been born in and had played in as children, had died in at the end. He had seen the dungeons they had been imprisoned in, the blocks on which they had laid their heads, the battlements on which they had fought to defend their fortified towers, the thrones they had sat upon, the crowns they had worn, and the jeweled scepters they had held. He had stood before their portraits and had gazed curiously at their "Robes of Investiture," sewn with tens of thousands of seed-pearls. To look at a man's face and feel his pictured eyes follow you as you move away from him, to see the strangely splendid garments he once warmed with his living flesh, is to realize that history is not a mere lesson in a school-book, but is a relation of the life stories of men and women who saw strange and splendid

days, and sometimes suffered strange and terrible things.

There were only a few people who were being led about sight-seeing. The man in the ancient Beef-eaters' costume, who was their guide, was good-natured, and evidently fond of talking. He was a big and stout man, with a large face and a small, merry eye. He was rather like pictures of Henry the Eighth, himself, which Marco remembered having seen. He was specially talkative when he stood by the tablet that marks the spot where stood the block on which Lady Jane Grey had laid her young head. One of the sight-seers who knew little of English history had asked some questions about the reasons for her execution.

"If her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, had left that young couple alone—her and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley—they'd have kept their heads on. He was bound to make her a queen, and Mary Tudor was bound to be queen herself. The duke was n't clever enough to manage a conspiracy and work up the people. These Samavians we're reading about in the papers would have done it better. And they're half-savages."

"They had a big battle outside Melzarr yesterday," the sight-seer standing next to Marco said to the young woman who was his companion. "Thousands of 'em killed. I saw it in big letters on the boards as I rode on the top of the bus. They're just slaughtering each other, that's what they're doing."

The talkative Beef-eater heard him.

"They can't even bury their dead fast enough," he said. "There'll be some sort of plague breaking out and sweeping into the countries nearest them. It'll end by spreading all over Europe as it did in the Middle Ages. What the civilized countries have got to do is to make them choose a decent king and begin to behave themselves."

"I'll tell my father that too," Marco thought. "It shows that everybody is thinking and talking of Samavia, and that even the common people know it must have a real king. This must be *the time!*" And what he meant was that this must be the time for which the Secret Party had waited and worked so long—the time for the Rising. But his father was out when he went

back to Philibert Place, and Lazarus looked more silent than ever as he stood behind his chair and waited on him through his insignificant meal. However plain and scant the food they had to eat, it was always served with as much care and ceremony as if it had been a banquet.

"A man can eat dry bread and drink cold water as if he were a gentleman," his father had said long ago. "And it is easy to form careless habits. Even if one is hungry enough to feel ravenous, a man who has been well bred will not allow himself to look so. A dog may, a man may not. Just as a dog may howl when he is angry or in pain and a man may not."

It was only one of the small parts of the training which had quietly made the boy, even as a child, self-controlled and courteous, had taught him ease and grace of boyish carriage, the habit of holding his body well and his head erect, and had given him a certain look of young distinction which, though it assumed nothing, set him apart from boys of carelessly awkward bearing.

"Is there a newspaper here which tells of the battle, Lazarus?" he asked, after he had left the table.

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "Your father said that you might read it. It is a black tale!" he added, as he handed him the paper.

It was a black tale. As he read, Marco felt as if he could scarcely bear it. It was as if Samavia swam in blood, and as if the other countries must stand aghast before such furious cruelties.

"Lazarus," he said, springing to his feet at last, his eyes burning, "something must stop it! There must be something strong enough. The time has come. The time has come." And he walked up and down the room because he was too excited to stand still.

How Lazarus watched him! What a strong and glowing feeling there was in his own restrained face!

"Yes, sir. Surely the time has come," he answered. But that was all he said, and he turned and went out of the shabby back sitting-room at once. It was as if he felt it were wiser to go before he lost power over himself and said more.

Marco made his way to the meeting-place of the Squad, to which The Rat had in the past given the name of the Barracks. The Rat was sitting among his followers, and he had been reading the morning paper to them, the one which contained the account of the battle of Melzarr. The Squad had become the Secret Party, and each member of it was thrilled with the spirit of dark plot and adventure. They all whispered when they spoke.

"This is not the Barracks now," The Rat said. "It is a subterranean cavern. Under the floor of

it thousands of swords and guns are buried, and it is piled to the roof with them. There is only a small place left for us to sit and plot in. We crawl in through a hole, and the hole is hidden by bushes."

To the rest of the boys this was only an exciting game, but Marco knew that to The Rat it was more. Though The Rat knew none of the things he knew, he saw that the whole story seemed to him a real thing. The struggles of Samavia, as he had heard and read of them in the newspapers, had taken possession of him. His passion for soldiering and warfare and his curiously mature brain had led him into following every detail he could lay hold of. He had listened to all he had heard with remarkable results. He remembered things older people forgot after they had mentioned them. He forgot nothing. He had drawn on the flagstones a map of Samavia which Marco saw was actually correct, and he had made a rough sketch of Melzarr and the battle which had had such disastrous results.

"The Maranovitch had possession of Melzarr," he explained with feverish eagerness. "And the Iarovitch attacked them from here," pointing with his finger. "That was a mistake. I should have attacked them from a place where they would not have been expecting it. They expected attack on their fortifications, and they were ready to defend them. I believe the enemy could have stolen up in the night and rushed in here," pointing again. Marco thought he was right. The Rat had argued it all out, and had studied Melzarr as he might have studied a puzzle or an arithmetical problem. He was very clever, and as sharp as his queer face looked.

"I believe you would make a good general if you were grown up," said Marco. "I'd like to show your maps to my father and ask him if he does n't think your stratagem would have been a good one."

"Does he know much about Samavia?" asked The Rat.

"He has to read the newspapers because he writes things," Marco answered. "And every one is thinking about the war. No one can help it."

The Rat drew a dingy, folded paper out of his pocket and looked it over with an air of reflection.

"I'll make a clean one," he said. "I'd like a grown-up man to look at it and see if it's all right. My father was more than half drunk when I was drawing this, so I could n't ask him questions. He'll kill himself before long. He had a sort of fit last night."

"Tell us, Rat, wot you an' Marco'll 'ave ter do. Let's 'ear wot you've made up," suggested Cad.



He drew closer, and so did the rest of the circle, hugging their knees with their arms.

"This is what we shall have to do," began The Rat, in the hollow whisper of a Secret Party. "The hour has come. To all the Secret Ones in Samavia, and to the friends of the Secret Party in every country, the sign must be carried. It must be carried by some one who could not be suspected. Who would suspect two boys—and one of them a cripple? The best thing of all for us is that I am a cripple. Who would suspect a cripple? When my father is drunk and beats me, he does it because I won't go out and beg in the streets and bring him the money I get. He says that people will nearly always give money to a cripple. I won't be a beggar for him—the swine—but I will be one for Samavia and the Lost Prince. Marco shall pretend to be my brother and take care of me. I say," speaking to Marco with a sudden change of voice, "can you sing anything? It does n't matter how you do it."

"Yes, I can sing," Marco replied.

"Then Marco will pretend he is singing to make people give him money. I'll get a pair of crutches somewhere, and part of the time I will go on crutches and part of the time on my platform. We'll live like beggars and go wherever we want to. I can whiz past a man and give the sign and no one will know. Sometimes Marco can give it when people are dropping money into his cap. We can pass from one country to another and rouse everybody who is of the Secret Party. We'll work our way into Samavia, and we'll be only two boys—and one a cripple—and nobody will think we could be doing anything. We'll beg in great cities and on the highroad."

"Where'll you get the money to travel?" said Cad.

"The Secret Party will give it to us, and we sha'n't need much. We could beg enough, for that matter. We'll sleep under the stars, or under bridges, or archways, or in dark corners of streets. I've done it myself many a time when my father drove me out of doors. If it's cold weather, it's bad enough; but if it's fine weather, it's better than sleeping in the kind of place I'm used to. Comrade," to Marco, "are you ready?"

He said "Comrade" as Loristan did, and somehow Marco did not resent it, because he was ready to labor for Samavia. It was only a game, but it made them comrades—and was it really only a game, after all? His excited voice and his strange, lined face made it singularly unlike one.

"Yes, Comrade, I am ready," Marco answered him.

"We shall be in Samavia when the fighting for the Lost Prince begins." The Rat carried

on his story with fire. "We may see a battle. We might do something to help. We might carry messages under a rain of bullets—a rain of bullets!" The thought so elated him that he forgot his whisper and his voice rang out fiercely. "Boys have been in battles before. We might find the Lost King—no, the Found King—and ask him to let us be his servants. He could send us where he could n't send bigger people. I could say to him, 'Your Majesty, I am called "The Rat," because I can creep through holes and into corners and dart about. Order me into any danger and I will obey you. Let me die like a soldier if I can't live like one.'"

Suddenly he threw his ragged coat sleeve up across his eyes. He had wrought himself up tremendously with the picture of the rain of bullets. And he felt as if he saw the King who had at last been found. The next moment he uncovered his face.

"That's what we've got to do," he said. "Just that, if you want to know. And a lot more. There's no end to it!"

Marco's thoughts were in a whirl. It ought not to be nothing but a game. He grew quite hot all over. If the Secret Party wanted to send messengers no one would think of suspecting, who could be more harmless-looking than two vagabond boys wandering about picking up their living as best they could, not seeming to belong to any one? And one a cripple. It was true—yes, it was true, as The Rat said, that his being a cripple made him look safer than any one else. Marco actually put his forehead in his hands and pressed his temples.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed The Rat. "What are you thinking about?"

"I'm thinking what a general you would make. I'm thinking that it might all be real—every word of it. It might n't be a game at all," said Marco.

"No, it might n't," The Rat answered. "If I knew where the Secret Party was, I'd like to go and tell them about it. What's that!" he said, suddenly turning his head toward the street. "What are they calling out?"

Some newsboy with a particularly shrill voice was shouting out something at the topmost power of his lungs.

Tense and excited, no member of the circle stirred or spoke for a few seconds. The Rat listened, Marco listened, the whole Squad listened, pricking up their ears.

"Startling news from Samavia," the newsboy was shrilling out. "Amazing story! Descendant of the Lost Prince found! Descendant of the Lost Prince found!"

"Any chap got a penny?" snapped The Rat, beginning to shuffle toward the arched passage.

"There!" answered Marco, following him.

"Come on!" The Rat yelled. "Let 's go and get a paper!" And he whizzed down the passage with his swiftest rat-like dart, while the Squad followed him, shouting and tumbling over each other.

## CHAPTER IX

### "IT IS NOT A GAME"

LORISTAN walked slowly up and down the back sitting-room and listened to Marco, who sat by the small fire and talked.

"Go on," he said, whenever the boy stopped. "I want to hear it all. He 's a strange lad, and it 's a splendid game."

Marco was telling him the story of his second and third visits to the inclosure behind the deserted churchyard. He had begun at the beginning, and his father had listened with a deep interest.

A year later, Marco recalled this evening as a thrilling memory, and as one which would never pass away from him throughout his life. He would always be able to call it all back. The small and dingy back room, the dimness of the one poor gas-burner, which was all they could afford to light, the iron box pushed into the corner with its maps and plans locked safely in it, the erect bearing and actual beauty of the tall form, which the shabbiness of worn and mended clothes could not hide or dim. Not even rags and tatters could have made Loristan seem insignificant or undistinguished. He was always the same. His eyes seemed darker and more wonderful than ever in their remote thoughtfulness and interest as he spoke.

"Go on," he said. "It is a splendid game. And it is curious. He has thought it out well. The lad is a born soldier."

"It is not a game to him," Marco said. "And

it is not a game to me. The Squad is only playing, but with him it 's quite different. He knows he 'll never really get what he wants, but he feels as if this was something near it. He said I might show you the map he made. Father, look at it."

He gave Loristan the clean copy of The Rat's



"THE RAT WHIZZED DOWN THE PASSAGE WHILE THE SQUAD FOLLOWED HIM."

map of Samavia. The city of Melzarr was marked with certain signs. They were to show at what points The Rat—if he had been a Samavian general—would have attacked the capital. As Marco pointed them out, he explained The Rat's reasons for his planning.

Loristan held the paper for some minutes. He fixed his eyes on it curiously, and his black brows drew themselves together.

"This is very wonderful!" he said at last. "He



is quite right. They might have got in there, and for the very reasons he hit on. How did he learn all this?"

"He thinks of nothing else now," answered Marco. "He has always thought of wars and made plans for battles. He's not like the rest of the Squad. His father is nearly always drunk, but he is very well educated, and, when he is only half drunk, he likes to talk. The Rat asks him questions then, and leads him on until he finds out a great deal. Then he begs old newspapers, and he hides himself in corners and listens to what people are saying. He says he lies awake at night thinking it out, and he thinks about it all the day. That was why he got up the Squad."

Loristan had continued examining the paper.

"Tell him," he said, when he refolded and handed it back, "that I studied his map, and he may be proud of it. You may also tell him—" and he smiled quietly as he spoke—"that in my opinion he is right. The Iarovitch would have held Melzarr to-day if he had led them."

Marco was full of exultation.

"I thought you would say he was right. I felt sure you would. That is what makes me want to tell you the rest," he hurried on. "If you think he is right about the rest too—" He stopped awkwardly because of a sudden wild thought which rushed upon him. "I don't know what you will think," he stammered. "Perhaps it will seem to you as if the game—as if that part of it could—could only be a game."

He was so fervent in spite of his hesitation that Loristan began to watch him with sympathetic respect, as he always did when the boy was trying to express something he was not sure of. One of the great bonds between them was that Loristan was always interested in his boyish mental processes—in the way in which his thoughts led him to any conclusion.

"Go on," he said again. "I am like The Rat and I am like you. It has not seemed quite like a game to me, so far."

Loristan sat down at the writing-table and Marco, in his eagerness, drew nearer and leaned against it, resting on his arms and lowering his voice, though it was always their habit to speak at such a pitch that no one outside the room they were in could distinguish what they said.

"It is The Rat's plan for giving the signal for a Rising," he said.

Loristan made a slight movement.

"Does he think there will be a Rising?" he asked.

"He says that must be what the Secret Party has been preparing for all these years. And it must come soon. The other nations see that the

fighting must be put an end to even if they have to stop it themselves. And if the real King is found—but when The Rat bought the newspaper there was nothing in it about where he was. It was only a sort of rumor. Nobody seemed to know anything." He stopped a few seconds, but he did not utter the words which were in his mind. He did not say: "But *you* know."

"And The Rat has a plan for giving the signal?" Loristan said.

Marco forgot his first feeling of hesitation. He began to see the plan again as he had seen it when The Rat talked. He began to speak as The Rat had spoken, forgetting that it was a game. He made even a clearer picture than The Rat had made of the two vagabond boys—one of them a cripple—making their way from one place to another, quite free to carry messages or warnings where they chose, because they were so insignificant and poor-looking that no one could think of them as anything but waifs and strays, belonging to nobody and blown about by the wind of poverty and chance. He felt as if he wanted to convince his father that the plan was a possible one. He did not quite know why he felt so anxious to win his approval of the scheme—as if it were real—as if it could actually be done. But this feeling was what inspired him to enter into new details and suggest possibilities.

"A boy who was a cripple and one who was only a street singer and a sort of beggar could get almost anywhere," he said. "Soldiers would listen to a singer if he sang good songs—and they might not be afraid to talk before him. A strolling singer and a cripple would perhaps hear a great many things it might be useful for the Secret Party to know. They might even hear important things. Don't you think so?"

Before he had gone far with his story, the far-away look had fallen upon Loristan's face—the look Marco had known so well all his life. He sat turned a little sidewise from the boy, his elbow resting on the table and his forehead on his hand. He looked down at the worn carpet at his feet, and so he looked as he listened to the end. It was as if some new thought were slowly growing in his mind as Marco went on talking and enlarging on The Rat's plan. He did not even look up or change his position as he answered, "Yes. I think so."

But, because of the deep and growing thought in his face, Marco's courage increased. His first fear that this part of the planning might seem so bold and reckless that it would only appear to belong to a boyish game, gradually faded away for some strange reason. His father had said that the first part of The Rat's imaginings had

not seemed quite like a game to him, and now—even now—he was not listening as if he were listening to the details of mere exaggerated fancies. It was as if the thing he was hearing was not wildly impossible. Marco's knowledge of Continental countries and of methods of journeying helped him to enter into much detail and give realism to his plans.

"Sometimes we could pretend we knew nothing but English," he said. "Then, though The Rat could not understand, I could. I should always understand in each country. I know the cities and the places we should want to go to. I know how boys like us live, and so we should not do anything which would make the police angry or make people notice us. If any one asked questions, I would let them believe that I had met The Rat by chance, and we had made up our minds to travel together because people gave more money to a boy who sang if he was with a cripple. There was a boy who used to play the guitar in the streets of Rome, and he always had a lame girl with him, and every one knew it was for that reason. When he played, people looked at the girl and were sorry for her and gave her soldi. You remember."

"Yes, I remember. And what you say is true," Loristan answered.

Marco leaned farther forward across the table so that he came closer to him. The tone in which the words were said made his courage leap like a flame. To be allowed to go on with this boldness was to feel that he was being treated almost as if he were a man. If his father had wished to stop him, he could have done it with one quiet glance, without uttering a word. For some wonderful reason he did not wish him to cease talking. He was willing to hear what he had to say—he was even interested.

"You are growing older," he had said the night he had revealed the marvelous secret. "Silence is still the order, but you are man enough to be told more."

Was he man enough to be thought worthy to help Samavia in any small way—even with boyish fancies which might contain a germ of some thought which older and wiser minds might make useful? Was he being listened to because the plan, made as part of a game, was not an impossible one—if two boys who could be trusted could be found? He caught a deep breath as he went on, drawing still nearer and speaking so low that his tone was almost a whisper.

"If the men of the Secret Party have been working and thinking for so many years—they have prepared everything. They know by this time exactly what must be done by the messen-

gers who are to give the signal. They can tell them where to go and how to know the secret friends who must be warned. If the orders could be written and given to—some one who has—who has learned to remember things!" He had begun to breathe so quickly that he stopped for a moment.

Loristan looked up. He looked directly into his eyes.

"Some one who has been *trained* to remember things?" he said.

"Some one who has been trained," Marco went on, catching his breath again. "Some one who does not forget—who would never forget—never! That one, even if he were only twelve—even if he were only ten—could go and do as he was told." Loristan put his hand on his shoulder.

"Comrade," he said, "you are speaking as if you were ready to go yourself."

Marco's eyes looked bravely straight into his, but he said not one word.

"Do you know what it would mean, Comrade?" his father went on. "You are right. It is not a game. And you are not thinking of it as one. But have you thought how it would be if something betrayed you—and you were set up against a wall to be *shot*?"

Marco stood up quite straight. He tried to believe he felt the wall against his back.

"If I were shot, I should be shot for Samavia," he said. "And for you, Father."

Even as he was speaking, the front door-bell rang and Lazarus evidently opened it. He spoke to some one, and then they heard his footsteps approaching the back sitting-room.

"Open the door," said Loristan, and Marco opened it.

"There is a boy who is a cripple here, sir," the old soldier said. "He asked to see Master Marco."

"If it is The Rat," said Loristan, "bring him in here. I wish to see him."

Marco went down the passage to the front door. The Rat was there, but he was not upon his platform. He was leaning upon an old pair of crutches, and Marco thought he looked wild and strange. He was white, and somehow the lines of his face seemed twisted in a new way. Marco wondered if something had frightened him, or if he felt ill.

"Rat," he began, "my father—"

"I 've come to tell you about *my* father," The Rat broke in without waiting to hear the rest, and his voice was as strange as his pale face. "I don't know why I 've come, but I—I just wanted to. He 's dead!"



"Your father?" Marco stammered. "He 's—" "He 's dead," The Rat answered shakily. "I told you he 'd kill himself. He had another fit and he died in it. I knew he would, one of these days. I told him so. He knew he would himself. I stayed with him till he was dead—and then I got a bursting headache and I felt sick—and I thought about you."

Marco made a jump at him because he saw he was suddenly shaking as if he were going to fall. He was just in time, and Lazarus, who had been looking on from the back of the passage, came forward. Together they held him up.

"I 'm not going to faint," he said weakly, "but I felt as if I was. It was a bad fit, and I had to try and hold him. I was all by myself. The people in the other attic thought he was only drunk, and they would n't come in. He 's lying on the floor there, dead."

"Come and see my father," Marco said. "He 'll tell us what to do. Lazarus, help him."

"I can get on by myself," said The Rat. "Do you see my crutches? I did something for a pawnbroker last night, and he gave them to me for pay."

But though he tried to speak carelessly, he had plainly been horribly shaken and overwrought. His queer face was yellowish white still, and he was trembling a little.

Marco led the way into the back sitting-room. In the midst of its shabby gloom and under the dim light Loristan was standing in one of his still, attentive attitudes. He was waiting for them.

"Father, this is The Rat," the boy began. The Rat stopped short and rested on his crutches, staring at the tall, reposeful figure with widened eyes.

"Is that your father?" he said to Marco. And then added, with a jerky half-laugh, "He 's not much like mine, is he?"

## CHAPTER X

### THE RAT—AND SAMAVIA

WHAT The Rat thought when Loristan began to speak to him, Marco wondered. Suddenly he stood in an unknown world, and it was Loristan who made it so because its poverty and shabbiness had no power to touch him. He looked at the boy with calm and clear eyes, he asked him practical questions gently, and it was plain that he understood many things without asking questions at all. Marco thought that perhaps he had, at some time, seen drunken men die, in his life in strange places. He seemed to know the terribleness of the night through which The Rat had passed. He made him sit down, and he or-

dered Lazarus to bring him some hot coffee and simple food.

"Have n't had a bite since yesterday," The Rat said, still staring at him. "How did you know I had n't?"

"You have not had time," Loristan answered.

Afterward he made him lie down on the sofa.

"Look at my clothes," said The Rat.

"Lie down and sleep," Loristan replied, putting his hand on his shoulder and gently forcing him toward the sofa. "You will sleep a long time. You must tell me how to find the place where your father died, and I will see that the proper authorities are notified."

"What are you doing it for?" The Rat asked, and then he added, "sir."

"Because I am a man and you are a boy. And this is a terrible thing," Loristan answered him.

He went away without saying more, and The Rat lay on the sofa staring at the wall and thinking about it until he fell asleep. But, before this happened, Marco had quietly left him alone. So, as Loristan had told him he would, he slept deeply and long; in fact, he slept through all the night.

WHEN he awakened it was morning, and Lazarus was standing by the side of the sofa looking down at him.

"You will want to make yourself clean," he said. "It must be done."

"Clean!" said The Rat, with his squeaky laugh. "I could n't keep clean when I had a room to live in, and now where am I to wash myself?" He sat up and looked about him.

"Give me my crutches," he said. "I 've got to go. They 've let me sleep here all night. They did n't turn me into the street. I don't know why they did n't. Marco's father—he 's the right sort. He looks like a swell."

"The Master," said Lazarus, with a rigid manner, "the Master is a great gentleman. He would turn no tired creature into the street. He and his son are poor, but they are of those who give. He desires to see and talk to you again. You are to have bread and coffee with him and the young Master. But it is I who tell you that you cannot sit at table with them until you are clean. Come with me," and he handed him his crutches. His manner was authoritative, but it was the manner of a soldier; his somewhat stiff and erect movements were those of a soldier, also, and The Rat liked them because they made him feel as if he were in barracks. He did not know what was going to happen, but he got up and followed him on his crutches.

Lazarus took him to a closet under the stairs

where a battered tin bath was already full of hot water, which the old soldier himself had brought in pails. There were soap and coarse, clean towels on a wooden chair, and also there was a much worn but cleanly suit of clothes.

"Put these on when you have bathed," Lazarus

full of clean hot water and to splash and scrub with a big piece of flannel and plenty of soap was a marvelous thing. The Rat's tired body responded to the novelty with a curious feeling of freshness and comfort.

"I dare say swells do this every day," he mut-



"'THIS IS VERY WONDERFUL!' LORISTAN SAID AT LAST."

ordered, pointing to them. "They belong to young Master and will be large for you, but they will be better than your own." And then he went out of the closet and shut the door.

It was a new experience for The Rat. So long as he remembered, he had washed his face and hands—when he had washed them at all—at an iron tap set in the wall of a back street or court in some slum. His father and himself had long ago sunk into the world where to wash one's self is not a part of every-day life. They had lived amid dirt and foulness, and when his father had been in a maudlin state, he had sometimes cried and talked of the long-past days when he had shaved every morning and put on a clean shirt.

To stand even in the most battered of tin baths

tered. "I 'd do it myself if I was a swell. Soldiers have to keep themselves so clean they shine."

When, after making the most of his soap and water, he came out of the closet under the stairs, he was as fresh as Marco himself; and, though his clothes had been built for a more stalwart body, his recognition of their cleanliness filled him with pleasure. He wondered if by any effort he could keep himself clean when he went out into the world again and had to sleep in any hole the police did not order him out of.

He wanted to see Marco again, but he wanted more to see the tall man with the soft dark eyes and that queer look of being a swell in spite of his shabby clothes and the dingy place he lived in. There was something about him which made



you keep on looking at him, and wanting to know what he was thinking of, and why you felt as if you'd take orders from him as you'd take orders from your general, if you were a soldier. He looked, somehow, like a soldier, but as if he were something more—as if people had taken orders from him all his life, and always would take orders from him. And yet he had that quiet voice and those fine, easy movements, and he was not a soldier at all, but only a poor man who wrote things for papers which did not pay him well enough to give him and his son a comfortable living. Through all the time of his seclusion with the battered bath and the soap and water, The Rat thought of him, and longed to have another look at him and hear him speak again. He did not see any reason why he should have let him sleep on his sofa or why he should give him a breakfast before he turned him out to face the world. It was first-rate of him to do it. The Rat felt that when he was turned out, after he had had the coffee, he should want to hang about the neighborhood just on the chance of seeing him pass by sometimes. He did not know what he was going to do. The parish officials would by this time have taken his dead father, and he would not see him again. He did not want to see him again. He had never seemed like a father. They had never cared anything for each other. He had only been a wretched outcast whose best hours had been when he had drunk too much to be violent and brutal. Perhaps, The Rat thought, he would be driven to going about on his platform on the pavements and begging, as his father had tried to force him to do. Could he sell newspapers? What could a crippled lad do unless he begged or sold papers?

Lazarus was waiting for him in the passage. The Rat held back a little.

"Perhaps they'd rather not eat their breakfast with me," he hesitated. "I'm not—I'm not the kind they are. I could swallow the coffee out here and carry the bread away with me. And you could thank him for me. I'd want him to know I thanked him."

Lazarus also had a steady eye. The Rat realized that he was looking him over as if he were summing him up.

"You may not be the kind they are, but you may be of a kind the Master sees good in. If he did not see something, he would not ask you to sit at his table. You are to come with me."

The Squad had seen good in The Rat, but no one else had. Policemen had moved him on whenever they set eyes on him, the wretched women of the slums had regarded him as they regarded his darting, thieving namesake; loafing

or busy men had seen in him a young nuisance to be kicked or pushed out of the way. The Squad had not called "good" what they saw in him. They would have yelled with laughter if they had heard any one else call it so. "Goodness" was not considered an attraction in their world.

The Rat grinned a little and wondered what was meant, as he followed Lazarus into the back sitting-room.

It was as dingy and gloomy as it had looked the night before, but by the daylight The Rat saw how rigidly neat it was, how well swept and free from any speck of dust, how the poor windows had been cleaned and polished, and how everything was set in order. The coarse linen cloth on the table was fresh and spotless, so was the cheap crockery, the spoons shone with brightness.

Loristan was standing on the hearth and Marco was near him. They were waiting for their vagabond guest as if he had been a gentleman.

The Rat hesitated and shuffled at the door for a moment, and then it suddenly occurred to him to stand as straight as he could and salute. When he found himself in the presence of Loristan, he felt as if he ought to do something, but he did not know what.

Loristan's recognition of his gesture and his expression as he moved forward lifted from The Rat's shoulders a load which he himself had not known lay there. Somehow he felt as if something new had happened to him, as if he were not mere "vermin," after all, as if he need not be on the defensive—even as if he need not feel so much in the dark, and like a thing there was no place in the world for. The mere straight and far-seeing look of this man's eyes seemed to make a place somewhere for what he looked at. And yet what he said was quite simple.

"This is well," he said. "You have rested. We will have some food, and then we will talk together." He made a slight gesture in the direction of the chair at the right hand of his own place.

The Rat hesitated again. What a swell he was! With that wave of the hand he made you feel as if you were a fellow like himself, and he was doing you some honor.

"I'm not—" The Rat broke off and jerked his head toward Marco. "He knows—" he ended, "I've never sat at a table like this before."

"There is not much on it." Loristan made the slight gesture toward the right-hand seat again and smiled. "Let us sit down."

The Rat obeyed him and the meal began. There were only bread and coffee and a little butter before them. But Lazarus presented the cups and

plates on a small japanned tray as if it were a golden salver. When he was not serving, he stood upright behind his master's chair, as though he wore royal livery of scarlet and gold. To the boy who had gnawed a bone or munched a crust wheresoever he found them, and with no thought but of the appeasing of his own wolfish hunger, to watch the two with whom he sat eat their simple food was a new thing. He knew nothing of the every-day decencies of civilized people. The Rat liked to look at them, and he found himself trying to hold his cup as Loristan did, and to sit and move as Marco was sitting and moving—taking his bread or butter, when it was held at his side by Lazarus, as if it were a simple thing to be waited upon. Marco had had things handed to him all his life, and it did not make him feel awkward. The Rat knew that his own father had once lived like this. He himself would have been at ease if chance had treated him fairly. It made him scowl to think of it.

But in a few minutes Loristan began to talk about the copy of the map of Samavia. Then The Rat forgot everything else and was ill at ease no more. He did not know that Loristan was leading him on to explain his theories about the country and the people and the war. He found himself telling all that he had read, or overheard, or *thought* as he lay awake in his garret. He had thought out a great many things in a way not at all like a boy's. His strangely concentrated and over-mature mind had been full of military schemes which Loristan listened to with curiosity and also with amazement. He had become extraordinarily clever in one direction because he had fixed all his mental powers on one thing. It seemed scarcely natural that an untaught vagabond lad should know so much and reason so clearly. It was at least extraordinarily interesting. There had been no skirmish, no attack, no battle which he had not led and fought in his own imagination, and he had made scores of rough queer plans of all that had been or should have been done. Lazarus listened as attentively as his master, and once Marco saw him exchange a startled, rapid glance with Loristan. It was at a moment when The Rat was sketching with his finger on the cloth an attack which *ought* to have been made but was not. And Marco knew at once that the quickly exchanged look meant "He is right! If it had been done, there would have been victory instead of disaster!"

It was a wonderful meal though it was only of bread and coffee. The Rat knew he should never be able to forget it.

Afterward, Loristan told him of what he had

done the night before. He had seen the parish authorities and all had been done which a city government provides in the case of a pauper's death. His father would be buried in the usual manner. "We will follow him," Loristan said in the end. "You and I and Marco and Lazarus."

The Rat's mouth fell open.

"You—and Marco—and Lazarus!" he exclaimed, staring. "And me! Why should any of us go? I don't want to. He would n't have followed me if I'd been the one."

Loristan remained silent for a few moments.

"When a life has counted for nothing, the end of it is a lonely thing," he said at last. "If it has forgotten all respect for itself, pity is all that one has left to give. One would like to give *something* to anything so lonely." He said the last brief sentence after a pause.

"Let us go," Marco said suddenly; and he caught The Rat's hand.

The Rat's own movement was sudden. He slipped from his crutches to a chair, and sat and gazed at the worn carpet as if he were not looking at it at all, but at something a long way off. After a while he looked up at Loristan.

"Do you know what I thought of, all at once?" he said in a shaky voice. "I thought of that 'Lost Prince' one. He only lived once. Perhaps he did n't live a long time. Nobody knows. But it's five hundred years ago, and, just because he was the kind he was, every one that remembers him thinks of something fine. It's queer, but it does you good just to hear his name. And if he has been training kings for Samavia all these centuries—they may have been poor and nobody may have known about them, but they've been *kings*. That's what *he* did—just by being alive a few years. When I think of him and then think of—the other—there's such an awful difference that—yes—I'm sorry. For the first time. I'm his son and I can't care about him; but he's too lonely—I want to go."

So it was that when the forlorn derelict was carried to the graveyard where nameless burdens on the city were given to the earth, a curious funeral procession followed him. There were two tall and soldierly looking men and two boys, one of whom walked on crutches, and behind them were ten other boys who walked two by two. These ten were a queer, ragged lot; but they had respectfully sober faces, held their heads and their shoulders well, and walked with a remarkably regular marching step.

It was the Squad; but they had left their "rifles" at home.

(To be continued.)





BY M. H. CHURCH

GIRAFFES are funny animals,  
They are so straight and tall;  
I wish I had a good one  
To come whene'er I call.  
I'd bring him to my window,—  
His head would reach the ledge.  
When I was dressed for breakfast,  
I'd climb out on the edge,  
Then, wrapping my arms around him,  
Down to the ground I'd glide,  
For with a neck like that he'd make  
A good toboggan-slide.

# THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

## CHAPTER III

### AMATEUR DETECTIVES

WHILE Cynthia was bending over her desk during study-hour, struggling with a hopelessly entangled account in Latin of Cæsar and his Gallic Wars, her next neighbor thrust a note into her hand. Glad of any diversion, she opened it and read:

This afternoon for the B. U. H. How much pocket-money have you?

J.

Cynthia had no difficulty in guessing the meaning of the initials, but she could not imagine what pocket-money had to do with the matter, so she wrote back:

All right. Only thirty cents. More next week.

C.

She passed it along to Joyce at the other end of the room, and returned to Cæsar in a more cheerful frame of mind. Joyce, she knew, would explain all mysteries later, and she was content to wait.

Almost a week had passed since the first adventure of the Boarded-up House, and nothing further had happened. Joyce and Cynthia were healthy, normal girls, full of interests connected with their school, with outdoor affairs, and with social life, so they had much to occupy them beside this curious quest on which they had become engaged. A fraternity meeting had occupied one afternoon, dancing-school another, a tramping-excursion a third, and so on through the ensuing week. Not once, however, in the midst of all these outside interests, had they forgotten their strange adventure. When they were alone together they talked of it incessantly, and laid elaborate plans for future amateur detective work.

"It's just like a story!" Joyce would exclaim. "And who would ever have thought of a *story* in that old, Boarded-up House. And *us* in the midst of it!" Cynthia's first question that afternoon, on the way home from high school, was:

"What did you ask about pocket-money for? I'm down pretty low on my allowance, but I don't see what that's got to do with things." Joyce laughed.

"Well, I'm lower yet—ten cents to last till the month's out! But has n't it struck you that we've got to have *candles*—plenty of them—and matches, and a couple of candlesticks at least? How else can we ever get about the place, pitch-dark as it all is? And if we tried to get them from home, some one would suspect right away."

"Ten cents' worth of candles ought to last us quite a while," began the practical Cynthia; "and ten cents more will buy a whole package of safety-matches. And for five cents we can get a candlestick, but we'd better stop at *one* for the present, or we won't have a cent left between us! Let's get them right now." While they were making their purchases, Cynthia had another idea.

"I'll tell you what, Joyce, I'm going to take along a dust-cloth and clean up around the window where we get in. My sweater was just black with dirt and cobwebs last time, and Mother *almost* insisted on an explanation. Fortunately she was called away for something, just then, and afterward did n't think of it. I've washed the sweater since!"

"Good idea!" assented Joyce. "Momsie wanted to know how I'd torn mine and got it so mussy, too. I told her I'd been chasing up Goliath,—which was really quite true, you know."

"I never *can* think of things to say that will be the truth and yet not give the whole thing away!" sighed the downright Cynthia. "I wish I were as quick as you!"

"Never mind! You've got the *sense*, Cynthia! I never would have thought of the dust-cloth."

Getting into the Boarded-up House this time was accompanied by less difficulty than the first. Before entering, Cynthia thoroughly dusted the window-ledge and as far about it as she could reach, with the result that there was less, if any, damage to their clothes. Armed as they were with plenty of candles and matches, there were no shudders either, nor fears of the unknown and the dark. Even Cynthia was keen for the quest, and Joyce was simply bursting with new ideas, some of which she expounded to Cynthia as they were lighting their candles in the cellar.

"You know, Cyn, I've been looking at the place carefully from the outside. We have n't seen a third of it yet,—no, not even a *quarter*!



There 's the wing off the parlor toward your house, and the one off the dining-room toward mine. I suppose the kitchen must be in that one, but I can't think what 's in the other, unless it 's a library. We must see these to-day. And then there 's all up-stairs."

"What I want to see most of all is the picture you spoke of that hangs in the parlor," said Cynthia. "Do you suppose we could turn it around?"

"Oh, I 'd love to, only I don't know whether we ought! And it 's heavy, too. I hardly think we could. Perhaps we might just try to peep behind it. You know, Cynthia, I realize we 're doing something a little *queer* being in this house and prying about. I 'm not sure our folks would approve of it. Only the old thing has been left *so* long, and there 's such a mystery about it, and we 're not harming or disturbing anything, that perhaps it is n't so dreadful. Anyhow, we must be *very* careful not to pry into anything we ought not touch. Perhaps then it will be all right." Cynthia agreed to all this without hesitation. She, indeed, had even stronger feelings than Joyce on the subject of their trespassing, but the joy of the adventure and the mystery with which they were surrounding it, outweighed her scruples. When they were half-way up the cellar steps, Joyce, who was ahead, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, the door is open! Probably we left it so in our hurry the other day. We must be more careful, after this, and leave everything as we find it." They tiptoed along the hall with considerably more confidence than on their former visit, pausing to hold their candles up to the pictures, and peeping for a moment into the curiously disarranged dining-room.

But they entered the drawing-room first and stood a long while before the fireplace, gazing up at the picture's massive frame and its challenging wooden back. A heavy, ropelike cord with large silk tassels attached the picture to its hook, and the cord was twisted, as though some one had turned the picture about without stopping to readjust it.

"How strange!" murmured Cynthia. But Joyce had been looking at something else.

"Do you see that big chair with its back close to the mantel?" she exclaimed. "I 've been wondering why it stands in that position with its back to the fireplace. There was a fire there. You can tell by the ashes and that half-burned log. Well, don't you see? Some one pulled that chair close to the mantel, stepped on it, and turned the picture face to the wall. Now, I wonder why!"

"But look here!" cried Cynthia. "If some one

else stood up there and turned the picture around, why could n't we do the same? We could turn it back after we 'd seen it, could n't we?" Joyce thought it over a moment.

"I 'll tell you, Cynthia (and I suppose you 'll think me *queer*!), there are two reasons why I 'd rather not do it right now. In the first place, that silk cord it 's hanging by may be awfully rotten after all these years, and if we touch it, the whole thing may fall. And then, somehow, I sort of like to keep the mystery about that picture till a little later,—till we 've seen the rest of the house and begun 'putting two and two together.' Would n't you?" Cynthia agreed, as she was usually likely to do, and Joyce added:

"Now let 's see what 's in the next room. The door of it opens right into this." Bent on further discovery, they opened the closed door carefully. It was, as Joyce had guessed, a library. Bookshelves completely filled three sides of the room. A long library table with an old-fashioned reading-lamp stood in the middle. The fourth side of the room was practically devoted to another huge fireplace, and over the mantel hung another portrait. It was of a beautiful young woman, and before it the girls stopped, fascinated, to gaze a long while.

There was little or nothing in this room to indicate that any strange happening had transpired here. A few books were strewn about as though they had been pulled out and thrown down hastily, but that was all. The one thing that attracted most strongly was the portrait of the beautiful woman—she seemed scarcely more than a girl—over the fireplace. The two explorers turned to gaze at it afresh.

"There 's one thing I 've noticed about it that 's different from the others," said Joyce, thoughtfully. "It 's fresher and more—more modern than the rest of the portraits in the drawing-room and hall. Don't you think so?" Cynthia did.

"And look at her dress, those long, full sleeves and the big, bulging skirt! That 's different, too. And then her hair, not high and powdered and all fussed up, but low and parted smooth and drawn down over her ears, and that dear little wreath of tiny roses! And, oh, Cynthia, is n't she beautiful with those big, brown eyes! Somehow I feel as if I just loved her—she 's such a *darling*! And I believe she had more to do with the queer things in this house than any of those other dead-and-alive picture-ladies. Tell you what! We 'll go to the public library to-morrow and get out a big book on costumes of the different centuries that I saw there once. Then, by looking up this one, we can tell just about what time she lived. What do you say?"

"As usual, you 've thought of just the thing to do. I never would have," murmured Cynthia, still gazing at the picture of the lovely lady. Suddenly Joyce started nervously:

sound, a strange, indefinable one like a soft tiptoeing at long intervals, and even a curious, hoarse breathing. Something was certainly outside in the drawing-room.

"What shall we *do?*" breathed Cynthia. "We can't get out of here without passing through that room! Oh, Joyce!" They listened again. The sound appeared to be approaching the door. It was, without doubt, a soft tiptoeing step. Suddenly there was the noise of a chair scraping on the floor as though it had been accidentally brushed against. Both girls were now numb with terror. They were caught as in a trap. There was no escape. They could only wait in racking suspense where they were.

As they stared with the fascination of horror, the partially open door was pushed farther open and a dim gray form glided around its edge. Joyce clutched Cynthia, gave one little shriek, half-relief and half-laughter, and gasped:

"Oh, Cynthia! *It's Goliath!*"

#### CHAPTER IV

##### THE ROOM OF MYSTERY

It was, indeed, Goliath. He was an enormous cat, and his purr was as oversized as his body. That was the hoarse sound that they had thought was heavy breathing. His footfalls too could be distinctly heard when all else was quiet, and he had evidently rubbed against some light article of furniture in the outer room and moved it. In the reaction of relief, Cynthia seized Goliath, sat down on the floor, and—cried! having first deposited her candlestick carefully on the table. Joyce did quite the opposite, and laughed hysterically for several minutes. The tension of suspense and terror had been very real.

"How *did* he get in here?" sobbed Cynthia, at length.

"Why, through the window, of course. And he must have been in before we came. Don't you remember, we found the door at the head of the cellar steps open? I closed it when we came up, so he could n't have got here afterward." Joyce bent down and scratched Goliath's fat jowls, at which he purred the louder.

"Well, let 's let him stay, since he 's here," sighed Cynthia, wiping her eyes. "He 'll be sort of company!" So Goliath was allowed to remain, and the two girls, escorted by him, proceeded on their voyage of discovery. Back across the drawing-room and hall they went, and



"THEY STARED WITH THE FASCINATION OF HORROR."

"Hush! Do you hear anything? I'm almost certain I heard a sound in the other room!" They both fell to listening intently. Yes, there *was* a



through the dining-room. There for a moment they stood, surveying anew the curious scene.

"Does it strike you as strange," Joyce demanded suddenly, "that there's no silver here, no knives, forks, spoons, sugar-bowls, or—or anything of that kind? Yet everything else in china or glass is left. What do you make of it?"

"Somebody got in and stole it," ventured Cynthia.

"Nonsense! Nobody's been here since, except ourselves, that's perfectly plain. No, the people must have stopped long enough to collect it and put it away,—or take it with them. Cynthia, why do you suppose they left in such a hurry?" But Cynthia, the unimaginative, was equally unable to answer this query satisfactorily, so she only replied:

"I don't know, I'm sure!"

A room, however, beyond the dining-room was awaiting their inspection. In a corner of the latter, two funny little steps led up to a door, and on opening it, they found themselves in the kitchen. This bore signs of as much confusion as the neighboring apartment. Unwashed dishes and cooking utensils lay all about, helter-skelter, some even broken, in the hurry with which they had been handled. But, apart from this further indication of the haste with which a meal had been abandoned unfinished, there was little to hold the interest, and the girls soon turned away.

"Now for up-stairs!" cried Joyce. "That's where I've been longing to get. We will find something interesting there, I'll warrant." With Goliath scampering ahead, they climbed the white, mahogany-railed staircase. On the upper floor they found a wide hall corresponding with the one below, running from front to back, crossed by a narrower one connecting the wings with the main part of the house. Turning to their left, they went down the narrow one, peering about them eagerly. The doors of several bedrooms stood open.

Into the first they entered. The high, old-fashioned, four-post bed with its ruffled valance and tester was still smoothly made up and undisturbed. The room was in perfect order. But Joyce's eye was caught by two candlesticks standing on the mantel.

"Here's a find!" she announced. "We'll take these to use for our candles. They're nicer and handier than our tin one. We will keep that for an emergency."

"But ought we disturb them?" questioned Cynthia.

"Oh, you are *too* particular! What earthly harm can it do? Here! Take this one and I'll carry the other. This must have been a guest-

room, and no one was occupying it when—it all happened. Let's look in the one across the hall." This one also proved precisely similar, bed untouched and furniture undisturbed. Another, close at hand, had the same appearance. They next ventured down a narrower hall, over what was evidently the kitchen wing. On each side were bedrooms, four in all, with sparse, plain furnishings and cot-beds. Each room presented a tumbled, unkempt appearance.

"I guess these must have been the servants' rooms," remarked Cynthia.

"That's the first right guess you've made!" retorted Joyce, good-naturedly, as she glanced about. "And they all left in a hurry, too, judging from the way things are strewn about. I wonder—"

"What?" cried Cynthia, impatient at the long pause.

"Oh, nothing much! I just wonder whether they went off of their own accord, or were dismissed. I can't tell. But one thing I can guess pretty plainly—they went right after the dinner-party and did n't stay over another night. 'Cause why? Most of their beds are made, and they left everything in a muss down-stairs. But come along. This is n't particularly interesting. I want to get to the other end of the hall. Something different's over there!" They turned and retraced their steps, emerging from the servants' quarters and passing again the rooms they had already examined.

On the other side of the main hall they entered an apartment that was not a bedroom, but appeared to have been used as a sitting-room and for sewing. An old-fashioned sewing-table stood near one window. Two chairs and another table were heaped with material and with garments in various stages of completion. An open work-box held dust-covered spools. But still there was nothing special in the room to challenge interest, and Joyce pulled her companion across the hall toward another partially open door.

They had scarcely been in it long enough to illuminate it with the pale flames of their candles, before they realized that they were very near the heart of the mystery. It was another bedroom, the largest so far, and its aspect was very different from that of the others. The high four-poster was tossed and tumbled, not, however, as though by a night's sleep, but more as though some one had lain upon it just as it was, twisting and turning restlessly. Two trunks stood on the floor, open and partially packed. One seemed to contain household linen, once fine and dainty and white, now yellowed and covered with the dust of years. The other brimmed with clothing, a

woman's, all frills and laces and silks; and a great hoop-skirt, collapsed, lay on the floor alongside. Neither of the girls could, for the moment, guess what it was, this queer arrangement of wires and tape. But Joyce went over and picked it up, when it fell into shape as she held it at arm's-length. Then they knew.

"I have an idea!" cried Joyce. "This hoop-skirt, or crinoline, I think they used to call it, gave it to me. Cynthia, we must be in the room belonging to the lovely lady whose picture hangs in the library."

"How do you know?" queried Cynthia.

"I don't *know*, I just suspect it. But perhaps we will find something that proves it later." She held the candle over one of the trunks and peered in. "Dresses, hats, waists," she enumerated. "Oh, how queer and old-fashioned they all seem!" Suddenly, with a little cry of triumph, she leaned over and partially pulled out an elaborate silk dress.

"Look! look! what did I tell you! Here is the very dress of the picture-lady, this queer, changeable silk, these big sleeves, and the velvet sewed on in a funny criss-cross pattern! *Now* will you believe me?"

Truly, Cynthia could no longer doubt. It was the identical dress, beyond question. The portrait must have been painted when the garment was new. They felt that at last they had taken a long step in the right direction by thus identifying this room as belonging to the lovely lady of the portrait down-stairs. Joy grew so excited that she could hardly contain a "hurrah," and Cynthia was not far behind her in enthusiasm. But the room had further details to be examined.

An open fireplace showed traces of letters having been torn up and burned. Little, half-charred scraps with faint writing still lay scattered on the hearth. On the dressing-table, articles of the

toilet were littered about, and a pair of candlesticks were set close to the mirror. (There were, by the way, no traces of *candles* about the house. Mice had doubtless carried off every vestige of such, long since.) A great wardrobe stood in



"HERE IS THE VERY DRESS OF THE PICTURE-LADY!"

one corner, the open doors of which revealed some garments still hanging on the pegs, woolen dresses mostly, reduced now to little more than rags through the ravages of moths and mice and time. Near the bed stood a pair of dainty, high-heeled satin slippers, forgotten through the years. Everywhere a hasty departure was indicated, so hasty, as Joyce remarked, "that the lady decided probably not to take her trunks, after all, but left, very likely, with only a hand-bag!"



"And now," cried Joyce, the irrepressible, "we 've seen everything in this room. Let 's hurry to look at the last one on this floor. That 's right over the library, I think, at the end of the hall. We 've discovered a lot here, but I 've a notion that we 'll find the best of all in there!" As they were leaving the room, Goliath, who had curled himself upon a soft rug before the fireplace, rose, stretched himself, yawned widely, and prepared to follow, wherever they led.

"Does n't he seem at home here!" laughed Cynthia. "I hope he will come every time we do. He makes things seem more natural, somehow." They reached the end of the hall, and Joyce fumbled for the handle, this door, contrary to the usual rule, being shut. Then, for the first time in the course of their adventures in the Boarded-up House, they found themselves before an insurmountable barrier.

The door was locked!

(To be continued)

## KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE

BY HELEN MARSHALL PRATT

IN the Great Hall of Winchester Castle there hangs, on the east wall, the top of a very old round table known for centuries as Arthur's Round Table. According to the tradition, it was

The table itself is made of stout oak planks, is eighteen feet across, and it is painted in twenty-five sections, with a rose, the emblem of England, at the center of the sections. At the head of the

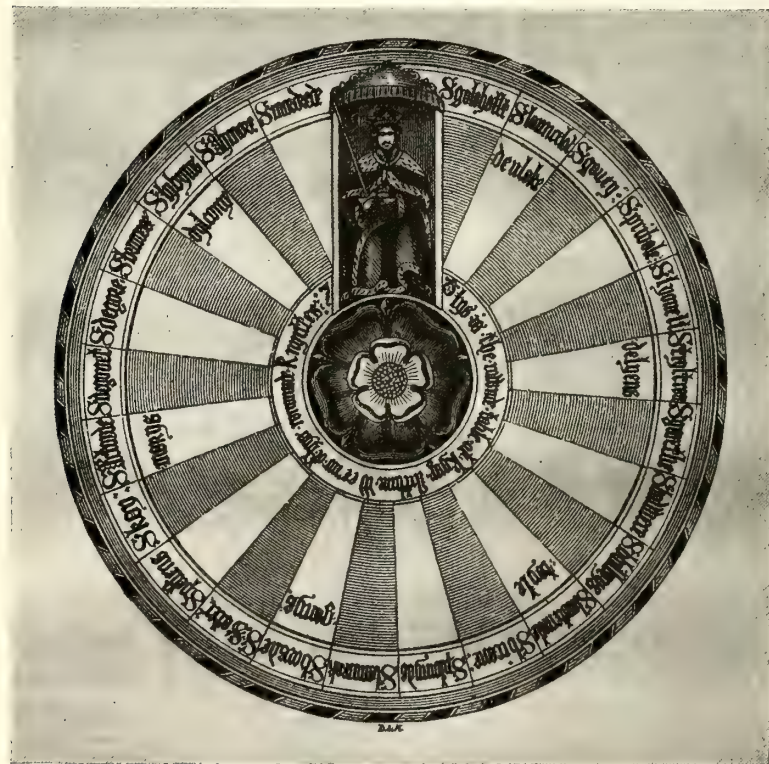
table is represented the king, Arthur, on a canopied throne, in his royal robes, and bearing in his hands the orb and scepter, emblems of royalty. In each of the remaining twenty-four sections is painted the name of one of the king's knights of the "Table Round," Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, Sir Bors de Ganis, and others.

No one knows exactly how old this table at Winchester Castle is. So long ago as 1522, when the Emperor Charles V visited Winchester with Henry VIII, the table was considered an ancient relic and highly prized. So we are safe in concluding that it is more than four centuries old, and not improbably, nearly twice that.

The Great Hall in which it hangs, originally built by William the Conqueror, was rebuilt in 1222 by King Henry III, the builder of Westminster Abbey, who was born in a chamber of this castle. The

given by the king himself to the town of Camelot, "that is called in English, Winchester."

table may be of this date or even older. The present painting is of the time of Henry VIII.



THE ROUND TABLE.





THE GREAT HALL OF WINCHESTER CASTLE, WITH THE ROUND TABLE ON THE WALL.

The original table was built, as is well known, in order to settle the question of precedence among the high-spirited knights; for at a round table each place was of equal honor with every other place. The story says that many were the physical encounters between the knights, each claiming the head of the table, until this plan was

devised; and that as soon as the round table was used, they became very peaceable, and each man strove for the honor and advancement of the other.

The table at Winchester is perforated with many bullet holes shot into it by soldiers during the civil war in the time of King Charles I.



"MANY WERE THE PHYSICAL ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN THE KNIGHTS."





It was over a hundred and thirty years ago. The opposite neighbor of the Beethovens, who was standing in front of his comfortable home, saw Ludwig, Carl, and Johann Beethoven turn in at their gate and bravely help their staggering father up the steps. He watched them solemnly. "Herr van Beethoven has been drinking again," he thought. Many times after that he saw the same sight—the three Beethoven boys almost lifting that sagging burden into the house.

But what wonderful music came through the open door of the house across the way! At his best, Herr van Beethoven sang beautifully. Ludwig, when he was only four, had sat in his father's lap at the harpsichord, rapt not in the fascination of flying fingers, but in satisfied love of the music. Then Herr van Beethoven had stopped, and, letting the baby hands take their turn on the cold, white keys, had felt with a thrilling, bounding confidence that no ordinary child touched the instrument. Out of it stole the same melody that he had played. And so, when Ludwig was only four or five, his father began his musical training; when he was nine years old, a big man named Pfeiffer, who lived with the Beethovens, gave him regular lessons. As the oldest son and a possible genius, Ludwig was to have his chance. While the Beethoven boys were playing, Herr Pfeiffer would come to the door and thunder, "*Ludwig, komm' ins Haus*"; and the child, sometimes crying, would stop his fun and stamp into the house to that dull practising. At times, they say, his teacher had to use something harsher than his big, harsh voice.

But once indoors, Ludwig was not miserable; he handled the keys with love. Sometimes Herr Pfeiffer would pick up a sweet-voiced flute, and,

standing there beside the boy, he too would play. And the people going by would stand still to listen, and perhaps even Carl and Johann would stop their games to listen, too, for they were German boys, and music made them happy.

One day, the neighbors learned that the Beethovens had sold their linen and their silver service; another day, that much of the furniture and tableware had been sold. Frau van Beethoven grew paler and paler, and the father kept on drinking. Sometimes Ludwig would go away to play at public concerts. At that time, no one knew that Herr van Beethoven, in order to gain a large audience, reported the child a year younger than he really was. He was such a little fellow for his age that this was easily believed. When, "aged six," he was advertised to give a series of concerts in Cologne, he was really seven. But he was only ten when he made a concert tour through Holland with his mother, and he was only fourteen when he was appointed assistant to the court organist.

People used to love to have him "describe the character of some well-known person" on the piano. He could do with the piano what a painter does with his brush.

Before Beethoven was out of his teens, his brave, good mother died. "There was once some one to hear me when I said, 'Mutter,'" thought the lonely boy. Soon after, his father, who was less than a cipher, lost his position through drink, and so Ludwig was made head of the family, with the weight of his brothers' education and all his father's debts.

Hoping to have his genius recognized and perhaps to take a few lessons, he went from Bonn to Vienna to play before the great Mozart. But

Mozart was absorbed in composing an opera; he did not want to be bothered. He looked at the short young man with the "snub nose," and thought little of him; heard him play, and still thought him commonplace. In fact, he believed that Beethoven had learned his pieces by heart just to show off. Then, on fire with disappointment, Beethoven asked Mozart to give him a subject, and, just as an author might make up a story on a given subject, he sat down and played a wonderful piece of music. The older genius was astounded. "This youth will some day make a noise in the world!" he exclaimed.

Before Beethoven was thirty, he began to grow deaf. Think of it! Think of a painter losing his sight; never again to see the changing beauty of cloud and river, the chasing light on a field of waving grain, or the sparkle in a baby's eyes. It was as heart-breaking for a musician to grow deaf as for a painter to be struck blind. "The noblest part of me, my sense of hearing, has become very weak," Beethoven wrote in sorrowing confidence. "Please keep as a great secret what I have told you about my hearing." Then followed years of torment mingled with terrible sensitiveness, even to the point of running away for fear people would learn that he was deaf, and show pity in their faces. It was not possible for him to say, "Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf." "A feeling of hot anxiety" overwhelmed him, and at the same time a pathetic wistfulness, when he thought that perhaps his companions could hear "a distant flute" or a "shepherd singing." When he went to concerts, he had to lean forward close to the orchestra to get the sound. This sealing of his dearest sense must have made him feel like "a house half ruined ere the lease be out."

With time, in spite of all his doctors, the humming in his ears grew worse. At last, deafness drove him to ear-trumpets and written conversations; saddest of all, he could no longer hear the sounds made by his own fingers on the piano.

It would be both impossible and misleading to systematize a life of Beethoven. Eccentric genius that he was, his life had next to no system. Though many of his days were much alike, domestic explosions of one kind or another broke into them and kept him harried and confused.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF LUDWIG VAN  
BEETHOVEN AT BONN, NOW THE  
BEETHOVEN MUSEUM.

We must think of him as seldom at peace. His youth was spent in the city of Bonn, his manhood in or near Vienna, with some of his summers at Baden. He never married, and he never had a home, in any real sense, though his great, affectionate heart would have dearly loved one.

Now fretted by small suspicions and petty wants, now upborne by the power of great emotion, he was a wonderful combination of pygmy



and giant. Judged by his letters, the veriest trifles made up life; judged by his music, life was too vast for our poor human groping. And so one person called him "a growling old bear"; another, "the cloud-compeller of the world of music." Almost as helpless as a child, in some respects, he expected his friends to look after all sorts of things: wrote to Ries for half a dozen sewing-needles, and to the ever patient Zmeskall for quills for his pens, a watch, the cost of re-vamp-



BEETHOVEN IN HIS YOUTH.

ing his servant's boots, and, at last, "Please send me for a few hours the looking-glass which hangs next to your window; mine is broken"; and even, "Send me at once your servant."

If ever a man needed a guardian, it was Beethoven. Wholesome Frau Streicher, the wife of one of his friends, did all she could to help him in his many domestic difficulties. "Yes, indeed," he wrote her, "all this housekeeping is still without keeping, and much resembles an *allegro di confusione*." To her the poor man turned for dusters, blankets, linen, scissors, knives, and servants; and to her he complained of having to "carry in his head so many pairs of trousers, stockings, shoes, etc."

"Man stands but little above other animals, if his chief enjoyments are limited to the table," Beethoven would often say. Under inspiration, for days together, he "forgot all about time and rest and food." On the other hand, when he did eat, he was particular. He generally made his own coffee for breakfast, allowing sixty beans to a cup, and counting them as precisely as if coffee were all important. Not only was he as fond of soup as are most other Germans, but he thought himself the highest authority on that great subject, and would argue hotly on the best

way to make it. "If Schindler had declared a bad soup good, after some time he would get a note to this effect: 'I do not value your judgment about the soup in the least, *it is bad*.'" or perhaps a savory sample to prove Beethoven's knowledge. Indeed, Germany's mighty composer made very superior soup!

"There is music in running water," says Van Dyke. To Beethoven there surely was; but his landladies must have regretted it. If, for any reason, Beethoven could not go out of doors, he had a way of creating inspiration in his room. He would go to the wash-bowl, "pour several jugs" of water over his wrists, and dabble there till his clothes were drenched. If this had been all, no one else would have cared; but often, in his absent-minded rapture, he poured out a great deal more water than the bowl would hold, and, before long, buxom old Frau von R—, who roomed below him, would find her ceiling dripping. To her there was no "music in running water," and she took pains to explain as much to the landlady. And then there would be one more change of lodging for Beethoven. Often, when he moved, he would leave part of his things behind, and sometimes he was paying for "two, three, and at one time four, dwelling-places at once."

One day, a ten-year-old boy was taken to see Beethoven, and this is his memory of the visit:

"We mounted five or six stories high . . . and were announced by a rather dirty-looking servant. In a very desolate room, with papers and articles of dress strewn in all directions, bare walls, a few chests, hardly a chair except the rickety one standing by the piano, there was a party of six or eight people. Beethoven was dressed in a jacket and trousers of long, dark goat's-hair, which at once reminded me of 'Robinson Crusoe,' which I had just been reading. He had a shock of jet-black hair, standing straight upright."

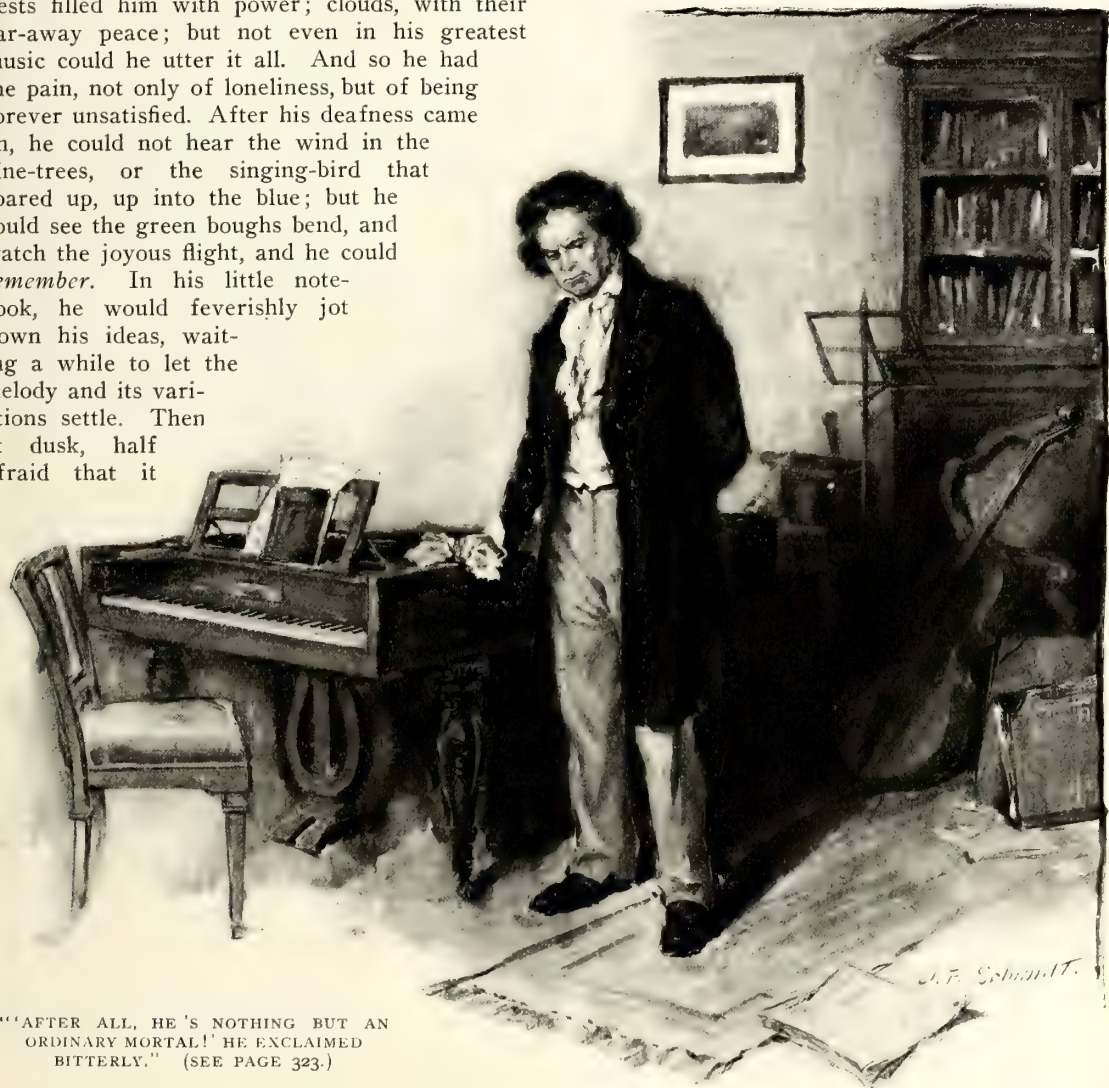
When Frau Streicher was in Baden, Beethoven wrote to her: "If you wander through the mysterious fir-forests, think it was there Beethoven often poetized, or, as it is called, composed." "Strolling among the mountain clefts and valleys," with a sheet of music-paper in his hand, he would "scribble a lot for the sake of bread and money—daub work for the sake of money," so that he might "stand the strain of a great work."

Never understood, that great, mysterious soul with its tremendous inner struggles must have suffered incurable loneliness. Indeed, Beethoven was twice solitary—through deafness and through greatness. In all seasons and in all weathers, beneath the open heavens, he sought society in

winds and lightning, as well as gurgling brooks and restful moonlight. Away into the woods he would go. The hurry of business, the clatter of wagons and of many feet—these things suffocated his inspiration. Solitude gave it life. Tempests filled him with power; clouds, with their far-away peace; but not even in his greatest music could he utter it all. And so he had the pain, not only of loneliness, but of being forever unsatisfied. After his deafness came on, he could not hear the wind in the pine-trees, or the singing-bird that soared up, up into the blue; but he could see the green boughs bend, and watch the joyous flight, and he could *remember*. In his little note-book, he would feverishly jot down his ideas, waiting a while to let the melody and its variations settle. Then at dusk, half afraid that it

symphony struggled for creation and release, and all the elements of earth and sky cried out to be immortalized in music.

God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;  
The rest may reason and welcome; 't is we musicians know.



"'AFTER ALL, HE'S NOTHING BUT AN ORDINARY MORTAL!' HE EXCLAIMED BITTERLY." (SEE PAGE 323.)

might all slip away, his hat gone and his bushy head bowed, he would stride home through the city streets, seeing and hearing no one, not even his best friends.

"Just Beethoven!" they would laugh, getting out of his mad way; "only his body is in the world!"—or some such thing. Though he had lost nothing in the woods but his hat, very likely strangers thought he had lost his wits. On the contrary, he had found a wonderful something that made his heart swell. In that heart a great

When Beethoven reached home, he dashed in, and, keeping his hat still on (if he *happened* not to have lost it) and throwing his coat anywhere, he rushed to the piano. There, leaning low over the keys, to catch all the beauty his deafness would allow, he played rapturously, not knowing who or where he was, not knowing, above all, that a crowd had gathered outside the forgotten open door to hear the great, free concert.

"He has three sets of apartments in which he alternately secretes himself," said a friend—"one



in the country, one in the town, and a third on the ramparts."

Just as his eccentricity scattered his servants and enraged his landladies, so it broke out to his friends, his orchestra, his pupils, in a hundred hot-headed actions.

His friends had to be very patient and believing. Von Breuning, Ries, and Schindler were repeatedly tested by his shifting trust and suspicion. There would be a terrible word-explosion or a letter of the never-speak-again kind, and then, "warm out of the heart," but in abominably illegible handwriting, would gush a little note begging for forgiveness and the same old place in their affections. It was a fragment of the child left in him. "I fly to you, . . . Your contrite, faithful, and loving friend, Beethoven." "I know I have rent thy heart." Then, after pages of penitent pleading, "Now perhaps thou wilt fly back into my arms." Notes of two successive days read: "Do not come any more to me. You are a false fellow," and "You are an honorable fellow . . . so come this afternoon to me." One day he calls Schindler "arch-scoundrel," later, "best of friends" or "trustworthy one, I kiss the hem of your coat." This is one unique invitation: "You can come to midday meal, bring your provisions with you—be ready—we are ready."

Once, in the middle of a public concert, when his orchestra had not pleased him, he stopped, quite as if he were giving a lesson, and shouted, "Begin again! From the beginning!" The orchestra obeyed. He never treated a lord with a whit more respect than a peasant. When Duke Raimer came late to his music-lesson, Beethoven revenged himself on the young man's fingers.

"Why are you so impatient?" asked the duke.

"You make me lose my time in the anteroom, and now I cannot get patient again," answered Beethoven. After that, Duke Raimer never kept him waiting. As we can imagine, the tediousness of counting his pupils' time wore terribly on the great composer. He did it for bread. But rather often he excused himself, on the ground of illness, from lessons to the Archduke Rudolph. "Your Imperial Highness," he called him, or oftener, "Y. I. H." The same old reason crept again and again into his profoundly respectful letters. We must remember, however, that Beethoven suffered for years from rheumatism, indigestion, and finally from dropsy. He seems never to have been really well.

Just as eccentric in public as in private, when he led an orchestra he would make himself smaller and smaller to compel softened sounds. Then, as he wanted the sounds louder, his head would "gradually rise up as if out of an abyss;

and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself on tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and, with both his arms floating about in undulating motion, seemed as if he would soar to the clouds. He was all motion, no part of him remained inactive."

Few things are more irritating to musical people than drifting attention. It is as if, sensitive to every thought and feeling, the power to play leaves the musician's hands if his listeners are not with him. A frivolous audience scattered the great Beethoven's inspiration like wind-blown leaves. And he could not recall it. As a rule, though, he did not care to; he gave way to justified impatience. One day, during a duet by Beethoven and Ries, some young people began to talk and laugh in the next room. Suddenly Beethoven stopped, grabbed Ries's hands from the piano, and sprang to his feet with an angry exclamation. And no one could persuade him to finish the piece.

"You prelude a great while; when are you going to begin?" was his tart comment when Himmer competed with him in improvising. It sounds bitter and conceited, but Beethoven was equally hearty in his appreciation, and in offers of assistance. "Truly in Schubert dwells a divine fire," he said. He admired the "scene-painting" of Rossini; but particularly the work of Mozart, Bach, and Handel. And he was unstinted in his praise of "The Messiah." "Handel is the greatest composer who ever lived," he sweepingly declared. One letter, practical, loving, tender, he wrote to help raise money for Bach's daughter, who was "aged and in want." He asked earnestly for help—"before this daughter of Bach dies, before this *brook* dries up, and we can no longer supply it with water." (Bach is German for brook.) Beethoven was apt to make puns in his letters, just as he was to begin them with a bar of music.

With his hands too full of his own work, he wrote, nobly and freely, "With pleasure, my dear Drieberg, will I look through your compositions, and if you think me able to say anything to you about them, I am heartily ready to do it." And he wrote to a little girl of eight or ten who "raved over him": "If, my dear Emilie, you at any time wish to know something, write without hesitation to me. The true artist is not proud; he unfortunately sees that art has no limits; he feels darkly how far he is from the goal. . . . I would, perhaps, rather come to you and your people than to many rich folks who display inward poverty."

Just such a democratic spirit as this ruled his life. Passion and pride moved him to all sorts of

unexpected acts. He refused to take off his hat to royalty. When his brother Johann wrote him a letter signed "Landowner," Beethoven signed his answer "Brain-owner." When he was asked in court to prove his right to his title of nobility, he said, raising his rough head grandly and flashing his brilliant little eyes, "My nobility is here and here," and he pointed to his head and

was spiritual. Not only did he long to lift the audience heavenward, but every one of the orchestra. His own feeling was so immense that he judged the best musical performance as nothing if it had no soul. "Read Shakspeare," he said to some one who wanted to play. Those who would interpret Beethoven must be full of poetry. For that reason, those who are mere piano gym-



Painted by Julius Schmidt.

By permission of The Berlin Photographic Co.

"SOLITUDE GAVE HIS INSPIRATION LIFE."

heart. In his warm hero-worship he had dreamed that Napoleon meant to make France a republic, and he intended to dedicate his "Heroic Symphony" to him. But, just as he was completing it, he heard that the emperor had been crowned. With mingled passion and disappointment, he tore off the title-page bearing the word "Bonaparte," and flung the whole thing to the floor. "After all, he's nothing but an ordinary mortal!" he exclaimed bitterly. And so, though the original manuscript still bears faint traces of the fallen hero's name, it was published merely: "To the Memory of a Great Man."

As Louis Nohl says, the march in this symphony gathers into one picture "the glad tramp of warlike hosts, the rhythm of trampling steeds, the waving of standards, and the sound of trumpets."

To Beethoven the greatest element in music

nasts, no matter how good, had better try shallower compositions.

There is the music of imitation and the music of feeling. One of Beethoven's early teachers had complained, in despair, "He will never do anything according to rule; he has learned nothing." But even then the young genius was *feeling* something no follower of rules could teach. Before him lay a conquest of sound so glorious that strong men would bow their heads and sob aloud at its power.

Like a mighty heart the music seemed,  
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak.

Sir George Grove said of Beethoven's "Funeral March," "If ever horns talked like flesh and blood, they do it here." That solemn march stirs us to the depths. But hard labor had gone hand in hand with feeling. Though Beethoven could



neither play nor write formally, he often worked for years on a piece of music, changing, cutting, and improving. They say that of his opera "Fidelio" he made as many as eighteen different versions.

He had the power of imitation, too, though that was not his greatest strength. As we can see the sunlight flash on the leaping fish in Schubert's "Trout," so we can see a heavenly shimmer in Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." His "Pastoral Symphony" carries us from the scene by the brook, through the gathering of the peasants, a



BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO.

thunder-storm, a shepherd's song, and a final rejoicing. We hear the murmur of the brook and the mutter of thunder; the violins make flashes of lightning; the flute, oboe, and clarinet mimic the nightingale, quail, and cuckoo. One part of the symphony pictures "a rustic merry-making, the awkward, good-natured gambols of peasants," and one old fellow who sits on a barrel and is able to play only three tones.

The great, lonely composer gave and craved much love. But no friend, no *one* ever held a place in his heart equal to his nephew Carl's. At eight, the boy had been left by his father's will to his Uncle Ludwig, and immediately that uncle assumed all a father's responsibility and love. His one great thought, aside from music, was Carl. Much of his music, even, was written to get money for the boy's education. We follow the uncle through all his early hopes. Believing he saw scientific genius "in the dear pledge entrusted" to him, he sent the boy to a fine school and gave him, besides, lessons in drawing,

French, and music. For years he chose him the best tutors, watched over him like a mother, and called him all kinds of pet names: "lovely lad," "my Carl," "dear little rascal," "best ragamuffin," "dear jewel," but, oftentimes of all, "my son." How willingly he adjusted his own program to suit the boy's convenience! He believed he found in the handsome little fellow all the things he longed for: honor, tenderness, affection; and he vowed to do his "best for him to the end of his life," and leave him everything after death.

To those who read Beethoven's letters, even the awful, increasing deafness seems less cruel than Carl's ingratitude. The empty-hearted fellow had no loyalty. As he grew older, he grew calculating and defiant. It is not too hard to say that he loved his uncle's money, not his uncle. At twenty, he was publicly expelled from the university, and later sent to prison, his uncle getting him out and securing him a commission in the army. With all this, the selfish nephew even begrudged Beethoven his society. The uncle, in his wistful loneliness, wrote him the most pathetic letters. "I should be so glad to have a human heart about me in my solitude," he said, touchingly.

How often the great composer must have looked from his sick-room window! The long days lagged by, and many suns set gloriously behind the trees; but Carl, beloved and longed for, did not come.

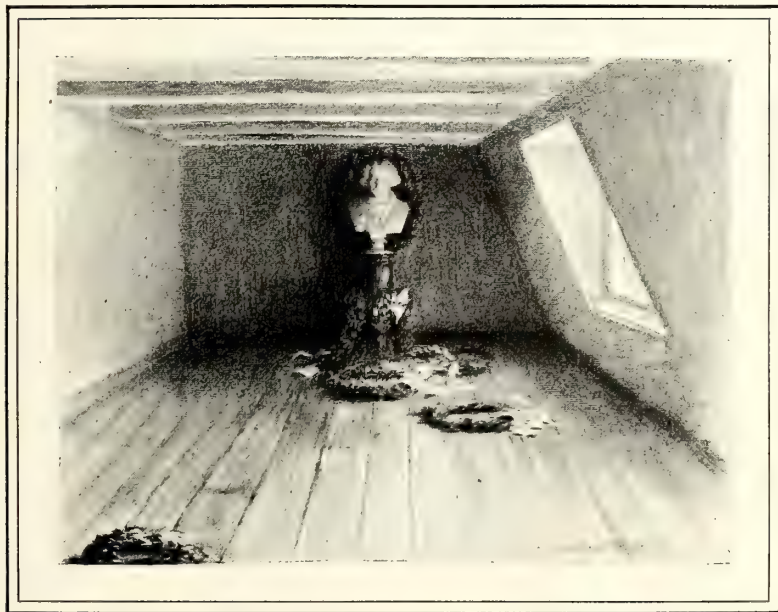
Meanwhile, "in his remote house on the hill," the "Solitary of the Mountain" fought out his final conquest. On his writing-table stood his framed motto: "I am all that is, all that was, and all that shall be; no mortal man hath my veil uplifted." "He had learned in suffering what he taught in song." His life had been one battle after another, all the way: the child Ludwig had begun by caring for a drunken father and shouldering big debts; the man had driven himself through humdrum lessons. Then came the approach of closing deafness, and, in the darkness of desperation, Beethoven had looked up and said, "Art, when persecuted, finds everywhere a place of refuge; Dædalus, though inclosed in the labyrinth, invented wings which carried him into the air; oh! I also will find those wings." Lonely for Carl and hungry for his own music, he said to himself, "Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you! You must create your own happiness." "O God, grant me strength to conquer myself," he prayed. And so he determined to give to others what he, himself, could not get—a wonderful rapture of sound; he would not leave this earth till he had revealed what lay within him. For this, he had been sent of God.

His tempestuous fight ended March 26, 1827, after a long illness. He died in the midst of a great thunder-storm. None of his dearest friends were with him. Carl was not there; Schindler and von Breuning had gone out on errands. Beethoven's clock stopped, as it had often done when it lightened. But the warring elements had been the composer's lifelong friends, and often before had carried his soul above this little

world. In the midst of the flashes and the rumbling, he thought, "I shall hear, in heaven."

He might have thought that he would be immortalized on earth. Twenty great composers bore Beethoven to his last sleeping-place, and twenty others carried torches in the grand, somber procession.

"No mourning wife, no son, no daughter wept at his grave; but a world wept at it."



THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

## THE LITTLE GRAY ELVES

BY CAROLINE HOFMAN

THE moon in the cedar,  
The owl from the croft,  
And the funny little gray elves  
Sitting up aloft.

Soft gloom and flutter,  
A whisper as you pass,  
And little flakes of moonshine  
Dabbled on the grass.

The boughs coo with laughter,  
The owl takes his flight,  
And the funny little gray elves  
Vanish in the night.



# PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

## CHAPTER IX

### AN EXTRACT FROM BEE'S DIARY

MEANWHILE, in Denewood many things were happening, and I cannot do better than to copy out of Bee's diary a few of the pages relating to the day of Jacky's disappearance.

Bee had a book of maxims in which, from earliest childhood, she had put down her thoughts from time to time, and this led her into keeping an account of what went on in her life.

"It will amuse the children when I am a grandmother, Peg," she told me laughingly; but long ere that it proved of interest to more than one in the family.

I must stop here to say that her confidence in me was hardly deserved, but I am proud of it, and glad it helped her to bear bravely those long hours of anxiety. Having said this much, I shall let Bee speak for herself.

MRS. MUMMER was the first to draw my attention to the fact that Peggy was not in the house that morning. She came into my room all a-bustle, for she was ever busy, and looked here and there as if in search of some one.

"Where 's Miss Peg?" she asked, a little impatiently.

"Is she not in her own room?" I said.

"Nay, I 've searched the house from cellar to eaves, and no sign of her," Mrs. Mummer replied.

"Mayhap she 's off to the woods with Jacky," I suggested.

"Aye, that 's it," agreed Mrs. Mummer. "I doubt not she was sorry the lad was not let go to see the Indians. 'T is a pity his father could not have taken him to the powwow."

"And you the one who made the most objection!" I exclaimed, remembering who had protested loudest against the boy's going.

"Ah, well, Miss Bee, 't is true, as Mummer says, 'you cannot have the penny and the cake too,' but it goes against me not to let the lad have his way," she explained.

At that moment my brother Hal entered, having just ridden over from Chestnut Hill. When he heard of the proposed council at the Indian Queen Tavern, he turned on his heel.

"I 'm off to see the redskins!" he exclaimed,

for he was ever most interested in them; "and oh, by the way," he went on, halting a moment, "shall I take Jacky with me? I saw him in the wood beyond the gate. He was out hunting deer."

"No, his father wished him not to go. But was Peg with him?" I asked.

"I met her later looking for him," Hal answered. "She 's like the rest of you women, following the boy like a hen with one chicken. You 'll spoil—"

"Where did you say you 'd met them, Hal?" I interrupted, for I had heard all that he would have said on the subject many times before.

"About a quarter of a mile back on the Mt. Airy road," he returned easily. "Peg hurried off as if a bear might catch him. You 'll make a mollicoddle of the youngster, mark my words! Well, I 'm off! Good-by." And a few moments later, I heard him galloping away to see the Indians.

"The lad was out of bounds," said Mrs. Mummer, eying me uneasily. "Eh, but, Miss Bee dear, ye won't punish him, will you?" she begged, as if I had threatened dire consequences for this infraction of the rules. "He 's but a baby, remember, and 't is natural he might make a mistake by accident. Promise you 'll not punish him, Miss Bee!"

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," as Mummer says," I quoted solemnly.

"What does a dried-up old man like Mummer know of bringing up children!" Mrs. Mummer exclaimed. "But I 've no fear of your striking him with any rod, and I 'll not believe he was out of bounds at all. Master Hal 's mistaken," and she flounced from the room, scandalized at the very thought of her darling being whipped.

If it had not been that I was convinced that my own dear Peggy was with the boy, I should have begun to be anxious much sooner than I did. As a matter of fact, it was not till near the dinner-hour that I realized that something must be amiss or the two would have returned. Distinctly worried, but by no means greatly alarmed, I sought Mummer.

"Have you seen aught of Master Jacky or Miss Peg?" I asked, but he shook his head.

"No, Madam," he answered, "but perchance

some of the men have. I 'll find out." I followed him to the farm-servants' quarters, and there we found a black boy who said he had met Peggy going north into the woods.

"Why, yes, ma'am, I see her come along," he explained. "Jes' after I done seen the Injun back there near the upper wood-lot, ma'am."

"Indian!" I echoed. "What Indian?"

"Oh, one of them chief Injuns, Mis' Travers, ma'am," he answered volubly; "dressed up mighty fine in paint and feathers he was, ma'am. I reckon he was gwine to the barbecue. I dun tole Missy Peg about him, and she looked scandalized, but she ain't sayin' nothin'. No 'm, I ain't seen no sign o' little massa," he ended, his eyes growing wider at the hint of trouble.

Taking this boy and one or two others, Mummer and I hurried to the place where he had met Peg, and then we went on for a good mile, but without catching sight of her. All the while, we called repeatedly at the top of our voices, but received no answer.

By this time I was thoroughly alarmed. My first thought was that an accident had happened to one of them, but this scarce seemed likely. Unless both had in some way come to grief, we should have had word ere this; for even little Jack knew every inch of the land about Denewood, and could have warned us of a mishap to Peggy.

Evidently they were lost, having doubtless become bewildered in an unfamiliar part of the forest. Even now they might be hurrying away from us, all unknowing.

Thoroughly convinced of this, and assured of the uselessness of any further unskilled efforts to trace them, I immediately turned back, sending one of the boys ahead to find Bill Schmuck, who was as good as any Indian at following a trail. Indeed, John had often said he was better than the redskins at their own game, and I proposed to start him on the hunt without loss of time.

He responded promptly to my summons, and, when I told him what was wrong, he was ready on the instant to take up the search.

"They 're together, Miss Bee. I 'll guarantee that," he said. "Otherwise one of them would be home by now. Where did Master Hal see the boy last?"

I told him all I knew, and he went off taking two black boys with him, while Mummer and I returned to Denewood. Good Mrs. Mummer met me in the drive, and one glance showed her that I had not found Peg or the boy. She had no need to ask whether I was anxious, and she was never one to waste time in talk; but she stood

ready now, as she had in the past, to further any plan I might have.

"Mummer," I said, as we had reached the house, "take Charley and ride among the neighbors. You may get some word of them."

"Aye, that 's well thought of!" Mrs. Mummer applauded, and her husband, with a nod, went off to the stables.

The next hour dragged itself out while I watched the roads and woods for the first sign of a returning messenger. Mrs. Mummer, scarce saying anything, stayed near me, her heart nigh as anxious as mine, for she loved the boy with all the strength and devotion which she would have given a son of her own, and Peggy was as the apple of her eye. It was sore waiting. If it had not been a matter of the woods, I would not have stayed back, but now I should but hamper those who sought the trail.

At length, as the time went by and no news came, I took thought of sending for John. This had occurred to me from the first, but it was hard for me to convince myself that aught serious had happened, and I had no wish to alarm him or to bring him back to Germantown upon a needless errand, with his day spoiled for nothing. Now, however, I felt that he should be advised.

"I 've decided to send for Master John," I said to Mrs. Mummer.

"'T is time," she agreed. "Shall I give the order to Peter?"

"Yes, please," I answered, and then, as she started off, I checked her. "Nay, wait. 'T would be better if Mark Powell went."

"But who 's to tell Mr. Powell?" she asked, for he lived a mile or so away from us.

"I 'll go," I answered. "It will help me to be doing something."

"Aye, deary, that 's wise too," she said, encouragingly. "I 'll see that your horse is saddled"; and off she went to the stables while I ran up-stairs to put on a safeguard skirt and get my hat and gloves.

As I came down she met me at the door.

"You 're my own brave girl!" she said, and took me in her arms for a moment, giving me a hug of comfort. I know of few I would rather have near me in a time of trouble than good Mrs. Mummer.

"If I could only understand it," I murmured, a little brokenly; "Peggy must be with the boy. And she 'll never let harm come to him, but by this time word might have been sent, even if she could not come herself. That 's what makes me anxious."

"Miss Peggy loves the boy as we do," Mrs. Mummer answered.



"If it were n't for Peg!" I cried, nigh losing control of myself, "I—I don't know what I'd do!" and then Peter came with the horse, and I mounted with all speed.

"If they come while you're gone, deary," Mrs. Mummer called as I started off, "I'll send Peter after you."

It was more than a little satisfaction to me to be riding swiftly to do somewhat for the recovery of my lost boy. Moreover, I wanted to tell Mark myself just what had happened, for I had no wish that John should have an account of the affair through one of the black boys, who was like to let imagination run away with him.

Mark heard me with scarce a word, seeing at once that this was no matter to argue about. And Polly, too, behaved better than I had expected, though she was a little hysterical, and hugged her own boy, who could just toddle across the floor, as if he might at any moment run away. But there was no delay. Mark was off as quickly as he could saddle his horse, leaving word with Polly that she need not look for his return until he arrived, which would not be till Jacky was found.

We rode out of the gate together, but there our ways parted.

"Don't worry more than you can help, Bee," said Mark, trying to hearten me. "We'll have the boy back—and you can trust Peggy, I'm thinking."

"Yes, I'm sure of Peg," I answered, "but I'm nigh as anxious about her as I am about Jacky. Good-by."

Everything at Denewood was as I left it. About the time I was looking for John to reach home, Dave, one of the black boys who had been off with Bill Schmuck, came running from the woods. I saw him and was out of the house on the instant.

"Are they found?" I cried.

"No, Missy, not yet. But we found their trail," he panted, struggling to recover his breath.

"Tell me about it slowly," I said, trying to be calm and not bustle the boy with many questions.

"Yes, Missy, I 'se tryin' to tell yo' all jes' like it happened."

"Go on," I urged gently.

"Well, Mista Bill he fin's the marks of young



"ARE THEY FOUND?" I CRIED."

massa," Dave continued, "and then the marks of Missy Peg. Then the marks of the Injun."

"The Indian!" Mrs. Mummer and I exclaimed in one breath.

"Yes, Missy, the Injun. That 's what I said," he reiterated excitedly. "First of all, dere was little massa's footprints leading back from the edge of the woods near the road. They took us right up to the Injun's. They goes on a ways together, and pretty soon we fin's Missy Peg's, what looks as if she was a-follerin', on'y they ain't no more signs of little massa's—"

"You mean Jacky's footprints were lost?" I interrupted, trembling with fear.

"Yes 'm, Missy, but Mista Bill, he tells me to say he 's on the track of follerin' the Injun and Miss Peggy, on'y he wants another party to come help him jes' as soon as they can. He 's waitin' for me to lead the other party back. Is Massa John come yet?" he ended, looking around, evidently taking it for granted that the master of Denewood had been sent for.

"He 'll be here any moment," I told him.

"That 's good," he said, with satisfaction. "Mista Bill, he say he 'd rather have Massa John than any one else to help him. He say he 's expectin' he 'll lose the trail 'most any time now, 'cause he done come to a creek, and there ain't no more signs."

I questioned the lad to find out if there was aught he had not told me, for I, with my slight knowledge of woodcraft, could scarce make head or tail of his story; but he held to it, and I could not doubt he had given his message correctly.

"It can't mean that Peggy has left the boy!" cried Mrs. Mummer, in consternation.

"I don't know what it means," I answered, "but I 'm sure Peg has done the best thing for Jacky, whatever it may have cost her."

"I 've never doubted it," returned Mrs. Mummer; "but where can the dear lamb be? That 's what plagues me."

I made no answer to this, but sent her off to get the black boy some food against his trip back with John, whose arrival I looked for at any moment.

And I was not to be kept waiting long. He came with Mark, both riding at top speed, and when he leaped from his horse and took me in his arms, I could not stay my tears. But I knew there was no time to waste on such weakness, and, drying my eyes, gave him all the news I had.

"I 'll count on Peg!" he cried, "and on Bill Schmuck, too. Come, Mark, we must hurry after them."

John was not the kind to loiter, but he stopped long enough to question Dave, and instead of walking, as I expected they would have to do, they all took horse, meaning to go by road as far as possible, and so save valuable time and strength.

I wished them a God-speed with a full heart as they galloped away.

"I 'll send you news, dear, as soon as I have any," were John's last words, and, once they were out of sight, I went into the house to take up my weary task of waiting.

I would now have sent after Mummer, holding his errand useless, but the disappearance of Jacky's footprints from the trail made me wonder if perchance the boy had strayed aside and even yet might be heard from at some cottage.

It must have been near five o'clock ere Mark returned. I had not expected that he would be sent to bring the news.

"Have you found them?" I asked, though I knew my question answered ere it was spoken.

"We have n't seen them, Bee," he replied, dismounting, "but we picked up the trail again, and this time Jacky was with them. It 's plain that Peg or the Indian had carried the boy awhile, and that was the reason his footprints vanished."

"Then Peg is with him still!" I exclaimed, overjoyed.

"Yes, there 's no doubt of that," answered Mark.

"I knew she 'd never desert the child!" said Mrs. Mummer, wiping away a tear. "My own little Peggy, bless her heart!" And she stopped, knowing that to go on would but shake the courage of us both.

"We had a long search to find the trail after they took to the creek," Mark explained. "They must have waded two miles or more. But Bill spied it at last, and, when I left them, the track was plain enough."

"Why did you leave them?" I asked, for John relied so much upon Mark that I wondered at his having given up the search.

"To tell the truth," he answered, "I was n't anxious to come away, but as both Bill and Captain Jack are better at that sort of thing than I, it seemed natural that I should be detailed for other duty."

"And what is that?" I demanded.

"I 'm to escort you to Norristown," Mark told me, in a tone meant to help my courage.

"Norristown!" I repeated, in wonder.

"Aye," he answered, "and we 'll start at once. You see, the track is leading in that direction. Indeed, when I left them, they were a good eight miles on the way, and Captain Jack can reach you quicker there than he could at Denewood. He 'll come on himself if he finds the boy, and in any event will send word to the tavern, to-night or to-morrow morning, of what is going forward. He thought you would like to be as near as you could."



"That I would!" I cried, realizing with a grateful heart that through all his anxiety about our son my husband still had a thought for my peace of mind. "We'll start at once."

"Not till you have something to eat, Miss Bee," Mrs. Mummer declared positively; but Mark and I wasted little time, and were soon on the way to Norristown.

## CHAPTER X

### OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN

LEAVING Bee's diary at this point, I must now tell what was happening to me after I had tried my magic upon Tiscoquam. He stood for a moment as if half stunned, gazing fixedly at the mark upon his wrist. Then recovering himself with an effort, he raised his hands, holding the fingers so that they overlapped a little, and placing his outstretched thumbs against his forehead. So he remained for a full minute, his eyes cast upon the ground, and his lips moving as if he murmured a prayer.

"It is a sign!" he said at length, lifting his head and letting his hands drop to his sides. "It is a sign!"

His repetition of the words was so solemn that I looked for some further explanation; but on a sudden, as if he had reached a decision, he left me and strode back to the squaw cowering beside the small fire she had kindled. What this meant I could not guess, but I watched them, ready to profit by anything that favored our escape.

Tiscoquam talked rapidly to the Indian woman, who seemed to offer a protest which her savage mate quickly silenced, and I doubted not, from his manner, that he was giving her orders even while he busied himself packing his pouch with parched corn taken from her bundle.

At length he stood ready.

"The pale-face maiden goes with Lapowissa," he called, indicating the squaw, and without another word he started off at a rapid trot, and disappeared into the forest.

I could scarce say what I had expected, but my spirits drooped again as I realized that we had but exchanged one captor for another.

True, I was less afraid of the squaw, and counted upon befooling her more easily than I could Tiscoquam, should opportunity arise, of which I had little hope. We were quite helpless in the forest, for I knew not even in which direction Denewood lay, and must perforce follow the Indian woman wherever she might lead. Indeed, I thought it unwise to show aught of hostility to our new guide, but rather the reverse, so I walked slowly toward her, trying in every way I could to appear friendly.

She was repacking her belongings in great haste, eying me furtively the while, much as though she expected me to spring upon her. Indeed, as I drew near, she leaped away with such evident terror that I trembled lest she disappear into the woods leaving us without guidance or food.

I retreated at once, and was relieved when, after a moment's uncertainty, she returned and finally took up her bundle.

Inviting me to follow with a wave of her hand, she hurried off in a direction opposite to that taken by Tiscoquam, yet not the way we had come.

I roused little Jack, who had dropped off to sleep, and, in my alarm lest we should lose sight of the woman, picked him up in my arms and started after her.

"Set me down, Aunty Peg!" he cried vigorously. "Dost think I am baby Allan, to be carted about like a sack of meal?"

"Nay then," I answered meekly, "you let Tiscoquam carry you."

"I made believe he was my horse, and that I rode to hunt the deer," the boy contradicted. "Where is Tiscoquam?"

"He has gone on," I answered, "and we must hasten, lest we be left behind."

Jacky, once he was wide awake, made better going than I, who had had no rest and was hard put to it to keep up with the timid savage. She shuffled ahead at a surprising rate, and the more I hurried to catch up with her the faster was the pace she set, till I began to think I should drop from exhaustion. Then it occurred to me that she had no more intention now of letting me approach her than she had had in camp. As I increased my effort to come even with her, she went the faster, in order to keep me at what she considered a safe distance. Convinced of this, I began to go more slowly, and was vastly relieved to find that she did the same.

In this manner we went on while the sun sank lower and lower till it was nigh its setting. Warily I plodded along, giving Jacky a hand now and then to help him over a fallen log, and wishing with all my heart that we might come to the Indian camp, to which I was certain we were being led.

Suddenly, to my vast surprise, we reached the edge of the forest, and looked out upon tilled fields and a cluster of houses. The squaw, still keeping her distance, motioned me that my way lay toward the village, and then, turning, with evident relief to be rid of us, she vanished into the woods as had Tiscoquam.

Unprepared for this abandonment I called

after her, running to the spot where she had disappeared. But I stopped there, realizing the uselessness of attempting to follow her. What more could she do for me? It was plain now that we had been set upon our way to Denewood, whether by Tiscoquam's orders or not I could only guess, but here was a place where horses might be obtained, and much time and weary walking saved.

I had no idea where we were, but however near or far it was, I was firm in my determination to reach German-town that night. I had no mind to leave Bee a prey to anxiety a moment longer than could be helped. I knew only too well that the boy's disappearance had caused her many hours of suffering, but I hoped that my absence had led all to conclude that I was with him, and had thus afforded her a crumb of comfort.

"Come, Jacky!" I cried, taking his hand and starting for the road before us; "come along. We 'll soon be home again."

"Nay, I do not wish to leave the forest," he answered, holding back sturdily. "There are no deer at home. Only cows and oxen, and Mummer will not let me shoot those. I 'll stay awhile with Tiscoquam."

"But we have n't seen so much as the tail of a deer all day," I coaxed, for I had no wish to increase my difficulties by being forced to drag a reluctant lad. "Beside," I went on, "we must find shelter for the night."

"Tiscoquam will build a lodge," he insisted.

"But Tiscoquam is far away, and has taken his bow and arrows with him," I explained. "How can we kill a deer should we come upon one?"

To this he had no answer ready, and, although still reluctant, he suffered me to lead him forward.

As we entered the little hamlet, I bethought me

that I should do well to ask help at one of the more substantial houses rather than be delayed by making explanations to those who could not furnish the horses I required; so, with this thought in mind, I chose a fine dwelling set a



"HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT GAZING FIXEDLY AT THE MARK  
UPON HIS WRIST."

goodly distance back from the road. There was a sizable field in front, dotted here and there with great elms, and behind, a huge barn with many smaller outbuildings. The gate stood hospitably ajar, so that I entered with a light heart, encouraged by the evident prosperity of the place, and sure that I should meet with gentlefolk who would respond promptly to my appeal.



I mounted two or three steps to the portico and, lifting the knocker, struck twice, listening to the dull boom of the blows echoing about the rooms inside. For a moment the hollowness of the sound gave the impression that the house was deserted, but I had little time to speculate upon this, for the door opened quite suddenly, only to be closed again with a sharp bang.

I had caught sight of the wizened, wrinkled face of a man dressed in the plain drab garb of a Quaker, but I was so surprised that I stood gaping till a voice from within brought me to my senses.

"Thee cannot expect aught who have done naught to earn it. So think not to fill my ears with tales of thy necessities."

Those were the words I heard, spoken in a high-pitched, querulous tone such as might be used to an importunate beggar, and I confess that they angered me for the moment.

"I 'm not come to ask alms," I fair shouted, and catching again at the knocker I beat thrice upon the door with all my might.

"Mayhap thee comes to rob!" I heard the voice exclaim.

"Nay," I replied, "I 'll pay in good hard coin for any service I ask of you."

There was a moment of silence, and then the door opened a crack and the wrinkled face appeared again grinning at me, and, as I returned the look, it winked slyly with one eye.

"Is there any one with thee?" he asked cautiously.

"None but a little boy," I answered, "scarce big enough to fright you."

The door opened now to its full width, and I saw standing before me a little old man whose clothing, frayed and none too clean, showed anything rather than the look of prosperity I had expected. He still grinned, but I was to learn that this expression was habitual, and meant none of the mirth it seemed to signify. He looked me over carefully from head to foot, then he spoke, but more to himself than to me.

"I 'll ring thy coin before I bargain," he muttered.

"I said naught of payment in advance," I retorted, still angered by his manner toward me.

"An I get no sight of the color of thee's money, how am I to know 't is aught but shinplaisters?"

And indeed, as I had not a penny piece upon my person, I had to admit to myself that his point was well taken. Still, I had no mind to spend the night in argument, and, seeing another well-kept place not far away, I decided the best thing to do, notwithstanding my fatigue, was to seek help elsewhere.

"I give you good even," I said, and, taking Jack's hand, started to move off.

"Hoity-toity!" the man exclaimed. "I did not say I would not help thee. Be not so quick to anger. Hast never heard that overhaste churns bad butter?"

In truth I had not heard that wise saw before, but those were the words upon the piece of paper I had taken from Jacky that day, and which still lay hid within my pocket. That the man should have hit upon that expression made me pause a moment in very surprise.

"I asked not to handle thy money," he went on. "I did but wish thee to show me somewhat of value to prove that thee can pay what thee promises. Thy rags are a poor testimony in thy favor," he ended sourly, and this remark made me think for the first time of the appearance I presented.

I looked down at my dress with a feeling akin to dismay. It was in tatters at the hem, and was muddied and stained with bloodroot into the bargain. My hands were black and scratched, my shoes and stockings soiled, and I doubted not my face was in like case, while my hair hung in tangles. I was not a figure to inspire confidence, and the remnant of my anger dropped away, for I felt the man's suspicions in a measure were justified.

"If I can show you aught of value will you supply me with horses to take us to my cousin's in Germantown to-night?" I asked, after a moment's hesitation.

"To Germantown! this night!" the old man exclaimed. "Nay now, 't is out of all reason. If thee has money why does thee not rest at the tavern like honest folk, and go forward upon thy journey by the light of day? It is a good three hours' hard riding from here, over roads that are none too easy traveled in broad sun."

"I must get the boy safe home to-night," I declared stubbornly, "and I stand to haggle at no price within reason to be taken there."

"'T will cost thee double fare," he muttered, after a moment of consideration, "and thee must agree that the horses and the lad shall be housed and fed at thee's expense. He hath an unchastened appetite," he added under his breath.

All that would be looked to, I assured him.

"So far so good," he answered, "but, before I order the nags, I must see an earnest of thy ability to pay the shot."

Now the only thing I had of value was my precious ring, which had stood me in such good stead that day; and, knowing that it was worth many times any fare he might ask, I held out my hand to show it to him.

"Here is sufficient worth to buy your horses if need be," I said confidently.

He stooped and looked at the ring, then shook his head disparagingly.

"'T is naught but brass," he grunted. "Didst think thee could befool an old man's eye?"

"Nay," I retorted, angered again. "'T is of great value. If you cannot believe your eyes,

try the weight of it in your hand. No brass was ever of such heaviness."

And, foolishly enough, I slipped the ring from my finger and laid it upon his extended palm held out to receive it.

No sooner had his fingers closed upon it than he whipped back into the house and clapped to the door in my face.

*(To be continued.)*



GIRL: { "MY! WHAT AN EASY JOB { BOYS {  
BOY: { "MY! WHAT AN EASY JOB { GIRLS { HAVE!"





CHICO'S BIRTHPLACE AND SUMMER HOME.

## THE ADVENTURES OF CHICO

### THE TRUE STORY OF A RED SQUIRREL

BY FRANCES ADAMS-HALSTED

I HAD not seen for several days my friends the red squirrels, in the peach-tree near my window, and had been wondering what could have happened to them, when I heard the soft pitapat of tiny feet upon the floor, and, looking up, to my astonishment I saw a small red squirrel running toward me. At my first movement of surprise, the little creature stopped and stood regarding me with wistful, frightened eyes. What could it mean? Had my bright, pretty squirrels met with disaster, that this baby had made his way to me?

I hastened to find the little home of a former pet, and, opening the door of the cage, had hardly placed it on the floor when, to my surprise, the little fellow ran directly in and clung to the top, a trembling, frightened, tiny bunch of soft, silky, reddish-brown fur, with white beneath his throat, body, and legs, a fluffy tail, big brown eyes encircled with a band of white, and a tiny pink mouth in which the baby teeth were just beginning to come. Drawing full of warm milk a fountain-pen filler, I placed the end against his

little pink mouth, and, gently pressing the bulb, let a drop fall on his lips, when, to my delight, the little fellow put out his tiny pink tongue and tasted the warm milk, finding it so much to his liking that he caught the end of the tube between his lips, drinking the milk as fast as I pressed it out and as naturally as if he had always been fed in that way. Then I found a discarded silk dressing-gown, and removing one of the sleeves, which was thickly wadded with cotton, held it beneath him. Then, when I had gently disengaged his little clinging fingers and toes from the wires, he sank gratefully into the soft, warm folds.

In the morning I was delighted to find that my little visitor had crept into the inside of the sleeve, from the depths of which he regarded me with bright, confiding, but expectant, eyes, as if he longed for his breakfast. I filled the tube again with warm milk, and he put out his little head and drank eagerly. Then, curling up in a small ball within the folds, he went to sleep again.

In less than two weeks I was able to take him in my hand after he had curled up for the night in his little bed in the sleeve, and as I carefully took him out of the cage, he would allow me to stroke the soft, silky fur on his back and kiss the little head. Meanwhile he would remain curled up in a tiny ball in my hand, his eyes tightly closed as if asleep, as long as I would stroke and caress him, but the moment the petting ceased, he would give his back a little wriggle for the stroking to be continued. If it was not immediately resumed, he would open one eye to see what the trouble was; and if sure there was to be no more caressing, both eyes would open wide and his little head pop up to ascertain the cause.

In a few months Chico, as I had decided to call him, became very tame and confiding. In his habits he was lively to a remarkable degree, scampering about the rooms, often leaping from chair to table, and, as these exercises were not enough to exhaust his exuberant spirits, he often indulged in a more violent form of exercise, which I called "looping the loop." He would run across the floor of the cage, up the side, across the top (feet upward), jumping down the other side to the bottom, whence the same performance would be gone over again, with such quickness of motion one could see only a blur of red fur and hear the rhythmical thump, thump of his little feet as they struck the floor of the cage, until he stopped for sheer want of breath.

He was a charming combination of grace, vivacity, and energy. He dearly loved a frolic, and would playfully catch my fingers in his mouth and, turning over upon his back, scratch and bite, rolling over and over. As the play grew fast and



READY FOR PLAY.

furious, he often became so excited that his little nails and sharp teeth left their marks on my hands, and I was obliged in self-defense to teach him to play gently; thereafter a word would always stop the fierceness of the fray.

My tiny pet had many sweet, affectionate little

ways that greatly endeared him to me. When I put my hand in the cage and he wished to show his affection for me, he would embrace two fingers tightly, clasp his little arms around them, and would hug them closely and try to imitate



"IT WAS AMUSING TO SEE HIM GNAW THROUGH THE SHELL."

my kisses by pressing his little lips against my hand, opening and shutting them quickly, and often making a queer little smacking sound. If he desired to come out of his cage, he would firmly hold to my fingers, and as long as I would stroke and pet him, sometimes squeezing him tightly in my hand and shaking him rapidly up and down, which he seemed to enjoy hugely, he would remain passive and perfectly immovable, never offering to play until he was quite sure he would receive no more caresses. Then at once he would be ready for a frolic, and, slipping through my hand like a flash, would be on the other side of the room or at the top of the draperies above the windows, before I realized he had started, so swift were his movements.

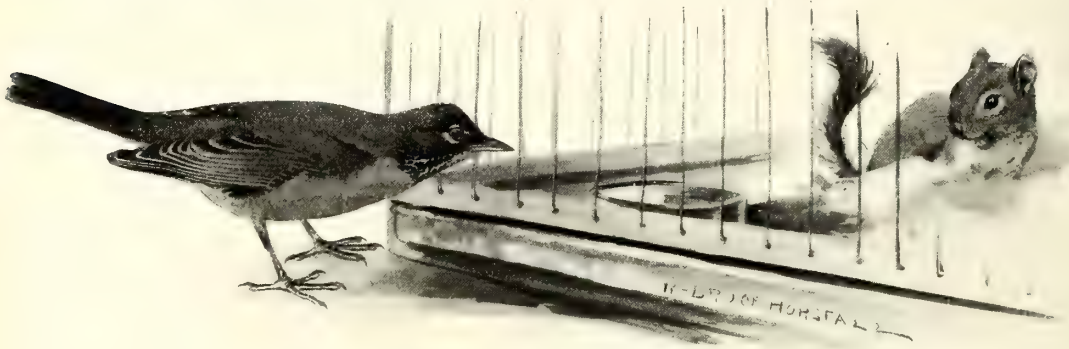
Chico could now take small pieces of apple or bread in his little hands, and, sitting upright with his fluffy tail over his back, nibble as fast as he had been flying over the room a moment before. He was exceedingly neat, never failing to clean his hands after holding the least bit of food in them.

In the early autumn his teeth were strong and sharp enough to gnaw through the shells of nuts, and it was very amusing to see him take a filbert or a pecan, quickly turning it around and around to select just the right place, and then, holding it firmly in his hands, gnaw through the shell in a few moments. Soon he was able to gnaw through the thick hard shell of the butternut, being extremely fond of its delicious meat. He always turned them about in his hands, as he did other nuts, until unerringly he found just the right spot for commencing operations, so that



he could open the shell directly upon the broad thick meat inside, instead of at the edges. The diet of milk had been gradually given up, and when Chico accompanied me to the city, he was living entirely on nuts, fruit, corn (of which last

One of his favorite games was to take a pound of nuts, one at a time, from my lap, run across the room, and place them in a shoe-case hanging on the wall. When it was filled, he would desire me to get them and place them in the bag until



"CHICO WOULD SEEK REFUGE IN HIS CAGE."

he would eat only the heart from the kernel), and water, with occasionally celery, pine-cones, and acorns.

My little pet seemed to live but for affection and love, and was only afraid of my saucy and jealous tame robin, "Rollo." When they were both out of their cages and I took Chico in my hand to pet, Rollo would immediately fly to my shoulder, and, shrieking with rage, peck at the gentle Chico, causing him to jump from my hands and seek refuge in his cage, where he would hide in his little bed. Rollo also delighted to put his sharp beak between the bars of Chico's cage, peck at him, steal his nuts and apple, or drink from his glass in the most impudent manner possible.

It became necessary for me to train Chico not to sample everything in the room with his sharp teeth, as he raced about over the furniture, ready in the twinkling of an eye to gnaw the corner of a mahogany table or a hole through a portière. My family thought it would be impossible to teach a squirrel not to gnaw, but I knew that my little pet was so intelligent and so fond of me that with patience it could be accomplished. So the lessons commenced, and by unceasing patience and watchfulness on my part, in about two weeks Chico had learned that he must not use his sharp little teeth on anything that was not to be eaten.

Chico learned to do many small tricks. He would eat sitting on my hand or wrist, with his little tail over his back. He would play at boxing, standing upright and patting back at me with his tiny hands; at soldier by holding a pencil at attention in his arms; and at hide-and-seek.

the next time. If I went to his cage and said, "Chico, bring me a nut," he would run to the corner where he stored them, select the finest one, climb up on my hand, and carefully place the nut in my palm. Or if I closed my fingers tightly over a nut, saying, "Chico, come and find a nut," he would rush for my hand, trying to open my fingers by thrusting his little pink nose against them, and if they did not open, he would carefully take the tip of my little finger between his teeth and pull it open, taking each finger in the same way until the nut was disclosed; then he would pounce upon it, pretending great joy.

He was quite delighted to show off his little tricks, and would accept things to eat from the many friends and strangers who came to see him; but during the five years of his life, he never allowed any one but myself to touch or hold him, although different members of the family spent days in coaxing him with delicious bits. On such occasions he would slip through their fingers like a flash. He liked nothing better than to curl up in my hand and have me stroke his head until he went to sleep, but when some one else would place a hand over him in place of mine, he would instantly awaken and slip away. He was very mischievous and inquisitive, and liked to hide small articles as well as to investigate everything in a new room.

One day while Chico was running about I missed him, and when I called and he did not answer as usual, or appear, I hastened into the next room, where I heard a little crackling sound. To my dismay, I discovered him perched upon the edge of a match-box, which he had opened, and,

after extracting the matches, was calmly eating off their tops. Quickly I snatched him up and wiped the poisonous phosphorus from his mouth and little pink tongue, while he lay on his back in my hand, looking at me with mischievous eyes. I was very much alarmed for several days, but my prompt discovery doubtless prevented his swallowing much of the poison and saved his life.

If I left him for a short visit, he seemed to miss me, and on my return would appear overjoyed, rushing to my hand and squeezing my fingers between his arms and presenting me with his choicest nut. At the hotels where we stopped in our travels, he created such a sensation that strangers often sent to me asking to be permitted to see my wonderful little squirrel, and it was unusual to return to my room without finding a collection of housemaids and bell-boys standing about the cage.

Chico took wonderful care of himself, and was extremely neat and clean. Every morning he took a thorough bath, afterward taking much time over his toilet, fluffing his pretty tail and brushing his fur, until it was as sleek and glossy as satin. He became so clever that he was able to put his hand through the bars of his cage and unfasten the door; when he would gleefully sally forth and play until tired. Then he would curl up under some cozy pillow or rug for a nap before returning to the cage of which he was so fond, and he appeared greatly disturbed if the door was so closed that he could not enter.

One day while in a Boston hotel, I neglected to padlock the door, now necessary lest he meet with some disaster during my absence, and little Chico, becoming lonely, opened the door. On my return I was horrified when I called, "Chico, Chico," that there was no reply. I looked in all our rooms, but, alas, my pet could not be found. Fearing he had wandered away, I called the maid

chamber threw myself on the bed. Then, to my joy, there was a shrill chatter, a flash of red fur, and from between the blankets dashed my lost pet, straight into my arms!

When Chico was about two years old, he had a thrilling adventure with a fierce cat. One morning, very early, a large black cat, whose entire business was to catch mice in the barn, suc-



THE GREAT CAT READY TO SPRING.

ceeded in slipping into the house, watching her chance to prowl about in forbidden territory. She pulled open with her paws an unlatched door, and, darting into the room, spied the cage where Chico was peacefully slumbering, unmindful of his danger. With a wild leap the cat sprang upon the table and hurled herself against the cage with such violence that it was dashed to the floor, and poor little Chico, half dead from fright and the sudden attack of his enemy, fell out of the broken cage to the floor. The great cat sprang to snatch her prey, but, as she pounced upon him, Chico, giving a wild shriek of despair, sprang away with such swiftness that the cat only caught a tiny tuft of fur from his side. To her amazement and anger, she saw the squirrel dart across the room, his fluffy tail waving in triumph, run up the heavy draperies at the window, and seat himself at the top, where he scolded and chattered in rage and fright at the now infuriated cat.

With a snarl of anger at the escape of her victim, the cat sprang at the draperies, and, pushing her claws into the heavy brocade, quickly made her way to the top, but just as she was about to snatch at Chico a second time, he leaped from his



"LITTLE CHICO FELL OUT OF THE BROKEN CAGE."

and a search of the corridors and hotel was made, but Chico could not be found. I was quite beside myself with grief at my loss, and going into my



high perch to the floor. Now commenced a mad chase. Over tables and under chairs little Chico flew, with the big black cat close behind. So fast and furious grew Chico's race for life, that a servant, hearing the noise of falling chairs and tables, ran to see what was happening. As she opened the door, Chico like a flash dashed up her gown, over her head, and into the room beyond, while the cat, making a sudden rush between her feet, upset the astonished servant, who fell sprawling to the floor. "Be the powers!" she exclaimed as she slowly picked herself up, "it must have been the ould bye himself, ter first scratch me face, and then knock me over loike that!"

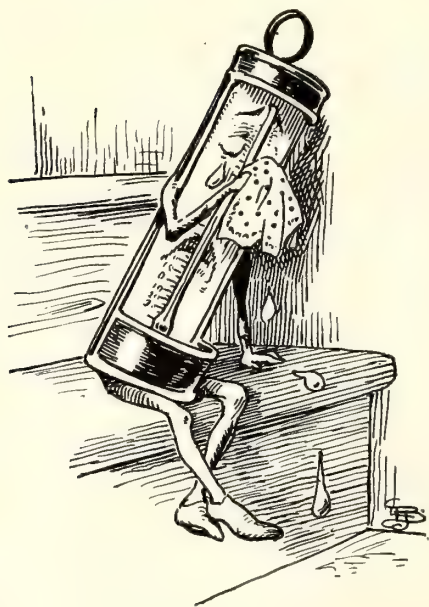
Chico, meanwhile, getting a fresh start of his enemy, skipped nimbly across the next room, through a hall, and up the stairs to the rooms above, in search of his mistress. The cat followed in hot pursuit. As Chico heard her leaping up the stairs, he tried to remember the room of his mistress, and, quickening his pace, passed an open door and turning sharply to the right, fled across the hall and into the chamber beyond. The cat now was close behind him, and little Chico's strength was fast failing. With a few more steps and a leap, he might be safe in his mistress's hand, but could he do it?

He gathered his remaining strength for one quick leap—then another—and he had gained the

bed! There, oh joy! was his beloved mistress, fast asleep. With a chuckle of delight and relief, he scrambled into the safety of her arms.

Suddenly awakened by my little pet and, astonished at such a performance, I had not time to place my hand over the trembling, frightened, and exhausted little creature, when, to my amazement and horror, the big black cat sprang upon my bed. Holding Chico close to me with one hand, with the other I caught the cat by the throat just as she sprang upon us, and only in time to save my little pet. Jumping out of bed, still holding the animal by the throat in spite of her scratching, snarling, and struggling, and with Chico still in my left hand, I managed to drag the cat to the door, thrust her out and closed it, to the intense relief and joy of my pet, who kissed my fingers with his little pink tongue and then cuddled up close in my hand to rest in peace and contentment, knowing that he was safe after his exhausting race and his escape from the jaws of the great black cat.

For five delightful years my little pet and I played together, traveled in the sunny South, and passed the hot summer far away in the north among the White Mountains of New Hampshire. He was surely the most intelligent, affectionate, and gentle little red squirrel ever known.



## THE TEARFUL THERMOMETER

BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

They scold at me when I go up,  
 They scold when I go down.  
 I think they find more fault with me  
 Than any one else in town.  
 Perhaps I do seem blunt and plain.  
 From very early youth  
 I've tried, without apology,  
 Each hour, to tell the truth.

# PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

## HOW BOYS MAKE FURNITURE FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City

IF you have followed the simple directions given in my first article in *ST. NICHOLAS* for January, 1915, you have now made your work-bench and have a vise to hold your piece of wood firmly while planing its edges or sawing it into shorter

from six to ten inches from the top to accommodate the smaller tools, a hole to receive each tool having been bored into the shelf before it was fastened in evenly on either side. If the covers were whole, they were reinforced by two cleats on



THE WORKROOM FULL OF BUSY WORKERS.

lengths. You have also a screw on the top of your work-bench, which, when your board is laid against it, will help to hold it in place while planing its surfaces. Although your tools may be kept in the compartment beneath the work-bench, we have found it advisable to have a separate tool-chest for each boy's tools.

As shown in the illustration on page 342, a variety of boxes were used for our tool-chests. Here the boys were allowed to express their individuality, and each chest was made in a different way from the others. Good, firm boxes were selected and the covers removed. A shelf was placed

the inside, fastened three inches from the top and bottom; otherwise, a new cover was made from parts of another box. These were hinged to the open side with two three-inch hinges, or butts. A door-knob, or hasp and padlock, completes a simple but satisfactory tool-chest until you are able to use your tools sufficiently well to make a better one. All sorts of ingenious devices were thought out by our boys for the keeping of the yardsticks, which were, as you see, longer than the boxes.

With work-benches and tool-chests such as I have described, we furnished our workshop.

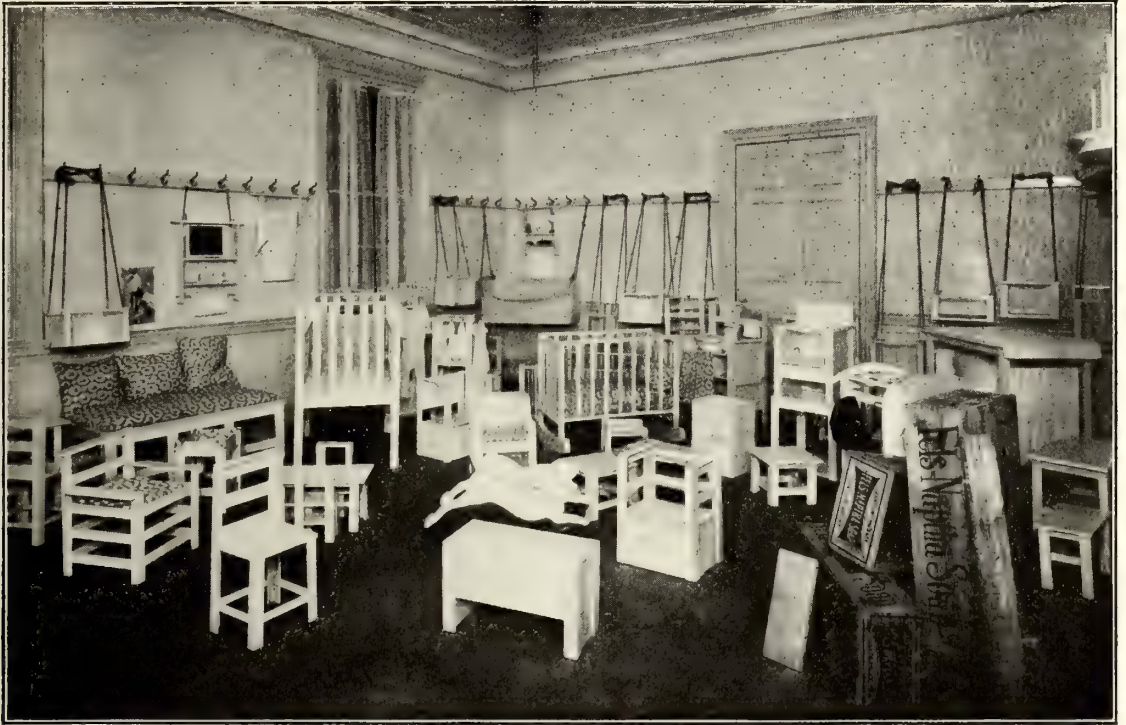




THE BOXES SEEN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER HAVE NOW BEEN TURNED INTO SUBSTANTIAL FURNITURE.



"LITTLE SISTERS AND BROTHERS TRIED THE CHAIRS."



AN EXHIBITION OF THE HOME THRIFT ASSOCIATION.



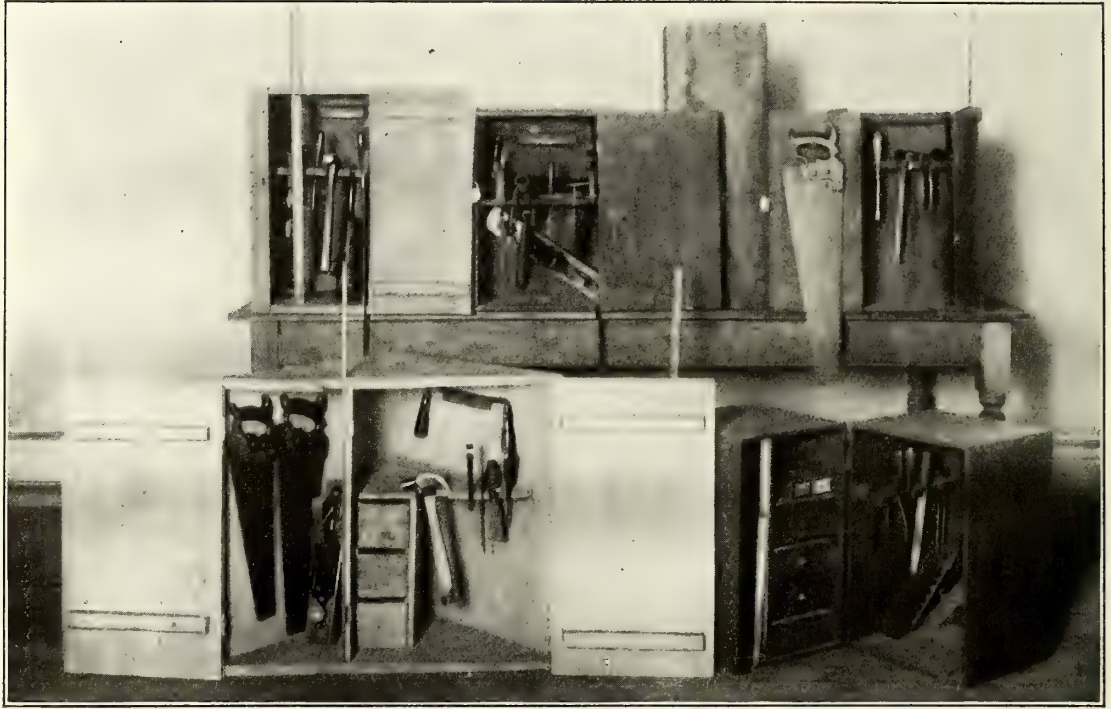
THE GREAT EVENT OF THE YEAR: TAKING THINGS HOME.



Several benches were made into double workbenches, having two open sides, with a vise screw attached to each side. A partition was nailed directly through the center from end to end. This keeps each boy's compartments separate. In the picture on page 339 we see the boys busy

fun putting the new paper on, and great care had to be taken in putting on the kalsomine. But the boys of The Home Thrift Association do not hesitate to undertake anything, and "Quality, not quantity," is their motto.

Next, cards of invitation were sent out for this,



TOOL-CHEST MADE FROM LARGE AND SMALL GROCERY BOXES.

making all sorts of things; in fact, no two articles are just alike, for I always encourage every boy to exercise his inventive power and not to be a "copy-cat." Joseph is working hard on a sewing-stand for Mother; Charles on a cabinet for Mother's spices; George on a clock-case for Father's office, and Jimmie is beginning a cradle for a new little sister.

Many of the boys have baby brothers and sisters, so most of these articles of furniture are being made for them, as they are to have a "Baby Exhibit," not of live babies, but of little chairs, cribs, tables, and swings for live babies.

Every nail was carefully set and all holes filled with putty. Each article was then well sand-papered and given two coats of white paint, with an additional coat of white enamel.

The exhibition room was papered and painted, and got into perfect shape. It was great fun wetting with a big sponge the old paper on the walls, carefully scraping it off, and then washing the old whitewash off the ceiling. But it was *not* so much

our memorable first exhibition. There were many happy hearts that day when the fathers and mothers flocked to see the new furniture. Babies were placed in the little cribs, and little sisters and brothers tried the chairs to see if they "fitted," while the "door-swings" were in constant use. All found it hard to believe that such attractive furniture could have come from discarded boxes. But the most exciting time was when, at the close of the wonderful exhibition, the boys set out for their homes laden with gifts for the family which they had made with their own hands.

Now, when Grandpa or Grandma, uncles and aunties come to visit the home, this furniture is shown them with great pride. And many a Morris chair, made by the children, placed in a sunny window, has become Grandma's favorite seat.

On the following page are given full directions for making two simple pieces, selected from the book "Box Furniture."

## A DESK CHAIR

THE seat is formed of a box with a hinged cover. Midway of the depth inside is a sliding shelf upon two cleats extending the length of the box, giving space for large paper sheets, etc.

## REQUIREMENTS:

*Body:* 1 condensed-milk box (about  $7\frac{1}{4}$  in. deep, 13 in. wide,  $19\frac{3}{4}$  in. long).

*Cover:* 1 piece  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, length equal to side length of the box. 1 piece  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick, width  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. less than the width of the box, length equal to the outside length of the box.

*Shelf:* 1 piece  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, width equal to one half the inside length of the box, and length equal to the inside width of the box.

*Cleats:* 2 pieces  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, length equal to the inside length of the box.

*Legs:* 4 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, 27 in. long. 4 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, 2 in. wide, 27 in. long.

*Arms:* 2 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, 16 in. long.

*Back-bar:* 2 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide,  $21\frac{3}{4}$  in. long.

*Hardware:* 2  $1\frac{3}{4}$  in. brass butts.

**CONSTRUCTION:** Make the legs 27 inches long. Remove the cover. Nail the shelf cleats on the inside sides of the box, keeping the top of the cleats 3 inches from the bottom. Fit the shelf so as to slide readily upon the cleats. Bore a hole  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in diameter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch from the edge at the center; insert the finger in this hole to move the shelf. Nail the narrow cover strip along the side on top, keeping its outside edge even with the outside edge of the box. Turn the box on its side and nail on the legs, allowing them

even with the rear face of the rear leg. Nail one of the back-bar strips across the rear legs, keeping its top edge even with the top of the leg. Set the other back-bar strip, flat side up, directly behind the arm ends, and nail to the other half of back-bar already in place. Fit and hang the seat and set the shelf in place.

## A SIMPLE BOOKCASE

## REQUIREMENTS:

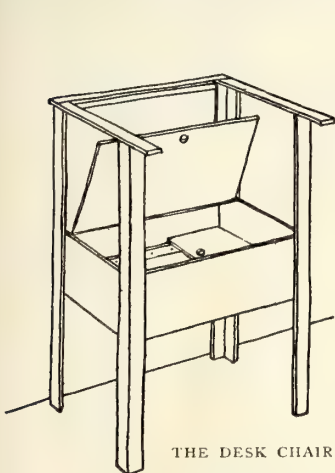
*Body:* 3 boxes (10 in. deep, 12 in. wide, 31 in. long).

*Legs:* 4 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, 5 in. longer than three times the outside width of the box. 4 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, 2 in. wide, 5 in. longer than three times the outside width of the box.

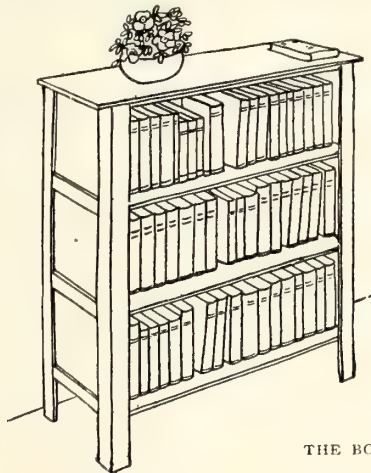
*Top:* 1 piece  $\frac{5}{8}$  in. thick, 3 in. wider than the outside depth of the box with the cover removed, and 3 in. longer than the outside length of the box.

*Facing Strips:* 6 strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, 2 in. wide, about 7 in. long.

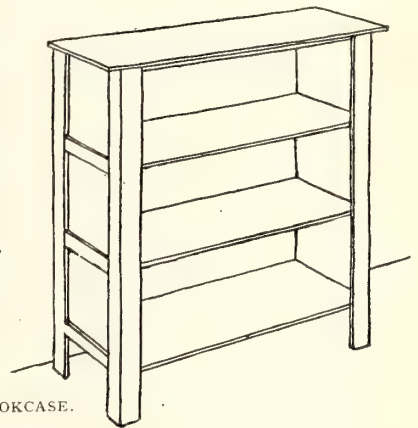
**CONSTRUCTION:** Make the legs 5 inches longer than three times the outside width of the box. Remove the covers. Turn one box on its side and remove the upper side. Do the same with the second box. Place the second box on its side upon the open side of the first box, keeping the open side of the second box at the top. Upon this open side of the second box place the third box, keeping all the cover openings facing the same way. Fasten the three boxes together by nailing two strips placed vertically across the bottoms about 2 feet apart, to hold them together while the legs are put on. Turn all three boxes



THE DESK CHAIR.



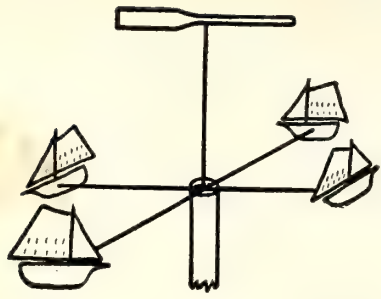
THE BOOKCASE.



to project 10 inches above the top of the box with the seat cover on. Stand the chair upon its legs, right side up. Nail the arms to the top of the legs, allowing their ends to project 2 inches over the face of the legs in front, and their outside edges to project  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch over the outside face of leg on the sides, the rear end of arm being

on their backs and nail on the legs, keeping their upper ends even with the top side of the last box added. Turn the stand upon its legs and nail on the top, allowing its edges to project 1 inch over the outside face of the legs all around. Put on the facing strips at the ends, and remove the temporary strips from the back of the stand.



Fig. 1.

EVERY boy likes to see a weather-vane spinning round and round, and especially when there is a good big wind that keeps it fairly whizzing for hours at a time; but it would be more interesting if it was not for the fact that nearly all the weather-vanes look alike. If an attempt is made to have something different it is usually a sailor holding a pair of paddles to catch the wind.

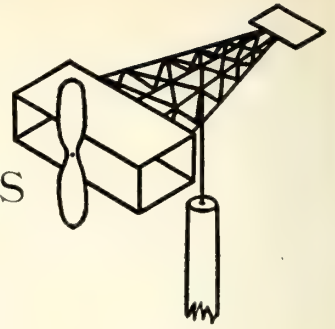
There is no need for this. Any clever boy can make a great variety of weather-vanes. It needs considerable ingenuity and a lot of patience, but it is always worth while.

An attractive weather-vane representing a yacht race can be made by means of four toy boats. These are fastened to light oak sticks or small metal rods, as shown in Figure 1. If the sails are cut out of strong canvas and firmly wired into place, they will stand two or three

## SOME NEW WEATHER-VANES

BY

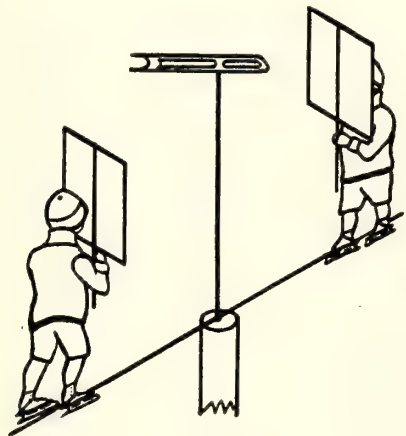
WILLIAM WISE

Fig. 2.

ther-vanes are made to spin around and around with the wind just for the sake of the attraction there is in them; but these spinning things do not really show the direction in which the wind is blowing, and so the wind-indicators are needed in addition. Always make these wind-indicators in keeping with the subject or style of the spinner.

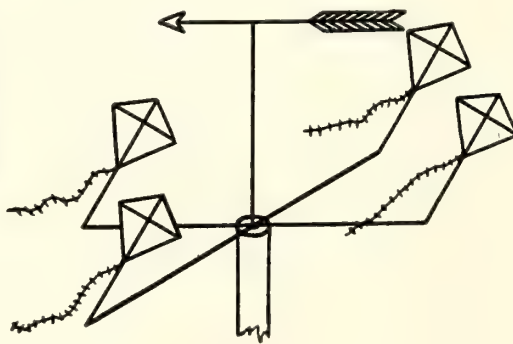
A wind-indicator moves back and forth only slightly, varying with the wind. They do not spin around, but only serve to tell us from which direction the wind is blowing. For this reason the side that catches the wind should extend the farthest from the supporting rod.

The combination wind-indicator and weather-vane is shown in Figure 2. This is the biplane weather-vane. Make an ordinary little biplane with two very thin boards or pieces of tin, and

Fig. 3.

seasons of weather. On top of this, for a wind-indicator, make a small oar, as shown in the illustration.

With few exceptions, these ornamental wea-

Fig. 4.Fig. 5.

balance it on the supporting rod by means of the light wooden frame, the tail-piece, or rudder, helping to balance it. On the front there is a propeller made of tin. Now the wind will blow

this whole biplane back and forth just as an ordinary wind-indicator would vary with every breeze. At the same time, the wind will keep the propeller spinning around and around, and in this manner you get the combination weather-vane and weather-indicator.

In Figure 3 is shown a sailing-skater weather-vane. Instead of four objects on this there are but two. There are two ways to make these skaters: they may be cut out of tin and painted, or they may be whittled out of wood. They have skates on, and are holding in their hands a real square- or mainsail of canvas which catch the wind. The little figures spin around and look just as though they were really gliding along on

or zinc. In each arm he holds a wide-bladed sword. The arms are bent out a bit on the elbows, and the blades of the swords are turned at right angles from the arms. The soldier, of course, spins about because the wind strikes against these blades as they would against the arms of a windmill, and, at the same time, the arms themselves are spinning around in circles (see Figure 5). In this particular case, there is a hole made through the figure from foot to crown. He turns around on a rod run through this hole. On the top of this, the wind-indicator is made in the form of a sword or saber. While the soldier is flashing around trying to cut off the heads of his enemies, the wind-indicator at the top moves

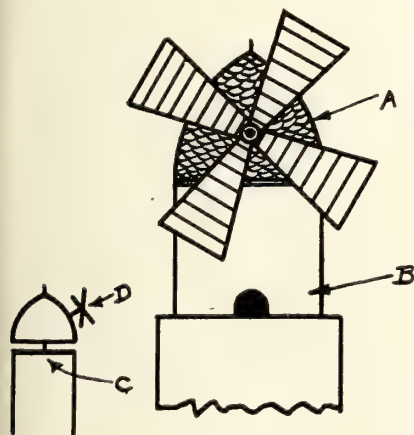


Fig. 6.

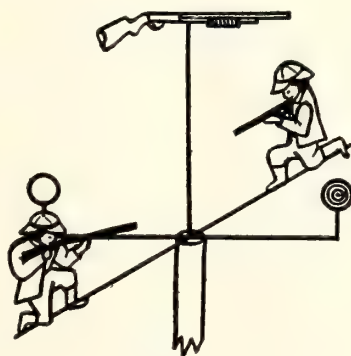


Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.

skates by means of the wind, and at the same time chasing each other. For the top of this, cut a skate out of tin for the weather-indicator.

An unusually novel weather-vane can be called "the flying kites." On each of the four wooden or metal arms there is an upright arm bent at an angle of about thirty degrees, and on the end of each of these is a piece of tin cut out in the form of a kite, and painted white. Dangling from the bottom of all four of these kites is a short ribbon for the tail, but these tails must be so short that they will not reach to the bottom supports and, becoming entangled, stop the vane from spinning around. All four of these tin kites, set in this position, will serve to catch the wind from any direction. The weather-indicator can be made in the form of an arrow.

A new form of the old-fashioned sailor weather-vane who thrashes his paddles around and around is the "fighting captain." Make a figure of a man out of wood. The best height for the figure is about twelve inches. Make this fellow's arms separate, and cut them out of tin

independently of him, and points out the direction of the wind.

The old-fashioned Dutch windmill is a picturesque form for a weather-vane. The real windmills are made so that the top may be turned around and allow the sails to face the wind whichever way it may be blowing. A small weather-vane can be made on the same plan. This is shown in Figure 6. The top, or roof-part, shown at A, is put on the bottom, or house-part, B, by means of a swivel, as is indicated at C. The big fan is made on a wooden form, over which cloth is stretched, and turns independently of the top, as shown at D. Now the wind, catching these big fan-blades, will swing the top in the right direction, no matter how the wind is blowing, and, at the same time, the big wheel will be in motion. It is possible to make one of these having, as the bottom, or house-part, a real bird-house.

The marksman is another form of weather-vane made in the same way as the sail-skaters, except that there are four arms, two for the



marksmen and two for the targets as shown in Figure 7. These figures can be cut out of very thin board with a jig-saw, or cut out of tin and painted. The wind-indicator is made of a piece of tin in the form of a gun, and painted black.

Probably the funniest weather-vane you ever

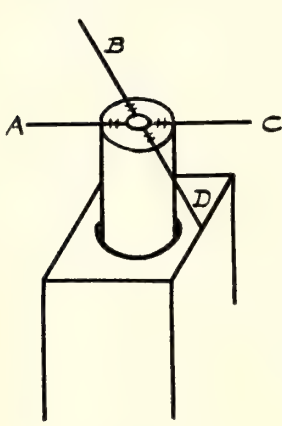


FIG. 9.

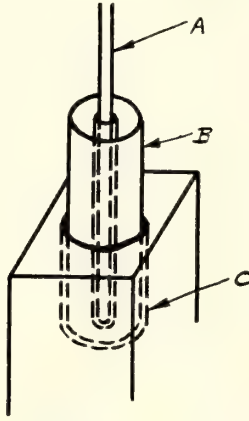


FIG. 10.

saw can be made on the top of a barrel placed on a shed or some similar high place where it can catch the wind. This is called the "running hen" weather-vane. The upright rod is placed in the middle of the barrel with the two arms coming out just to the edge of the barrel. On the end of each of these two arms is placed the figure of a hen, or there may be a hen on one and a rooster on the other, cut out of tin or very thin wood and painted; and they may have tails of

real feathers, attached by punching holes through the tin and fastening the feathers on with wire. This is shown in Figure 8. Unlike most of the weather-vanes, the horizontal rod and the arms do not move separately. Whenever the upright rod moves, it also moves both of the arms. The motive power is a big flag, made of tin and painted. When the wind strikes this, it blows it about. The feet of these hens, also made of tin, are cut out separately and fastened on as shown in Figure 8. They are made to hang very loosely. On the rim of the barrel, about four inches apart, are fastened little pointed blocks of wood, as shown by B. These are made just high enough so that when one of the figures of the hens passes this piece of wood, the feet strike against the wood and flop back and forth. When the wind is blowing this weather-vane, you can see these feet flopping back and forth until it looks for all the world as though the hens were actually running.

The sockets for these weather-vanes should be made as in Figure 9; the arms consist of round rods fastened with staples as at A, B, C, and D. This enables the arms to move around independently of the wind-indicator.

In Figure 10, A shows the rod that supports the weather-indicator; B shows the movable support of the arms, while the dotted lines that run below show the big socket in which B rests and the inner socket in which A rests. These sockets are made large enough so that each will move about easily in the other if they are kept well greased and made deep enough so that they cannot blow out or tip over.



SOME NANTUCKET WEATHER-VANES.

## A PECULIAR IDENTIFICATION

A GOOD story is told of a shipwrecked sailor in the West Indies who went to the United States consul a few years ago and asked for passage back to Boston. The consul was somewhat in doubt as to whether or not the applicant was a citizen of the United States. He thought that perhaps this man was trying to get a free trip to Boston, and gave the shipwreck story as an excuse. He called into consultation the captain of a sailing vessel then in port, a captain who hailed from Boston.

"I'll ask him one question," remarked the sea-captain, "and if he can answer it correctly, I'll know he belongs in Boston."

The question he asked was this: "What is the weather-vane on Faneuil Hall?"

Promptly the sailor replied: "A grasshopper."

As this was the correct answer, the consul, on the advice of the captain, procured the desired passage home.

There are very few weather-vanes as curious as the one on the old Faneuil Hall. It is indeed a grasshopper, and was put on when the hall was first built. It has survived two fires, and, while it has had to have its legs and feelers mended once or twice and a new coat of gilt put on, it still is on duty, turning in every wind, on the spire of the hall tower.

The grasshopper was made by a very eccentric coppersmith of Boston, Deacon Sheme Drowne, in 1742. It was hammered by hand out of copper, and is about five and a half feet in length. Deacon Drowne liked to make odd weather-vanes, and his figures of roosters, Indian chiefs, and even a little admiral looking off over the town with his long telescope, stood for years for

the people to gaze at. Perhaps it was just as well for the stranded sailor in the West Indies that



THE TOWER OF FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.

Deacon Drowne was so eccentric, for had it not been for his remembering the grasshopper, he might have had to remain in a strange land.

*Walter K. Putney.*

## IN FEBRUARY

Oh, they say it's growing colder, every day,  
That the winter's growing bolder, every day;  
Since the bear's gone back to sleep  
In his cavern dark and deep,  
There'll be six weeks more of snowing,  
Of freezing and of blowing,—every day.

But the day's a little longer every day,  
And the sun's a little stronger every day;  
If we're patient for a while,  
We shall see the summer smile,  
And the buds will soon be showing,  
For they're growing, growing, growing, every day.

And the birds will soon be singing every day,  
Northward now they'll soon be winging every day;  
Though the frost is in the air,  
There's a feeling everywhere  
That the skies are growing clearer,  
And the springtime's drawing nearer, every day.

*Annie Johnson Flint.*



# BOOKS AND READING



BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## RUDYARD KIPLING, MAKER OF MAGIC

WHEN I was a child, one of the friends of our family of whom I was particularly fond was Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, then an old man, with a handsome, patriarchal aspect emphasized by a sweeping white beard.

One day he said to me:

"My dear, it is n't often that you will hear one poet say he would like to have written the verses of another poet. But that is what I say now. I would give a great deal to have written 'The Ballad of East and West,' by a man called Kipling. It's a great, a very great, poem."

That was the first time I had ever heard of Kipling.

That song was written in 1889, and Rudyard Kipling, who was born December 30, 1865, at Bombay, had then been writing some three years; at least, his first published book, "Departmental Ditties, etc.," had been out that long. He had been sub-editor on the "Lahore Civil and Military Gazette" since he was seventeen, and had, of course, written for that publication, but so far he showed little sign of the greatness that lay in him, beyond several remarkable stories in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and this ballad so highly praised by Stoddard.

Kipling left off being a boy very early indeed. He came back from England, where he had gone to be educated at the United Services College, in Devon, a man, almost an old man, so precocious, so cynical, so cock-sure of himself was he. But really this was no more than college grown-upness, made the more marked by the Indian background of his childhood, which ripens boy or girl quickly. He has grown a great deal younger since those days of his 'teens and first twenties, younger with a real youth, that sees wonder and miracle in so-called common things, as well as in the simplest of human beings. There is not a shred of cynicism left in Kipling now, but instead

a tremendous reverence for and interest in the works of God and man, a huge sort of tenderness and a perception of infinite meanings, even in iron and steam and machinery.

His early boyhood, nursed on the strange stories of India told him by the ayahs to whose gentle care he was committed, as are all English children born in that far country, was filled full with mystery and magic. The old, old civilization of the East wrapped him close, and has never let him go. With this went the familiar view of the English soldier on his round of duties, naturally a delightful interest for the boy, strong, sturdy, and patriotic. Between the two influences arose an intense appreciation of England's work and responsibilities, of her larger aspects, her world character. This, too, has remained with him.

Next came the experience of school-life, and this must have been a big experience to the quick, sensitive, and yet somewhat rough nature of the lad. The story of "Stalky and Co." tells us what this English school-life was, or, at least, what it was to the writer. It is not a pleasant story; the boys are a lot of young savages, the rules and ethics of their contact with each other being such as would shock a clan of aborigines. But there is nothing half-alive or weakly about the story. Hard knocks and swift reprisals, fierce enmities and passionate friendships, woke all there was in the boys. So far as actual learning went, the young Kipling could n't have acquired any vast amount; his education has been a thing of his own doing, not of other persons'.

Kipling's father, John Lockwood Kipling, who died in 1911, was an artist of considerable charm, for almost twenty years curator of the Central Museum at Lahore, in India. There were two other artists in the family, for one of his mother's sisters was married to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the great preRaphaelite painter, and another to Sir Edward Poynter, who followed Sir John Millais as President of the Royal Academy of

Art. But there seems to have been no writer before Rudyard.

There never was any one more difficult to classify. As soon as people had him labeled as doing one thing, he would begin another. First he wrote sarcastic, cynical tales of the English in India. Then he became the poet of his beloved Tommy Atkins. Then he started in to interpret the native life of India as no one had ever done. Then he revealed himself as a supreme writer for children. Suddenly he sent a thrill through all the British Empire with his "White Man's Burden" and "The Recessional." Next he became intensely modern in his poems and stories of the mechanical achievements of our age, a prophet of yet greater achievements.

He is a man who is at home anywhere in the world. East was east and West was west to him from childhood, both familiar, each clearly defined. Since then he has traveled far and wide, living several years in the United States before at length settling in England. He stirred up all America with his notes on our ways and peculiarities in "From Sea to Sea," yet, when he lay ill here, the very newsboys were interested in his condition, calling out that "Kipling's better, here y' are, extry, one cent!" The man is so big, so real, so intensely sincere, that he takes the heart of the world much as Mark Twain takes it. Yet both these men could and did slash at faults and weakness and pretense with a terrible fierceness.

One day my father took me into the editorial offices of *THE CENTURY* for a chat with Mr. Gilder. One of the first things he said to us was, "Kipling's round here somewhere; don't you want to meet him?" My father had met him before, but I was tremendously excited. I had read everything of his I could get hold of since Mr. Stoddard's remark to me, and I was having all the fun of real hero-worship for the author.

We went into Mr. Gilder's own office and met Kipling there. I looked at him hard. I wanted to be sure of him. He was broad and short and big-headed, with eyes that glowed, a brownish skin, and black hair already graying slightly. I was not disappointed in him. He gave you the feeling that here was force, power, control, and a something genial and warm that I had not looked for. I expected to be afraid of him, and, instead, I felt perfectly at home and at ease with him. He sat down by me and talked and laughed, made fun of several things, though now I cannot remember what they were, and praised the American offices. "Nothing like this sort of thing in England," he said, waving an arm round in a short, quick gesture. "There you have to scramble along narrow dark halls, open doors, fall

down stairs, kick some one who has preceded you, and finally reach an ill-lighted, chilly, barren little room with two or three miserable clerks writing at desks."

The contrast between this picture and the beautiful room in which we sat was so great that I have never forgotten that description, nor yet the slight horror with which I heard that he kicked the unfortunate creature who had preceded him. For I believed every word.



Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

It was not until 1894 that Kipling published, in your own beloved *ST. NICHOLAS*, his first *Jungle Stories*, revealing a whole new expanse of his genius, and suddenly turning to you young folk from the older readers who had been his public till then. Nothing like these stories had ever been done. They are magic, fairy, full of a wondrous make-believe. Yet they are amazing in their knowledge of animal facts, of natural history, of the forest life of the tropics. They are absolutely true and absolutely imaginary at the same time. And that is just the kind of story-magic that a child wants and understands.

After that came the second book about the jungle, and then the fascinating *Just So Stories*, meant for younger children. But do we ever



grow too big to delight in them, I wonder? Some of us don't, I know! That 's one of the main things about this Kipling: he tells you his stories in such a way that you enjoy them at whatever age. After all, a child, or a boy, or a man, looking through a window at a street full of crowded life, where things were happening all the time, odd people and creatures passing, fights going on, songs being sung, soldiers arm in arm, elephants carrying mysterious burdens, all this and much, much more,—man, boy, child, would n't each of them be tremendously interested, though possibly in different aspects of the show? Of course! And Kipling is such a window. Through him you see into a street that has neither beginning nor end, that leads out on the seven seas and back again, and that is constantly thronged with life. And you don't see only the outside of this life. He shows you what is going on in the minds and hearts of that motley train, even into the feelings of a tiger or an ape. When he tells you about boys, you know he tells the truth, because you are one yourself. And if you are a man or a woman, you know, too, that he is telling the truth. So when he tells you of things you do not know, you don't bother to wonder and doubt; you know those things are true, too.

The two Jungle Books were about animals, the Just So Stories were fanciful conceptions. When Rudyard Kipling turned to write "Puck of Pook's Hill," he went to history.

But have you ever known history to be so up and doing as that book? Here is nothing dry and faded. It is all full of color, movement, the very thrill of life. And such good stories! For though the people are in, the story is never left out, as will sometimes happen with writers who are not born to the true romance, as this man surely is.

Kipling is essentially a man of our own generation, and it is the thing that is happening now that most deeply interests him. But he knows that a man is a man whether it be to-day or a thousand years ago, even as he writes in the ballad I spoke of at the beginning of this article:

"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
from the ends of the earth!"

—or the ends of time. That is why he makes history as real as it was, as alive as it was. While he writes about it, it is To-day, not Yesterday.

Then in his "Captains Courageous" he shows how he grasped the Yankee character, writing a story as American as the Cape Cod drawl. Is not such a man a master of magic?

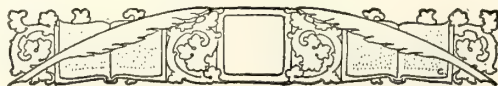
Kipling is the kind of man who has all sorts of strong opinions on a great many subjects. It does n't matter whether or not you agree with all of them. The important point is that he believes them earnestly, and is willing to say so clearly. That is a rare trait, as I think you 'll find, and it is a splendid help in getting ideas settled. When one side is honestly and definitely set forth, why, then, the opposing side can be as thoroughly stated, even if only in your own mind. To know what you believe on many subjects, and why you believe it, is worth a good deal. And to realize that there are things you will not be able to understand, because you are so entirely honest in your mind, is another important thing.

In stories like "They" and "The Brushwood Boy," Kipling confesses the things, or some of them, he does not understand, and yet which he feels exist. Reading them, and reading the "Barrack-room Ballads," and the machine stories and songs, and the Mulvaney stories, with the others I have been talking about, we, too, find it difficult to understand that they can be the work of one man. That he could write such a book as "Kim," which all of you must read some day (because not to do it would be to miss traveling through a whole world of wonder, a world entirely removed from ours of America or Europe), and also "McAndrew's Hymn," seems impossible. But there it is!

In 1907 Kipling was presented by the Stockholm Academy with the greatest reward in literature, the Nobel Prize.

There 's another thing about Kipling, and that is the spirit of manliness, devotion to duty, law and order, clean sanity and serene courage, which you get from all he writes. That does n't mean that he leaves all bad men and women and deeds out of his books. He could not do that and tell truth. But, like all the really big writers, it is goodness and strength and honor and self-denial that reach out to you from all he writes. And, if any of you are not sure of this, will you get his poem called "If" and read it carefully? Boy or girl, live up to that poem, and you can meet your Master's eye without shame,

"When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are  
twisted and dried . . ."



# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

## HOW IT HAPPENED THAT REDDY FOX GAINED A FRIEND

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

It was funny that Tommy never could pass that great gray stone without sitting down on it for a few minutes. It seemed as if he just could n't, that was all. It had been a favorite seat ever since he was big enough to drive the cows to pasture and go after them at night. It was just far enough from home for him to think that he needed a rest when he reached it. You know a growing boy needs to rest often—except when he is playing. He used to take all his troubles there to think them over. The queer part of it is he left a great many of them there, though he did n't seem to know it. If Tommy ever could have seen in one pile all the troubles he had left at that old gray stone, I am afraid that he would have called it the trouble-stone instead of the wishing-stone.

It was only lately that he had begun to call it the wishing-stone. Several times when he had been sitting on it, he had wished foolish wishes and they had come true. At least, it seemed as if they had come true. They had come as true as he ever wanted them to. He was thinking something of this kind now as he stood idly kicking at the old stone. Presently he stopped kicking at it, and, from force of habit, sat down on it. It was a bright, sunshiny day, one of those warm days that sometimes happen right in the middle of winter, as if the weather-man had somehow got mixed and slipped a spring day into the wrong place in the calendar.

From where he sat, Tommy could look over to the Green Forest, which was green now only where the pine-trees and the hemlock-trees and the spruce-trees grew. All the rest was bare and brown, save that the ground was white with snow. He could look across the white meadowland to the Old Pasture, where in places the brush was so thick that, in summer, he sometimes had to hunt to find the cows. Now, even from this distance, he could trace the windings of the cow-paths, each a ribbon of spotless white. It puzzled him at first. He scowled at them.

"When the whole thing is covered with snow, it ought to be harder to see those paths, but instead of that it is easier," he muttered. "'T ain't reasonable!" Tommy never *could* see any sense in grammar. He scowled harder than ever, but

the scowl was n't an unpleasant one. You know there is a difference in scowls. Some are black and heavy, like ugly thunder-heads, and from them flashes of anger are likely to dart any minute, just as the lightning darts out from the thun-



"THEN HE RAN. HOW HE DID RUN!"  
(SEE PAGE 350.)

der-heads. Others are like the big fleecy clouds that hide the sun for a minute or two, and make it seem all the brighter by their passing. There are scowls of anger and scowls of perplexity. It was a scowl of the latter kind that wrinkled Tommy's forehead now. He was trying to understand something that seemed to him quite as much beyond common sense as the rules of the grammar he so detested.

"'T ain't reasonable!" he repeated. "I had n't ought to be able to see 'em at all. But I do. They stick out like—"

No one will ever know just what they stuck



out like, for Tommy never finished that sentence. The scowl cleared and his freckled face fairly beamed. He had made a discovery all by himself, and he felt all the joy of a discoverer. Perhaps you will think it was n't much, but it was really important, so far as it concerned Tommy, because it proved that Tommy was learning to use his eyes and to understand what he saw. He had reasoned the thing out, and when anybody does that, it is always important.

"Why, how simple!" exclaimed Tommy. "Of course I can see those old paths! It would be funny if I could n't. The bushes break through the snow on all sides, but where the paths are, there is nothing to break through, and so they are perfectly smooth and stand right out. Queer I never noticed that before. Hello! what 's that?"

His sharp eyes had caught sight of a little spot of red up in the Old Pasture. It was moving, and, as he watched it, it gradually took shape. It was Reddy Fox, trotting along one of those little white paths. Apparently, Reddy was going to keep an engagement somewhere, for he trotted along quite as if he were bound for some particular place and had no time to waste.

"He 's headed this way, and, if I keep still, perhaps he 'll come close," thought Tommy.

So he sat as still as if he were a part of the old wishing-stone itself. Reddy Fox came straight on. At the edge of the Old Pasture he stopped for a minute and looked across to the Green Forest, as if to make sure that it was perfectly safe to cross the open meadows. Evidently he thought it was, for he resumed his steady trot. If he kept on the way he was headed, he would pass very near to the wishing-stone and to Tommy. Just as he was half-way across the meadows, Chanticleer, Tommy's prize Plymouth Rock rooster, crowed over in the farm-yard. Instantly Reddy stopped with one black paw uplifted and turned his head in the direction of the sound. Tommy could imagine the hungry look in that sharp, crafty face. But Reddy was far too wise to think of going up to the farm-yard in broad daylight, and in a moment resumed his journey.

Nearer and nearer he came, until he was passing not thirty feet away. How handsome he was! His beautiful red coat looked as if the coldest wind never could get through it. His great plume of a tail, black toward the end and just tipped with white, was held high to keep it out of the snow. His black stockings, white vest, and black-tipped ears gave him a wonderfully fine appearance. Quite a dandy is Reddy Fox, and he looked it.

He was almost past, when Tommy squeaked

like a mouse. Like a flash Reddy turned, his sharp ears cocked forward, his yellow eyes agleam with hunger. There he stood, as motionless as Tommy himself, eagerness written in every line of his face. It was very clear that, no matter how important his business in the Green Forest was, he did n't intend knowingly to pass anything so delicious as a meadow-mouse. Once more Tommy squeaked. Instantly Reddy took several steps toward him, looking and listening intently. A look of doubt crept into his eager face. That old gray stone did n't look just as he remembered it. For a long minute he stared straight at Tommy. Then a puff of wind fluttered the bottom of Tommy's coat, and perhaps at the same time it carried to Reddy that dreaded man smell.

Reddy almost turned a back-somersault in his hurry to get away. Then he ran. How he did run! In almost no time at all he had reached the Green Forest and vanished from Tommy's sight. Quite without knowing it Tommy sighed.

"My, how handsome he is!" You know Tommy is freckle-face and rather homely. "And gee, how he can run!" he added admiringly. "It must be fun to be able to run like that. It must be fun to be a fox anyhow. I wonder what it feels like. I wish I were a fox."

If he had remembered where he was, perhaps Tommy would have thought twice before wishing. But he had forgotten. Forgetting was one of Tommy's besetting sins. Hardly had the words left his mouth, when Tommy found that he *was* a fox, red-coated, black-stockinged—the very image of Reddy himself. And with that change in himself everything else had changed. It was summer. The Green Meadows and the Green Forest were very beautiful. Even the Old Pasture was beautiful. But Tommy had no eyes for beauty. All that beauty meant nothing to him save that now there was plenty to eat and no great trouble to get it. Everywhere the birds were singing, but, if Tommy heeded at all, it was only to wish that some of the sweet songsters would come down on the ground where he could catch them. Those songs made him hungry. He knew of nothing he liked better, next to fat meadow-mice, than birds. That reminded him that some of them nest on the ground, Mrs. Grouse for instance. He had little hope that he could catch her, for it seemed as if she had eyes in the back of her head; but she should have a family by this time, and if he could find those youngsters—the very thought made his mouth water, and he started for the Green Forest.

Once there, he visited one place after another where he thought he might find Mrs. Grouse. He was almost ready to give up and go back to the

Green Meadows to hunt for meadow-mice, when a sudden rustling in the dead leaves made him stop short and strain his ears. There was a faint *kwitt*, and then all was still. Tommy took three or four steps and then—could he believe his eyes? There was Mrs. Grouse fluttering on the ground just in front of him! One wing dragged as if broken. Tommy made a quick spring and then another. Somehow Mrs. Grouse just managed to get out of his way. But she could n't fly. She



"TOMMY TOOK THREE OR FOUR STEPS AND THEN—  
COULD HE BELIEVE HIS EYES!"

could n't even run as she usually did. It was only luck that she had managed to evade him. Very stealthily he approached her as she lay fluttering among the leaves. Then, gathering himself for a long jump, he sprang. Once more he missed her, by a mere matter of inches it seemed. The same thing happened again and still again. It was maddening to have such a good dinner so near and yet not be able to get it. Then something happened that made Tommy feel so foolish that he wanted to sneak away. With a roar of wings Mrs. Grouse sailed up over the tree-tops and out of sight!

"Huh! Have n't you learned that trick yet?" said a voice.

Tommy turned. There was Reddy Fox grinning at him. "What trick?" he demanded.

"Why, that old Grouse was just fooling you!" replied Reddy. "There was nothing the matter with her. She was just pretending. She had a whole family of young ones hidden close by the place where you first saw her. My, but you are easy!"

"Let 's go right back there!" cried Tommy.

"No use. Not the least bit," declared Reddy. "It 's too late. Let 's go over on the meadows and hunt for mice."

Together they trotted over to the Green Meadows. All through the grass were private little paths made by the mice. The grass hung over them so that they were more like tunnels than paths. Reddy crouched down by one which smelled very strong of mouse. Tommy crouched down by another. Presently there was the faint sound of tiny feet running. The grass moved ever so little over the small path Reddy was watching. Suddenly he sprang, and his two black paws came down together on something that gave a pitiful squeak. Reddy had caught a mouse without even seeing it. He had known just where to jump by the movement of the grass. Presently Tommy caught one the same way. Then, because they knew that the mice right around there were frightened, they moved on to another part of the meadows.

"I know where there are some young woodchucks," said Tommy, who had unsuccessfully tried for one of them that very morning.

"Where?" demanded Reddy.

"Over by that old tree on the edge of the meadow," replied Tommy. "It is n't the least bit of use to try for them. They don't go far enough away from their hole, and their mother keeps watch all the time. There she is now."

Sure enough, there sat old Mrs. Chuck, looking, at that distance, for all the world like a stake driven in the ground.

"Come on," said Reddy. "We 'll have one of those chucks."

But instead of going toward the woodchuck home, Reddy turned in quite the opposite direction. Tommy did n't know what to make of it, but he said nothing, and trotted along behind. When they were where Reddy knew that Mrs. Chuck could no longer see them, he stopped.

"There 's no hurry," said he. "There seems to be plenty of grasshoppers here, and we may as well catch a few. When Mrs. Chuck has forgotten all about us, we 'll go over there."

Tommy grinned to himself. "If he thinks we are going to get over there without being seen, he 's got something to learn," thought Tommy. But he said nothing, and, for lack of anything better to do, he caught grasshoppers. After a



while, Reddy said he guessed it was about time to go chuck-hunting.

"You go straight over there," said he. "When you get near, Mrs. Chuck will send all the little Chucks down into their hole and then she will follow, only she'll stay where she can peep out and watch you. Go right up to the hole so that she will go down out of sight and wait there until I come. I'll hide right back of that tree, and then you go off as if you had given up trying to



"'COME ON,' SAID REDDY. 'WE'LL HAVE ONE OF THOSE CHUCKS.'"

catch any of them. Go hunt meadow-mice far enough away so that she won't be afraid. I'll do the rest."

Tommy did n't quite see through the plan, but he did as he was told. As he drew near Mrs. Chuck, she did just as Reddy said she would—sent her youngsters down underground. Then, as he drew nearer, she followed them. Tommy kept on right up to her door-step. The smell of those Chucks was maddening. He was tempted to try to dig them out, only somehow he just felt that it would be of no use. He was still half minded to try, however, when Reddy came trotting up and flattened himself in the long grass behind the trunk of the tree. Tommy knew then that it was time for him to do the rest of his part. He turned his back on the woodchuck home

and trotted off across the meadow. He had n't gone far when, looking back, he saw Mrs. Chuck sitting up very straight and still on her door-step, watching him. Not once did she take her eyes from him. Tommy kept on, and presently began to hunt for meadow-mice. But he kept one eye on Mrs. Chuck, and presently he saw her look this way and that, as if to make sure that all was well. Then she must have told her children that they could come out to play once more, for out they came. By this time Tommy was so excited that he almost forgot that he was supposed to be hunting mice.

Presently he saw a red flash from behind the old tree. There was a frightened scurry of little Chucks and old Mrs. Chuck dove into her hole. Reddy barked joyfully. Tommy hurried to join him. There on the ground lay two little Chucks with the life shaken out of them.

"Did n't I tell you we'd have Chuck for dinner?" said Reddy. "What one can't do, two can."

After that, Tommy and Reddy often hunted together, and Reddy taught Tommy many things. So the summer passed with plenty to eat and nothing to worry about. Not once had he known that terrible fear—the fear of being hunted—which is so large a part of the lives of Danny Meadow-mouse and Peter Rabbit, and even Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Instead of being afraid, he was feared. He was the hunter instead of the hunted. Day and night, for he was abroad at night quite as much as by day, he went where he pleased and did as he pleased, and was happy, for there was nothing to worry him. Having plenty to eat, he kept away from the homes of men. He had been warned that there was danger there.

At last the weather grew cold. There were no more grasshoppers. There were no more foolish young rabbits or woodchucks or grouse, for those who had escaped had grown up and were wise and smart. Every day it grew harder to get enough to eat. The cold weather made him hungrier than ever, and now he had little time for sun-naps or idle play. He had to spend most of the time that he was awake hunting. He never knew where the next meal was coming from, as did thrifty Striped Chipmunk, and Happy Jack Squirrel, and Danny Meadow-mouse. It was hunt, hunt, hunt, and a meal only when his wits were sharper than the wits of those he hunted. He knew now what real hunger was. He knew what it was most of the time. So when, late one afternoon, he surprised a fat hen who had strayed away from the flock behind the barn of a lonely farm, he thought that never had he tasted any-

thing more delicious. Thereafter he visited chicken-houses and stole many fat pullets. To him they were no more than the wild birds he hunted, only more foolish and so easily caught.

And then one morning after a successful raid on a poultry-house, he heard for the first time the voices of dogs on his trail. He, the hunter, was being hunted. At first it did n't bother him at all. He would run away and leave them far behind. So he ran, and when their voices were faint and far away, he lay down to rest. But presently he grew uneasy. Those voices were drawing nearer. Those dogs were following his every twist and turn with their noses in his tracks, just as he had so often followed a rabbit. For hours he ran, and still those dogs followed. He was almost ready to drop, when he chanced to run along in a tiny brook, and, after he left that, he heard no more of the dogs that day. So he learned that running water broke his trail.

The next day the dogs found his trail again, and, as he ran from them through a swamp, there was a sudden flash and a dreadful noise. Something stung him sharply on the shoulder. As he looked back, he caught a glimpse of a man with something in his hands that looked like a stick with smoke coming from the end of it. That night, as he lay licking his wounds, he knew that now he, who had known no fear, would never again be free from it—the fear of man.

Little by little he learned how to fool and outwit the dogs. He learned that water destroyed his scent. He learned that dry sand did not hold it. He learned to run along stone walls and then jump far out into the field and so break his trail. He learned that, if he dashed through a flock of sheep, the foolish animals would rush around in aimless fright, and their feet would stamp out his trail. These and many other sharp tricks he learned, so that after a while he had no fear of the dogs. But his fear of man grew greater rather than less, and was with him at all times.

So all through the fall he hunted and was hunted. Then came the snow, the beautiful white snow. All day it fell, and when at night the moon came out, the earth was covered with a wonderful white carpet. Through the Green Forest and over the meadows Tommy hunted. One lone shivering little wood-mouse he dug out of a moldering old stump, but this was only a bite. He visited one hen-house after another, only to find each without so much as a loose board by means of which he might get in. It was dreadful to be so hungry.

As if this were not enough, the breaking of the day brought the sound of dogs on his trail. "I'll fool them in short order," thought he.

Alas! Running in the snow was a very different matter from running on the bare ground. One trick after another he tried, the very best he knew, the ones which never had failed before; but all in vain. Wherever he stepped he left a footprint plain to see. Though he might fool the noses of the dogs, he could not fool the eyes of their masters. Now one thing he had long ago learned, and this was never to seek his underground den unless he must, for then the dogs and



"HE SURPRISED A FAT HEN WHO HAD STRAYED AWAY FROM THE FLOCK."

the hunters would know where he lived. So now Tommy ran and ran, hoping to fool the dogs, but not able to. At last he realized this, and started for his den. He felt that he had got to. Running in the snow was hard work. His legs ached with weariness. His great plume of a tail, of which he was so proud, was a burden now. It had become wet with the snow and so heavy that it hampered and tired him.

A great fear, a terrible fear, filled Tommy's heart. Would he be able to reach that snug den in time? He was panting hard for breath, and his legs moved slower and slower. The voices of the dogs seemed to be in his very ears. Glancing back over his shoulder, he could see them gaining with every jump, the fierce joy of the hunt and the lust of killing in their eyes. He



knew now the feeling, the terror and dreadful hopelessness, of the meadow-mice and rabbits he had so often run down. Just ahead was a great gray rock. From it he would make one last long jump in an effort to break the trail. In his fear he quite forgot that he was in plain sight now, and that his effort would be useless.

Up on the rock he leaped wearily, and—Tommy rubbed his eyes. Then he pinched himself to make quite sure that he was really himself. He shivered, for he was in a cold sweat—the sweat of fear. Before him stretched the snow-covered meadows, and away over beyond was the Old Pasture with the cow-paths showing like white ribbons. Half-way across the meadows, running toward him with their noses to the ground and making the echoes ring with the joy of the hunt, were two hounds. A dark figure moving on the edge of the Old Pasture caught his eyes and held them. It was a hunter. Reddy Fox, handsome, crafty Reddy, into whose hungry yellow eyes he had looked so short a time before, would soon be running for his life.

Hastily Tommy jumped to his feet and hurried over to the trail Reddy had made as he ran for

the Green Forest. With eager feet he kicked the snow over those telltale tracks for a little way. He waited for those eager hounds, and when they reached the place where he had broken the trail, he drove them away. They and the hunter might pick up the trail again in the Green Forest, but at least Reddy would have time to get a long start of them and a good chance of getting away altogether.

Then he went back to the wishing-stone and looked down at it thoughtfully. "And I actually wished I could be a fox!" he exclaimed. "My, but I'm glad I'm not! I guess Reddy has trouble enough without one making him any more. He may kill a lot of innocent little creatures, but he has to live, and it's no more than men do." (He was thinking of the chicken dinner he would have that day.) "I'm going straight over to the Old Pasture and take up that trap I set yesterday. I guess a boy's troubles don't amount to much, after all. I'm gladder than ever that I'm a boy, and—and—well, if Reddy Fox is smart enough to get one of my chickens now and then, he's welcome. It must be awful to be hungry all the time."

*(To be continued.)*



## SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

New dolly, you are very sweet!  
With lips and teeth, and truly hair!  
And you can bend your hands and feet,  
Instead of sprawling here and there.  
And you can close your eyes up tight,  
Instead of staring, day and night.

I am so very proud of you!  
I know now just how Mother feels  
When I am dressed my nicest, too,

An' there is company to meals.  
A mother takes a lot of pride  
In pretty children at her side.

I think I'll call you Anna Belle,—  
You must n't let it make you vain,—  
Or, maybe, you are Lady Nell;  
My rag-doll's name was only Jane.  
I hope she won't feel bad, but—well—  
I re'lize, now, that she *was* plain.



"I AM SO VERY PROUD OF YOU!"





# EVERYCHILD

## BY CONTENT S. NICHOLS

### A SCHOOL MORALITY

How Everychild sought for a companion on her quest for Goodness & Beauty, & having at length chosen, received also certain treasures.

#### CHARACTERS

Everychild · Joy · Mathematics · Latin · Idleness · Service · Gaiety · Discipline.

A Page (if necessary)



No stage setting except a chair.

(Enter Everychild.)

EVERYCHILD. Were there not voices here? I came to see  
If this could be my chosen company.  
For I am growing now, and seek to come  
Where Goodness, and where Beauty, have their  
home.

I am alone; but Everychild, they say,  
May choose what friends she 'll have upon her way.

(Thinks.)

I 'll call for Idleness, she is so soft!  
She will not make me climb, nor scold me oft.  
Idleness! Idleness! come!

(Enter, slowly, Idleness, in soft robes, with large fan and box of chocolates.)

IDLENESS (languidly). Beautiful dreams  
And chocolate creams  
Are all I desire of the world as a boon.  
No heat, and no strife;  
The pleasantest life  
Is to swing in a hammock the long afternoon.

(Sinks into a chair.)

EVERYCHILD. But will you talk with me, and guard  
me well,  
And guide where Beauty bright, and Goodness,  
dwell?

IDLENESS. No heat, and no strife;  
The pleasantest life  
Is to swing in a hammock the long afternoon.  
Beautiful dreams—

EVERYCHILD. But will you, Idleness,—

IDLENESS. Beautiful dreams  
And chocolate creams  
Are all I desire of the world—

EVERYCHILD. I cannot bear you! Lazy thing!  
away!

I will have friends that laugh, and run, and play!

(Idleness goes languidly out, fanning herself.)

EVERYCHILD. I 'll call for Gaiety! She is so fleet.  
Her bright wings fly beyond our mortal feet,  
And she has passed all shores, and knows full well  
Where radiant Goodness, and where Beauty, dwell.  
Gaiety! Gaiety! come!

(Gaiety runs and dances on, in light costume, with wings. She flies to and fro across the stage, while Everychild runs after her, crying, "Take me!" but is left behind. Gaiety slaps her and runs off.)

EVERYCHILD (sobbing). She slapped me just  
because I could not fly,  
And now she leaves me all alone to cry!  
What shall I do? How shall I ever come  
Where Beauty bright, and Goodness, have their  
home?

—I 'll call for Joy! She has bright hair of gold,  
Sweet songs, and dancing footfalls, so I 'm told.  
Joy! O Joy! (No answer.)

"Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity;  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek  
And love to live in dimple sleek;  
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter, holding both his sides!"

Joy! Joy! come! (No answer.)  
She will not come. Alas!

(Enter Latin, in dark gown, with blue veil-  
ing over hair and shoulders, carrying heavy  
volumes.)

EVERYCHILD. Oh, who are you? you don't look  
very nice.

LATIN. Stella, stellae, stellae, stellam, stella:  
Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant.

EVERYCHILD. But what 's your name? How old  
are you?

LATIN. My name is Latin. Ages old am I,  
And many a state have I seen rise and die.  
I reigned alone in Europe many a year;  
Barbarians trembled when my voice drew near.  
To Dante, Latin was his other tongue;  
In Latin, Milton, as in English, sung;  
And many a child have I trained up to see  
How different Tweedledum from Tweedledec!

EVERYCHILD. Oh, I don't know! You look so old  
and blue.

And must I study those great books all through?

LATIN. Yes, that you must. But take my hand  
and come,

For I have treasures in my mountain home:  
Right habits, carefulness, foundations firm  
For every language that the moderns learn,  
Choice words, the source of English sound and pure.  
How say you? Can you follow, and endure?

EVERYCHILD. But can you play with me, and guard  
me well,

And guide where Beauty bright, and Goodness,  
dwell?

LATIN. Aye, that I can. I know their home on  
high—

*(As Everychild puts her hand in Latin's and advances a step, enter Mathematics, also in dark gown, with head covered, carrying slate or compasses.)*

LATIN. Hail, Sister!

MATHEMATICS. Hail!

EVERYCHILD. But who is this? And must she with us go?

Your family are all so dark and slow!

No, I don't think I like you. What's your name?

MATHEMATICS. In every tongue my symbols are the same.

$2 \times 1$  are 2,  $2 \times 2$  are 4,  $2 \times 3$  are 6—

My name is Mathematics. Many a year

We 'll doubtless be acquainted—never fear.

EVERYCHILD. But you look stiff and stern. Why don't you sing,

And smile, and wear soft robes?

MATHEMATICS.

A mighty king

I serve, and it is mine to teach and train.

A trinomial is a perfect square when two of its terms are perfect squares and positive, and the third term is twice the product of their square roots.

EVERYCHILD *(who has put her fingers to her ears during the definition).*

No, I don't like you! I won't take your hand,

For you have nothing that I want.

*(Turns away.)*

MATHEMATICS.

Nay, stand!

Stand thou and listen! Royal gifts have I,

Gifts men have sold their mortal lives to buy.

'T is I that build the house, that count the tide;

I lay the rails, I span the waters wide;

I teach how planets sail the ether high;

I guide the aeroplane that dares the sky;

I tunnel deep where mighty rivers roll;

I plant the stars and stripes upon the pole!

Lo, this is I!

EVERYCHILD. Oh, let me go with you! and can you tell

Where radiant Goodness, and where Beauty, dwell?

MATHEMATICS. Their servant am I. I can lead you— Stay!

*(As they begin to go off together, enter Discipline, in black gown and cap, with bunch of switches, arms folded, frowning.)*

EVERYCHILD. Oh, I 'm afraid—I think I 'll run away.

You naughty thing! How dare you! Go away!

DISCIPLINE. Control yourself.

EVERYCHILD. I won't. I want to do just as I choose!

LATIN *(after a pause)*. Then you must leave us.

Ah—do not refuse

To follow Discipline, for he is good;

He tames the insolent, informs the rude.

He frowns, but he will let you run and grow

If but his precepts you incline to know.

DISCIPLINE. Let kittens play, but men must toil and soar;

Honor thyself, but honor others more.

No vulgar aim to monarchs do I bring;

Rule well thy mind, for in it thou art king!

LATIN. Through Discipline alone canst thou attain to be

Thyself, thy highest self, eternally.

EVERYCHILD. Yes, I was silly. I will take his hand.

He too shall guide me into Beauty's land.

*(She advances to take his hand. As he says the next lines, he throws down his switches, or, if a girl, throws off dark gown and veil, and draws forth a box of treasures. At the same time, Latin and Mathematics throw off their dark gowns and veils, and appear in light garments, with flowers, fillets, or wreaths on their heads. The page may give Latin a wreath, Mathematics a lighted lantern, and gather up the gowns.)*

DISCIPLINE. O strong young child, since you have followed me,

No longer ugly Discipline I 'll be.

A fairer self I show to each brave soul:

In Beauty's land they call me Self-control.

Mine are these stores of treasures manifold. *(Pouring into her hands.)*

My silver rusts not, nor my well-tried gold.

LATIN. O thou dear child, that chose with me to come,

Now shall we reach the heights of Beauty's home.

He that has climbed shall breathe the mountain air;

He that has learned shall read the pages fair,

Shall understand, shall learn himself to speak.

Fair are the flowers on the mountain peak!

*(Crowning her with the wreath.)*

Beautiful words, and noble thoughts, are these,

Fine feelings, witty sayings, grace, and ease!

MATHEMATICS. O thou dear child, since thou wert not afraid

Of my slow step, dark dress, and heavy tread,

To thy small hand entrust I now this light *(gives lantern)*,

Through all the ages ever burning bright.

Clear thoughts be thine, and Truth shall keep the flame,

For from her altar at the first it came.

*(Enter Joy and Service, quickly, hand in hand; in bright floating dresses, with wings. Joy with wreath of flowers, a star on her head and a wand; Service with Greek fillet, scattering flowers.)*

EVERYCHILD. Why, are n't you Joy?

Joy.

Oh, yes! I could not stay,

Where Service goes, I follow. That's our way.

*(They kiss, and circle in a little dance, which may end in a kiss.)*

LATIN. To guide the child they come, on high command.

Service and Joy go ever hand in hand.

SERVICE. In our bright home I heard the spirits say A child was seeking me this very day.

Gladly I hastened when I heard them speak;

Who seeketh Service hath not far to seek.

Then followed Joy, the loveliest of our band:

Service and Joy go ever hand in hand.

*(They repeat the dance and kiss.)*

SERVICE. Now on our happy journey let us come

To that bright land where Goodness is at home,

Where Beauty is, where we desire to dwell.

Joy. Farewell, ye mortals all! Farewell!

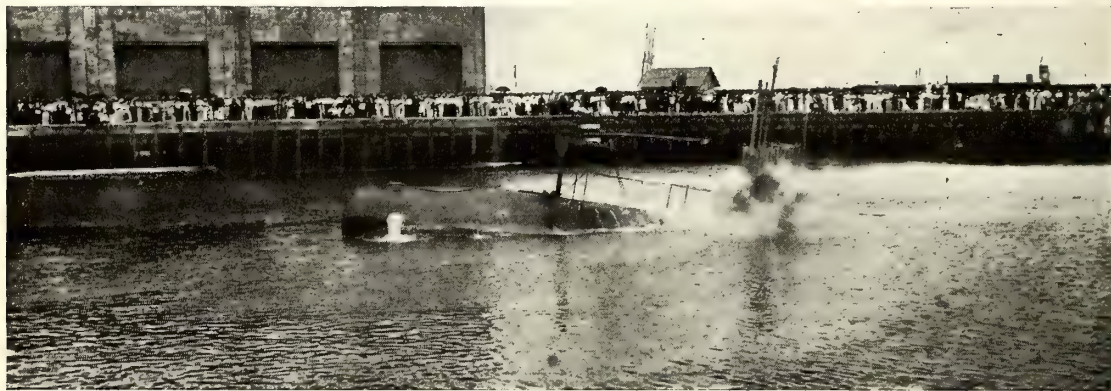
*(Going.)*

DISCIPLINE. Farewell!

LATIN, EVERYCHILD, and MATHEMATICS. Farewell!



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



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AT PANAMA, JULY 4, 1914—A SUBMARINE COMING TO THE SURFACE.

## WHAT THE DREADNOUGHTS DREAD

BY HENRY M. SNEVILY

"THIS is the favorite time of day for submarines to attack," said the lieutenant of marines.

We were standing on the quarter-deck of the United States armored cruiser *Washington*, one of a fleet of fourteen war-ships slowly nosing their way toward the entrance to Long Island Sound. It was early dawn, and there was no direct light from the sun to glint on the slender periscope of a submarine, should it come sneaking along toward us.

Off to port the low banks of Block Island made a bump on the horizon, and somewhere west of it lay the enemy we had driven into the Sound

Connecticut shore, in order to get at New York.

"We'd probably be one of the first ships struck if the sneaky little things attacked the fleet," continued the lieutenant; "for we are one of the screening vessels."

That meant that we were one of a ring of ships "screening" the main division from attack.

The lieutenant had scarcely finished speaking, when there was a considerable commotion on the surface of the water about fifty yards to starboard. A slender, spar-like finger appeared, and, following it, a strange object splashed to the surface much as a dolphin at play might do. A round hatch in the top of the object opened, a man with a lieutenant's epaulets rose head and shoulders above the opening, waved his cap exultantly, and shouted:

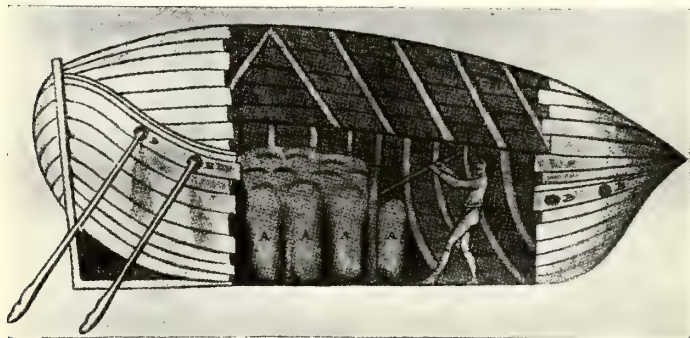
"Ahoy, *Washington*! You're sunk!"

And in theory we were. In actual warfare, under like conditions, we should have been.

The lieutenant sent an orderly below to inform the captain of our sinking. "You see," he explained, "these fellows choose the early dawn because it's harder then to see the periscopes if they have to come to the surface to look around, and it's harder to see the foam they make be-

cause the sun does n't shine on it to make it sparkle."

This incident was one of half a dozen I have seen during battle practice, and it showed that



SUBMARINE BOAT CONSTRUCTED BY SYMONS IN 1747.

the night before. It was not a real enemy, but Uncle Sam's sea-fighters were playing at the war game, and our fleet was trying to force an entrance to the waters between Long Island and the

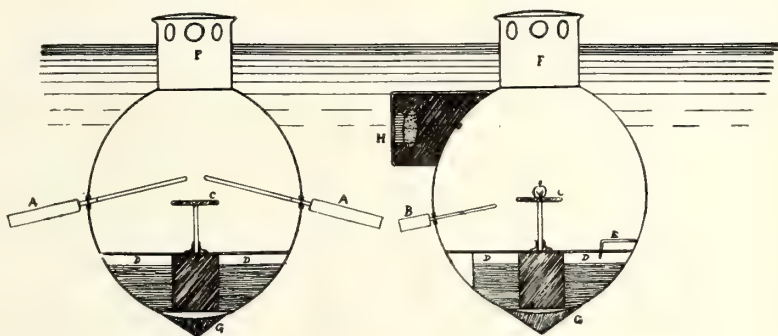
submarines are a power to be reckoned with as a naval weapon. Every one knows of the feats performed by British and German submarines in the present war. For the first time in history, these deadly craft have proved their practical value in actual warfare, and they have been hailed as the newest instrument of battle at sea. In anything approximating their present degree of perfection they are new; but submarine navigation is centuries old. Certain old records mention an "under-sea galley" which the Phenicians invented, but no details are given as to the construction, and the date of the venture is unknown. Aristotle is authority for the story that when Alexander the Great laid siege to the Phenician city of Tyre, he used diving-bells to get men into the city to start fires. While these were not submarine boats, they at least showed that the ancients realized the war value of operating under water, and had knowledge of some of the principles on which the science is founded to-day.

An important step in submarine navigation was made by Cornelius Van Drebel, a Dutch physician, who, in 1620, constructed the first actual boat for use under water of which we have any authentic description. This craft was constructed of wood, and was made water-tight by greased leather, which was stretched tightly over the entire hull.

All the earlier submarines were constructed of wood, but in 1634 a certain Father Mersenne suggested the use of metal for the hulls. He also declared that the only shape for a submarine boat was that of a fish, and that both ends should be spindle-shaped, so that the vessel could go in either direction. Although Father Mersenne never built his submarine, these first two principles have finally been accepted, and the submarines of to-day are, roughly, formed like fish, and all are made of metal.

In 1747, an Englishman named Symons, or Simons, made a wooden boat shaped like a galley, large enough to hold two or three men. It was operated by oars and steered by an oar, but his method for sinking and rising was ingenious. Along the sides were a number of leather bottles. When the inventor desired to sink, he allowed water to run into these bottles, the necks of which were, of course, outside the boat and the bottles inside. When he wished to come to the surface, he expelled the water from the bottles

by squeezing them, and prevented it from flowing back by fastening the necks. Crude as this method was, it is the principle which, highly developed, is used in the submarine to-day. The "Gentleman's Magazine" describes Symons's boat and the London "Graphic" of the time

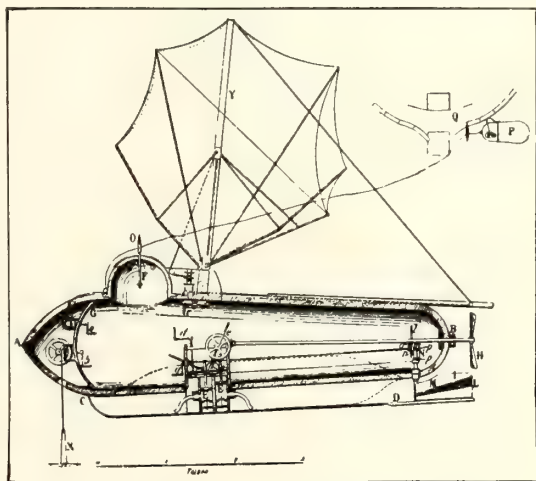


THE *TURTLE*. INVENTED BY DAVID BUSHNELL.

printed a picture of it, which we have reproduced on the opposite page.

Very few historians of the War of the American Revolution mention submarines, yet one of these craft, described by Alan H. Burgoyne in "Submarine Navigation, Past and Present," was used in an attack on British ships in New York Harbor.

David Bushnell, an American, made several successful under-water trips in a copper vessel which, because of its shape, he called the *Turtle*. A number of old diagrams of this craft have been



THE *NAUTILUS*. INVENTED BY ROBERT FULTON.

preserved, and, although they differ somewhat, the accompanying cut is generally considered authentic.



The *Turtle* was propelled by oars, AA. The paddle with which she was steered is shown at B, and these three oars, or paddles, were, of course, fitted into air-tight holes. The navigator could

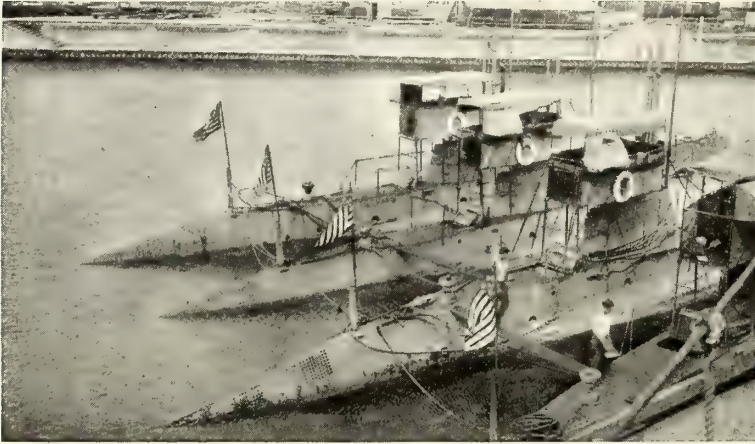
charge of powder, which was to be used to blow in the bottom of a vessel.

So successful were the trials of the *Turtle* that the inventor obtained permission from General Parsons to blow up the British frigate *Eagle*, sixty-four guns, which was lying with the fleet just north of Staten Island, in New York Harbor. As Bushnell was not a recognized belligerent, he instructed Sergeant Ezra Lee in the operation of his craft, and this gallant soldier made the perilous attempt.

At night he was towed by rowboats almost to the *Eagle*, then sank and managed to work the *Turtle* under the frigate, but it was not possible to fasten the bomb to the copper bottom of the vessel, and the tide carried him away.

All thought that Lee had lost his life, but, after hours of heartbreaking work at the oars, he managed to make his way back to the Americans. Meanwhile, the bomb had drifted away, and exploded where it did no harm except to frighten the crews of several passing ships half out of their wits.

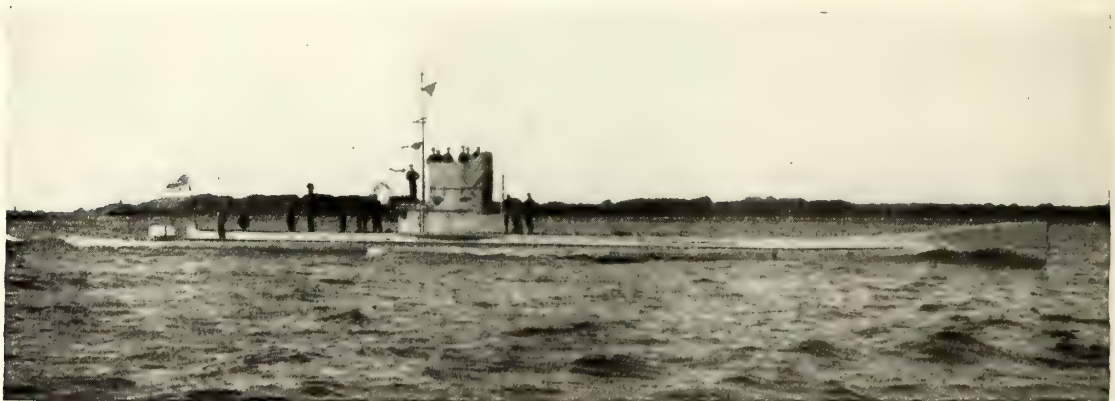
All this was in 1776. Twenty-four years later, another American, Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, produced the most successful submarine boat known up to that time. Napoleon Bonaparte, then first consul of France, had given



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SOME OF THE SUBMARINES ON SERVICE AT THE PANAMA CANAL.

sit on the seat, C. The boat was caused to sink or rise by pumping water into or out of the tanks, DD; and E shows a pipe by which they were filled. F was a conning-tower just about large enough for a man's head. The port-holes were of glass. Bushnell employed a safety weight, which is shown in the diagram at G. This was a large lump of lead, which was to be unscrewed if anything went wrong and the vessel would not rise when the water was pumped out, or if the pumps should not work. On one occasion the screw



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A GERMAN SUBMARINE.

broke, and this lump of lead could not be removed, an accident which all but cost Bushnell his life.

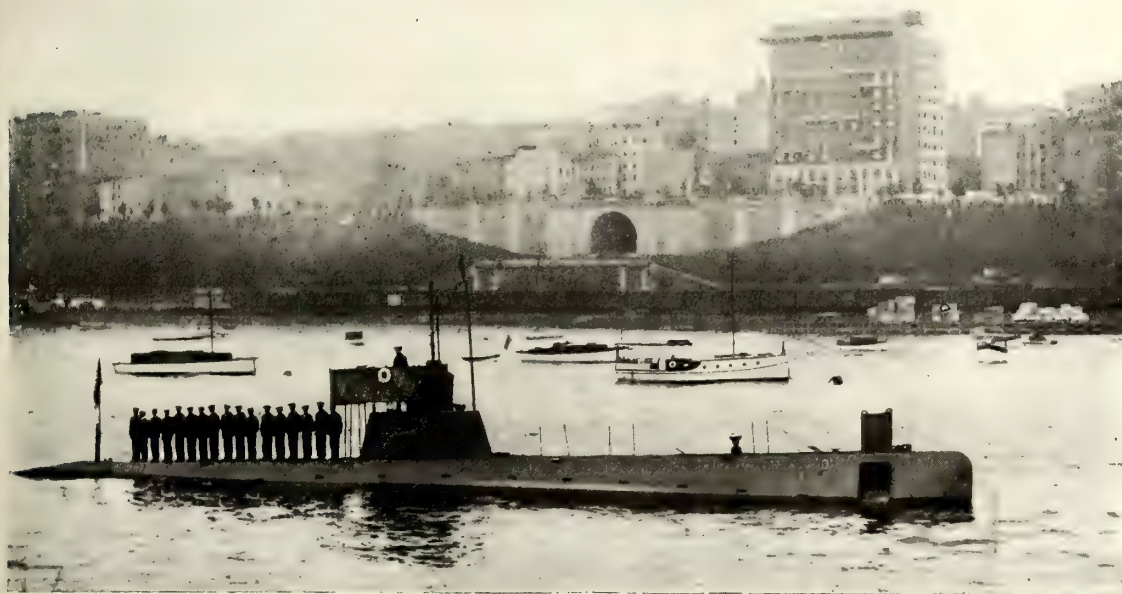
H in the diagram shows a bomb, or detachable

Fulton 10,000 francs to perfect his invention, and the ingenious American had devised a cigar-shaped craft twenty-one feet four inches long, and capable of holding several men.

The hull was of copper with ribs of iron, and, when navigating on the surface, it was propelled by a sail fitted to a collapsible mast which folded into a groove when the *Nautilus*, as she was called, sank.

In May, 1801, Fulton and one sailor went down in the River Seine and remained twenty minutes. On rising to the surface, he saw that the current had carried him far down-stream, so he plunged again and returned, under water, to the starting-

merged. Dr. Payerme, a Frenchman, was the first to solve this problem in a practical manner, in 1846. He used compressed air in storage tanks for breathing purposes, and also had an opening in the bottom of his vessel. When this was to be opened, he increased the air-pressure in the hull itself until it was sufficient to keep out the water. It is this principle which to-day makes possible the discharge of torpedoes from the tubes of a submarine at any practical depth.



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THE U. S. SUBMARINE D 1, IN A NAVAL REVIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

point. During this trial the only light he had was given by one candle, and, among other improvements, he immediately installed plates of glass to let in a certain amount of light while submerged.

Shortly afterward, at Brest, he sailed out of the harbor, and, while throngs watched him from shore and from vessels, he suddenly lowered his little sail and disappeared beneath the waves. On this occasion he remained down five hours, but nevertheless the French Government declined to purchase his invention.

All these early submarines were propelled by oars or by paddle-wheels which had to be operated by hand or by treadmills, and it was this mechanical imperfection in means of propulsion which was, for the most part, responsible for their failure.

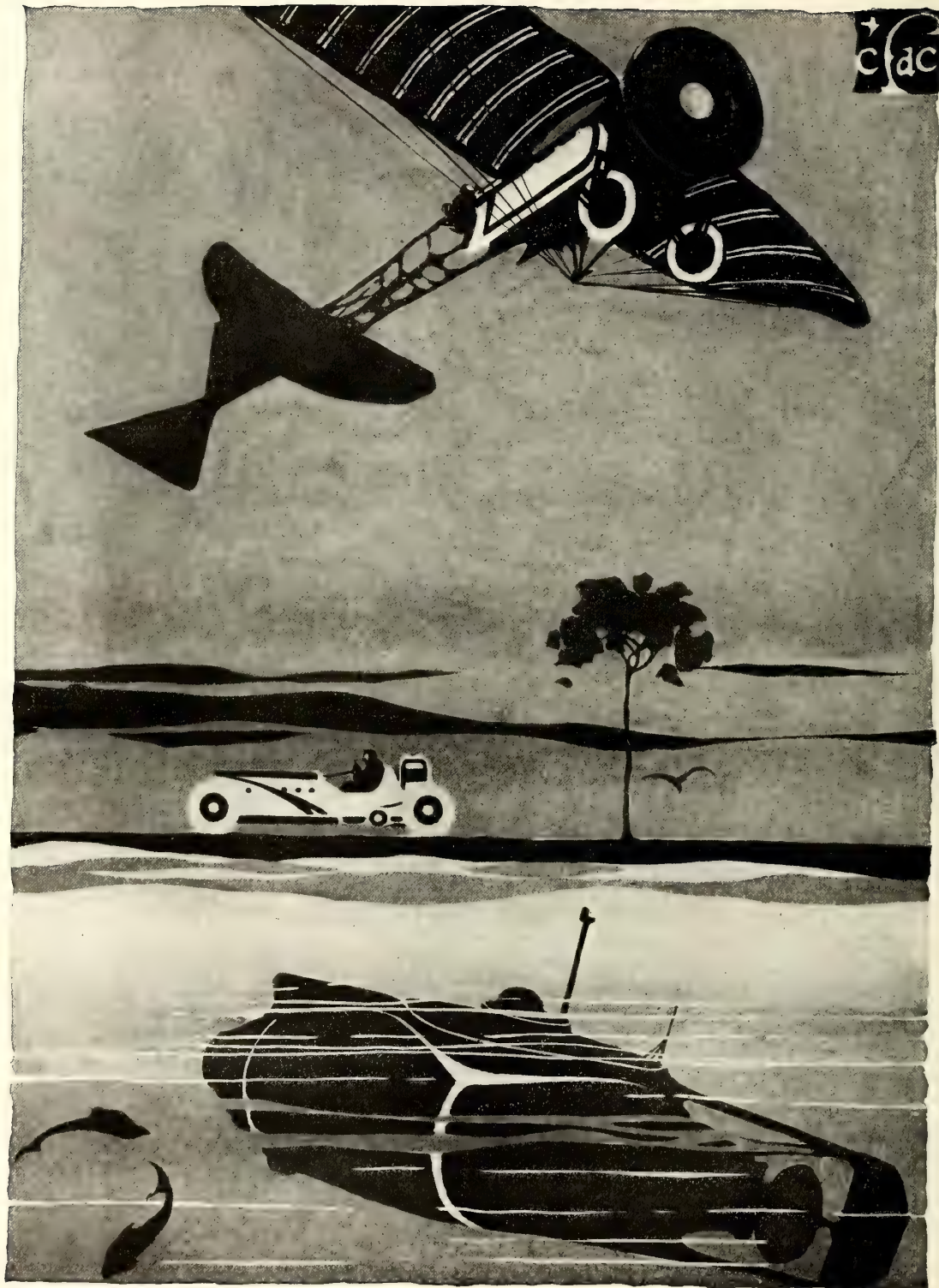
Another drawback was the lack of means for exit or ingress of bodies or objects while sub-

*Le Diable Marin* (*The Sea-devil*) was one of the most famous of the nineteenth-century submarines. It was the invention of Wilhelm Bauer, a German, who launched it in 1856. His own Government would not consider his invention, but he finally interested Russia.

*Le Diable Marin* was fifty-two feet long, and built of iron more than half an inch thick. A screw, operated by a treadmill, propelled the vessel, which rose or sank by shifting water in tanks running lengthwise of the craft, while the air in the hull was freshened by spraying it with water. At the bow was a bomb or torpedo containing 500 pounds of powder, and near it were two heavy india-rubber gloves, by means of which a man inside the vessel could reach out and fasten the bomb to the bottom or side of a ship.

In May, 1856, he approached Kronstadt under water, and when in sight of one of the forts suddenly rose to the surface. A sentry saw him





clac

THE AGE OF THE MOTOR—THE AÉROPLANE, THE AUTOMOBILE, THE SUBMARINE.

and, dropping his gun, ran in terror for his life. Bauer sank again, and repeated his manœuver at the next fort. Before he had reached the inner harbor, the entire city was in a turmoil.

With a crew of thirteen Russians to operate his boat, Bauer executed many wonderful manœuvers, and on one occasion stayed under water while he wrote letters to his mother, and to King Maximilian of Bavaria and the Grand Duke Constantine.

Eventually, the Russian Government lost interest in the vessel, which, at last, met with an accident and sank.

The American Civil War greatly stimulated schemes for submarine navigation, although few practical vessels resulted. The Federal Government tested several craft in the Hudson River, but none were of any use. The Confederates did, however, develop a type known, from the name of the first of their class, as *Davids*, which did some effective work. These were, technically, submersibles rather than submarines. The hull was completely under water, though a low conning-tower which protruded a few inches above the surface enabled the navigator to see where he was steering.

After the Civil War, science progressed so rapidly that submarines became more and more practicable. The use of oil as fuel, internal combustion engines, electricity, the use of highly compressed air for the shooting of projectiles, the perfection of the torpedo, and especially the storage battery, all made submarine navigation a reality, and an art to be reckoned with in war.

It is not our purpose to attempt a technical description of modern submarines. Volumes have been written on the subject, and, besides, in the last analysis, all the governments of the world jealously guard the secrets of their particular type of craft, and its details are not made public until they are out of date. In the series "With Men Who Do Things," St. NICHOLAS has already given its readers some idea of the interior construction of a modern submarine.

That submarines are wickedly effective has been demonstrated in the present war, and, although they have not proved themselves worthy substitutes for dreadnoughts, they may well be a terror to this class of vessel cruising near land.

The submarine to-day can keep to the sea for days at a time, submerging itself whenever it is in danger of detection, or even after it is detected, and can remain under water long enough to elude the most vigilant pursuit. Compressed air in tanks supplies the crew with good atmosphere, and devices for the generation of oxygen are used in emergency.

Unlike the older submarines, we no longer depend upon horizontal rudders to give the boat a downward direction. Tanks fore and aft are filled or emptied when it is desirable to plunge or to rise, and the range of the torpedo is so great that the largest dreadnought may be struck without the submarine running any danger of being damaged by the explosion.

By means of the periscope, the navigating officer may see a vessel ahead of him without showing above the surface anything but a spar-like object which, by means of a system of mirrors and lenses, presents an image of whatever object is ahead to the eye of the officer who may be several feet under water.

"How could we defend ourselves against those deadly little fellows?" I asked the lieutenant with whom I had been "sunk" on the *Washington*.

"By running like fun," he said grimly. "That's the only way. The biggest ship afloat has got to put on full speed and get away if she sights a submarine. Submerged, they can't go as fast as a war-ship, and, of course, they would n't dare to navigate on the surface under the fire of heavy guns. Even on the surface, they can't compete for speed with a battle-ship, a cruiser, or a torpedo-boat destroyer. The trouble is, you can't see them. They sneak up just as this one did."

"And even the big thirteen-inch guns are useless against them?" I said.

"Not a bit of use," he replied laconically. "If she showed her periscope, we could try a couple of pot-shots or so with our smaller guns, and if we smashed that, it might make her helpless; but it's a long chance. No, sir, we'd have to run."

And that seems to be the verdict of naval authorities throughout the world.

#### THE SKILL OF A MOUSE

ONE day, a naturalist lay motionless on a fallen log in the forest and silently watched an animal at play in the grass near by. This was a large, brown-backed mouse, a meadow-mouse, that had come out from his home under the log, and, when tired of play, had sat up to make his toilet. Using his forepaws as hands, the mouse combed the white fur on his breast and licked himself smooth and sleek. Satisfied at length with his appearance, he began to search for food.

He did not have far to go, for a few stalks of wheat grew among the thick weeds near at hand. The mouse was so large that he could probably have bent the stalk down and brought the grain within reach. If not, he could certainly have climbed the stalk. He did not try either of these plans, however, for these were not his ways. Sitting up very straight, he bit through the stalk as



high as he could reach. The weeds were so thick that the straw could not fall its full length, and the freshly cut end settled down upon the ground, with the straw still erect and the grain out of reach. The mouse again bit the straw in two, and again the upper portion settled down. In his way he bit off five lengths of straw before he could bring the grain within reach of his paws. These forepaws were very skilful little hands, and he deftly husked a grain and ate it, sitting erect and holding it to his mouth as naturally as a boy would hold an apple. C. R. SMITH.

#### A FREAK CACTUS

THE photograph shows a new-comer in the cactus-world for the scientists to worry over. Whether it is a freak or a distinct variety which



IS IT A NEW VARIETY?

has hitherto escaped notice, botanists are unable to determine. Curiously enough, it resembles in general contour the famed "Traveler's Palm" of the tropics, and like that interesting plant, this cactus stores up water for the thirsty wayfarer behind its thorny armor. A guess has been made that the cluster form of the cactus is the result of an injury to the top of the plant, but the theory has not been proved.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.

#### A BIRD MONUMENT

A MONUMENT that is unique has been erected in Salt Lake City in memory of a providential flight of sea-gulls which, in the early days of that



THE GULL MONUMENT.

State, saved the crops in Utah from a pest of black crickets.

The shaft of granite is surmounted by a very graceful bronze, showing a pair of sea-gulls alighting with outstretched wings, while bronze reliefs on the pedestal tell the history of the timely visit of the birds.

It was many years ago, in 1848, that the early settlers in Utah saw their entire crop of grain destroyed by the insect plague. Not a vestige of green was left in the fields, and the farmers were in despair, for it was almost a matter of life and death to harvest a crop, as supplies were very hard to obtain in that early period.

Their dismay was beyond words when the second planting of grain was attacked by the crickets, the land being literally covered with the black and destroying horde of insects.

Before the second crop was totally destroyed, however, relief came to the settlers in the form of an amazing flight of sea-gulls, many thousands of them, which devoured the insects wholesale, so that in a short time they completely disappeared and the remainder of the crop was saved.

The story of the sea-gulls was handed down from father to son as one of the traditions of the State, and, as an expression of gratitude, the monument to the sea-gulls was unveiled recently

in Salt Lake City, the dedication being witnessed by about half a dozen survivors of 1848 who had seen the destructive insects destroyed by the birds. A descendant of one of these pioneers was the designer and sculptor of this monument which should remain an object-lesson and reminder of the debt the farmer owes to his winged friends in checking destructive insect life.

C. L. EDHOLM.

### THE MOST VALUABLE FUR-BEARING ANIMAL IN THE WORLD

THE black fox, found in the wilds of northern Canada from the Alberta border to the Arctic Sea, is one of the rarest and wariest of wild ani-

reached New York, Paris, Leipzig, and the other great fur marts of the world.

In comparison with this, a live animal brings from \$1000 to \$5000, with occasional exceptional prices, as high as \$7000, for particularly fine specimens. A pure black animal brings the highest price, and the value grades down through the silver gray and cross foxes to the first mentioned sum.

The increased price paid for the living animals has turned the hunters of the northland to a new calling—that of taking the animals alive and uninjured and keeping them in fine condition.

But even after a trapper has made a capture of one or more of the animals, he still faces a journey of from two hundred to a thousand miles by

canoe and trail before he can reach the markets of civilization. Yet, undaunted, dozens of men of the silent places are now successfully accomplishing such trips, bringing their little charges alive and well to the fur-farming buyers. These traveling companions sometimes become much interested in each other during the days spent together in the wilder-



THE OLD WAY—TRAPPED.

Silver gray fox trapped near Lesser Slave Lake. These fox-pelts, in the past, brought from \$500 to \$2500.

mals. It is the dream, hope, and ambition of every trapper, Indian or white, throughout this region to capture one of these animals, for the pelt of one alone will bring him more money than perhaps the rest of his entire fur-pack, which may have taken one or two years in the gathering.

Men interested in the fur-farming industry have turned their attention to the raising of the black fox in captivity. Puppies captured in the wilderness are being raised and bred with considerable success.

An ordinary skin, in the northern fur markets, brings from \$500 to \$1000, which price is considerably increased by the time the pelt has



THE NEW WAY—ON A FOX FARM.

"Black Prince," one of the most perfect specimens of the black fox now in captivity. He and his mate sold recently in Edmonton for \$15,000.

ness, both man and beast being cut off from communication with their own kind.—FRANCIS J. DICKIE.





"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ROBERT MARTIN, AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THIS month's subjects proved popular with the League members, and unusually successful in the quality of the contributions they inspired, in every department—drawing, verse, prose, and photography. Look at the heading on this page, for instance, a real midwinter picture, if ever there was one, and the young artist is already an "Honor Member" at the age of fourteen! And then those opening verses just opposite—here is a poem of genuine distinction,—a truly remarkable one for a poet of seventeen—and their music is almost flawless.

Nor must we overlook the charming little lyric on page 372. From the first, indeed, our League competitions have called forth many poetic contributions of amazing merit. Not a few of our young poets have endeared themselves to us by frequent achievements, of a charm and perfection so extraordinary that it was a sad day for us all when the fateful birthday dawned

and their names and verses disappeared from these pages. But, to the glory of the League let it be recorded that they promptly appeared elsewhere, and to-day are well known to the readers of leading magazines for grown-ups as contributors of poetry to those periodicals.

All this is just as true, too, of our young artists as of the poetic guild. Several prominent illustrators in the magazine and book world began as youthful members of the St. NICHOLAS League, and have repeatedly acknowledged their indebtedness to the League competitions in stimulating and developing their artistic talent.

This month, moreover, shows a prize exhibit to the credit of the prose-writers; and the work of the League as a whole is summed up in the appeal at the close of one of the stories: "Now don't you think that all the contributors to the St. NICHOLAS League are 'busy workers'?" We do, indeed.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 180

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, Agnes Nolan (age 15), New York.

Silver badges, L. Minerva Turnbull (age 15), Virginia; Isabelle Davis (age 13), Pennsylvania; Anna Schein (age 13), New York; Dorothy H. Leach (age 14), Maine; Norma R. Gullette (age 13), Montana.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, Marjorie Dodge (age 17), Michigan; May E. Wishart (age 16), Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Mary S. Benson (age 11), California.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, William H. Savin (age 14), Illinois

Silver badges, MacGregor Ormiston (age 15), New York; Mary F. Defrieze (age 14), Massachusetts.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, Paulyne F. May (age 17), New York.

Silver badges, Dorothy B. Gladding (age 16), Rhode Island; Harriette Harrison (age 14), Connecticut; Carl Engleby (age 13), Ohio; Delia E. Wolf (age 11), New York

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, Louise Dadmun (age 15), District of Columbia; Lucy M. Hodge (age 12), New Jersey

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, Elizabeth Rodgers (age 16), New Jersey.

## THE BUILDER

BY MARJORIE DODGE (AGE 17)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1914)*

I BUILT to music; what I wrought seemed beautiful and fair and strong.

A pleasure-house I planned in thought, and cheered my labors with a song.

A palace for my heart it was, and all things lovely it should hold;

I could not dream that life should pass save gaily, in my house of gold.

But evening came, and darkness fell; the sunset faded, music died.

Would that my heart had builded well! In vain my eyes sought far and wide.

The palace with its gleaming walls, its blossoming gardens, rich and gay,

Its gilded roof, its sculptured halls, had vanished with the twilight gray.

Then through the night I built again, in silence, on the mountain-crest;

Through all the darkness and the rain I labored still, nor sought for rest.

I toiled as one who in a dream may toil, nor think to understand;

I waited for the dawn's first gleam to show me what my grief had planned.

Day came; the slow-revolving hours of night were done; day came at last.

On marble walls and lofty towers the bright sun shone. I stood aghast.

Too wondrous, this, for heart or mind! Beneath dark Sorrow's great control,

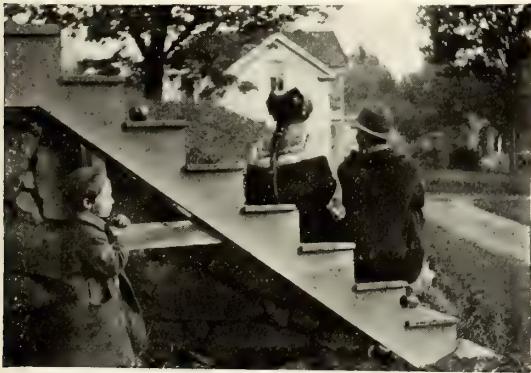
Through Suffering's night, though I was blind, Grief built a temple for my soul!

## BUSY WORKERS

BY L. MINERVA TURNBULL (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

"THE world is just a big workshop, and it's hard to pick out any one busy worker. Do tell me something to send to ST. NICHOLAS this month, Mary."



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY ESTHER R. HARRINGTON, AGE 15.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

"Write about me," was the only reply. "I'm sure I'm working hard enough on this geometry problem."

All the people in the world work at something. There

are bookkeepers, teachers, stenographers, machinists, miners, lumbermen, and hundreds of other busy workers; but my effort to choose just *one* was useless.

Next I thought of all the busy insects. Human beings are supposed to be able to learn lessons in work from the ant, and certainly no one could be more industrious than those little insects who toil to build a new house after the old one has been ruined by some careless person. However, even that faithful little worker did not appeal to me when I thought of all the busy animals, and of the people in the great world workshop.

When the animals called my attention, I thought of the beaver. How he works, cutting down trees and



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY DOROTHY B. GLADDING,  
AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

building dams, always busy preparing for the winter! Certainly no one could wish for a busier worker—and yet I did.

And what do you think I finally decided? Why, that I myself, and all the other contributors to the League, are the very busiest people of all! First, I must think of something that applies to the subject given in ST. NICHOLAS, and that is no easy task. Then come the writing and re-writing until every expression seems to fit as well as I can make it, and every word is spelled correctly. After that is the final copying and the indorsement by one of my parents. Last of all, the contribution must be put into an envelop and sent off on its journey. Besides, my regular school work must not be neglected, and so all this must be done during spare time.

Now don't you think that all the contributors to the ST. NICHOLAS League are busy workers?

## A BUSY LITTLE WORKER

BY ISABELLE DAVIS (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was only an old battered penny, but it had done more work than any other coin in the mint.

It had first been sent to a bank in New York, where it was wrapped in a pack with nine other pennies, all shiny and new.

One day a man came into the bank who wished to have a dollar bill changed for pennies. Accordingly, ten packs of pennies were handed out to him. Among them was our little penny.

As the man came out of the bank, a little beggar girl stretched out her hand for alms. The man hastily pulled out a pack of pennies and threw one into the hand of the girl.

The child clutched the money, and, running down the



street, went into a baker's shop, and bought a bun with the penny.

"My!" thought the penny to itself, "I have changed hands three times in ten minutes. I wonder where I will go next."

It did not have to wait long, for a lady came in to buy bread, and the penny was given to her in change.

## A BUSY WORKER

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

Early Morning of February 14,  
in Cupid's Shop.

"I do wish they would stop coming in," mourned Cupid, with a sigh. "I've got so many now that a few will be left for to-morrow. Let's see, here are Marjory's. I guess I'll have to make her one. She has so few. Marjory is a pretty child, but, oh, so cross and disagreeable! Just look at the difference between Marjory's pile and Dotty's pile." He gazed at them with ill-concealed satisfaction. "I am glad Dotty has so many. She deserves them." He worked in silence for a few minutes. "There! I've finished sorting them now."

He gathered up his valentines, walked to the door, and hopped on a big snowflake.

"Here's Marjory's house, Cupid. Have you got anything for her?" asked Snowflake.

"Yes, one or two," answered Cupid.

"You'd better put on your invisible cap, then, because Marjory is liable to be cross," advised Snowflake.

"Oh, I will."

Snowflake rang the bell, and they scurried out into the fast-gathering snow.

"B-r-r-h-h! It's cold," said Cupid, with a shiver. "And I have so many places to visit, too—I'm afraid I'll freeze."

"We'll go to Dotty's house next. She'll give you some hot chocolate," said Snowflake.

And she did. A few minutes later Cupid rang the bell of the big house, and Dotty flew to the door with a glad cry. "Do come in," she exclaimed hospitably.

"I could n't think of it," said Snowflake. "Why, I'd melt!"



"UNEXPECTED GUESTS." BY WILLIAM H. SAVIN, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.  
SILVER BADGE WON JAN., 1915.)

The lady then gave it to her little girl, who ran out to buy candy. The candy merchant gave it to a man, who gave it to a grocer.

So it went on. It helped to buy bread for the poor and handsome clothes and furniture for the rich.

It had been held in little hands blue with cold, and it had reposed with many other coins in handsome bags and warm pockets.

And now it had been returned to the mint after being out only one short year. As it lay on a large table with many other pennies, a lady came up to sort them. "My! this is the worst of the lot," she said, holding up the little penny. Yes, it was old and battered, but it was satisfied that it had done its work.

## THE BUILDERS

BY MARY S. BENSON (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

As I looked up in the apple-tree,  
Two little birds were there;  
Two pretty robin-redbreasts wee,  
Building a home in the air.

As I looked up in the apple-tree,  
Two little birds flew round,  
With mosses and leaves,—a sight to see,—  
And twigs from off the ground.

As I looked up in the apple-tree,  
There was now a little nest,  
Built by the two pretty robins wee,  
Where they and their babes might rest.



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY M. LOUISE THOMPSON, AGE 13.

"I had a lovely time," said Cupid, later, as he mounted Snowflake again. "Shall we go to Betty's next?"

And so these two continued through the long cold day, until night brought them back to Cupid's own little house, where they parted with a cheery "Good night."



BY DELIA E. WOLF, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY BETTY LOWE, AGE 15.



BY RUSSEL G. SHOLES, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BY GLADYS LIVERMORE, AGE 14.



BY ELBERTA LARKIN ESTV, AGE 13.



BY HARRIETTE HARRISON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY CARL ENGLEBRY, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14.

"TROUBLE AHEAD."



## THE BUILDERS OF THE SKY

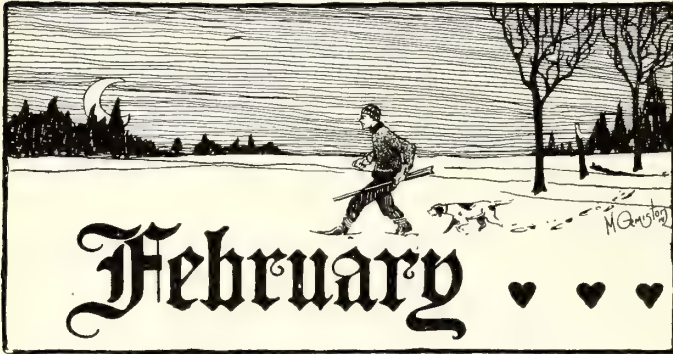
BY MAY E. WISHART (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1914)*

I OFTEN wonder when I see  
The piles of clouds across the sky,  
What giant builders work up there,  
And build those stately mansions high.

suns that roll majestically round their mighty orbits, each and everything has its own allotted task.

Work! work! work! it is the key-note of the universe. Surely none of us wishes to be behindhand with his portion. And if our work seems to us small and of no account in the great scheme of things, let us remember that all things are of value in the eyes of the Great Workman.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY MACGREGOR ORMISTON, AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Sometimes they are of white—pure white,  
Perhaps of marble smooth and cold;  
With chimneys, windows, doors, and all  
Deep-edged with glistening gold.

Still other times stand castles tall,  
Of granite hard and strong and gray;  
They make me think of knights and war,  
And gay courts of another day.

But when a storm is coming on,  
Then rise black caverns in the west,  
The haunts of monsters, witches dire,  
Of goblins, dragons, and the rest.

I often wonder when I see  
The piles of clouds across the sky,  
What giant builders work up there,  
And build those stately mansions high.

## BUSY WORKERS

BY ANNA SCHEIN (AGE 13)

*(Silver Badge)*

BENDING over his manuscript, the bright-eyed poet labors to put his inspired thought into fitting words; before his easel the artist toils; while, chisel in hand, the sculptor, bit by bit, chips from the rough stone the lovely image that is in his mind; and the scholar, in the dusty library, spends in hard labor the best years of his life, seeking for a fit offering to lay before the altar of knowledge.

The busy housewife bustles about her daily tasks—mere drudgery they seem to most of us, but in her eyes they stand transfigured in the light of love.

The business man and his helpers, the mechanic and laborer at their work, the factory girl at her machine, the teacher in his school-room—are not all these busy workers?

Every creature in the universe, from the tiny ant to the great elephant, from the grain of dust to the giant

## A BUSY WORKER

*(A True Story)*BY NORMA R. GULLETTE (AGE 13)  
*(Silver Badge)*

FOR some time I had wanted a bird's-eye-maple dresser for my bedroom, so this last summer I decided to save my money for that purpose. My father has a large garden, and also a raspberry patch. For four summers I have sold the berries and vegetables. This summer I worked very hard all through the garden and berry season, which, in the case of the berries, begins about the first of August, and the garden vegetables mature somewhat earlier. This summer I made thirty dollars; and, in addition to this sum, I had saved nine dollars that I had earned in various ways before the garden and berry season.

On one memorable Saturday, I thought I had worked hard, as I had picked two gallons of berries, which meant two dollars for me; but that was comparatively small in comparison with the following Monday, for, all day out in the wind, I picked three gallons of berries.

Many days—in fact, nearly every day in the month of August—I worked in the garden or berry patch, hastening to fill my orders. Finally, on the twenty-ninth of August, I had thirty-nine dollars; so I went to Butte to purchase my dresser. The first furniture store I went into I saw the dresser that just suited me. It was a beauty! The low princess style, with a long oval mirror, and such a beautiful grade of bird's-eye maple.

My dreams of an ideal dresser had at last come true. Finding no other I liked, I returned to the store and purchased the one I had first seen. I paid forty dollars for it. I had only thirty-nine dollars, so the next day I sold two gallons of berries, making my forty, and an extra dollar also. The dresser was really my own. And won by a summer spent in "busy working" of a most profitable kind—to me!



"THE RESULT OF UNEXPECTED GUESTS."  
BY VENETTE M. WILLARD, AGE 16.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.



BY MARGARET S. ANDERSON,  
AGE 15.



BY ELLA R. HAYES, AGE 13.



BY PAULINE F. MAY, AGE 17. (GOLD  
BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON  
APRIL, 1914.)

### "TROUBLE AHEAD."

#### A BUSY WORKER

BY AGNES NOLAN (AGE 15)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1914)

"How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!"

EVERY one has heard of "being busy as a bee," and yet we hardly ever think how well the bee—at least the worker-bee—deserves to be the synonym for industry.

As the queen bee and the drones do not work at all, the worker-bees have double the work, for they have to take care of these idle ones, and wait on them just as a servant would. I am sure if any man had to hold all positions, from carpenter and mason to nurse-girl and chief cook and bottle-washer, he would not enjoy it, but the worker-bees have to do all these things and more.

The workers have to gather honey and pollen from flowers all day, from the very first day of their lives. Some of the honey is made into wax, which they use for making the cells of their house. They build these cells by laying little scales of wax, just as a bricklayer lays brick. The pollen they use for food, and they make it into bread, which the little grubs eat.

Besides having to feed and house the rest of the hive and take care of the babies, the workers have to be the army and navy, and protect the others from caterpillars, snails, moths, flies, and such things. If the invader is small, the workers kill it with their stings and carry it out; but if it is too large for this, they make a tomb of wax over it.

As the hive has only one door and no windows, the bees need some system of ventilation. They accomplish this by means of a living "electric" fan. A number of them, by flapping their wings as if flying, but holding on to the floor with their feet so that they do not move, create a current of air which blows out the impure air.

#### A BUSY WORKER

BY DOROTHY H. LEACH (AGE 14)

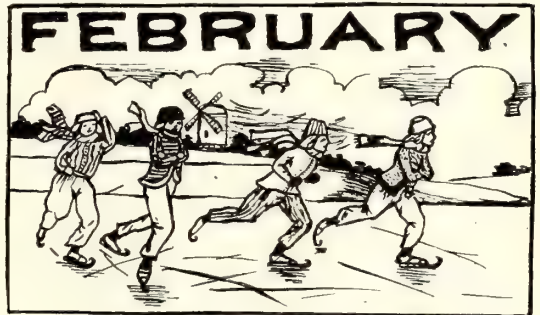
(Silver Badge)

REDDY was a young beaver who lived in a river in northern Maine. His father's lodge was new, and Reddy had helped build it. He remembered interweaving sticks

and poles, plastering them with mud, and gathering grass for a bed.

But just now Reddy was helping make a dam, and very important he felt, as it was the largest one near—almost six feet above sea-level. Reddy proudly and untiringly carried soft, clayey earth, sticks, and stones, walking on his webbed hind feet, and carrying his burden pressed against his little body. But he was also watching the other beavers carefully curve the dam up into the stream as they built it across, so that the water would not strike against it with full force.

Reddy's parents were gnawing down a small tree on the bank, and soon they signaled that it was ready to fall. Reddy plunged under the water with the others



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY MARY F. DEFRIEZE, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

until after the crash, so as to be sure the noise had attracted no hunter. Then they all resumed their work.

That evening a different signal broke upon the busy beavers—a crack as of a revolver shot, which could have been heard a mile off in the still autumn air. It meant that the beavers were in danger; that an enemy was coming. Instantly the air was full of cracks and shots, as the beavers brought their tails down upon the surface of the water and disappeared beneath—Reddy making the most noise of all.

A moment later, as the harvest moon threw her shimmering silver light over the calm water, beautifying and turning the place into fairy-land, not a ripple nor a tremor on the still surface of the pool showed that there had been a living creature there that evening.



## THE BUILDERS

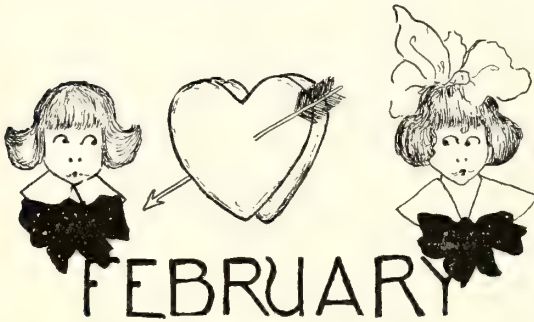
BY LUCILE HARRISON QUARRY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Build me a castle by the somber sea  
Where sheerest rocks rise up to lofty crags;  
Build it with slender outline, tall and straight,  
Like the dark elm whose penciled tracery stands  
Against the lighter darkness of the sky.  
Build me a lonely castle by the sea,  
Where I may hear the music in the night—  
The music of the storm-tossed elements.

Build me a castle by the somber sea;  
High in its topmost story place a light  
Whose radiance may penetrate the dark  
And be a guide unto the rock-bound men  
Who struggle for their lives upon the waves.

Build me a lonely castle by the sea,  
Where I may hear the music in the night,—  
The music of the storm-tossed elements,—  
And hear the sea-gulls cry, and beat their wings,  
Striving to reach the radiant orb within,  
Like greater moths about a candle-flame.  
There will I tend the flame and shine the glass,  
That, having failed in my sublimer aim,  
I still may do *some* good unto the world.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALMA KEHOR, AGE 13.

## A BUSY WORKER

BY MONTGOMERY KNIGHT (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

ONCE, when in New York, I had occasion to visit a skyscraper under construction. It consisted of thirty-five stories, and towered, when completed, 406 feet above the street.

Obtaining permission to enter the building, I ascended a ladder to the second floor, there meeting one of the construction gang. He was a big square-shouldered Scotchman, named Andy McClaren, called by the men "Big Andy," who shuffled along the narrow girders entirely at ease. He came over to me, and I was favored with anecdotes about the "boys," until a bell tinkled and he resumed his work.

I spent an hour watching the construction gangs, and then decided to climb higher.

About half-way up the structure were some wooden shanties in which tools were stored. On reaching these I could see the city for miles around. On the floor over me Andy was working on a massive girder.

At one side of the building two stories above was a rickety staging holding in position a girder in readiness for the riveters. For some reason it had been overlooked. Directly below was an office building which was

roofed with glass. I glanced at the sky. Inky black clouds were gathering there. I realized with dismay that the staging might be demolished by the gale, and the girder would drop down through the skylight, inflicting great damage. I shouted to Andy. He heard me and soon saw the danger. Quickly mounting a ladder, he, with another man, ran to the staging. While they were riveting the girder the storm broke, and I retreated to a shanty. Through a window I could see Andy working with feverish haste. He and his mate, having secured the girder, were tearing up the insecure staging. There they were at the brink of an abyss, a howling gale threatening to hurl them to the pavement; but they continued until the last board was ripped up, and then came hurrying down the ladders to the shanty.

Later, when I asked Big Andy about it, he muttered that it was "all in the job," but would say no more.

## A BUSY WORKER

BY CHLOE S. THOMPSON (AGE 11)

MISS MARIA PERKINS sat placidly sewing in her sitting-room. She was a maiden lady, but had always longed to have children in her home.

Presently she took up her newspaper from the table. She read aloud: "All things for the Christmas Ship must be sent to New York soon."

"Oh, dear!" she murmured, "I must hurry." She took her bundle of clothes into the next room and put them away with other dresses and garments.

She went up-stairs, and, entering her bedroom, she stood undecided before a trunk.

"No one really cares for these things," she said. "Still—"

She opened the trunk and took out some dolls. They were made of wax and dressed in the old styles. Miss Maria set the three in a row on her bed and looked them over.

They had been her playmates years ago. Should she send them?

Sophia was the homeliest, the one she liked the best. Presently she decided to send the others to the newspaper for the Christmas Ship. The dolls were old-fashioned, she thought, and no child she knew wanted them.

The next day she packed the dolls with the clothing and took the box to the post-office. As Miss Maria saw the man take the package, she remembered something.

"Oh, Mr. White, wait, please! There is one more thing I want to send. I will run home for it."

Soon she hurried back, out of breath. In her hand was a copy of ST. NICHOLAS.

Miss Maria opened the box and slipped it in.

"I'm sure that English children will love it, too," she said.

And so, side by side, the ST. NICHOLAS and the old dolls traveled over to some child in Europe, to make a Christmas happy.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1		
Dorothy Ullmann	Dorothy D. Smith	Dorothy Robinson
Grace Haylett	Winthrop Bushnell	Sophie Singer
Mildred R. Mowll	Eileen Hayes	Margaret Barnes
Dorothy Van Arsdale	Fannie M. Bouton	Ruth Strassburger
Fuller	Marshall Meyer	Beatrice E. Farley
Dorothy Towne	Marjorie Seligman	Constance E. Hartt
Katherine Young	Bessie Rosenman	Marjorie E. McCrery
Marcella H. Foster	Elizabeth Roper	Frances Kestenbaum
Margaret C. Bland	Mollie Greenfield	Phoebe Sherman
Nerissa Fitzsimmons	Ruth C. Still	Anne Johnston
F. Alma Dougherty	Ruth C. Leary	Jean Hallett
	Virginia Alcock	Chloe A. Roe
	Helen E. Bush	Gertrude Woolf

Breck P. McAllister  
Mary L. Hunter  
Anna McAnear  
Rose Borsuk  
Julia Ward  
Mary Appel

## VERSE, 1

Nina A. Walker  
Edith E. Smith  
Peggy Norris

Lucie C. Holt  
Glory M. Dwyer  
Emily Taft  
R. Schubert  
P. Ernest Isbell  
Jennie E. Everden  
Hubert Hoover  
Margaret Thompson  
Norman Diddel

## DRAWINGS, 2

Charlotte C. Starr

Willie F. Cocke  
Emily Thomason  
Dorothy G. Kraus  
Louis Burt  
Hortense Douglas  
Frances Osborn  
Katharine B. Neilson  
Belle W. Baruch  
Mildred H. Aaron  
Katharine Smith  
Charles L. Barber  
Zoe Shippen

## PUZZLES, 1

Henrietta M. Archer  
Joe Earnest  
Helen A. Morgan  
Frances H. Bogart  
Constance E. Hartt  
J. Spencer Brock, Jr.  
Hubert Barentzen

## PUZZLES, 2

Eleanor Wohl  
Ruth C. Wilson  
Harry C. Bailey  
Marquis Ewing  
Frederick B. Laidlaw  
Nellita E. Salmon  
Fred Floyd, Jr.  
Ethel Drohen

Pauline Wesser  
Helen Hood  
Charlotte A. Ingersoll  
Sherman Barnett  
Ray Grobholz  
Joseph Esky  
Harold Smith

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 184

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 184** will close **February 24** (for foreign members **March 2**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **June**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Evening Wind."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "After School—What?" or "The Lost Pocket-Book."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Coming Across."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "What I Love Best," or a Heading for **June**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Kiddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

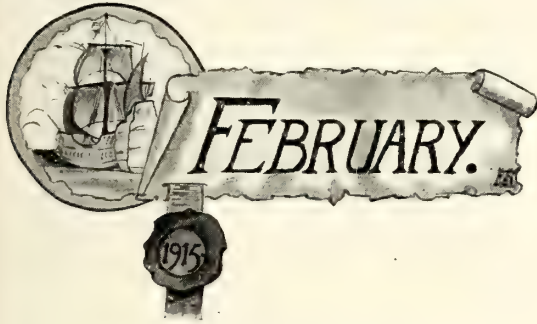
## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY EDITH M. SMITH, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Claire Roesch  
Marguerite A. Wing  
Anita Grannis  
Dorothy F. Tuttle  
Alice Card  
Grace H. Witte  
Emma Jacobs  
Jessie M. Thompson  
Annetta B. Stainton  
Elizabeth Elting  
Sarah F. Borock  
Marian Wightman  
Max E. Konecky  
Dorothy Levy  
Elsie L. Lustig  
Maud M. Grigsby  
Rachel E. Saxton  
Sidney Snook  
Eleanor Johnson

Anna F. Hedrick  
Rose G. Kadishevitz  
Helena Schron  
Andrew L. Stone, Jr.  
Cornell M. Trow-  
bridge, Jr.  
Lucile Kapp  
Winifred Whitehouse  
Josephine Whitehouse  
Helen Van Voorhis  
Jocelyn Wank  
Forsyth Patterson  
Richard S. Cutler  
John W. Sanborn  
Jack Sullivan  
Adelaide Winter  
Myrtle Bange  
Lois C. Myers  
Walter H. Bange

Lyman Henderson  
Ruth Campbell  
Irene Eddins  
Eugenie Edmunds  
Deborah C. Jones  
Margaret Goldsmith  
Mildred Harker  
Suzanne Tiedmann  
Catherine L. Spencer  
Philip H. Ward  
Barbara Westmacott  
Anna Lincoln

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Martha W. Vail  
Mary C. Dillon  
Charles H. Lowell, Jr.  
Marguerite Ijader  
Stewart S. Kurtz, Jr.



"TROUBLE AHEAD." BY ERNEST H. CHAPIN, AGE 16

Wesley Delaney  
Gladys Fliegelman  
Rebecca Sears  
Ruth M. Cole  
Lucy Newman

## DRAWINGS, 1

Virginia Gardiner  
Cicero H. Lewis, 2d  
Harlan Hubbard  
Gretchen Hercz  
Virginia Sterry  
E. Theodore Nelson

Mary Schultz  
Mary Cunningham  
Briggs S. Cunningham  
Wyatt E. Carter  
Jack S. Carman  
Elizabeth Tower  
Katharine T. Bryant  
Maude G. Hildebrand  
Elinor M. Parker  
Helen Lowe  
William C. Greene, Jr.  
Harriet Wellman  
Howard E. Shore, Jr.  
Dorothy Woolcott

Matthew C.  
Pugsley, Jr.  
Louise S. May  
Elizabeth Harlow

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret L. Hayes  
Mary E. Lambert  
Julia W. Van Voast  
Ruth Belda  
Clifton D. Geddes  
Catherine M. Stockwell  
R. Duncan Clapp  
Alden I. Macfarlane



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



LITTLE BROTHER RABBIT was sitting under a broad, cool, green burdock leaf while Johnnie Ford told his sister that he was going to sea when he grew up.

"I'm going to be a captain," said he. "A captain wears a blue uniform with lots of gold lace; and his face is red, and he has a hoarse voice, and he yells, 'Ship ahoy—avast there!' and the sailors touch their caps to him and say, 'Aye, aye, sir.' And when the wind blows and the waves are big, he stands on the deck with his feet wide apart, and yells, 'Hard a-port!' and 'Up with the royal topgallant!' and—and things like that," finished Johnnie, rather lamely.

"Can I go with you?" asked Angela, her blue eyes big with wonder at what her brave brother was telling her.

"No, *girls* can't go to sea!" said Johnnie. "They'd be scared. And besides, you have to stay with Mama and sew and cook and sweep. Only boys can *do* things." Just then Mrs. Ford called them to lunch, and they scampered away, Johnnie's brown legs kicking up the yellow dust, and Angela's red curls streaming out behind her.

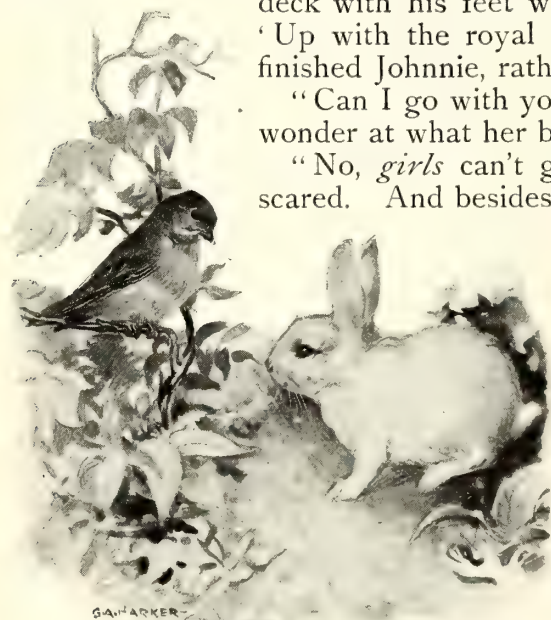
Little Brother Rabbit flicked one pink ear, wriggled his nose a little harder, and thought *very* deeply.

"My, that sounds good!" said he, twitching the other pink ear. "I guess, I'll go right now before it gets dark." So off *he* scampered, kicking the dust up behind *him*.

Pretty soon he met Neighbor Bluebird, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"Oh, I'm going to sea," answered Little Brother Rabbit, grandly.

"What's that?" asked Friend Bluebird.



"HE MET NEIGHBOR BLUEBIRD."

"Oh, that's where you wear a blue uniform and lots of gold lace," answered Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away humming to himself.

In a little while he met Jimmie Chipmunk, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I'm going to sea," said Little Brother Rabbit, proudly.

"What's that?" asked Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Oh, that's where you have a red face, and a hoarse voice, and yell, 'Ship ahoy—avast there!'" replied Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away laughing to himself.

Just then, whom should he meet but Friend 'Possum, who asked him politely, "Where are you going, Little Brother Rabbit?"

"I'm going to sea," answered Little Brother Rabbit, haughtily.

"What's that?" asked Friend 'Possum.

"Oh, that's where the sailors all touch their caps to you and say, 'Aye, aye, sir,'" replied Little Brother Rabbit, and he hopped away singing to himself.

Neighbor Bluebird flew along until he met Jimmie Chipmunk, and they both went along until they met Friend 'Possum, standing right still in the yellow dust in the middle of the road, his head on one side.

"What are you thinking so hard about, Friend 'Possum?" asked Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Yes," said Neighbor Bluebird, "you look as if you were thinking *very* hard."

"I am," answered Friend 'Possum. "Little Brother Rabbit has just gone by and says he is going to sea. He was singing to himself, so it must be very nice. I think I'd like to go."

"So should I," said Jimmie Chipmunk.

"So should I," said Neighbor Bluebird.

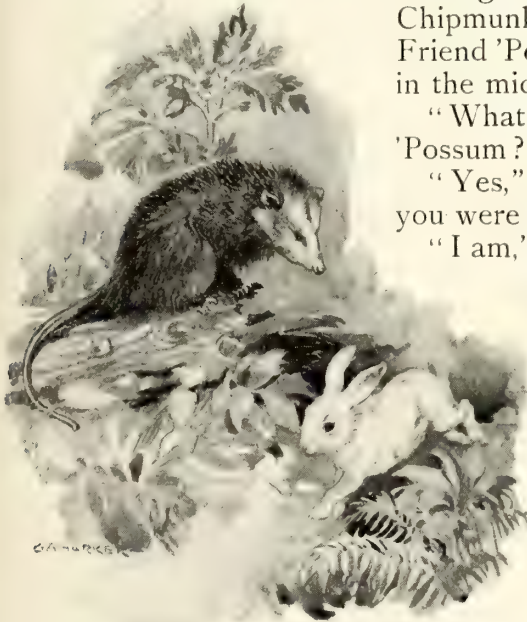
"Let's!" said Friend 'Possum.

So they hurried down the hot dusty road for a long, *long* time, following the footprints left by Little Brother Rabbit, until they were all hot and tired and thirsty. Presently they came to the nice, cool, dim, green woods and sat down to

rest. Then Friend 'Possum said: "I hear the sound of water. Maybe that's the sea that Little Brother Rabbit spoke of. Let's go and find out."



"WHAT'S THAT?" ASKED JIMMIE CHIPMUNK.



"HE HOPPED AWAY SINGING TO HIMSELF."



"Let 's!" said the other two. So off they started again, and soon they came to a little stream bubbling over the white stones and singing to itself in the sunshine and shadow. A little way up, Little Brother Rabbit was talking earnestly to Uncle Beaver, who was looking a little puzzled.



"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING SO HARD ABOUT, FRIEND 'POSSUM?"

"Let 's go near without letting him hear us, and we 'll surprise him," said Friend 'Possum.

"Let 's!" said the other two. So they crept through the soft, cool ferns right near to where Uncle Beaver and Little Brother Rabbit were. Just then Uncle Beaver was saying:

"I 'm sure I don't know whether this is the sea or not, Little Brother Rabbit. I know the sea is water and so is this; but that 's all I know about it."

"Well, I 'm going to try it, anyway," said Little Brother Rabbit. "You seem to have a good time here, even if you have no gold lace and no sailors."

"Oh, I just love it!" said Uncle Beaver, diving under the water and coming up, shaking his head and scattering the silver drops all around.

"Let 's see what he does! And if it 's nice, we 'll be the sailors," whispered Friend 'Possum.

"Let 's!" said the other two, and they raised their heads a little higher.

Now when Johnnie Ford was telling Angela about going to sea, he had n't said one single, little bit of a word about a boat—and since Little Brother Rabbit had never heard of such a thing, of course he did n't know you could n't go to sea without one. So he stood on the bank and just jumped right in. My, what a splash he made! When he came up he was gasping and sputtering and choking so, that Uncle Beaver gave him a push to the shore, where he lay panting and blinking.

"O-o-o-h, I don't want to be a sailor!" said Friend 'Possum.

"Neither do I!" said Neighbor Bluebird.

"Neither do I!" said Jimmie Chipmunk.

"Let's take Little Brother Rabbit home," said Friend 'Possum.

"Let's," said the other two.

So they went down the bank to where Little Brother Rabbit was lying, and Friend 'Possum said: "Come on home, Little Brother Rabbit."

"Yes, come on home," said the other two.

Little Brother Rabbit opened his two eyes wide when he saw his three friends.

"Did you watch me going to sea?" he asked.

"Yes, we did," said they. "We were going too, but you did n't seem to like it."

"No, I did n't!" said Little Brother Rabbit. "Come on home."

"All right," said the other three.

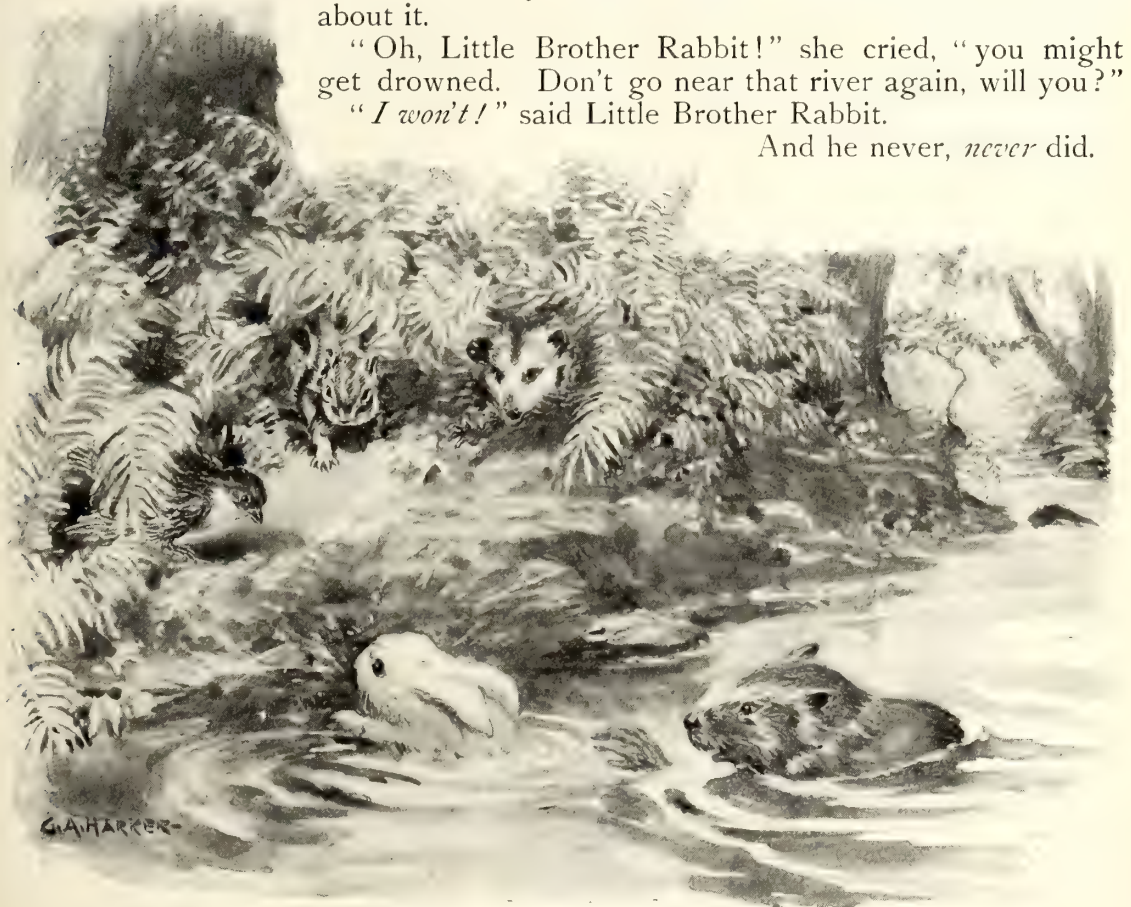
So presently all three were running and hopping down the warm, dusty, sunny road; and then Little Brother Rabbit's wet fur got all dry and white and fluffy again. By that time they had reached the woods and began to play with the nice-smelling pine-cones under the dim, cool trees.

That night, when the little stars were twinkling high up in the blue sky, Little Brother Rabbit told Mother all about it.

"Oh, Little Brother Rabbit!" she cried, "you might get drowned. Don't go near that river again, will you?"

"I won't!" said Little Brother Rabbit.

And he never, *never* did.



"UNCLE BEAVER GAVE HIM A PUSH TO THE SHORE."



# THE LETTER-BOX

CHESHAM, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and my family enjoy your magazine ever so much. My favorite was "The Runaway," and "The Lucky Stone" next best. My sister, who is eight years old, especially likes the latter. My brother enjoys the page for Very Little Folk, and was very sorry when the "Adventures of the Baby Bears" ended. All my family, from Father down to my six-year-old brother, were interested in "The Runaway." It is so exciting. I have so many favorite short stories that I cannot begin to tell them. "Under the Blue Sky" Series and "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" were very useful as well as interesting.

We have a little dog, two guinea-pigs, two rabbits, and a little calf as pets. I also enjoy reading Nature and Science, the Letter-box, the League, and the Riddle-box very much.

I had a surprise for my younger sister and brother. I took the idea from the chapter called "The Quest" in the April instalment of "The Lucky Stone." I had it just like that in everything except that the "treasure" was not in a cave. It was in a basket covered with paper in a gravel bed. They just loved it, and my sister said right off, "Why, this is just like Maggie and Bess and Bob in 'The Lucky Stone,' is n't it?" They were so excited when they began to dig for the "treasure," including the last ST. NICHOLAS. I am sure my surprise was a success.

With all good wishes to the "best beloved magazine,"  
From an interested reader,

ELIZABETH WELLS (age 12).

HITCHIN, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to thank you for the beautiful gold badge that you sent me as a prize for verse. I am proud to wear it and to think that I am now an honor member. You can't think how surprised and pleased I was when I saw my name in the September number.

I am a regular reader and a great admirer of your magazine; I always say that you have the best tales for girls and boys ever published in a magazine. We have been taking you now for about five years, and we get to love you more and more. I don't know what we should do without you.

I am especially fond of "Books and Reading," and I also liked "The Housekeeping Adventures of the Junior Blairs" and the "Garden Stories." I think "The Runaway" is a fine tale, and I also liked "The Lucky Stone." "The Lass of the Silver Sword," "The League of the Signet-Ring," "The Young Wizard of Morocco," "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," "The Knights of the Golden Spur," and the "Betty Stories" were also stories which I was sorry to see the end of.

I would read from morning till night if I had my way! My favorite books are "Lorna Doone," "Westward Ho!", and I think "Little Women" the best girls' book ever written.

I have a sister one year younger than myself, a dear little brother four months old, and a grown-up step-sister, who is married and lives in Rochester, N. Y. My sister and I go to the Girls' Grammar School, Hitchin; we are both in the Lower III Form (I think you call it a "grade" in America). When I was ten months old, I went with my mother and father to the States, and my sister was born in New York. When I was five years old, we went to Barbados, where we

stayed two months, and then we moved to Para, Brazil, where we stayed nearly a year, when we came back to England. So, you see, we have a sort of affection for America! We are glad to hear that nearly all the Americans are on the side of the British in this terrible war. You can imagine the state that we are all in, over here, and how we long for it to be over. The soldiers are always coming through Hitchin; sometimes they are billeted on the townspeople. There is generally some excitement going on here now, but it used to be a very quiet little place. War must be far more terrible now than in the old days. You see, hear, and speak of nothing but the war. Nobody sings or whistles anything but national anthems or war songs (the "Marseillaise" especially)! All the shops are full of war telegrams, maps, or photographs, favors, badges, and flags. In one sense, the war has done some good—people who would never speak to each other are united by a common bond of sympathy. Politics, crime, and suffragette outrages are quite forgotten, while former enemies now fight side by side against a common foe.

With all good wishes for your welfare, I remain,

Your loving reader,

ELEANOR HEBBLETHWAITE (age 13).

ROSLYN, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy nine years old, and I have taken you for three years. I enjoy you immensely.

My uncle took you for four years, and liked you very much.

My favorite story was "The Lucky Stone," but they are all so nice. I think the new one is simply splendid.

I live on a farm of thirty-seven acres, and I will tell you the animals we have: three white rabbits, about fifty chickens, two dogs, three horses, three cows, some little kittens, four birds, and a little donkey three feet high.

My father is a brigadier-general in command of four regiments.

I have two brothers, one ten years old and one seven.

Your loving reader,

ELISHA DYER, III.

OXFORD, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, and like you.

To-day I have the mumps and a bad cold. You came at the right time, so I could read you.

I think I will take you next year.

You are a good paper.

Your reader,

PHILIP C. SHERA (age 9).

EDWARDSBURG, IDAHO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has been some time since I wrote to you last, so I thought I would come again with a letter, as some of your readers, I am sure, would like to hear from this part of Idaho, and what one boy is doing out here to help his father and mother make a home in the wilderness.

The mail comes in by dog-team, and sometimes is very late because of heavy snows up on the mountains and the heavy mail; but the best mail of all is when you come to me. As soon as I get ST. NICHOLAS, I start from the front page and go to the back, taking all as I go. I was looking over some of my ST. NICHOLASES

for 1908 to 1911, and found some very interesting stories, which I read from start to finish.

Before my father went outside, he showed me about ten acres of land that he wanted cleared up before spring. It will take me some time to do it, but I have started on it, and have cleared about a third of it. When I am not out hunting rabbits, I go and work on the patch, as the winter is passing very fast.

I am going to take a trip soon which will be very interesting and lots of fun. I will go about ten miles up Profile Gap and fish for trout in a beautiful lake. We will have to cut through the ice.

My chickens are laying every day, and sometimes I get three or four eggs a day. They have been laying all winter, which is very unusual, as I have never before gotten eggs all winter. It is because they run under the cabin and have the gravel and are not out in the snow.

I have two box-traps set for rabbits, but have not caught any yet, as they run all around them; but if they don't look out, I will get one of them soon. We eat the rabbits, as fresh meat is not plentiful now; the game is forty miles below. When meat thaws and freezes and thaws again, it quickly spoils. Meat should be frozen solid all winter, and has to be sawed like ice, then the steak thawed before cooking.

Your loving reader,

NAPIER EDWARDS (age 15).

FRONT ROYAL, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You are my most interesting friend, because you always have interesting stories to tell.

We have a fuss over you every time you come, because we all want you at once.

I have read every story in you this time, and am anxious for the next of "The Lost Prince," "Peg o' the Ring," and "Tommy and the Wishing-Stone." Good-by.

Your most interested reader,

ELAINE WHITSIDE (age 11).

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I certainly enjoy you more than I can tell.

After a six months' stay in the Philippines, we are to return to the United States in a few days. And though it is very picturesque here, with the tiny Nipa shacks nestled in the bushes along the muddy Pasig River, and the Filipino women with their gay-colored costumes, I shall be glad to return to my old home in the United States.

I would like to thank you for the three years of great pleasure you have given me, and I know I could never do without you.

Hoping to be able to thank you for many years to come, I remain,

Your interested reader,

FAY ELIZABETH DOYEN (age 13).

SAINT MICHAEL, ALASKA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For about a week before the St. NICHOLAS comes, I come home from school in a hurry and ask if the mail is in. When Father brings in the mail, if the St. NICHOLAS is n't there, I feel greatly disappointed.

We have six dogs. My little brother, who is four years old, comes up to school almost every day to take my little sister and her little friend home. He drives our old dog, Caesar. Father comes with him, but Robert does the mushing. When they go back, Father walks

behind with the older children, and the dog will go right home. Robert's full name is Robert Peary Lee. He was born about the time the north pole was discovered, and, as Father had been with Mr. Peary several years ago, he wished to have the baby named for his old commander. Robert is fond of being outdoors, and no weather is too cold, to his mind. I have lived in this country for almost twelve years, and can remember little about the States. My brother Warren is a year younger than I, and can remember nothing at all. The rest of the five have been born in this country.

Sometime I will write about Saint Michael.

BARBARA LEE (age 15).

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are so glad you published the little play "Everygirl." We decided to give it, and did so a while ago. We gave it in the yard of *Love*, first, and we had lemonade donated to us to sell. We made over five dollars, but the second time we gave it in a hotel, and we made about twenty-two dollars. In all we have twenty-seven dollars and a half.

We helped give a Christmas entertainment with part of the money, and helped families with the rest.

We thought it would interest you to know this.

Your faithful reader,

FRANCES ELLSWORTH (age 12).

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a subscriber to your magazine quite a while now, and have enjoyed it very much. We have been over here in Europe since October, but every month you have been forwarded to me.

My sister and I were two months in a boarding-school in Paris, and we liked it, as there were so many interesting things to see; but we liked the school in Lausanne even better, where we were for three months during the time Mother and Father were staying on the Riviera, in the south of France.

We had great times at school, especially when I went coasting at "Les Avants." I have often been coasting before, but never down such a high mountain.

We started early in the morning, in order to spend the day there. The girls wore different-colored sweaters with caps and mufflers to match, and each one carried her own sled.

The ride up the mountain was beautiful, but it was even prettier when we arrived at the top. Then we started up on the funicular. It was very thrilling, because it was so steep it was nearly like going up the side of a house. When we were up, I looked down, and, oh! how steep, slippery, and dangerous it seemed! I went down on a sled with another girl, for it was too dangerous for me to go alone, and I could not steer with my feet. And how frightened I was that first time! I clung to my friend's shoulder and set my teeth, especially when we turned a sharp corner or when some one passed us, crying, "Bob, Bob, keep to your side," or "Keep to your right"; but after that I loved it. I think it took about twenty minutes or half an hour to go down. We went four times before lunch, which we had at the hotel, and then some more in the afternoon. We started back at six-thirty, and how sorry I was that it was finished! There was only one accident, and that was not serious; the girl was all right in two days.

In spring we made a great many excursions on the Lake of Geneva, and once we went to the château of Chillon, which is an hour's trip on the water from Lausanne. It was very interesting.



All the girls had to speak French in this school except when the new ones came who did not know any French. Otherwise, anybody who spoke an English sentence had to pay a fine of two cents, even if alone in their own rooms.

When Easter vacation came, Madame, the principal, had a party of girls go on a trip to Italy. We started with them and went as far as Milan, and there Father met us to take us to Florence, where Mother was.

The garden of the hotel where we stayed was beautiful with all kinds of flowers and lemon- and orange-trees, so we had all the fruit we wanted, and lemonade every day that it was hot.

We stayed in Florence two weeks, and then went on to Rome, where I saw one of my little American friends who also takes the St. NICHOLAS, and when we spent the night together, we had great times reading your stories out loud to each other.

From Rome we went on to Venice, which is the prettiest place I have ever seen. We all loved it, especially when riding in the little gondolas on the water.

While we were there, the King and Queen of Italy went to see the exposition of pictures, and we saw them when they left their palace to get into a gondola.

There is a very interesting old clock-tower there which was made in the year fifteen hundred. Up on the top there are two little men with hammers, and every hour they strike the number of times on a large bell. Then there was a little balcony with two doors, and after the men had struck the hour, a little procession of people all dressed up in old-fashioned costumes came out one door and went in the other. We went there many times, and never got tired of seeing them.

In St. Mark's Square there are always a great many pigeons all around, and people buy little bags of bread-crumbs and feed them. I used to do that quite often, and they came right up on my shoulders.

After Venice, we went to Como, on the Italian Lakes, and it was very pretty. Our hotel faced the lake, with beautiful grounds where one could walk hours without going outside the hotel gates. There were beautiful waterfalls and large mountains in the distance. We climbed up one mountain, which took a long time, and when we were at the top we had a wonderful view, and there was a little village there.

After Como, we went through Switzerland, stopping a short time in Lucerne, and then back to Paris. We went sight-seeing nearly all the time, in order to see the things we did not see before. After one week there, we crossed the English Channel to London, which is also nice, with lots of things to see.

We have not seen everything here, but are leaving some of the interesting things for the next trip.

Your always devoted reader,

CELIA FARNAM HILLER (age 13).

APPLETON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very proud to have you my friend, and don't see how I can ever get along without you. I have just become a member of the League.

I have no brothers and sisters, but I love to read. I am eleven years old, and I am in the 6-A grade. I was very sorry when "The Lucky Stone" stopped, for it was my favorite story.

On July 10, Ringling Brothers' circus was here. My mother and I got up at three A.M. and watched them unload. They only unloaded wagons, and it was not very interesting, so we went to the circus grounds and watched them put up the kitchen tent, dining-room, and one horse tent.

At 6:30, we came home for breakfast. We all took

a nap after breakfast, and then got dressed for the parade. After the parade, we went to the grounds to watch them disband. About 1:30, we had some ice-cream for dinner. Then we came home and went to sleep. After we woke up, we had supper and went to the circus. It certainly *was good!* It was just eleven P.M. when I got in bed. Three A.M. to eleven P.M.!

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH UTZ.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have been taking you since 1911, and we like the stories very much.

I have a big doll, named Alan. When Santa Claus brought him, he was dressed in long baby-clothes. The next Christmas was Alan's first birthday, and in my stocking was a white cap with a pink border, a white sweater, and leggings for him. He had a tiny cake too, with one candle. Last Christmas, my mother and grandmother made him a Russian blouse, and my grandfather gave him some real little spectacles. Our Chinese cook made him a cake with two candles, and on the top "Merry Christmas" in pink icing. It was very pretty. I love my doll very much.

Your loving reader,

JANET GAUNE (age 10).

#### A STAT-ISTICAL STORY

ONE time there was a Ga. young Miss.

Who loved a good time well,  
A ride or dance or show, I Wis.,  
Or picnic in the Del.

But soon, alas! her Pa. fell ill,  
His business went a-R. I.,  
His soul was vexed with many a bill,  
No hope, no help, was N. Y.

Then Minn.(ie) said, "O. lean on Me.,  
Dear Pa., I 'll use my Penn.,  
I 'll sew, I 'll scrub, I 'll Wash., you 'll see,  
I 'll do the work of Tenn."

And so she did, both night and Da.,  
Her courage never broke;  
She slaved that Mass. of bills to Pa.,  
She had a heart of Ok.

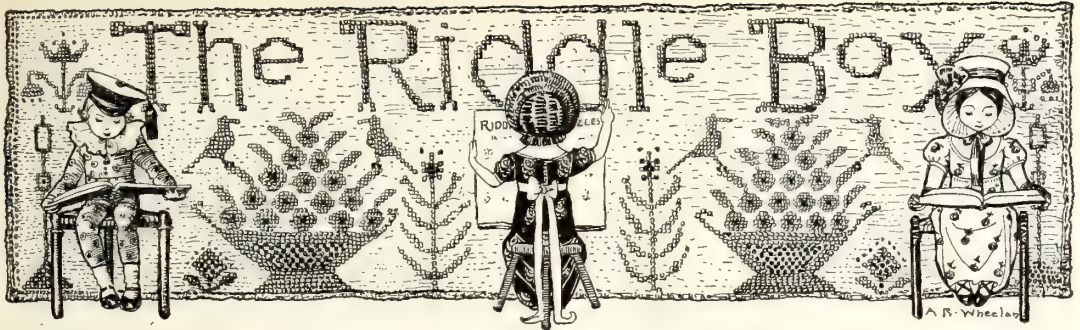
At last sailed free their household Ark.,  
The deluge wild was Ore.,  
Brave Minnie's zeal had saved the bark,  
They dreaded storms no more.

There came a Mon. from Scotland's shore,  
He fell upon his Ne.,  
"I love U., bonny lass!" he swore,  
"O. Kan. you marry me?"

"My lifelong history you may Conn.,  
The wealth of Ind. have I.,  
I 'll have a wife to spend it on.  
Or know the reason Wy."

She whispered "Yes," that damsel fair,  
And thus her pathway stony  
Ends in that State beyond compare,  
The State of Matrimony.

JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Nathaniel; finals, Hawthorne. Cross-words: 1. Notch. 2. Alpha. 3. Throw. 4. Heart. 5. Allah. 6. Negro. 7. Idler. 8. Ellen. 9. Leave.

**SWASTIKA.** Benjamin Franklin, kite. From 1 to 2, Molokai; 2 to 3, Ixion; 3 to 4, nun; 5 to 4, Japan; 5 to 6, jet; 6 to 7, trouble; 8 to 7, rute; 8 to 9, rob; 9 to 10, block; 10 to 11, kin; 12 to 11, lantern; 13 to 12, easel; 14 to 13, ice; 14 to 15, India; 16 to 15, Ada; 17 to 16, felucca; 17 to 18, flask; 19 to 18, ink; 20 to 19, Nephi; 21 to 20, man.

**GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.** 1. Hood. 2. Milk. 3. May. 4. Fear. 5. Great Bear. 6. Ray. 7. Farewell. 8. Solomon. 9. Society. 10. Boz. 11. Clew.

**ILLUSTRATED ENIGMA.** "A good wit will make use of anything."

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Primals, John Milton; fourth row, Mary Powell. Cross-words: 1. Jasmine. 2. Organic. 3. Hydriad. 4. New York. 5. Maypole. 6. Immoral. 7. Lapwing. 8. Talents. 9. Obelisk. 10. Neglect.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Isabel Shaw—Elizabeth Rogers—Camille Irvine—Ruth A. Henney—Harriet L. Wellman—R. Kenneth Everson—"Allil and Adi"—Helen A. Moulton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 24 from Claire A. Hepner, 9—Edmund Burke, 9—Mary C. Bostwick, 9—Helen Savage, 9—Eloise Peckham, 9—Sarah Gilles, 9—Louise Cramer, 9—"Chums," 9—Florence Noble, 9—"Hermit," 9—Francine A. Lanphier, 8—Arthur Poulin, 7—Katharine Howard, 4—Hubert Borentzen, 1—Mary L. Turtle, 1—Hewlett H. Duryea, 1—Elna Rocca, 1.

### DIAGONAL

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter and ending with the lower, right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a president of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To reduce in weight. 2. To change one's residence. 3. Pendant. 4. Hollow and curved. 5. Strife. 6. Small houses for dogs. 7. A number.

JOHN S. SCOTT (age 12), *League Member*.

### RHOMBOID

ACROSS: 1. A fruit. 2. Watchful. 3. Blunder. 4. Allured. 5. A rampart.

DOWNWARD: 1. In night. 2. Half of a frame. 3. A beverage. 4. Saucy. 5. Mistake. 6. To entice. 7. A color. 8. Half of to challenge. 9. In night.

MOREAU CROSEY (age 12), *League Member*.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND WORD-SQUARE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

I AM composed of fifty-one letters, and form a quotation from Genesis. Four of the twelve words to be guessed may be so arranged that they will form a word-square.

My 47-28-39-12 is clothing. My 42-18-46-36 are part of the body. My 6-25-38-11 is an agile quadruped. My 32-2-14-23 is a member of a certain political party. My 27-49-24-17-8-22 is scarcely. My 9-40-31-1 is forfeited. My 30-51-20-44 is to lease. My 16-3-15-34 is

**WORD PUZZLE.** From 2 to 24, par; 3 to 23, carol; 4 to 22, caravan; 5 to 26, clue; 6 to 27, oral; 7 to 28, duet; 8 to 29, rete; 9 to 30, levy; 10 to 16, reënter; 11 to 15, sleet; 12 to 14, paw; 32 to 17, sear; 33 to 18, fled; 34 to 19, uvea; 35 to 20, Eden; 36 to 21, Eton; 1 to 25, Sara; 2 to 26, pare; 3 to 27, caul; 4 to 10, clatter; 5 to 9, creel; 6 to 8, our; 29 to 11, eyes; 30 to 12, yelp; 31 to 13, near; 32 to 14, stew; 33 to 15, feet; 22 to 16, modular; 21 to 17, never; 20 to 18, Ned; 23 to 35, late; 24 to 36, rove.

**WORD-SQUARE.** 1. Elsie. 2. Learn. 3. Saved. 4. Irene. 5. Ended.

**TRANSPOSITIONS.** Lowell. 1. Palm, lamp. 2. Tough, ought. 3. Awry, wary. 4. Lease, easel. 5. Felt, left. 6. Meal, lame.

**NUMERICAL ACROSTIC.** Cross-words: 1. Ices. 2. Vale. 3. Adam. 4. Newt. 5. Hubs. 6. Ogre. 7. Earn. Initials, Ivanhoe. I. Cedric. II. Rowena. III. Athelstane. IV. Gurth. V. Wamba. VI. Richard. VII. Rebecca. VIII. Isaac. IX. Lucas de Beaumanoir. X. Brian de Bois Guilbert. Sir Walter Scott.

a slang word for a well-bred man. My 19-35-29-21 is a notion. My 50-7-48-10 is to change. My 5-45-37-41-26 is gaudy. My 33-13-43-4 is a useful metal.

LOUISE DADMUN (age 15).

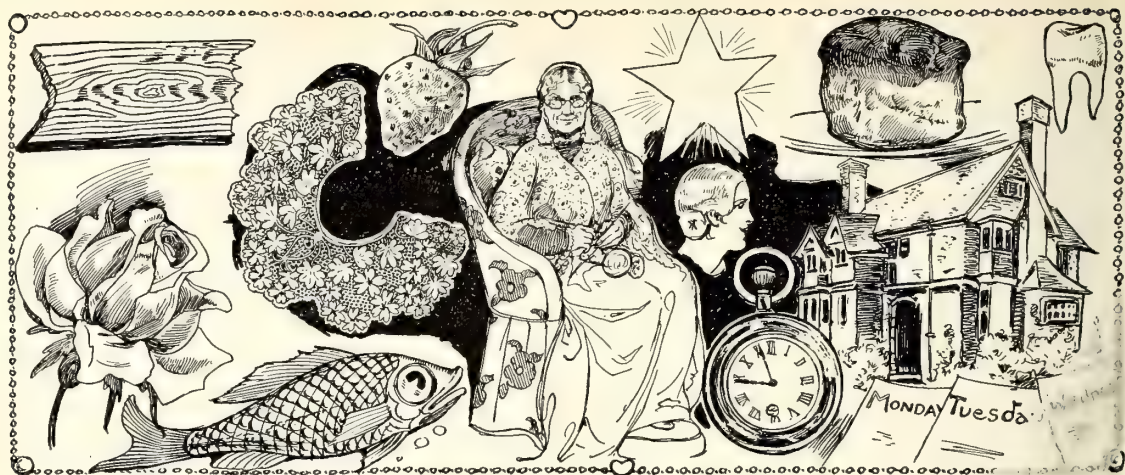
### CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL BLOCKS

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FROM 1 to 2, another name for Sinai; from 1 to 6, a province of Central China; from 6 to 7, a city famous in the Peace Movement; from 2 to 7, a city of Montana; from 2 to 3, a seaport of northern France; from 3 to 8, a bay of Florida; from 7 to 8, a small city of Portugal, east of Lisbon; from 4 to 5, a British colony in Africa; from 4 to 9, an African river; from 5 to 10, a French city famous for its silk manufactures; from 9 to 10, a French city famous for its wines; from 6 to 11, a large West Indian island; from 11 to 12, a British possession in Asia; from 7 to 12, a settlement very near to Great Bassa in Liberia; from 8 to 13, a range of mountains in South America; from 12 to 13, a range of mountains in Africa bearing the same name as a noted mythological character.

RUTH K. GAYLORD (age 14), *Honor Member*.





### ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE

To each of the thirteen objects in the above picture may be prefixed a common little noun of three letters. When the prefix is added, what are the thirteen words?

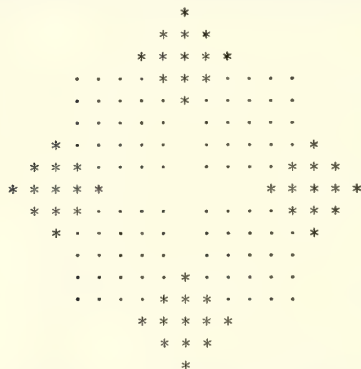
### GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC

ALL the names described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters will spell the name of a European country.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A seaport in Glamorganshire. 2. A Canadian province. 3. A Texan river. 4. One of the United States. 5. A range of mountains in Utah. 6. The highest mountain known. 7. One of the capital cities of the United States.

ELIZABETH BRAY (age 12), *League Member*.

### CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. The track of a wheel. 3. A shrub used in tanning. 4. A color. 5. In creel.

II. UPPER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small measure of weight. 2. To divert. 3. A frilled edging. 4. Pale. 5. Certain years of youth.

III. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Saltpeter. 2. A statue. 3. Himalayan wild goats. 4. A kind of small heron. 5. Reposes.

IV. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. A hard, black substance. 3. A compound of sulphur. 4. A sailor. 5. In creel.

V. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. Determined. 3. In mythology, the stream of forgetfulness. 4. A pronoun. 5. In creel.

VI. LOWER, LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Jewish doctor. 2. Once more. 3. Solemn conveyances. 4. A large, clumsy boat. 5. Insertion.

VII. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A Russian whip. 2. One who tends the sick. 3. A wind-instrument. 4. Method. 5. A dogma.

VIII. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In shelter. 2. A small child. 3. A cloth for wiping the hands. 4. A number. 5. In creel.

HELEN L. BLACH (age 15), *League Member*.

### DOUBLE WORD ADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and triply curtail respire, and leave to consume. Answer, br-eat-hes, eat.

In the same way, 1. Doubly behead and triply curtail a pain in the head, and leave a feminine name. 2. To make bitter, and leave part of a harness. 3. Wandering, and leave beam. 4. Flows about, and leave a conjunction. 5. The founder of a religion, and leave a Biblical character. 6. Southern farmers, and leave, an emmet. 7. Scented ointments, and leave to become entangled. 8. Permitting, and leave vulgar. 9. Creases, and leave a dark fluid. 10. Indicating, and leave a word expressing negation. 11. A wine bottle, and leave to preserve. 12. Smoked herrings, and leave a grain. 13. Guiding, and leave quantity. 14. Famous, and leave at the present time.

The initials of the fourteen little words will spell the name of a famous man.

LUCY M. HODGE (age 12).

### DOUBLE WORDS

THIS puzzle is made up of pairs of words pronounced alike but spelled differently. Example: a useful utensil; colorless. Answer, pail, pale.

1. A coin; despatched. 2. To draw; a large room. 3. A ceremony; correct. 4. An image; a short pastoral poem. 5. A fishing net; in one's right mind. 6. A narrative; an appendage. 7. Deportment; contemptible. 8. A Biblical character; competent. 9. Location; vision. 10. Appears; joinings. 11. A fruit; perpendicular. 12. To vouchsafe; what *Hamlet* was.

HELEN ZIEGLER (age 14), *League Member*.



## Dorothy's Getting Well.

Dorothy, who is just getting over the measles, has no more than said "My Goodness! Why don't they give me something good to eat?" when the wise Kewpies appear, one bearing a dish of delicious, sparkling Raspberry

# JELL-O

another bringing a spoon, and one carrying from sight the hateful medicine.

Dorothy's happy face expresses her approval.

If the importance of satisfying the fickle appetites of convalescents were as fully understood by all "big folks" as it is by doctors and nurses, getting well would not take so long as it frequently does.

"America's Most Famous Dessert," however, is not a mere sickroom food, for Jell-O is good everywhere and the delightful *pure fruit* flavors of Jell-O appeal to all appetites. There are seven of the flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. At all grocers' and general storekeepers', 10c. each.

**The new Jell-O book is a real Kewpie book, with pictures of Kewpies by Rose O'Neill herself. If you desire one and will write and ask us for it we will send it to you free.**

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Be sure you get JELL-O and not something else



**10¢**  
a package



# POLLY and PETER PONDS



(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of this story in last month's St. Nicholas and another next month*



CROSSING the campus of B—Academy one night early in January, a junior professor saw a flickering light up in the corner room of Holworthy Hall on the third floor.

"That's strange," he said to himself. "It was 'lights out' at 10:30, and here it is midnight. I had better look into this party."

He was soon knocking at the door behind which he had seen the light.

Not even an echo answered his knock.

He knocked again, louder.

Then a sleepy-looking head appeared, and the professor recognized Bill Conley in pajamas. "What are you up to, William?" from the professor brought no satisfaction from Bill.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" said Bill, interrogatively, forgetting in his sleepiness to be his usual impolite self.

"What are you doing with that light?" gruffly from the professor.

"What light? I haven't had any light," gruffly from Bill.

Just then another head appeared. "I had the light, sir," it said, in the voice of Peter Ponds, "but I blew it out."

"You know it's against rules. Report to me at the faculty meeting."

"Aw, what did you tell him for?" Bill inquired angrily after the professor left. Bill had enough demerits already, you see, and he feared he might be penalized for his roommate's offense.

"I'll tell you in the morning," said Peter, but Bill grabbed him suddenly around the neck, and they rolled under the iron bed. They wrestled around for quite a while, and when they were tired out each of them had several bruises. In rubbing each other's bruises with

## POND'S EXTRACT

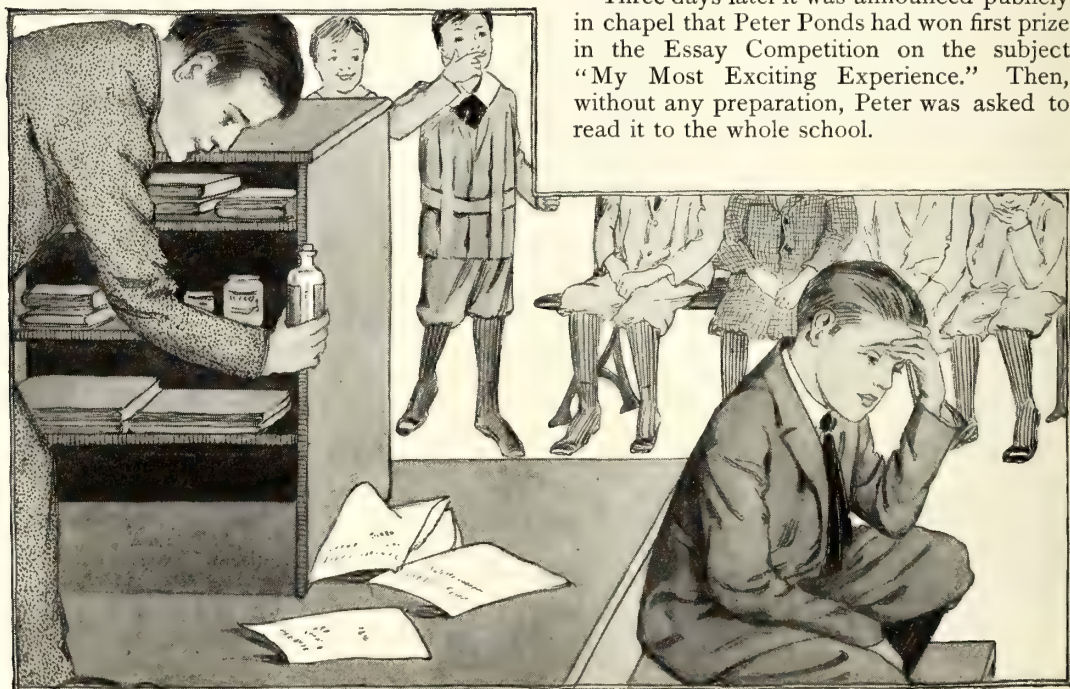
they forgot their anger and went to bed.

Peter put a handkerchief soaked with Pond's Extract over his forehead and eyes to stop his head from throbbing, and in three minutes he was fast asleep.

There was n't any trouble with the faculty.

Peter explained that he had the lighted candle so he could finish his essay which was due at that meeting. The faculty gave him one demerit.

Three days later it was announced publicly in chapel that Peter Ponds had won first prize in the Essay Competition on the subject "My Most Exciting Experience." Then, without any preparation, Peter was asked to read it to the whole school.



As he went up to the platform where all the faculty sat, the whole school applauded, and Peter was, we must confess, both nervous and excited. Probably that explains why he stumbled on the steps and fell *up*-stairs, striking his forehead against the platform, while his copy of the prize essay went flying in all directions, and some of the younger boys snickered without meaning to.

Before Peter could collect his papers or his wits, the principal, Dr. Sprague, was reaching for the Pond's Extract bottle he keeps with other "first-aid" things in the reading-stand. And before another five minutes Peter was reading his essay just as if nothing had happened.

We should like to let you read all of it this month, but it is too long for that. But here is the beginning. Can't you imagine Peter reading it?

### "MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE,"

he began in a loud tone of voice that wobbled only a trifle. "When I was ten years old, my father and mother took my sister and me on a trip around the world. It was when we were in India that I had my most exciting experience.

"Father had received an invitation to visit a raja's palace a long way inland, in fact in the very heart of the jungle. Polly and I were quite excited, because rajas are *very* important rulers, much more so than a state governor, and almost like kings. My father says they have more authority than many European kings, even if England does rule India.

"It was on a very close, hot day without a

breath of air stirring, that 'My Most Exciting Experience' happened.

"Our train of short, funny English coaches had stopped at a sort of station where they take on water for the passengers and the locomotive. Suddenly out of the 'elephant-grass,' ten feet deep, appeared a monster head with great ears flapping wide, and shiny ivory tusks six or seven feet long. It was an elephant charging and making a terrible uproar. Away off in the distance we could hear other elephants trumpeting. On came the mountainous beast straight for one of the Indian coolies, who was about fifty feet from the side of our car. The poor man ran for dear life. We knew he could n't possibly win the race. Elephants can run very fast, even if they do look clumsy at the Zoo. I was breathless with excitement. I guess Polly was pale with fright, but I did n't look at her. Our eyes were fixed on the man; we could see he was fast losing the race. Suddenly Polly screamed as the terrible monster grabbed the helpless coolie."

(Continued in the March ST. NICHOLAS)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY  
131 Hudson Street New York







## ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

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and all the other little  
hurts get well quickly  
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grown-ups too. Especially  
efficient and rapid in re-  
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and department stores  
everywhere. Write for  
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## THE BOOK MAN

"Where can I get a really good history of Belgium," is a question frequently asked. There are three books which every reader of The Book Man will find profitable and interesting:

"Our Little Belgian Cousins," telling of the life of the boys and girls of Belgium before the present war. Price sixty cents. And if you want a peep into Russia try "Our Little Russian Cousins" in the same series.

"Peeps at Many Lands: Belgium." By George W. I. Ormond, giving an extremely good picture of Belgium's life and people and a brief summary of Belgium's history. It is published by Adam and Charles Black of London, but any bookseller will order it for you; and in the same series are two other books of which you will be glad to know: "Peeps at Many Lands: France," and "Peeps at Many Lands: Germany." Price fifty-five cents each.

Put on your list of modern history reading also, Dr. William Elliot Griffis' "Belgium: The Land of Art," an extremely readable and sympathetic survey of Belgium's history, legends, industry, and modern expansion, which all the family will find worth reading. It is one of the very best, if not the best, brief book on the subject in print, and the price is \$1.25 net.

A VERY interesting letter from a fourteen-year-old Maplewood, N. J., reader says:

"My brother, a few of his friends, and myself are reading French, German and English history this winter. We feel we want to know all about the countries now engaged in war."

Won't the writer of this letter, and any other girls and boys who are following a similar course of reading, send The Book Man a list of the books on these subjects they are finding really worth while?

You cannot, of course, read "heavy" books all the time; and here are some more or less recent books by writers of the day, all worth your reading, and full of entertainment.

There is Jean Webster's "Daddy-Long-Legs"—every sixteen-year-old girl will love it, and want to see the play based on the book.

There is Frances Hodgson Burnett's "T. Tem-

(Continued on page 15)

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

barom," going on a year and a half old now; but a story—of a New York newsboy who inherited an English estate—which lures one happily on to the very last page. There is Holworthy Hall's "Henry of Navarre," just jolly nonsense, but wholesome as it can be.

There is Maria Thompson Daviess' pretty tale of good times in a little Southern town she knows well, "Phyllis." And Frances Little's sunny letters of an American missionary in Japan, "The Lady of the Decoration." And Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's last novel, "Westways," one of the best pictures of Civil War days ever written.

No list of "best" books can be absolute and final; but here is a list of the "Best Fifty Books of the Greatest Authors Condensed for Busy People," by Benjamin R. Davenport, which should be of interest to the older boys and girls who read these pages:

Homer's "Iliad"  
Dante's "Inferno"  
Boccaccio's "Decameron"  
Shakespeare's Plays  
"The Arabian Nights"  
Cervantes' "Don Quixote"  
Milton's "Paradise Lost"  
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"  
Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe"  
Swift's "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver"  
Pope's "Essay on Man"  
Le Sage's "Gil Blas"  
Fielding's "Tom Jones"  
Voltaire's "Zadig"  
Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas"  
Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"  
Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"  
St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia"  
Boswell's "Life of Johnson"  
Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship"  
Scott's "Ivanhoe"  
Scott's "The Antiquary"  
Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"  
De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater"  
Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"  
Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans"  
Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"  
Disraeli's "Vivian Grey"  
Balzac's "Cousin Pons"  
Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year"  
George Sand's "Consuelo"  
Eugene Sue's "The Wandering Jew"  
Bulwer Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii"  
Bulwer Lytton's "My Novel"  
Dumas' "The Count of Monte Cristo"  
Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"  
Thackeray's "Henry Esmond"  
Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre"  
Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter"  
Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"  
Macaulay's "Essays"  
Dickens' "David Copperfield"  
Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities"  
Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"  
Mulock Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman"  
Spencer's "Education"  
Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables"  
Collins' "The Woman in White"  
George Eliot's "Middlemarch"  
Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur"

When you write me after February 1st, please address your letters in care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, at 26th Street, instead of Union Square, the address of the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS since 1881. More about this new address next month.

*The Book Man*

# BETTY'S LESSONS

*In which she finds that some lessons can be very interesting indeed*

## I. PHYSIOLOGY



"My! but this is a stupid subject!", Betty used to say about Physiology. She couldn't see why she needed to know whether her heart pumped 8,321,224 red corpuscles, or 691,321,877 white ones every minute, or whatever it was.

But one day Physiology became the most interesting subject of all to her. She had a toothache.

We don't need to tell you how she felt.

Betty was in class. Her tooth hurt so much that for a long time she didn't even hear what the teacher said.

But suddenly the word "tooth" made her listen with both ears. And this is what she heard:

"Nothing is so bad for you as decayed teeth. 'Decay' is just another word for 'sick.' The worst thing about sick teeth is not that they hurt—(Betty thought that was bad enough)—but that they make you sick too. The best way to keep teeth well is to cleanse them night and morning with the best and safest dentifrice that you can get. A perfect dentifrice both tastes good and does good." You know what dentifrice she meant, don't you? You won't forget to brush your teeth twice a day, will you? Be sure to use the just-exactly-right dentifrice—

**Dr. Lyon's**  
PERFECT

**Tooth Powder**  
OR  
**Dental Cream**

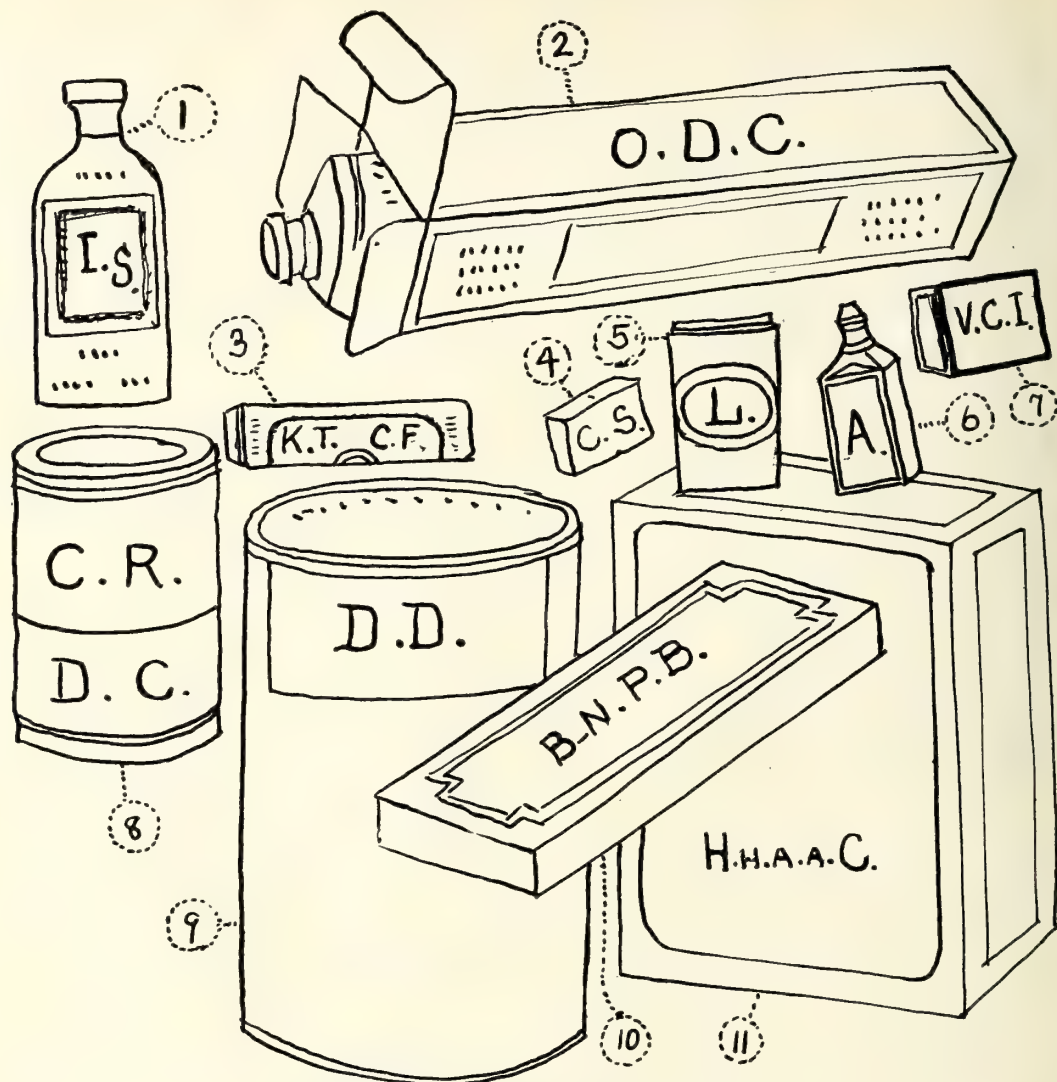
"An Old Friend  
of the Family"

Send 2c to-day for a trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.

**I. W. LYON & SONS**  
533 West 27th Street  
NEW YORK







## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 158

(See January Advertisements)

A Druggist and a Grocery-man both went to sleep one day in their stores, there being no customers to wait upon.

And they both dreamed that they woke up in Topsy-Turvyland to find their packages all jumbled together, the labels all changed, some of the drug-store packages bearing the labels of grocery goods, and everything *all* mixed up. Even the labels were different, being just initials. So they got together, but all they could do was to number the packages.

Your task then, ST. NICHOLAS reader, is to help out these poor men by listing the full name of the articles that belong in each of the numbered packages. For instance, if we had placed "W. H. C." (Woman's Home Companion) on a bottle numbered 12, you would know that was wrong, because the magazine comes in a big flat envelop; if you then found a big flat envelop numbered 13, and marked with the initials "P. E." (which stand for Pond's Extract), your answers would read like this:

12. Pond's Extract.

13. Woman's Home Companion.

Will everybody please help these befuddled and discouraged storekeepers?

In addition, please write at the bottom of your list what bicycle you own, or if you have none, what one you would like to own.

Here are the **Rules and Regulations**. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize:

1. Send in a list showing, in numerical order, the names of the articles that belong in the packages.
2. Write on the bottom of your report the name of and some interesting facts about the bicycle you own; or if you have none, what make you would like to own, and why.
3. The prizes will go to those who write the most interesting and specific bicycle letter and also send us the correct list. Care should be taken to write the names exactly as they have appeared in the January ST. NICHOLAS, and also to follow the Rules and Regulations strictly.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (158).
5. Submit answers by February 20, 1915.
6. Do not use a lead-pencil.
7. Address answers: *Advertising Competition No. 158, ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, at 26th Street, New York City.*

There will be twenty-seven One-dollar prizes awarded, according to the above Rules and Regulations.

*Note—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.*

This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.

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**Y**OU can keep nearly everything in home, office or store always perfectly oiled, "clean as a whistle," polished bright as new and as free from rust and tarnish as the day it was bought.

Try **3 in One** for sewing machines, clocks, cameras, typewriters, furniture, bathroom fixtures, electric fans, lawn mowers, guns, fishing rods and reels, etc.

Three sizes—10 cts.—25 cts.—50 cts. Sold at all good stores.

**FREE**

Write for generous sample and Dictionary—FREE!

**3 IN ONE OIL CO.**

42 QF. Broadway, New York

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



**G**EE! but it tickles a fellow to get a big sandwich of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter! Just the *cream* of the nuts, delicately salted and prepared by the special Beech-Nut process.

## BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE

are collecting pictorial poster stamps in colors. It is the coming fad.

We have a very beautiful assortment of 125 different designs of Valley Forge, Philadelphia, and other places, in original designs in striking, bright coloring. Will send an assortment of ten stamps—no two alike—upon receipt of 10c silver or postage.

For One Dollar bill will send a complete assortment of 125 different kinds in sheets, all perforated, and include a new Poster Stamp Album free, ready to paste in the stamps, making a valuable and beautiful collection. Excellent for Valentine and Birthday presents.

THE DANDO CO.

34 South Third St. Philadelphia, Pa.



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G. F. Co.  
1914

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**Velcro Grip**  
OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Child's sample pair (give age) 16c. postpaid

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**The Leading American Seed Catalog** for 1915 is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free to everyone who wants to plant

## Small Gardens For Small Folks

This is an interesting little book specially written for us by Edith Loring Fullerton. Its four chapters and attractive illustrations tell how and what to plant, and explain the why and wherefore of successful gardening. So enticingly is the story told that children will find its reading as absorbing as a fairy tale. A post-card will bring both these books. Write today and kindly mention *St. Nicholas*.

**W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.**  
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

## REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 156 IN THE DECEMBER ST. NICHOLAS

If all the answers to this December Competition had arrived on the same day, The CENTURY Co., would have needed a pack as large as that used by Santa Claus, to hold them all! It seemed as if most every boy and girl who reads ST. NICHOLAS wanted to test their own ingenuity and cleverness, and so our mails were simply crowded with competitions sent in by our devoted friends.

There were many beautiful ones, and some very original ones, too. My—what a difficult time the Judges had in deciding who should be the prize winners! Someone heard them remark that they wished they could give every boy and girl who competed a prize, as every one tried so hard.

Our readers are surely the brightest, most wide-a-wake young people to be found anywhere.

After judging, **judging**, **JUDGING**, and more **JUDGING**, the prizes have been awarded.

### *One First Prize, \$5.00:*

Robert Martin, age 14, Massachusetts.

### *Two Second Prizes, \$3.00:*

Edith M. Johnston, age 15, District of Columbia.  
Edmund Demarois, age 16, Michigan.

### *Three Third Prizes, \$2.00:*

Hilda Esther Cox, age 11, New York.  
Mary Stevens, age 13, New Jersey.  
Josephine R. Corlies, age 20, New Jersey.

### *Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:*

Geraldine Cowle, age 13, England.  
Elizabeth May Adams, age 11, Illinois.  
Edward Wennerstrom, age 14, New York.  
Alfred G. Hobby, age 15, New Jersey.  
Helen Louise Birkmier, age 10, Ohio.  
Rose Lewis, age 14, New Jersey.  
Homer Riggs, age 12, New York.  
Helen C. Kirkwood, age 17, Canada.  
Esther Schustrin, age 14, New York.  
Laura Nelson, age 16, Wisconsin.

### *Honorable Mention:*

Ursula Nix	Gordon Maurer
Dorothy M. Jayne	Lillian Glenn
Maybelle I. Galbreath	Joseph V. K. Wells, 4th
Lillian Olson	Elizabeth Cleland
Florence L. Ralston	Margaretta Wood
Miriam Hardy	Wm. V. Alexander, Jr.
Elizabeth Hawks	Martha Cramm
Malcolm T. Good	Elizabeth B. Loring

"A journal which has achieved the dignity of an institution among American periodicals. . . .

"In the last year or so, the pages of THE CENTURY have tingled with the electric currents of modern thought and feeling. Imperious questions have been threshed out in it; new forces have had their spokesmen; and the distinctive literary quality has not been allowed to lapse. . . .

"Such a journal, ever welcomed, will be the more welcome as the months go past."

—Boston Transcript.

# THE CENTURY

is a magazine which you cannot afford to be without. It contains that which thinking people talk about when they meet—the ablest expositions of the causes which lie behind the present war, the best fiction, the timeliest, liveliest material in any monthly magazine. If you are not taking it regularly, will you not accept a special offer which will enable you to get the next four numbers at a special price? Fill out this coupon, cut it off, and enclose with a dollar bill.

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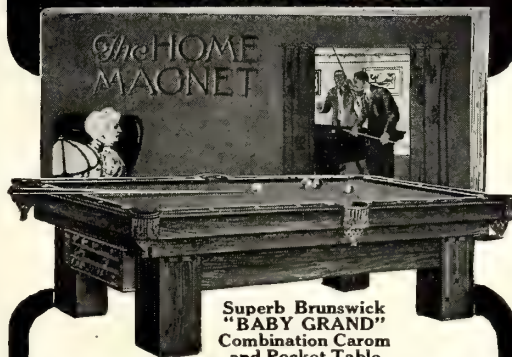
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..... 1915.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....  
St. N.

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**This Graphic Book Reveals  
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**Superb Brunswick  
"BABY GRAND"  
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Mail the coupon and learn in this handsomely illustrated book of the winter revels that reign around these perfect tables *right in the homes of thousands!*

While the Storm King rages out-of-doors, the billiard balls click merrily within. There are moments of thrilling suspense—and lively repartee till bed-time.

Learn how Carom and Pocket Billiards develop strength, skill and quick decision. How they teach the young folks the love of home.

And see the famous Brunswick "GRAND," "BABY GRAND" and "CONVERTIBLE" tables, all shown in actual colors.

### Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

They are *real* Carom and Pocket Billiard Tables with life! speed! and accuracy!—not toys or substitutes for regulation tables. Yet a size for every home. Have genuine Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth and Monarch cushions, famed for lightning action.

**Factory Prices—20c a Day!**

Our world-wide sales—requiring nine great factories—enable us to sell at prices unheard of ten years ago. You can buy direct, save dealer's profit—and pay us monthly for a year—terms as low as 20 cents a day!

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Read in this book how we let you try any Brunswick 30 days in your home!

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Name .....

Address.....(387)



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## PRIZE COMPETITION

THE answers to our last prize competition have all been received. We must say that we have been well pleased with the interest shown in this matter. Not only did the number of replies exceed our expectations, but the subject-matter was exceedingly interesting. Generally speaking, the answers were far more intelligent, more to the point, and better written, than were the replies to our first competition, some months ago. And this fact made the choice of prize-winners a difficult one. In the various papers submitted, the effects—possible and probable—of the war upon our favorite hobby were so well treated, and from so many aspects, that it was hard to decide who were really entitled to the prizes. Perhaps another time it will be necessary to offer more prizes. This time we have awarded the first prize (Junior Album) to Louis N. Shapiro, of Wilmington, Delaware. The second prize (a copy of Scott's Catalogue) goes to Fred McLean, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. We publish on this page the composition winning the first prize. Other papers of real merit were received from Pelham Williams, Chickasha, Oklahoma; Kathryn E. Osborn, Alameda, California; Herman Baer, Waterbury, Connecticut; Karl R. Philbrick, Skowhegan, Maine; Paul A. Culbert, Fremont, Ohio, and Thomas Coyle, Quogue, Long Island. There was another one, too short to be a prize-winner, but of much interest, written by Dorothea Sachs, Cincinnati, Ohio. These were the better ones, but many of the papers not mentioned had in them much to commend.

## THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE STAMP WORLD

EVERY thoughtful stamp-collector has asked himself, during the past few months, what effect the war now raging in Europe will have with respect to stamps and stamp-collecting. We all think, and are probably not astray in doing so, that new sets of stamps will be issued by the different nations now at war. As to their beauty, we should not expect too much, as our friends across the sea will have far greater things to think about than the beauty and design of their stamps.

The most fruitful sources of stamps will most likely be the colonies and territories which are now in the hands of one nation and then in those of another. These exchanges render necessary new issues of stamps, or, at least, surcharges on old issues. An instance of this may be had from the recent surcharges of German stamps for use in Belgium.

On account of this great struggle in Europe, many stamps will become rare, and collectors who are so fortunate as to possess those stamps will later have collections of considerable value. Every collector will see the necessity, as it were, of procuring those stamps of the warring countries which he has neglected to get before, and will put forth special efforts to do so. It is true that collectors are even now paying comparatively large sums for rare German stamps, and will possibly pay more before the end of the war.

Indirectly, the war has even affected our own country, as can be seen from the new revenue stamps which have been issued. These stamps will probably interest many collectors. They are described in the November number of Scott's Circular.

Thus the far-reaching effects of the war can be readily understood. Directly or indirectly, its influence will extend to many countries, and bring out many new stamps and surcharges. As a result, stamp-collecting will become more popular, and every old collector will be fired with new enthusiasm for collecting these interesting bits of paper.

LOUIS N. SHAPIRO (age 15).

## WHO CAN HELP US?

MANY queries come to Stamp Page from its readers, and we are always glad to receive them. Nearly all of them, however, refer to the identification of some stamps which have bothered their owners, and to these we are easily able to give help; but once in a while comes a question which puzzles us. And here is one. Mr. Winslow Walker writes us as follows: "While looking over my atlas with my father, I found a small republic named 'Andorra,' which is situated among the eastern Pyrenees, on the border between France and Spain. Its area is 149 square miles. It has been independent since the time of Charlemagne. I would like to know what stamps it uses?" We do not know. We have looked about quite a bit here and there, and can find no answer. We seem to recall that at one time we read something about the postal arrangements of Andorra; we think that on letters going north, either into or through France, French stamps are used, while letters going south into Spain bear Spanish stamps. But of this we are not sure. Who can help us to answer this question?

## UNITED STATES NOTES

ALL of us collect United States stamps. Therefore we should all be watching for the newer things as they come out. And there are at present quite a few varieties which ought to be in our collections, and which should be secured at the present time. How many of us have all of the current values perforated 12? Better try hard to complete the series at once, for the new stamps, those now coming into use, are perforated 10. Then there are the part-perforates—stamps issued in rolls or coils. These should be looked out for, and a complete series collected. For the new rolls are also perforate 10 instead of 8½, as formerly. If possible, get these part-perforate stamps in pairs, and, if you buy them, or collect them unused, get them in a strip of four showing the guide-line between the middle stamps. Remember, too, that these stamps come part-perforate both horizontally and vertically, and we want our collections to show specimens of every kind. Then the current rolls, perforate 10, come with two water-marks; first, upright, which is scarce; and, secondly, sideways, these being printed in a different way. Altogether, these many varieties make it necessary for us collectors to keep our eyes wide open until we have all of them. Then, again, we must watch closely for the new revenues. These are just coming into common use. To say that they are a disappointment to all stamp lovers is putting it very mildly. Hitherto we have all been justly proud of all of our own issues—adhesives, envelopes, and revenues. But this new series is disgraceful. It is on a par with the cheapest issues of irresponsible South

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**MY SPECIALTY** Stamps of the European Continent. Write for a "Country" or two on approval. H. W. PROTZMANN, 1031 28TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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**STAMPS 100 VARIETIES FOREIGN, FREE.** Postage 2c. Mention St. Nicholas. QUAKER STAMP CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

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A. O. DURLAND, 1242 S. 1st, EVANSVILLE, IND.



## Helpful Suggestions

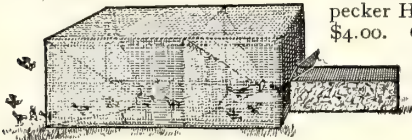
ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT

# WHO WANTS NATIVE BIRDS? DODSON BIRD HOUSES WIN BIRDS TO YOU



**Dodson Purple Martin House**

26 rooms and attic. Price, \$12.00, or with all-copper roof, \$15.00, f.o.b. Chicago.



How would **you** like to have a colony of sociable Purple Martins, or a family or two of Wrens or Bluebirds or Flickers living on **your** grounds this year? **Now** is the time to invite them by setting out Dodson bird houses—because birds favor houses which are a bit weather-worn.

I've won thousands of bird tenants for myself and my friends. I'll help **you** win birds—wherever you live. Write for my free Book About Birds—based upon my 19 years' work for our native birds.

Among the 24 bird houses, shelters, baths, etc., described and illustrated in my free book, are—

Bluebird House, \$5.00. Swallow House, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Chickadee or Nut-Hatch House, \$2.50 and \$3.50. Flicker or Woodpecker House, \$2.50 to \$5.00. Flycatcher House, \$3.00 and \$4.00. Observation House, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

The famous Dodson Sparrow Trap automatically catches these quarrelsome pests—catches as many as 75 a day. Price, \$5.00. All prices are f.o.b. Chicago

**JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Note—Mr. Dodson, a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society, will gladly answer any questions on the subject of attracting and protecting our native birds.



**Dodson Wren House**

Solid oak, cypress roof. Price, \$5.00, f.o.b. Chicago.

## The best for all breeds SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

Send 2-cent stamp for "Dog Culture"  
Spratt's Patent Ltd., Newark, N. J.



## Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

### PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,  
Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth  
Ave., New York City (Tel.)



**A. CRESCENT, "Birdville," Toms River, N.J.**

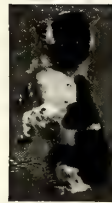
**THIS** Beautiful Rustic Wren House and our book "Bird Architecture" for \$1.00. 6 and one book for \$5.00. Our famous 3 Bird Houses for \$3.50. Best Wire Sparrow Trap, \$4.00. Parcel Post prepaid within 3d Zone on mailables.



America's  
Pioneer  
Dog Remedies

## Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by the Author  
**H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S.**  
118 West 31st Street New York

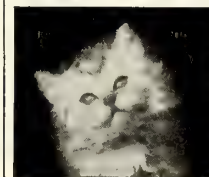


## SPANIELS AND COCKERS

**Real Spaniels.** Real thoroughbreds, for a thousand years. Our *Spaniels* are well-known ideal dogs for children and homes. Aristocratic, small, healthy, brainy, loving and reliable; beautifully colored and marked. Our *Cockers* are fancy marked. Over 60 blues won. Puppies and young trained dogs now.

**Van Dyck Kennels, Registered**  
Newton Lower Falls, Mass.

Only  
the best



## EQUAL PARTNERS

is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

**Black Short-Haired Cattery Kennels—Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.**

Address all communications to  
N. Y. Office 112E Carnegie Hall  
Telephone, 3691 Columbus



## For Christmas

A Scottish terrier puppy.  
Best for children's pets.

Order now.

**NEWCASTLE KENNELS**  
Brookline, Mass.

## St. Nicholas Pet Department—Continued



What would your children appreciate more than a cute

### WHITE WOOLY ESQUIMO puppy

They are beautiful, intelligent, affectionate, chuck full of life and as cunning as they can be. Natural trick, house dog and child's companion. Prices reasonable. Guarantee safe delivery. Order direct, get a square deal and a fine, healthy pup. I also breed ENGLISH BULLS of the highest quality from best IMPORTED stock.

BROCKWAYS KENNELS, Baldwin, Kansas



## GET A COLLIE!

Dogs that are affectionate, patient, intelligent and loyal are the best children's pets. The famous

**Sunnybrae Scotch Collies** possess these good qualities. My specialty is raising and training collie dogs. Get a collie!—and be sure it comes from the **Sunnybrae Collie Kennels, Bloomington, Ill.** Fine spring stock. My book on dog training, price 25c, will tell you how to train your dog. F. R. Clarke, Prop.

**Send for Booklet! Boys! SOME CAR!** Send for particulars today



**The Lad's Car**

Send 20c today for Booklet, telling how to build this automobile. Complete instructions and descriptions of parts and sizes, illustrated with diagrams, blue print, cuts made from photographs, and price list of parts.

**Boys!** We have a wonderful price to offer either on the complete car, or the parts.

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENT to first boy in your town**  
Niagara Motor Car Corp'n, Dept. C., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

## LISTERINE

Use it every day

**PARENTS**—Take good care of your children's first teeth. Begin early and teach your boys and girls the importance of mouth hygiene. Teach them to brush the teeth regularly with diluted Listerine to counteract acid mouth and decay. Keep Listerine handy—it is the endorsed home antiseptic. Refuse to accept a substitute.

All Druggists Sell Listerine  
Lambert Pharmacal Company  
St. Louis, Mo.



## Save Your Dimes Boys!

Get the Good Luck Bank

Holds just one dollar. The tenth dime opens it. Snap shut and it remains locked until refilled. Nickel plated, may be worn as a watch charm.

Price, 10c by mail postpaid

EXCELSIOR NOVELTY COMPANY,

Dept. B, Anderson Realty Bldg. | MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

## CLASS PINS

For School, College or Society.

We make the "right kind" from hand cut steel dies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free. FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 686 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.

## 1915 Model RIDE a RANGER

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting.

**DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial.** No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it. **LOW FACTORY COST**, great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1915 models.

**WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you.

MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. W-15, CHICAGO

## These Poster Stamps

Six of the newest sent you for only two two-cent stamps—just to show you how wonderful these little works of art really are.

If you are already a Poster Stamp collector, you will want to join the Art Stamp League. Formed to help collectors, the League keeps you supplied with all the latest stamps, for a very nominal fee. (The cost is a fraction of the charge if you write for each individual stamp.) And in addition, members are sent, from time to time, special assortments absolutely free. Membership costs but 25c. Without any further charge, members are given a very handsome Collectors' Album, a special assortment of the latest stamps, and members' special stamp and certificate.

Send 4c. in stamps for the sample packet and interesting facts about the Art Stamp League, or 25c. in coin or stamps for a year's membership in the League.

ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Inc.  
82 Maiden Lane  
New York



## HARTSHORN

SHADE  
ROLLERS

Original and unequalled.  
Wood or tin rollers. "Improved"  
requires no tacks. Inventor's  
signature on genuine!

Stewart Hartshorn





that ever touched water—the "Old Town Canoe." It is used by all famous scouts and guides, who must have the strongest, lightest canoes. Write for "Old Town Canoe" Book of canoe views and facts—4000 canoes ready—dealers everywhere. Write today for the book—mighty good reading.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 432 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 20)

American governments. Whatever may be the process used in their printing, these stamps have the appearance of cheap lithographing. They come in three series: Documentary, Proprietary, and Wine and Cordials. It would be hard to say which is the worst looking. The Documentary run in value from one-half cent to one thousand dollars. The Proprietary from one-eighth cent to five cents; and the Wine Stamps from one-quarter cent to two dollars. There are quite a number of them. We will describe them more fully in a later paper, but we note here that in the printing of these stamps the governmental papers were badly mixed, for they are found not only upon the regular paper water-marked U. S. I. R. but also upon the paper reserved for postage-stamps—U. S. P. S. water-mark. Perhaps, owing to the sudden demand, there was not enough of the U. S. I. R. paper on hand, and the other was used to meet the emergency. Some of them are sure to be scarce, so watch for all you can find, so that your collection may be as complete as possible.



**Bristol**

**Did you ever catch a fish?**

**How big a one?**

ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls are going to have a new kind of competition this spring and summer. They are going to see who can catch the biggest fish, and the boy and girl who do will get prizes. We'll tell you all about it pretty soon. By the way, have you a "BRISTOL" Steel Fishing Rod?

**HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.**

167 Horton Street

Bristol, Conn.

## School

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

**National Park Seminary** For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar. Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

## CANOEING—KING OF SPORTS

### "Old Town"—King of Canoes

Royal fun, boys, in owning an "Old Town Canoe"—in paddling away to camp, fish, hunt and explore. And here is the finest, the prettiest, the swiftest canoe

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

Continued from page 21



**FINE HAYTI SET, 1904, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c. FREE**

THE CATALOG VALUE of this SET is 48c. If you send 10c. for 10 weeks' subscription to Mykeel's Stamp Weekly, Boston, Mass., the best stamp paper in the whole world. All the news, stamp stories, and bargains galore. If preferred, 101 foreign or 50 different U. S. stamps or 15 Austria Jub.



**This Fine Animal Set from Borneo Free** if you send 25c. for six months' subscription to Mykeel's Stamp Weekly, Boston, Mass.

**You May Have Your Choice of These Premiums**

Six Borneos	205 different foreign	60 Japanese
20 diff. animals	101 diff. United States	50 Asiatic

## Do You Know The Santa Claus

Association? It is an Assistant to the Original Santa Claus. It takes the appeals of very poor children which Uncle Sam's Post Office finds in the mail every year—and has them cared for. Is n't that fine?

Do you want to help this good work?

If you will send 50 cents to us, we will send as a receipt ten Poster Stamps of the Santa Claus Association. We have just fourteen sets. Do you want one?

Then write to Santa Claus' Friend,

Care of ST. NICHOLAS Magazine

353 Fourth Avenue, at 26th St., New York City

The

**Prophy-lactic**

Tooth Brush

Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

## 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



## Boys Who "Feel Their Oats"

**The Vim That Lies in Quaker**

Don't say, "My boy has energy enough." Working off an excess is the best thing a boy can do. Vim insures fitness for study. It shows proper food, which means proper development. And the excess—exerted in work or play—helps build sturdy bodies.

The vim-food is Quaker Oats. You know that—everybody knows it. Nature has made of this grain an essence of vitality. The Quaker process has made it doubly delicious.

If you want boys or girls to "feel their oats," serve big dishes of Quaker Oats and never miss a day. Nobody gets too much.

# Quaker Oats

**Each Luscious Flake Gives Energy**

Some oats are starved in the growing. Some are plump and over-fed. We let horses get the small grains, and we pick for children just the big, plump, luscious oats. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These rich oats have the flavor. By dry heat and steam heat we enhance it. Then we roll the grains into these large, luscious Quaker Oats.

One result is a wealth of vim-producing power. Another is a fascinating taste and aroma. Children love Quaker Oats and eat an abundance. And that's what every mother wants.

You get this choice production when you ask for Quaker Oats, and it costs you no extra price. Its flavor has won millions. From all the world over mothers send here for these matchless flakes of oats.

### Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

**10c and 25c per Package**  
**Except in Far West and South**





# ABROAD AT HOME

## The Book of American Travel

By Julian Street

With Pictures by Wallace Morgan

A remarkable review by Hildegard Hawthorne of this book which appeared in "The New York Times Book Review" of December 20, 1914, contains the statement that

"The book, take it all in all, is the most engaging, the most American, the most amusing and satisfactory and interesting record of a joyful pilgrimage imaginable. It is generously printed in a roomy volume with plenty of margin to the pages and fine, clear type. Any one who wants to do something really worth while with \$2.50 will expend it in acquiring a copy."

*Price \$2.50 net, postage 12 cents*

**Indispensable on that trip to the San Diego, or San Francisco, Exposition:**

"The most entertaining book of travel I have ever read."

—*New York Telegraph.*

"By all odds the best interpretation of the civic spirit of our American cities that has ever appeared."

—*Grand Rapids Press.*

"Remember 'Innocents Abroad'? . . . The same chuckles brought up to date and delivered f.o.b. by Julian Street, and Wallace Morgan's pictures fit the text."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"A new angle on familiar scenes."

—*The Independent.*

"A book in ten thousand."

*Portland (Ore.) Telegram*

THE CENTURY CO., Publishers



***You can make your Complexion  
particularly attractive this Winter—***

If you will use a little Hinds Cream every day. It keeps the skin soft and smooth, and promotes a girlish freshness and fairness regardless of weather or climate.

***Hinds* HONEY AND  
ALMOND *Cream***

thoroughly cleanses the pores of all impurities—quickly soothes and relieves rough, irritated, sore conditions. The attractive complexion is restored with gratifying promptness.

Hinds Cream is not greasy or sticky, is quickly absorbed and will not injure even the most delicate skin. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.  
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

**Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.**

*Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage*

**A. S. HINDS 242 West Street Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.





## When the Naval Officer Went Upstairs He Shook the House

No wonder! He had been stamping and tramping around on firm decks all his life, shouting at the top of his voice through a brass trumpet, and every time a shot came aboard, he just dodged, tramped a little louder and called more lustily.

When the mizzenmast cracked, it sounded as though he had sneezed, so when he retired from the navy and came home to live in the country, although the house was built of stone and the stairs of solid oak, everything trembled at his tread.

If he had not lived an out-of-door life, he probably would have shaken himself to pieces long before he did.

But this man belonged to the *old-fashioned* navy. *Nowadays*, the officers and men all walk quietly.

They save their nerves because they know that they may need them in an emergency, and on the big battleships, you will find a little cobbler shop where the cobbler sits all day long and attaches

## O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS OF NEW LIVE RUBBER

to the shoes of the officers and sailors.

When these officers retire, they live to be very old men with nice red cheeks and no nerves at all and

## When They Walk Downstairs They *Don't* Shake the House



**“Do you realize that you never see your own teeth?”** I asked a nine year old boy. He smiled. And he had a right to smile, because his teeth were white, sound and beautiful.

He told me his parents sent him to the dentist twice a year. I told him I visited the dentist three times a year, and he said, he thought he'd rather go three times, if the pain would be less each time.

I assured him that the pain was less each time. Properly cared for teeth are much less likely to ache.

This boy wants to play baseball. I told him that if he kept his teeth in good condition, he would be a better man physically and be more likely “to make the team” when he gets into high school and then into college.

Many boys who don't brush their teeth regularly fail to understand how care of the teeth affects the condition of the whole body. Any boy will be glad to brush his teeth if you have a five minute talk with him, say once a week, and give him the delicious Ribbon Dental Cream for every-day use. Colgate's will help greatly to keep the teeth white, clean and sound.

**You too should use**  
**COLGATE'S**  
**RIBBON DENTAL CREAM**

TRADE MARK





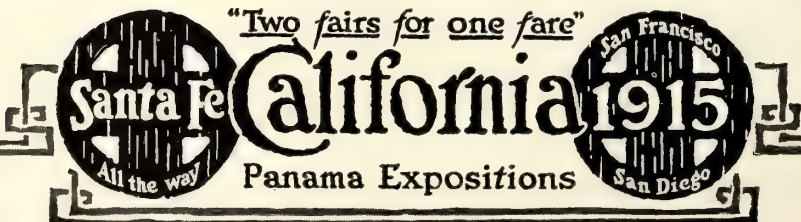
# The Far West wants you; Europe doesn't See your own Country now

On your "Santa Fe way" to the  
Panama Expositions visit  
Grand Canyon of Arizona and Yosemite

Four trains a day, including California Limited  
The Santa Fe de Luxe (extra fare) weekly in winter

On request will send you our Panama Expositions  
and California trains folders.

W. J. BLACK, Passenger Traffic Manager  
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 1072 Railway Exchange  
Chicago.



# THE SWEETHEART of the CORN



"I have a Sweet Heart," said the Corn,  
 "As sweet as sweet can be.  
 Pray tell me how, pray tell me why  
 Such sweetness came to me!"

"I gave your Sweet Heart," said the Sun.  
 "I watched you as you grew.  
 I turned the nights to sunny days,  
 And dried the morning dew.  
 I mastered all the angry Winds,  
 And drove away the Rain.  
 When you were cold I beamed on you,  
 And made you warm again.  
 Then came the last of Summer's days,  
 And you had done your part,  
 To be the very best of Corn,  
 With *SUNSHINE* in your heart.  
 From early morning until night;  
 All night until the morn,  
 I watched or waited as I gave  
 A Sweet Heart to my Corn.  
 And **KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN  
 FLAKES** have  
 The same Sweet Heart as you,  
 For every golden, crispy flake  
 Is full of sunshine too."

*This page is reproduced by special permission of "John Martin's  
 Book," a magazine for little children*

**BOO!**  
 THEY CAN'T GET IN



**IT'S  
 WAXTITE**

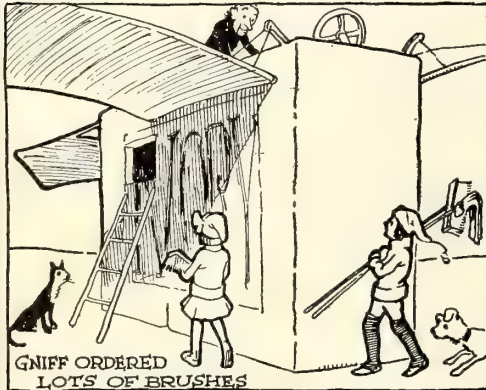
**Kellogg's**

**TOASTED  
 CORN  
 FLAKES**



# MORE ADVENTURES OF IVORY SHIP BY LAND AND SEA.

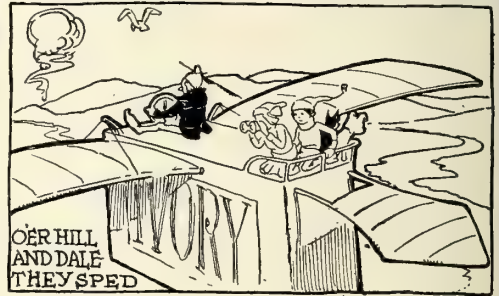
**W**ITH most ob-strep-er-a-geous speed our heroes got some rope, and fastened aeroplanish wings upon their **IVORY SOAP**. It was a monstrous cake of soap, and **IVORY**, so it floated up in the air quite gracefully. Of course, our heroes gloated with righteous pride and triumph as they viewed their aeroplane. By means of it, they planned to fight that Dragon, not in vain. So Gniff, the captain, ordered lots of brushes, good and stiff.



"We'll give that Dragon scratchy scrubs," said that foresighted Gniff. We'll load our trusty aeroplane with cloths for special rubbing. Ha-ha, he-ho, but won't we give that naughty beast a scrubbing!"

So Bob and Betty loaded up that **IVORY** aeroplane as Snip, the dog, and Yow, the cat, looked on with might and main. Thus, well provisioned for a year, our heroes bade good-by to every one, and off they flew far up into the sky. That **IVORY** aeroplane was grand; you should

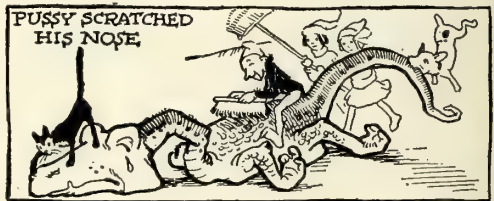
## CHAPTER II. How the **AEROPLANE** was made and the beginning of the **COMBAT**.



have seen it dive and dip just like a graceful bird. It almost seemed alive. O'er hill, and dale, and dashing stream our daring heroes sped until they spied the Dragon's cave a mile or two ahead.

Miss Betty, through binoculars, beheld that gruesome beast a-ramping 'round some little tots, a score or two, at least. That beast was kicking up his heels and scattering mud and mire as from the nostrils of his face proceeded smoke and fire. The little tots all covered low with fear, and mud, and fright. Oh, little readers, wasn't that a most pathetic sight? Our heroes gave a shout of wrath as, with intentions grim, they swooped upon that awful beast to fight it out with him.

Snip caught him by his thrashing tail, and Pussy scratched his nose; Gniff, Bob, and Betty, armed with mops and **IVORY SOAP**, uprose and smote that beast so gallantly and **I-V-O-R-I-E-D** him so that he—well, wait a little while, and we will let you know.



Yes, **IVORY SOAP** is sweet and white and does that cleaning business right. Its conquest over wrong is sure, because its heart is clean and pure.

THIS PAGE IS  
REPRODUCED BY  
SPECIAL PERMIS-  
SION OF "JOHN  
MARTIN'S BOOK"  
(A MAGAZINE FOR  
LITTLECHILDREN)

# IVORY SOAP



# IT FLOATS

*Libby's*

## Hawaiian Pineapple

Golden Hawaiian  
Pineapple, picked  
and packed the same  
day, retaining all the  
matchless flavor and  
fragrance of the sun-  
ripened fruit.

Libby, McNeill & Libby  
Chicago and Honolulu



Insist on Libby's in the Can with the Blue Triangle



# CRYSTAL *Domino* SUGAR PRODUCTS



**L**ITTLE folks crave sweets because their growing bodies *require* them. Wholesome goodies, candies made *at home* from pure cane sugar—these are positively essential to the even, healthy development of the normal child.

Each of the packages pictured on this page is *guaranteed* by us to contain only the absolutely pure, refined product of wholesome cane sugar.

The sealed packages preserve this purity from our refineries to your pantry.

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING COMPANY  
ADDRESS: NEW YORK

**"Bread'n, butter'n, sugar"!**

'THE LOST PRINCE,' by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

VOL. XLII, No. 5

MARCH, 1915

PRICE, 25 CENTS

# ST. NICHOLAS



THE CENTURY CO. 353 FOURTH AVE. NEW YORK



5¢



## For Toilet and Bath

Fairy Soap is the  
whitest and purest  
soap for toilet and bath  
use that choice materials  
and expert soap-making skill can produce.

# FAIRY SOAP

gives a rich, creamy lather that is most  
soothing, agreeable and refreshing. The  
oval cake fits the hand; Fairy Soap floats.  
With all its purity, conven-  
ience and pleasing qualities,  
Fairy Soap costs but 5c.

"Have You a Little  
'Fairy' in Your Home?"



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

# Tone and Tone Control

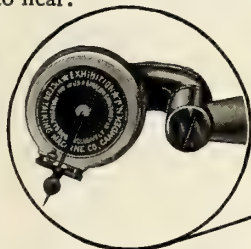
## Two Victrola characteristics

The Victrola tone is a wonderful thing. It is the tone of pure reality—throbbing with life and power. When you hear the world's greatest artists on the Victrola, you hear them just as truly as though they were singing or playing right before you.

Besides this true-to-life tone there is incorporated in the Victrola the important feature of tone-control—the ability to play each individual selection just as *you* personally want to hear it.

These two distinguishing features demonstrate the perfection of every detail in the Victrola. It not only brings you the world's best music in all its beauty, but enables you to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

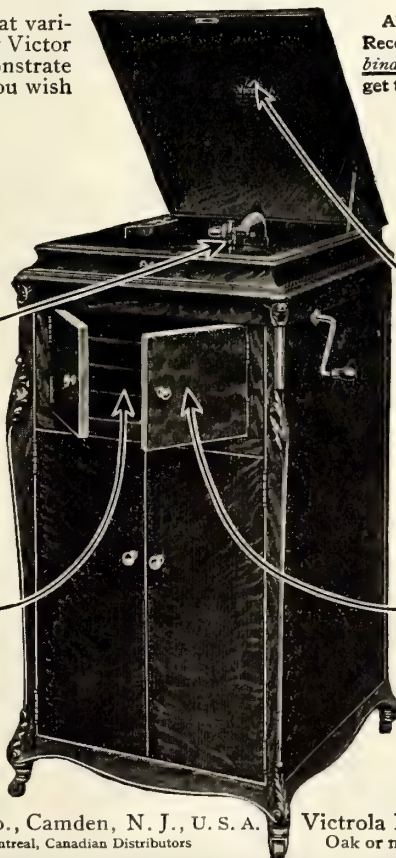
There are Victrolas in great variety from \$15 to \$250 and any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate them and play any music you wish to hear.



The patented Victor "goose-neck" tone-arm in playing position.

**"Goose-neck" sound-box tube**—the flexible metal connection between the sound-box and tapering tone arm, which enables the Victor Needle to follow the record grooves with unerring accuracy.

**Concealed sounding-boards and amplifying compartment of wood**—provide the very limit of area of vibrating surface and sound amplifying compartment, so absolutely essential to an exact and pure tone reproduction.



Always use Victrolas with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination*. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victrola tone.



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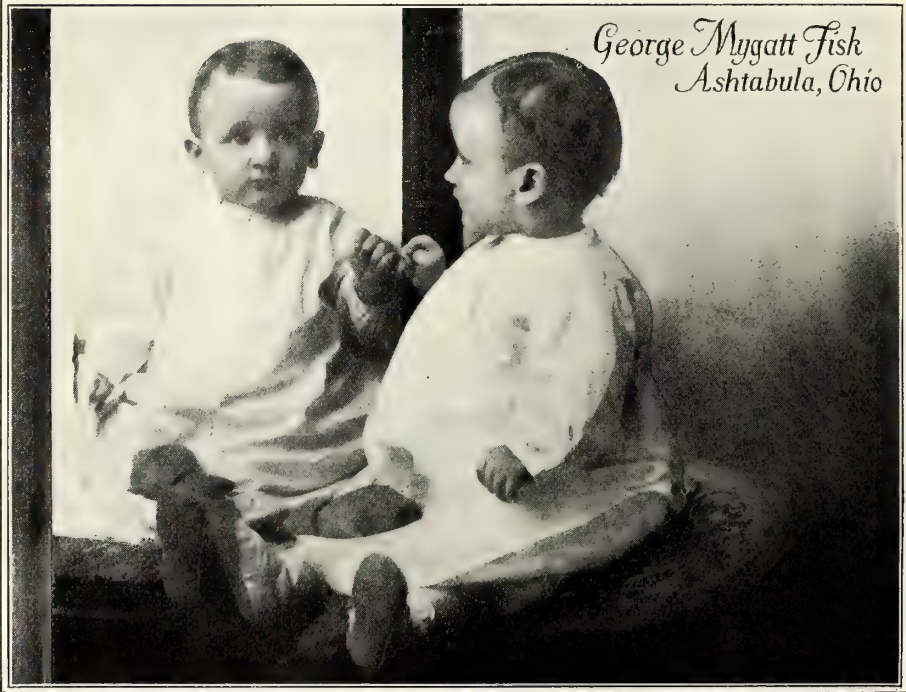
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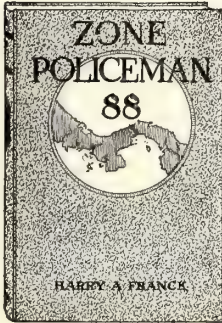
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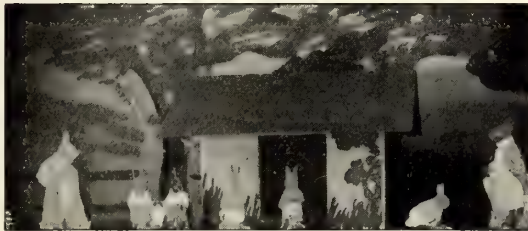
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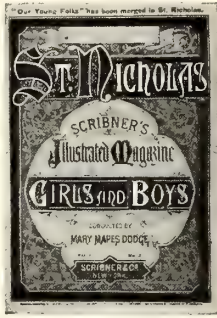
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## A NEW HOME FOR ST. NICHOLAS AND FAMILY



1915

**S**T. NICHOLAS readers have heard that we were going to move. All of you know about moving, and what a tangled task it is. And the longer you stay in a place, the harder it is to get away when the time comes, because there are so many things put away in all kinds of places. And then the old home, no matter what its faults, seems very dear when you are about to say good-by to it.

### Why We Moved

BUT THE CENTURY COMPANY, which we call our father, and THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, which we call our elder brother, and ourselves and all the other members of this publishing family needed more room to work in, and better light and air and protection from fire, than we had at the old home at 33 East 17th Street. So we moved, and now we are at the new home, 353 Fourth Avenue, which is in front of the building. On the north side is 26th Street, and on the south side 25th Street.

### The New Home

On the next page you will see a picture of the building in which our new home is. It is the one in the center with its corner poking out at you. The very topmost floor, which is the twelfth, is now the home of the Century family. You can see how numerous and how large the windows are on the sides, and all four sides of our floor are open. Behind the building is an armory, but it does not nearly reach up to our height. In addition to the windows, there are big skylights in the roof. Besides, the new home is so built that it can't burn up. We have had fitted out a spick-and-span reception room. We think it is a very attractive place, and we shall be glad to see any of our old and new friends at any time.



The Century Co.'s new offices are on the top floor of the large building in the center, occupying the block between Twenty-sixth and Twenty-fifth streets, on Fourth Avenue. This view is from the west corner of Twenty-seventh Street, looking south. The projection at the right covers the Fourth Avenue entrance to the Madison Square Garden.

## An Even Better St. Nicholas

Nearly everybody, when they move, throw away a lot of old things and get new ones; and **THE CENTURY COMPANY** has bought us all a good deal of new furniture and tools to work with, though nothing was left behind that could help us. With everything as it is, we shall be very much ashamed if we can't get out an even better **ST. NICHOLAS** than ever before.

## The Old Home

We were born 41 years ago in the old home building we have just left in 17th Street, on the north side of Union Square Park. You see the picture of the building on the following page. It is the six-story one between the two tall buildings, at the left side of the picture. When we were born it was the largest structure on Union Square. Now it is almost surrounded by much larger buildings.





The old home. In the foreground are evidences of the Broadway subway excavation.

The derrick sticking up in front of the building shows where they are tearing up the beautiful park in their work on the new subway.

### Some Family History

Would you care to know how the **CENTURY** family came to be? One moonlight night, in Geneva, Switzerland—look it up on the map—Dr. J. G. Holland and Roswell Smith were standing on a bridge talking about America. That was away back in the last century. They said America ought to have a first-class literary magazine.—They came back and started one. At first it was called *Scribner's Monthly*, then the name was changed to that which it has borne ever since—**THE CENTURY**.

It was n't long before the company was publishing books, and about the same time **ST. NICHOLAS** saw the light. **ST. NICHOLAS**, it was planned, should give the same high quality of stories and verse and pictures and helpful articles for young people that its big

brother **THE CENTURY** offered to older readers. Kipling's "Jungle Stories" were first published in **ST. NICHOLAS**, and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and many other things that have since become very famous. **ST. NICHOLAS**, like its older brother, has always tried to have only the best for its readers.

### Some of the Good Things to Come in April

**"Timothy"** by Stephen Chalmers. This is one of the finest bear stories we ever published. Do you believe it is fair to keep animals cooped up as pets until they are old and unmanageable, and then kill them to be rid of them? The illustrations are by Paul Bransom, who did those wonderful pictures for "Where the Buffalos Begin" in the February number.

**"Tommy and the Wishing Stone"** by Thornton Burgess, one of the always popular animal stories.

**"The Lost Prince"** by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, and in the April chapters Marco is made captive by the Samavian spies.

**"What Every American Boy—and Man—Should Know about Locomotives"** by F. B. Masters, with numerous photographs and drawings of types of locomotives from 1831 to 1915. These pictures are all drawn to scale so that you can see just how much bigger the modern locomotives are than the old ones. Did you know that one of the old-time trains, including all the cars, was just about as long as the locomotive of to-day is?

**"Pasteur"** is another of Ariadne Gilbert's fine biographical sketches, showing the obstacles the great French scientist overcame. It is one of the "More than Conquerors" series.

**"Peg o' the Ring"** and **"The Boarded-up House"** are continued, and there is a great deal more besides.

Have n't you several friends you would like to be subscribers to **ST. NICHOLAS**? It would be lots of fun to be able to talk about stories all of you have read. Send us the name and address of one or two, and we shall be glad to mail them a sample copy of **ST. NICHOLAS**, and thank you too.





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"GOLDEN HOURS."—PAINTED BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

MARCH, 1915

NO. 5

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## A PAGE of BÉARN

by Laura Fitch McQuiston



### CHAPTER I

#### THE PURSUIT OF THE MESSENGER

It was the spring of the year 1563. On the highway near the little village of Billères, in the pleasant land of Béarn, two small barefooted boys stood in eager conversation.

They were sturdy little fellows of about twelve years of age, clad in coarse peasant blouses. Their eyes sparkled with excitement as they gazed down the road.

"I tell thee, Gaston," said the shorter of the two, "he passed this way two good hours since. Thou 'lt not see him. Besides, the mother always says, 'Best look the other way when a trooper passes; then when the next one comes, thou hast seen nothing.'"

"And I tell thee, Jean," exclaimed the other, energetically, "he cannot cross the ford since the rain, no, nor the swamps either! He must return and take the forest road. Do as thou wilt; but *I* wait here to see him pass. Hark! There he comes!"

At the word, the first boy leaped into the wood by the side of the road, and concealed himself behind a tree. But the other stood erect in the middle of the highway, a smile of anticipation on his merry little face.

"I do love a trooper," he said, "and this one comes so fast he must be a fine rider. Nay," he added, with quick intelligence, "he is pursued. No man goes at that gait otherwise. Eh, but Henri will be sorry to miss this!"

Hardly had he finished speaking when the



horseman came in sight. Bent low in the saddle, he was urging his horse with word and spur to greater speed.

Although no arms were embroidered on his short surcoat, which was splashed with mud, the richness of the material, the plumes on his helmet, and the handsome baldric from which his sword swung, showed that the rider was a knight of no mean degree. As he approached the small boy, he checked his horse so abruptly it rose on its haunches, pawing the air.

"Another road to Pau—quick! Is there one?"

"To Pau? To the castle?" asked the boy.

"Yes, yes, quick! And"—he fumbled in his pocket—"here is a sou for you an you set those behind on another track."

The boy did not glance at the silver<sup>1</sup> which fell in the mud at his feet.

"You 'll not easily find it alone. Take me up in front and I 'll show you the way."

"Gaston! Gaston!" cried his companion, appearing from behind the tree, as the rider, wasting no words, lifted the boy to the saddle and put spurs to his horse again, "don't go! Don't go! What will la mère say! What shall I tell Henri!" he wailed.

But the boy on the saddle waved his bare feet gleefully.

"Take the money to Mère Marie, Jean," he called. "And go hide all. Tell Henri to make haste home an he will not hide. Those be men of Andaux coming. To the right, Sir Frenchman," he said to the man behind him. "We follow this brook awhile."

The knight looked over his shoulder as they entered the green wood, and, seeing no sign of his pursuers, laughed with the indifference of one bred to danger.

"How do you know I 'm a Frenchman, youngster?"

"Eh, how? My ears were given me to use, I trow," said the boy. "Our Béarnais goes too haltingly from your tongue for a knight of the south. Besides, I 've heard the French twang before."

"Indeed! For a peasant lad you have some wit, I perceive. Now tell me: there was no one in sight, why did you say my pursuers were men of Andaux, when I myself know naught of them beyond their hostile intent?"

"'T is simple," replied the curly-headed youngster. "You say you are bound for the castle,—eh, bien! What other business have Andaux' men, or those of Navailles either, save to intercept all such when they can?"

"Oho!" laughed the knight. "You know your

Béarnais feuds well. This debatable land breeds keen peasants, 't is plain. But—hist!" he whispered. "There are horses behind us. Your playmate betrayed me after all!" he exclaimed angrily.

"He did not! Jean would not!" exclaimed the boy, no less angry. He slipped from the horse and stood listening. "Yes," he muttered. "They have entered the wood, robbers that they are! Monsieur—" he turned to the knight, who had wheeled his horse around in the narrow path and sat grimly awaiting his pursuers,—“I can lead you on foot to a cabin where you may lie hid till the pursuit is over. But you must leave your horse."

The knight hesitated. "I know not," he began, but, looking down into the frank open face of the boy, he felt ashamed of his suspicions.

"Saint Denis! I will trust you, child. I 'e'en must. Be but faithful to me and the King of France himself shall reward you."

He faced his horse about once more, and, dismounting, gave it a sharp blow that sent it bounding affrighted down the path away from his pursuers.

"Good-by, Belespoir," he said sadly, and slipped into the tangled wood after the boy.

HARDLY had man and boy disappeared when, with a rush and clatter, a party of armed riders swept around the curve. They were six in number, riding single-file in the narrow road, and led by a big soldier on a large-boned roan. They passed as swiftly as they came, and all was silent in the green wood once more.

An hour later, a knight and a boy stood in the doorway of a peasant hut high on the hillside above the wood. The knight scanned the landscape anxiously in all directions. There were woods above and woods below, with no apparent opening toward the little clearing where lay the few fields of the peasant. He breathed a sigh of relief, and then—but not before—gazed off with keen pleasure at the glorious view of the snow-capped Pyrenees which stretched in a long chain to the left.

Meanwhile, in the hut the boy was saying to a young peasant woman who stood holding a baby in her arms:

"And now, Annette, having rescued the Frenchman, I bethink me that by this doughty deed I have missed my dinner. Is aught left in thy pot au feu?"

"Bless your merry heart!" exclaimed the woman, not at all deceived by the gay swagger of her young visitor as to the genuineness of his

<sup>1</sup>The sou in France was formerly a silver piece.

hunger. "Such dinner as I have to give is yours to command. But alas!" she sighed, "we 've naught in the house save dry bread."

"'T will do finely," asserted the youngster. "And, Annette, when we are grown, Henri and I,

"Nay, I am not hungry, my boy. I thank thee, though. Saint Denis! 'T is pity thou art a peasant; brave, true, and courteous, thou shouldst have been gently born."

At this moment, the two children that clung to the skirts of their mother gave a cry, and the knight at the same moment stepped hastily inside the little hut.

"Caught, after all!" he exclaimed, as, with a loud hollo, a party of horsemen rode out of the wood toward them. "Thy hiding-place was worth naught!" he said bitterly to Gaston, who stood aghast at this unexpected sight.

"Why, Annette, how think you they knew this trail?" exclaimed the boy, pitifully. "I thought none ever came this way."

The woman looked out. A big dark man on a roan horse led the little cavalcade.

"That is Black Jean of the *Sieur d'Andaux'* troop," she whispered terrified. "He knows every trail in Béarn, they say. Now we shall all be flogged for harboring one whom he sought."

She turned to Gaston: "Were it not best to say—"

"Not a word!" interrupted the boy, hastily. "He will suppose I am your son." Then, as the horsemen approached the hut, he grasped the knight's arm.

"What are you doing, *Monsieur?*"

The knight held a small folded white paper in his hand, and was bending over striving to fan some dying embers on the hearth into a blaze.

Gaston snatched the paper from him. "Don't burn it; if 't is of value to you, I 'll hide it. In return, will you, sir, protect Annette and the children—if you can?" he added.

The knight drew himself up proudly. "La Mothe-Fénelon's intercession should at least be able to accomplish that," he said. "Take the paper to the Queen of Navarre, if thou escapest with it, boy," he continued hurriedly. "I will go meet this Black Jean and his band, and mayhap thou canst slip away while they parley with me."



"'ANOTHER ROAD TO PAU—QUICK! IS THERE ONE?'"

thou shalt have a chicken in thy pot au feu every day in the week, save Friday! 'Henri says so."

The young woman smiled and sighed as though at a remote prospect; then smiled again at the eagerness with which the hungry boy took the two big slices of the sour bread of the country which she tendered him.

Before eating, however, the lad in his turn remembered the duties of hospitality. Stepping to the door, he proffered the bread to the knight with a gay courtesy that charmed the Frenchman.



He stepped out and advanced toward the horsemen, who had come to a standstill a few paces from the door. Gaston, however, made no attempt to slip away, but followed him, still holding

"As to who I am," said the knight, sternly, "I am Bertrand de Salignac, Marquis de La Mothe-Fénelon. And as to my going unscathed whither-soever it pleases me, I have yet to learn on what



"HOW DO YOU KNOW I'M A FRENCHMAN, YOUNGSTER?"

his huge chunk of bread, which he had not yet had a chance to eat.

The troopers, seeing the knight approach peacefully, lowered their weapons, while their leader addressed him with a gruff civility.

"Sir Knight, whoever you may be, you have given us a long chase. I know not who could have taught you the trails of this country so well, an it was not the evil one himself. However, let that pass. You shall go unscathed and unquestioned, an you surrender the paper you are seeking to convey to that mutinous nest at Pau."

authority His Majesty of France's envoy is to be stopped by any stray men-at-arms who may be roaming the woods of Béarn."

The air of command with which this was spoken failed not to impress the rude troopers, and the leader, Black Jean, said testily:

"I would that when the seigneur sends us out after king's game, he would give more exact instructions as to what lengths to proceed. I dreamed not the message came from the King of France. Natheless," he continued, shrugging his shoulders, "the message I must have, for the

message I was told to bring. The messenger was not so minutely specified. Doubtless," he added, turning to his men, "he meant us to slay the messenger, but 't is a hanging business in the end, and I like it not."

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" muttered the men.

La Mothe-Fénelon, seeing their hesitation, produced six gold pieces from his pocket and laid them on the pommel of the leader's saddle.

"Best ride on, and avoid hanging," he said. "Moreover, I have a few men of my own somewhere this side of Tarbes. I parted from them, thinking to ride more quickly; but they 'll be hereabouts shortly, and 't were well for you an you meet them not."

"As for that," said Black Jean, coolly, pocketing the gold with a nod at his comrades, "there are two sides to every shield, and belike it may be as well for them not to meet us. So for form's sake, Seigneur Fénelon, swear me a good round oath that you have no message to the sovereign of Béarn concealed on your person, and we 'll cry quits. You can salve your conscience afterward by saying you were in peril of your life; and I 'll e'en give somewhat to the poor to salve mine."

"What need of an oath?" replied the knight, gravely. "I give you my word on the honor of a French knight, that, as I stand here, I have no note or message of any kind concealed on my person."

"Oho!" exclaimed the trooper, his suspicions aroused by this reply of the knight. "Your honor as a knight! Knights of your kind, Sir Fénelon, are not wont to trifle so readily with their honor. Therefore—" he gave a quick signal to his men, four of whom at once surrounded La Mothe-Fénelon,—“as you certes bore that message on your person when you fled so incontinently from us at the ford, and as this is the first habitation you can have been near since, the message must e'en lie in that hut."

Saying this, and with a cool disregard of the bargain he had just made, he ordered one of his men to enter the hut and search it thoroughly.

The knight bit his lip in anger at the situation in which he found himself. But his anger changed to dismay when, glancing around, he saw that his young guide had not disappeared but was standing an interested and apparently highly entertained spectator of all the proceedings. The knight threw a look of command and even of entreaty at him, but the boy only dug his bare toes in the moist earth, while his bright eyes glanced from the knight to the troopers and back again to the knight, as if the whole affair were contrived for his especial amusement.

It did not take long to search the hut of a peasant of those days. The bare beaten earth floor was covered with neither plank nor rushes; the scanty supply of straw that served for bedding for the whole family was soon tossed over; and the empty pot that swung above the dead embers concealed nothing. The man kicked over the few stools and the rude table that formed the sole furniture of the poor home, and, going out, reported he had found nothing.

The peasant woman with her little children had disappeared into the wood while the knight was parleying with the men. Only the oldest boy, emboldened by Gaston's unconcern, had remained to gaze with him upon the intruders.

Black Jean scowled. "Yet the message must be somewhere!" he muttered perplexed.

One of the men spoke up: "Methinks our gentleman here has been eying those boys as though he wanted to give them a hint of some kind."

"Ho, indeed!" exclaimed Jean. "Then search them, you, Louis."

As the trooper dismounted for the purpose, the one small peasant, regretting the rash curiosity that had kept him from hiding with his mother, began to blubber in fright. But Gaston, gazing boldly up into the savage-looking visage, carefully placed his precious chunk of bread on a large stone, then, wagging a small finger at the big man, said gravely, though with a twinkle in his eye:

"I trust thine honor as a leal soldier that thou eatest not my dinner while I disrobe."

All the men, save the knight, burst out laughing, and one of them called out:

"Never fear, Sir Bare-toes; I 'll keep my eye on that luscious dinner of thine."

"Do it from a distance then, please you, Sir Patch-toe, lest you grow hungry in looking," retorted Gaston, merrily, at the same time pulling his faded blue blouse over his head and handing it with a comical air of deference to the trooper.

The latter grinned as he shook the scanty garment; and Black Jean, the examination being completed, exclaimed less gruffly than was his wont:

"We 've but wasted our time over that piece of impudence and his sniveling brother, and may as well be gone. Sir Knight, we have not your message, but 't is plain you have it not either, so—"

A shout interrupted his speech, and from the upper wood whence the troopers themselves had issued a band of horsemen appeared.

"Fénelon! Fénelon! A rescue! A rescue!" they shouted, as with leveled lances they bore down on the group by the hut.



One glance sufficed to show Black Jean that his men were outnumbered, and with a cry of "Save yourselves!" he made for the lower wood, hotly pursued by the new-comers.

The knight leaped on the horse of one of his followers, and joined the chase after his late pursuers. He paused, however, long enough to say hurriedly to the man:

"Stay here and hold me that curly-haired boy yonder till I return."

The younger boy had already vanished into the wood, but Gaston, oblivious of danger, was jumping up and down in delight at the turn affairs had taken. His quick ear, however, caught the knight's words, and in a twinkling he took to his heels. The French soldier made after him, but a man in armor had no chance to overtake a light-footed boy. He shortly returned discomfited and alone to await the knight.

## CHAPTER II

### THE KING'S MESSAGE

IN one of the rooms of the château of Pau a young gentlewoman sat lost in thought before the wood fire that crackled gaily on the hearth. The spring sunshine that warmed the fields and wood of Béarn did not suffice to warm the chill stone-paved rooms of the castle of the Vicomtes of Béarn.

Within those deep stone walls the damp of winter still lingered. To be sure, the walls in this room were covered with beautiful tapestries, and the queer wooden bed, made like a box open only on one side, was adorned with exquisite carvings, as were also the handsome table and the high stiff chairs; yet, for all its elegance, there was not a semblance of comfort in the great apartment.

But even princesses in the Middle Ages knew nothing of comfort, and this princess, this queen in fact, for such was the young woman in front of the fire, would have cared little for it in any case.

Jeanne d'Albret, sovereign of Béarn and Queen of Navarre, was a Spartan by nature. Only thirty-five years old, and a widow, she ruled a turbulent land, distraught by feuds and civil wars, with a firm hand. Her bold spirit shrank from no danger or hardship, and she opposed to her rebellious nobles a severity as great as their own.

But on this spring day she was sunk in unusual dejection.

At the end of her resources for the time being, she had, as a last resort, appealed to the King of France to help pacify her turbulent subjects.

Charles IX had no jurisdiction over the independent country of Béarn; but his favor, and that of his mother, the redoubted Catharine de' Medici, was of great moment for the little state, which later on became a province of southern France. The ruler of Béarn was, to be sure, also Queen of Navarre, but that title was little more than a name, the titular sovereignty of the Spanish kingdom across the Pyrenees being a source of weakness rather than strength to the Béarnais. It but added to the problems of a ruler whose nobles, so often aided by Spanish gold, were in constant conflict with their sovereign. But the Béarnais nobles, for all their contumacy, preferred to stand well with the powerful French king; so Jeanne hoped much from the favorable intervention of Charles. For some time now she had been daily awaiting his reply, and the non-arrival of any messenger greatly disquieted her.

"What if King Charles refuse his mediation!" she murmured, in troubled tones to herself.

Rising from her seat, she entered the adjoining apartment where her ladies-in-waiting sat. "Where is Pierre?" she asked.

A young page stepped forward with a bow.

"Go tell François to saddle, and ride on the road toward Tarbes to ascertain if aught has been heard of a messenger on the way hither from France."

As the page withdrew, a tiny girl of four slipped away from the lady-in-waiting, to whose stories she had been listening, and ran toward the queen.

"Ah, Catharine! Let her come, Suzanne." The somewhat severe beauty of Jeanne's face was softened by her maternal smile. "Where is thy brother, little one?"

"Why, Maman, have you forgotten? You gave him leave yesterday to visit Jean Lassansaa at Billères. I wish you had not," she pouted. "None play with me as gaily as my brother."

"Fie, Catharine! Thou must not be ungrateful to others!" said the queen, sternly; "thy brother spoils thee, I fear."

At this moment, the door at the other end of the room opened hastily and a gentleman advancing bent the knee to the queen, saying:

"Seigneur La Mothe-Fénelon, but now arrived from France, craves audience—"

"I will see him at once!" interrupted Jeanne, eagerly. "Take him to the reception hall. I will be there anon."

"Oh, Suzanne," she exclaimed to the Baroness Coarraze, "if France has but sent some pledge that will bring Andaux and Navailles and the rest to terms!"

"He has, of course, Your Majesty," said the

lady addressed, soothingly; "why else would he send at all?"

"Nay, but it must be in writing, to satisfy them, Suzanne; and we wot well his lady mother likes

been imparted that the King of France had consented to mediate between the sovereign of Béarn and her rebellious subjects, than the mortified ambassador had been obliged to add the humiliat-



"'WE 'VE BUT WASTED OUR TIME OVER THAT PIECE OF IMPUDENCE,' BLACK JEAN EXCLAIMED."

not to commit herself—or him, which is the same thing,—to paper. However, 't is ill waiting. I will see him at once," and followed by her train of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting, she descended the great state staircase.

The snow-capped Pyrenees across the valley had undergone a glorious transformation, and were tinted rosy red by the rays of the setting sun. But in the royal hall none gave a thought to the beauty without. Consternation reigned in the Béarnais court. Hardly had the joyful news

ing confession that his pledge to that effect, the paper with the king's signature, had been stolen from him. And by a peasant boy at that!

"'T was some minion of Andaux', of course," said Jeanne, when the storm of questions and answers raised by the knight's rueful recital had somewhat subsided; "some page disguised who had lain in wait for just such a contingency. D'Andaux aye prefers war to peace and meant by the theft of the paper to discredit your embassy."



"Your pardon, most gracious lady," said La Mothe-Fénelon, "but I cannot think it. The boy had an honest face, frank and merry. Deceit lurks not in such fun-loving eyes. 'T is but a mischievous prank he has played, not knowing with what grave affairs of state he has meddled. The paper, unfortunately, looked not like an important document. 'T was but a small note, which

"the lad have not torn it to bits long ere this!"

The courtiers with one accord shuddered. What a fate for a royal signature, to be torn to bits by a peasant boy! The conjectures began anew.

Meanwhile, outside the door of the hall a barefooted boy who had toiled wearily up the great white marble staircase, leaving a little muddy imprint on every step, paused a moment to get his breath.

His feet were scratched and torn by thorns; his dirty blouse bore evidence of many a fall on the long way he had come; and he clutched in his hand a grimy chunk of bread which he regarded with tender interest.

"Eh bien," he said at last, shrugging his shoulders, and, straightening his tired young form, "now for it!" With a nod to the sentinel at the door he passed into the audience-hall.

Slowly, but with head erect, he advanced toward the queen and bent his knee. Jeanne looked at him in indignant surprise.

"How now, Gaston, what means this? Why are you not at Billères with Henri? And how dare you

presume to appear here like this?"

The boy's reply was lost in the exclamation of La Mothe-Fénelon. Springing forward, he seized the child by the shoulders.

"Saint Denis! 'T is the boy himself! I knew he would not steal. But the paper, the paper! Where is it? You have put it in a safe place, have n't you?"

The boy freed himself from the knight's grasp with a gentle dignity surprising in one so young. Then with a roguish twinkle in his eye he replied:

"'T was not such a very safe place, after all. I've been near eating it a dozen times."



"JEANNE D'ALBRET SEIZED THE PROFFERED PAPER WITH AN EAGER CRY."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the king himself penned at the close of our conference. If some one could but recognize the boy from my description! But, of course, 't is hopeless."

Hopeless indeed! Haply they might have known a page, but a peasant boy! How should any one in the queen's court have knowledge of a peasant—a blue-eyed peasant boy, with dark curly hair, a shrewd tongue, and a most infectious laugh! They shook their heads at the futile hope.

"Nevertheless, the land shall be scoured to-morrow, and every boy in the country-side brought to this court," said the Queen of Navarre with decision. "If only," she added dejectedly,

He turned to the queen and, holding out the grimy bread, said: "I did not stop to change my clothes because of the paper, Your Majesty; I laid it between these two pieces. Here it is."

Jeanne d'Albret seized the proffered paper with an eager cry:

"'T is right! It is France's signature! Now is all well indeed!"

The French ambassador waited until the King of France's communication, so strangely delivered, had been duly read and discussed; then, unable any longer to control his curiosity, he bent over the boy who was standing quietly at one side.

"Who art thou, child?" he asked. "It is plain a peasant thou art not."

"I will tell you," exclaimed a joyous voice behind him, as a boy who had entered the hall unnoticed in the commotion drew near. He was a slim little fellow, with a very erect carriage, and eyes as merry as Gaston's. He was richly dressed in blue velvet slashed with white silk, with a wide lace ruff and a gold chain around his neck. A small jewel-encrusted sword hung at his side. He flung his arm affectionately around Gaston's dirty blouse.

"'T is Gaston de Montamar, son of the noble Lord of Montamar, and my very good friend, yet a scamp at that, to go adventuring without a word to me!" he added indignantly.

"Nay, but, Henri, I told Jean to tell you Andaux' men were coming and you should—"

"Oh, aye, I know!" retorted the other, "thou didst thy duty, and I came duly home, for, as my lady mother says, 't is ill parleying with traitors. Thus had I time to doff my blouse before presenting myself, but thou, lucky one, hadst all the fun, and—"

"The chiding," concluded Gaston, ruefully. "I fear Her Majesty is displeased with me."

"Nay, my boy," said the queen, joining the little group. "Jeanne d'Albret is not so unjust. Thou didst right not to linger a moment for thy toilet. Moreover, thou hast done the realm a service this day which I shall not lightly forget. But now," she concluded, smiling, "thou art dismissed the presence until thou hast donned attire more seemly to the court."

As Gaston gladly withdrew, the queen turned to the astonished ambassador of France. "You wonder, my lord, at seeing a page of Béarn in such a guise, but had you arrived a few moments earlier, you might have met the Prince of Béarn similarly clad.

"This, my son,"—she presented Henri, to whom

the knight bowed low—"is, by order of his grandfather, my late honored father, to be brought up hardily as a Béarnais, and not—I beg you take no offense—delicately as a Frenchman. He goes often on visits to his good peasant foster-mother, Marie Lassansàa, and, when there, is clad in a peasant blouse no whit better than that of his foster-brother Jean. And Gaston, who accompanies him, wears the like. They eat the bread of the peasants, and run races barefoot in the mud of the highway, and—" she smiled a wise smile—"I do not ask Henri which life he prefers, that of the court or the wood. Suffice it that he grows strong of limb and active."

"I have not the honor to speak for the prince," said Fénelon, "but for his page, young Gaston,



"HENRI FLUNG HIS ARM AFFECTIONATELY AROUND GASTON'S DIRTY BLOUSE."

I will say of my knowledge 't is the most active and the quickest lad I ever knew. What men you are breeding, Your Majesty!" he exclaimed admiringly. "No court-bred youths will ever hold their own against them!"

"I hope not!" replied the queen, and she sighed, "for sure am I Henri will need to hold his own some day."

"Good!" exclaimed the young prince, joyously. "Then mayhap I 'll have adventures too, such as Gaston has had *this* day!"





"HELEN PATIENTLY THREW THE BALL AT THE BASKET." (SEE PAGE 398.)

## THE WEAK POINT

BY ETHEL BLAIR

"HELEN," cried Grace, as she rushed into the gymnasium, "the teams are waiting to practise! Do come on!"

Helen leisurely rolled up the sleeves of her basket-ball suit.

"Well, wait a minute," she said placidly.

Grace turned to her two companions. "I do believe," she exclaimed in desperation, "that when judgment day comes, Helen will tell the angel Gabriel to 'wait a minute!'"

Helen thought that this might be a very reasonable remark on such a momentous occasion, and was about to say so when Grace dragged her out to the field.

"You are late, Miss Winfrey," said the instructor, rather unnecessarily it seemed to the waiting teams.

Being used to this form of greeting, Helen quietly took her place on team "U," whose dark blue suits and white letters contrasted effectively with the red suits and black letters of team "I."

"Now, girls," said the instructor, impressively,

"I have something to tell you. Thornton Institute has challenged our school to play basket-ball with them on the thirtieth of next month."

Thirteen girls exclaimed with excitement and delight. The fourteenth calmly finished the sleeve-rolling which Grace had interrupted.

Grace was dancing from one foot to the other. "Oh, Miss Carr, are we going? Oh, please!" she cried.

"One team will go," replied Miss Carr. "I don't know which," she hastened to add, as thirteen pairs of eyes hurled the question at her.

Miss Carr continued: "Two weeks from to-day we will have a match game between I and U—U and I," she hastily corrected; "and the winning team will go to Thornton. Also, our president will present them with a new basket-ball."

Again the thirteen rejoiced, for Raleigh Institute was not a rich school, and the old basket-ball had been patched and mended until Grace declared it sighed whenever it was bounced.

"One thing I want to impress on you, girls,"

concluded Miss Carr. "Your games have been entirely too rough lately. The next girl who pushes another will be ruled out of the game, even if it is the match game itself."

During the intermission there was a buzz of excited conversation. The teams were fairly well matched, and the outcome was uncertain.

Grace, who was captain of team U, was tearing up handfuls of grass and talking rapidly.

"Oh, we must win!" she cried. "I could n't bear to lose! We must practise every day after study hour. Oh, *do* you all think there's anything to keep us from winning?"

One of the guards nodded. "There's Helen," she said gloomily.

Six pairs of eyes looked accusingly at Helen, who was gazing skyward and paying no attention to the bustle around her.

"Can't you take a little interest, Helen?" asked

"Well, I don't know that it does," replied Helen. "You see, it's only a game—"

"Only a game!"—but fortunately Miss Carr blew the whistle before Grace got really started.

Helen sighed as she took her place by the basket. Helen was slow. Slow in thinking, in speaking, in moving; lazy, too, some said. Her duty was to stand near the basket, and when the ball was tossed to her, to throw it into the basket. She was given this because it is the one thing a basket-ball player can stand still and do.

Helen performed her part admirably so far as the standing still was concerned; but not even by accident had she ever put the ball into the basket. Even this might have been forgiven her had she not been one of those unlucky people who are always "underfoot." The other players were constantly falling over her or colliding with her—if one can collide with an absolutely motion-



"SIX PAIRS OF EYES LOOKED ACCUSINGLY AT HELEN."

Grace, impatiently. "Don't you care whether our side wins? Does n't it make any difference to you?"

less object. Without taking a step herself, she was the center of so many accidents that it was quite a usual thing to disentangle a waving heap



of arms and legs and find Helen underneath, bruised and scratched, but not at all excited. Grace maintained that Helen could not walk through the middle of an empty room without skinning her elbows on the walls. But Grace was her room-mate.

The game ended in a decided victory for the I team, and, as Helen was dressing, she thought, with a vague regret, that Grace would be disappointed. But disappointment was too mild a word to apply to Grace's state of mind. Helen found her lying on the bed and weeping bitterly.

"What are you crying for?" asked Helen.

"Because the I team is going to win the match game!" sobbed Grace.

"Well," soothed Helen, "it 's only a—"

"Helen!" shrieked Grace, sitting up, "if you tell me it 's only a game, I 'll throw a pillow at you! It 's all your fault, anyway. You won't practise, or try, or do anything but get in the way. If it were not for you, we 'd have a chance. But the I's will win. And the University boys will be there, too. And, oh," she wailed, "I won't get to Cousin Margaret's wedding!"

"Who is she?" asked Helen.

"My dearest cousin that lives near Thornton. And if our team went to Thornton, I could go to the wedding. But the I's will go, and all because you are so lazy and selfish!" And she flung herself out of the room.

Helen sat in the window for a long time and gazed out at the darkening field. At first she thought only of Grace's disappointment. In spite of Grace's open scorn, Helen was fond of her pretty room-mate, and liked to see her happy.

Helen turned over in her mind the things that Grace had said. "You are lazy." Perhaps that was true. "It 's all your fault." Helen admitted to herself that she was the one weak point of the U team. "You won't practise." Ah! Helen looked out at the field and sighed. She could practise. But she did n't want to. She hated all exercise, and particularly she disliked standing on a chilly field and trying to put a ball into a basket. For what was the use of it? If, by any chance, the ball landed in the basket, some one took a long pole and poked it out again, and there you were!

Then there came another vision of Grace's sparkling eyes all dimmed with tears.

"I 'll do it," decided Helen. "I 'll practise." But she heaved a mighty sigh.

She did not tell any one of her resolve, but late every afternoon, when the teams were gathered in the captains' rooms to discuss the decorations and "yells" for the match game, Helen stood on the deserted field and patiently threw

the ball at the basket. At first her arms ached from the unaccustomed exercise, but she was slow to waver when she had once made up her mind. And gradually her muscles hardened and the ball began to slide into the basket with surprising regularity. In the daily practice games she stood around as usual and did not display her new-found skill which she was saving for the match game.

The day of the game was clear and cold: a day of golden sunlight, of rollicking winds, of fluttering pennants and high excitement. The field was bright with color. One pole was wound with white and blue, the other with red and black, and flags were flying from every available place on the improvised grand stands.

At half-past one the seats began to fill with freshmen, day pupils, teachers, townspeople, and a goodly sprinkling of University boys who came with flags and megaphones and brazen lungs to "root" for their favorite teams.

At three minutes to two appeared Miss Carr, as excited as any girl among them, and impartially adorned with a red and black ribbon on one shoulder and a blue and white one on the other.

At one minute to two she blew the whistle and the grand stands rose and cheered as the teams trotted out on the field.

At two precisely Miss Carr gave the signal and the game was on.

For a breathless five minutes the ball flew wildly back and forth—now with the captains in the center of the field, now tossed about by the guards, now grazing the baskets.

It dropped at last into the I basket, and scored one point for I. Whereupon the I "rooters" burst forth with a paraphrase of a popular song and proclaimed lustily: "I Can Win Any Game in the World from U."

To which the U's retorted with the *Chocolate Soldier's* song: "We Love U Only, We Love but U."

Once more the ball was tossed to the captains, and Grace sent it flying over the heads of the guards and into the arms of the U fieldsman. It was a brilliant play. But the U fieldsman, taking the three steps permitted, stumbled over Helen, and the two rolled over the line, capsizing an innocent linesman and making two fouls for U.

Again the I rooters lifted up their voices in song: "The Goblins Will Get U, If U Don't Watch Out!"

And now the rooters settled down to confuse the players by comment, criticism, and suggestion. Once, when the I captain caught the ball, the U rooters cried with one voice: "*Drop that ball!*" And the captain dropped it.

Again, when the two captains were racing after the ball, the I rooters shouted: "*Grace! Don't go over the line!*" And, though Grace knew she was not near the line, she glanced nervously over her shoulder and lost the ball.

In like manner they advised the struggling guards to pick up their feet when they ran, and asked nervous fieldsmen why they left their aim up-stairs. Except for the brief flurry with the fieldsmen, Helen had taken no part in the game, and was several times entreated not to exert herself so much. And loud above the turmoil the megaphones belloved the team yells:

"Hoop-la, hoop-la, sis-cum-bi!  
Give three cheers for I! I! I!"

and

"Tee-hee, tee-ha, tee-ha-ha-ha!  
U! U! U! Rah-rah-rah!"

As the I's forged steadily ahead, Grace grew more and more excited, until, in the last half of the game, she suddenly lost her temper and—pushed!

The whistle blew, Miss Carr said a few quiet words, Grace left the field, and a substitute took her place. The U's prepared for defeat, and the

I's magnanimously forbore to cheer, for Grace was universally popular.

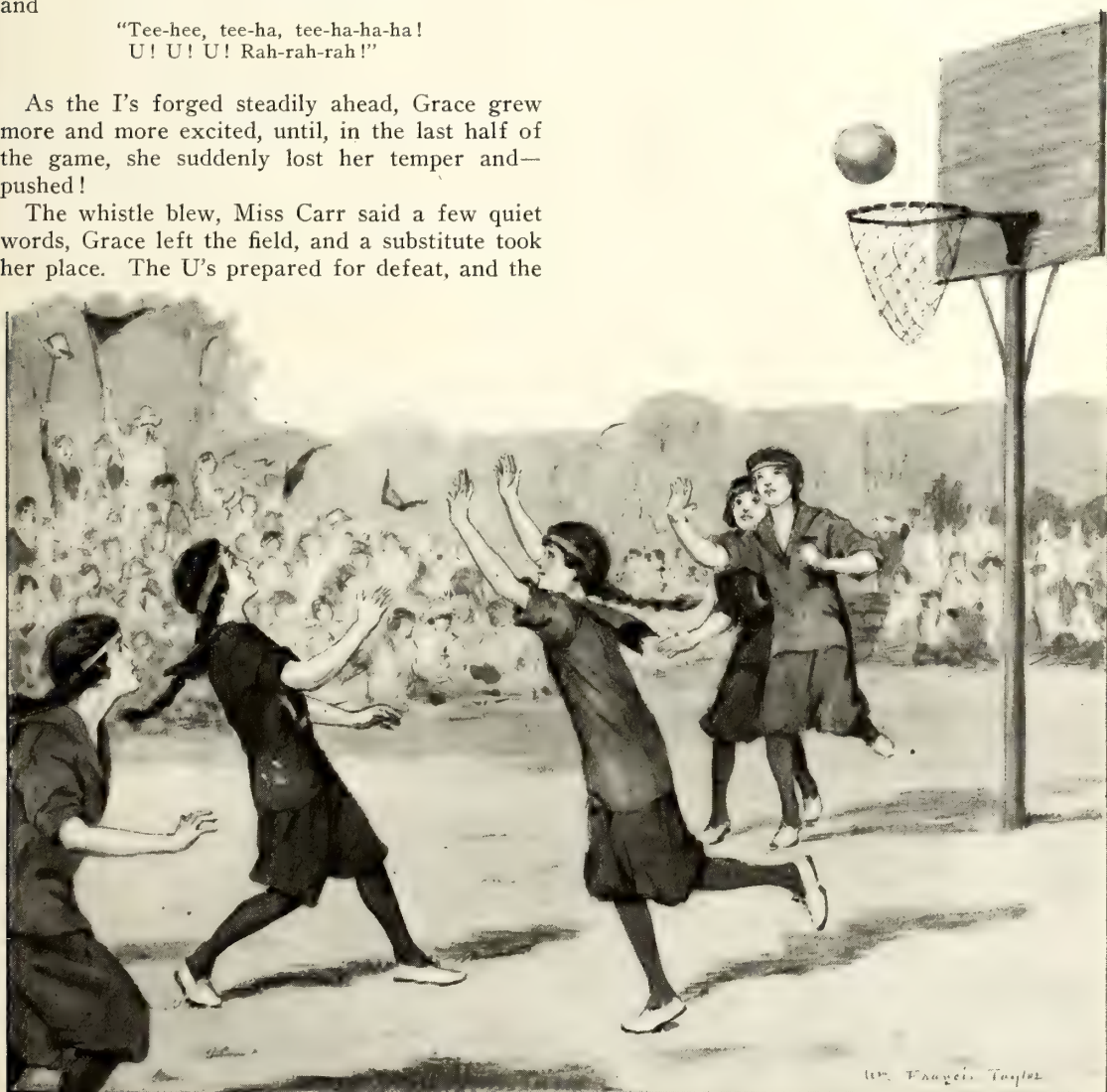
But they made no effort to restrain their joy when by chance the ball fell into Helen's hands.

"Oh, look who 's got it!" they shrieked. "Watch it hit the pole and bounce!"

But it went into the basket.

If one of the poles had walked off the field, there would hardly have been a greater sensation. As in the poem of Horatius:

"No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either side,  
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,  
With parted lips and straining eyes,  
Stood gazing,"—



"BUT IT WENT INTO THE BASKET."



Then the U's shouted encouragement, and the I's proclaimed: "An accident! Send for an ambulance!"

Meanwhile Helen quietly waited till the ball came into her hands again. In vain the I's used her own phrase and urged her to "wait a minute"; in vain they cried in horrified tones: "Oh, *don't* put the ball into the basket!"

Unhurried and unruffled, Helen stood and calmly caught the ball and calmly put it into the basket.

Then the U's realized that what had seemed a lucky accident was really a permanent miracle, and played with renewed vigor. On the other hand, the I's, appalled by this unexpected strengthening of their opponents' weak point, grew nervous and played wildly. The U players began to score; the U rooters began to sing: "I Cannot Win the Game Now, I Lost It Long Ago."

A few more minutes of brisk playing, and then, in a tense silence which included even the rooters, Helen put the ball into the basket and the game was won for U.

The players cheered, the megaphones bellowed, the spectators shrieked, and, rising, poured down into the field and mingled with the teams. And in the general uproar Helen oozed quietly out of the crowd, as placid as usual, and proceeded upstairs to her room.

But before she had time to change her dress, she heard the sound of flying footsteps. The next minute Grace was embracing her violently, and crying and laughing and talking all at once in happy excitement.

"Oh, Helen! you're a darling, and I'm horrid, and you're not lazy and selfish!" Grace took one breath and raced on. "Miss Carr has just told us how she's seen you practise every day, and you won the game when I'd lost it—and I'm awfully sorry I've been so mean—and now I can go to the wedding—but I forgot! The president is going to give us the new ball, and the team wants you to receive it; and all the people, and the president, and the entire faculty, are waiting! Oh, hurry! hurry!"

But Helen was re-tying her hair-ribbon.

"Wait a minute," said Helen.



THE MAPLE-SUGAR SEASON IS ON.

BOBBY BEETLE: } "Help! Help! We've struck a gusher."  
ANDY ANT: }

# A VISIT TO THE HOME OF THE INDIAN ELEPHANT

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

AWAY down in the heart of the jungle where the trees are the thickest and the shade so dense that the rays of the sun seldom find their way through, there lived an immense family of elephants. There were grandfathers and grandmothers, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and elephant children of all ages and sizes, from those almost grown, eight or nine feet in height, to the smallest babies not over three feet in height. They all roamed about in one band led by an elephant cow. She would wander on in advance in scent of impending danger, rolling her little round eyes about cautiously, flapping her huge ears, and sniffing the ground with her sensitive trunk. The others would stroll along after her, leisurely plucking grass and tender boughs.

They were very happy here in their vast green jungle home with its cool rivers and shady retreats. The children would romp and play together as all children love to do, whether colts, kittens, puppies, or boys and girls. They would roll on their backs in the soft earth kicking their heels in the air, or run and frisk about among the trees. Their mothers would warn them not to play in the sun, for elephants always shun the sun.

Sometimes a grandfather would get tired of family life and stalk off alone on a tour of exploration into the jungle, remaining often two or three months. But he would always come sauntering back home, sooner or later, ready to resume his family cares.

All elephants love to bathe, and the whole band were fine swimmers. They used to plunge into the water whenever they came to a river or lake, and swim far out beyond their depth. Sometimes they would lie in the water for hours, shutting their eyes in pure ecstasy as they felt the cool waves creeping up over their huge sides. Then they would turn their trunks into a hose and spout water over their backs and heads.

On the whole, this huge family got on very well together, although there were sometimes disputes. Even the old grandfathers used to fight sometimes, and they surely should have known better. However, if one of the band got into trouble—fell into a hole or anything of that sort—the others were always ready to help him. They were, like all elephants, by nature very gentle, timid even, and feared everything that was new and strange.

One day, when they were strolling quietly along in search of tender leaves and grass for their dinner, the elephant cow in the lead suddenly trumpeted an alarm so loud and fierce that it was heard by the farthest members of the band. They all hurried to see what was the matter, flapping their great ears and flourishing their trunks wildly as they ran. They found her cautiously examining two long parallel rails of white shining steel that crossed their path and extended as far as the eye could see in both directions.

"Now whose work can this be?" she asked them, sniffing at the shining rails with distrust.

"Not the tiger's," answered one, in turn sniffing at the rails.

"Nor the monkey's," "Nor the panther's," "Nor the chetah's," "Nor the deer's," "Nor the pythons," "Nor the jackal's," began the others, naming over all the jungle creatures one by one.

"Then it must be man's!" said a wise old grandfather.

At this, a chill ran right down the spine of every one of those huge creatures. Not one of them had ever seen a man, but they had heard rumors of him, of how he killed the jungle creatures for the pleasure of killing, or captured them, making them work for him or shutting them up in cages.

So they set to work furiously tearing up the rails and throwing them away. They had no sooner begun than there sounded throughout the jungle a shriek, shrill and piercing, and a great





TAME ELEPHANTS BELONGING TO THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE.

monster like a giant python came gliding along the rails toward them at a tremendous speed, shrieking and snorting and belching out fire and smoke. They stood terrified in its path for a moment, unable to move, then broke into a wild stampede. Some ran about aimlessly, others charged at the on-coming foe.

When the monster caught sight of them, it behaved in a most amazing manner—suddenly slowing down and stopping just before it reached them, then gliding back along the shining rails and disappearing noiselessly into the jungle.

They looked after it and flapped their ears in astonishment. Then they plunged back into the heart of the jungle, where man had never penetrated.

"So man is like the python, only much larger and much more terrible," said a young elephant cow, shivering at the recollection of that awful apparition. "Did you see his eyes of fire and his hideous black teeth?"

"But for all that, man is a coward," said a swagger young tusker. "He ran away without fighting!"

A wise old grandfather gave a grunt and winked his eye.

"That was not man," he told them. "Man is so small that he could sit on one of my tusks, but he is so clever that he could make me work for him all my days. That was one of his inventions."

"Then man's invention is a coward! Why did it run away?" asked the young tusker.

The wise old grandfather wagged his head knowingly and answered: "It went to bring man."

Then a chill ran along the spine of every elephant there.

And sure enough, one day when the herd had scattered far and were quietly grazing in little groups, the wind carried them a strange, unfamiliar scent. *Man!* Instinct told them that it was man! Fires and strange dancing lights appeared in the distance, accompanied by wild shouts, the beating of drums, and the clanging of harsh, discordant instruments.

Crash! The frenzied elephants charged through the jungle from every direction and huddled together in a swaying, trumpeting mass.



IN THE ELEPHANT STABLES—THE SMALL ONES ARE RECENT CAPTIVES.

Stowed away between the feet of their parents, the babies squealed and stamped.

Nearer and nearer closed in the terrifying lights and noises. Through the trees the elephants caught confused glimpses of dancing, brown-skinned figures, beating drums and brandishing torches. At last they had seen man! Small as he was compared to them, they were quite as afraid of him as are some very big people of such little creatures as spiders, mice, and snakes. In-furiated, some of the cows charged in the direction of their tormentors, but these were too agile for them. Whenever they would dash at a dancing torch, it would disappear, only to reappear in another place. The beaters kept themselves well under cover of the trees and tall grass.

Suddenly all became quiet. The elephants were just beginning to think that man had run away again without fighting, when the tumult broke out fiercer than ever. The frightened animals looked about in terror for a way of escape. On one side all was peaceful. They made a rush in this direction. But however fast they ran, the mysterious lights and sounds followed them; al-

ways the same distance away. Day after day this continued, till the band ceased to have great fear of their strange pursuers; but the tumult harassed them, so on they plunged, hoping to outdistance it. How they longed for the peace and stillness of their home in the heart of the jungle!

Often they found their way cut off by fires. But when they turned to the right or left, they were sure to find an opening.

"Man is not so clever as I!" said the swagger young tusker that had called man a coward. "He always forgets to guard one place or another. We escape him every time!"

The wise old grandfather answered never a word. He shook his head sadly as he stalked along, and a great tear ran down his trunk.

One day, after about a fortnight, the fires and noises became more tantalizing than ever before, and closed in, leaving only a narrow passage. The poor animals plunged through this, weary, jaded, harassed. Then the tormenting lights and sounds suddenly ceased. Man disappeared as unexpectedly as he had appeared. But the wise old grandfather continued to shake his head.



And he was right, too. For soon the elephants discovered that, whenever they walked a little distance in any direction, they came upon a stout barrier of timber cleverly concealed with green



THE DAILY PLUNGE IN THE RIVER.

One of the elephants is giving her mahout a good ducking.

boughs. They were suspicious at once, and carefully followed along the stockade. No opening this time! Man was not so stupid as they had thought! He had driven them near his own home and tricked them into a cunningly built prison. They hurled themselves against the stockade, but the walls held firm. Man had counted upon this when he built the stockade. When they found there was no escape, they trumpeted and snorted in rage, rocked wildly from side to side, ran about blindly.

The tusk-ers were the first to accept the situation as hopeless and to calm down. The cows continued for a day or two to dash themselves against the stockade, and the children to squeal and stamp and tear about wildly.

When they all, at last, had quieted down more or less, tame elephants with chains around their ankles and men on their backs were turned in among them. They surrounded the most docile of the captives, pushing and crowding against them to distract their attention, while the natives slid down and scrambled about gingerly, putting chains and ropes about their feet. The men then grabbed hold of an ear of a tame elephant, swung themselves up on his neck, and off they went, the captives in their midst, scarcely knowing what was happening to them.

The others were driven into a smaller V-shaped stockade, or *khedar*, as the Indians called it. They entered by the large end of the V, and were gradually wedged into the small end. Then the real fun began for the spectators. They sat in a high balcony overlooking the *khedar*. The tame elephants enjoyed the performance as much as any one. Their little round eyes twinkled merrily as they went about giving a vigorous prod to some refractory grown-up or a mild spanking to some wilful youngster. They acted as if it were all a huge joke.

The babies were tied up first, for they made the biggest fuss. They squealed and trumpeted and tore about like really naughty children. Sometimes they had to be punished several times by a tame old grandfather, before they would let themselves be led away and tied up.

One by one the others were all surrounded by the tame elephants while the men glided about cautiously tying up their feet. The cows were the fiercest and gave the most trouble. Several of them took after the mahouts, who had a lively time escaping them.

When they were all chained up, the wildest ones being anchored to stumps, they were allowed to get a little hungry for a few days before the work of training them began.

In a short time they became reconciled to the loss of their freedom, and were easily trained to



RETURNING FROM THE BATH.

A mahout is riding on the elephant's tusks.

different tasks. Some were sent to America and Europe, where they toted children about the Zoo

on their huge backs, or did foolish "stunts" in the circus. Others were sent to Ceylon and Burma, where they learned to pile teak-wood quite as well as it could possibly be done by man or by machinery. Most of them, however, were bought by Indian princes, who used them in processions and for hunting tigers. Most of my readers have doubtless seen moving-picture films of the Coronation Durbar of the present king-

clean and in order. The cement floors were kept swept and covered with straw or fresh grass and leaves. Under the sheds on one side of the courtyard seven enormous tuskers, each with a foot chained to a ring in the floor, swayed incessantly and threw grass and straw over their backs. On the opposite side of the court were five elephant cows. Strange to say, though they are so much fiercer than the tuskers at first, they become more



From photograph by Bourne & Shepherd.

THE ELEPHANT TOWER AT FATEHPUR SIKRI. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

emperor at Delhi, and know what a magnificent appearance these great creatures make when decked out in the splendor of their gold and silver trappings and embroidered silk blankets.

In hunting tigers they are most useful. The hunters sit perched aloft on their backs far above the reach of the tigers' sharp teeth and claws. When they have no elephants, they must hide in a sort of cage or platform built high up in a tree. Here they wait, sometimes all night, without making the slightest stir, and fire at the tigers when they creep by in search of prey.

While in India, I visited the elephant stables of a number of rajas. Most of these were in the form of huge sheds opening on a court. The finest of this style belonged to His Highness the Gaikwar of Baroda. Everything was beautifully

docile in captivity. They salaamed to us with their trunks. One played a jews'-harp. She enjoyed the performance so much that it was hard to get the instrument away from her. Another twirled a sort of dumb-bell with bells jingling at each end. Still another drew water from a well, and appeared very proud of the feat.

I often visited the stables at the hour of feeding. The cows were turned loose and allowed to go over to a side of the court where the keepers prepared their food. Each was given a pile of nine big black cakes about a foot in diameter. The men broke each cake into three or four pieces. The crusty old tuskers were fed in their shed. They would sway and snort and stuff the food into their ugly, three-cornered mouths as if angry with it.



In a house in the middle of the court were kept the gold and silver howdahs and trappings and the embroidered blankets used on state occasions. I walked about looking at these, wondering how it would feel to be an Indian princess perched up in a golden howdah, and to look down upon the crowds in the streets through silken curtains



A TUSKER BRINGING HOME HIS OWN DINNER OF BANANA LEAVES.

while listening to the tinkle tinkle of my elephant's gold and silver bangles.

After quite a different style are the elephant stables of His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, the premier Hindu prince of southern India. Here the animals are kept out under the trees, giving them a home as much like the jungle as possible. There were twenty of them in two rows facing one another. They stood swaying from side to side and waving in their trunks leafy branches with which they brushed their backs from time to time. Their tusks were truncated and tipped with brass bands. Their trunks and foreheads were gaudy with bright-colored designs with which they had been painted for the wedding of the maharaja's brother.

Every day they were allowed a plunge in the river. They would hail the water with the greatest delight, lying down and rolling over in it. They would shut their eyes with the keenest pleasure while their keepers, or mahouts, scrambled over their backs and scrubbed them with boards. Every once in a while they would fill their trunks with water and give the man a ducking.

Several of them were pointed out as having been captured at the hunt given by His Highness in honor of the present king and queen when

they visited India in 1905 as the Prince and Princess of Wales. Some of the more recent captives were babies, still at the age when they enjoyed pulling one another's tails and keeping things lively in general.

The maharaja very graciously had the accompanying photographs taken for me to use with this article. He is a charming and highly cultured young man, twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. He usually dresses like any American or European gentleman, except for a gaily-colored turban and ear-rings, but on state occasions he appears in the silk robes and gold lace of his rank and caste. This would appear quite strange to an American boy or girl. His Highness is very fond of animals, and sets his subjects a good example in the way they should be treated. Those in his Zoo were in the finest condition of any that I saw in the native states. The cages and compounds were large, airy, and clean. An instance of his kindness is shown in his sending his dogs to the cooler temperature of the hills during the hot season.

In the time of the Moguls, four or five centuries ago, elephants were used in battle. The warriors would ride up to the fortress of their enemy and bid their elephants break in the massive gates with their great, hard heads. To prevent this, big iron spikes were put on the gates at the height of an elephant's head. Many of these ancient gates with their cruel-looking spikes are still to be seen in old citadels. The British now have elephant batteries, where the gun is drawn by elephants.

The Indians are very fond of their elephants, even sometimes erecting monuments to their memory. At Fatehpur Sikri there is one of these, erected by Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls, over the grave of his favorite elephant. It is studded with stone tusks. One of the favorite gods of Indian mythology is the elephant-headed, fat-bodied Ganesha. He is a merry little soul, and is supposed to remove obstacles and to bring good luck and success to his devotees.

The story of the African elephants is quite different from that of their Indian cousins. They are several feet taller, have much larger ears that reach down below their cheeks, and both the males and females have long tusks. They have not, as yet, been successfully domesticated. Experiments are now being made with young ones, but as a rule it is found more satisfactory to import grown ones from Asia. An elephant hunt in Africa, also, is quite different, for the animals are killed for their ivory, instead of simply being captured, as in India.

# THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

## CHAPTER XI

### "COME WITH ME"

WHEN they came back from the graveyard, The Rat was silent all the way. He was thinking of what had happened and of what lay before him. He was, in fact, thinking chiefly that nothing lay before him—nothing. The certainty of that gave his sharp, lined face new lines and sharpness which made it look pinched and hard. He had had nothing before but a corner in a bare garret in which he could find little more than a leaking roof over his head—when he was not turned out into the street. But, if policemen asked him where he lived, he could say he lived in Bone Court with his father. Now he could n't say it.

He got along very well on his crutches, but he was rather tired when they reached the turn in the street which led in the direction of his old haunts. At any rate, they were haunts he knew, and he belonged to them more than he belonged elsewhere. The Squad stopped at this particular corner because it led to such homes as they possessed. They stopped in a body and looked at The Rat, and The Rat stopped also. He swung himself to Loristan's side, touching his hand to his forehead.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Line and salute, you chaps!" And the Squad stood in line and raised their hands also. "Thank you, sir. Thank you, Marco. Good-by."

"Where are you going?" Loristan asked.

"I don't know yet," The Rat answered, biting his lips.

He and Loristan looked at each other a few moments in silence. Both of them were thinking very hard. In The Rat's eyes there was a kind of desperate adoration. He did not know what he should do when this man turned and walked away from him. It would be as if the sun itself had dropped out of the heavens—and The Rat had not thought of what the sun meant before.

But Loristan did not turn and walk away. He looked deep into the lad's eyes as if he were searching to find some certainty. Then he said in a low voice, "You know how poor I am."

"I—I don't care!" said The Rat. "You—you're like a king to me. I'd stand up and be shot to bits if you told me to do it."

"I am so poor that I am not sure that I can give you enough dry bread to eat—always. Marco and Lazarus and I are often hungry. Sometimes you might have nothing to sleep on but the floor. But I can find a *place* for you if I take you with me," said Loristan. "Do you know what I mean by a *place*?"

"Yes, I do," answered The Rat. "It 's what I 've never had before—sir."

What he knew was that it meant some bit of space, out of all the world, where he would have a sort of right to stand, howsoever poor and bare it might be.

"I 'm not used to beds or to food enough," he said. But he did not dare to insist too much on that "place." It seemed too great a thing to be true.

Loristan took his arm.

"Come with me," he said. "We won't part. I believe you are to be trusted."

The Rat turned quite white in a sort of anguish of joy. He had never cared for any one in his life. He had been a sort of young Cain, his hand against every man and every man's hand against him. And during the last twelve hours he had plunged into a tumultuous ocean of boyish hero-worship. This man seemed like a sort of god to him. What he had said and done the day before, in what had been really The Rat's hour of extremity, after that appalling night—the way he had looked into his face and understood it all, the talk at the table when he had listened to him seriously, comprehending and actually respecting his plans and rough maps; his silent companionship as they followed the pauper hearse together—these things were enough to make the lad longingly ready to be any sort of servant or slave to him, if he might see and be spoken to by him even once or twice a day.

The Squad wore a look of dismay for a moment, and Loristan saw it.

"I am going to take your captain with me," he said. "But he will come back to Barracks. So will Marco."

"Will yer go on with the game?" asked Cad, as eager spokesman. "We want to go on being the 'Secret Party.'"

"Yes, I'll go on," The Rat answered. "I won't give it up. There 's a lot in the papers to-day."



So they were pacified and went on their way, and Loristan and Lazarus and Marco and The Rat went on theirs also.

"Queer thing is," The Rat thought as they walked together, "I 'm a bit afraid to speak to him unless he speaks to me first. Never felt that way before with any one."

He had jeered at policemen and had impudently chaffed "swells," but he felt a sort of secret awe of this man, and actually liked the feeling.

"It 's as if I was a private and he was commander-in-chief," he thought. "That 's it."

Loristan talked to him as they went. He was simple enough in his statements of the situation. There was an old sofa in Marco's bedroom. It was narrow and hard, as Marco's bed itself was, but The Rat could sleep upon it. They would share what food they had. There were newspapers and magazines to be read. There were papers and pencils to draw new maps and plans of battles. There was even an old map of Samavia of Marco's which the two boys could study together as an aid to their game. The Rat's eyes began to have points of fire in them.

"If I could see the papers every morning, I could fight the battles on paper by night," he said, quite panting at the incredible vision of splendor. Were all the kingdoms of the earth going to be given to him? Was he going to sleep without a drunken father near him? Was he going to have a chance to wash himself and to sit at a table and hear people say "Thank you," and "I beg pardon," as if they were using the most ordinary fashion of speech? His own father, before he had sunk into the depths, had lived and spoken in this way.

"When I have time, we will see who can draw up the best plans," Loristan said.

"Do you mean that you 'll look at mine then—when you have time?" asked The Rat, hesitatingly. "I was n't expecting that."

"Yes," answered Loristan. "I 'll look at them, and we 'll talk them over."

As they went on, he told him that he and Marco could do many things together. They could go to museums and galleries, and Marco could show him what he himself was familiar with.

"My father said you would n't let him come back to Barracks when you found out about it," The Rat said, hesitating again and growing hot because he remembered so many ugly past days. "But—but I swear I won't do him any harm, sir. I won't!"

"When I said I believed you could be trusted, I meant several things," Loristan answered him. "That was one of them. You 're a new recruit. You and Marco are both under a commanding

officer." He said the words because he knew they would elate him and stir his blood.

## CHAPTER XII

### "ONLY TWO BOYS"

THE words did elate him, and his blood was stirred by them every time they returned to his mind. He remembered them through the days and nights that followed. He sometimes, indeed, awakened from his deep sleep on the hard and narrow sofa in Marco's room, and found that he was saying them half aloud to himself. The hardness of the sofa did not prevent his resting as he had never rested before in his life. By contrast with the past he had known, this poor existence was comfort which verged on luxury. He got into the battered tin bath every morning, he sat at the clean table, and could look at Loristan and speak to him and hear his voice. His chief trouble was that he could hardly keep his eyes off of him, and he was a little afraid he might be annoyed. But he could not bear to lose a look or a movement.

At the end of the second day, he found his way, at some trouble, to Lazarus's small back room at the top of the house.

"Will you let me come in and talk a bit?" he said.

When he went in, he was obliged to sit on the top of Lazarus's wooden box because there was nothing else for him.

"I want to ask you," he plunged into his talk at once, "do you think he minds me looking at him so much? I can't help it—but if he hates it—well—I 'll try and keep my eyes on the table."

"The master is used to being looked at," Lazarus made answer. "But it would be well to ask himself. He likes open speech."

"I want to find out everything he likes and everything he does n't like," The Rat said. "I want—is n't there anything—anything you 'd let me do for him? It would n't matter what it was. And he need n't know you are not doing it. I know you would n't be willing to give up anything particular. But you wait on him night and day. Could n't you give up something to me?"

Lazarus pierced him with keen eyes. He did not answer for several seconds.

"Now and then," he said gruffly at last, "I 'll let you brush his boots. But not every day—perhaps once a week."

"When will you let me have my first turn?" The Rat asked.

Lazarus reflected. His shaggy eyebrows drew themselves down over his eyes as if this were a question of state.

"Next Saturday," he conceded. "Not before. I'll tell him when you brush them."

"You need n't," said The Rat. "It's not that I want him to know. I want to know myself that I'm doing something for him. I'll find out things that I can do without interfering with you. I'll think them out."

"Anything any one else did for him would be interfering with me," said Lazarus.

It was The Rat's turn to reflect now, and his face twisted itself into new lines and wrinkles.

"I'll tell you before I do anything," he said, after he had thought it over. "You served him first."

"I have served him ever since he was born," said Lazarus.

"He's—he's yours," said The Rat, still thinking deeply.

"I am his," was Lazarus's stern answer. "I am his—and the young master's."

"That's it," The Rat said. Then a squeak of a half-laugh broke from him. "I've never been anybody's," he added.

His sharp eyes caught a passing look on Lazarus's face. Such a queer, disturbed, sudden look. Could he be rather sorry for him? Perhaps the look meant something like that.

"If you stay near him long enough—and it need n't be long—you will be his too. Everybody is."

The Rat sat up as straight as he could.

"When it comes to that," he blurted out, "I'm his now, in my way. I was his two minutes after he looked at me with his queer, handsome eyes. They're queer because they *get* you, and you want to follow him. I'm going to follow."

That night Lazarus recounted to his master the story of the scene. He simply repeated word for word what had been said, and Loristan listened gravely.

"We have not had time to learn much of him yet," he commented. "But that is a faithful soul, I think."

A few days later, Marco missed The Rat soon after their breakfast hour. He had gone out without saying anything to the household. He did not return for several hours, and when he came back he looked tired. In the afternoon he fell asleep on his sofa in Marco's room and slept heavily. No one asked him any questions as he volunteered no explanation. The next day, he went out again in the same mysterious manner, and the next and the next. For an entire week he went out and returned with the tired look; but he did not explain until one morning, as he lay on his sofa before getting up, he said to Marco:

"I'm practising walking with my crutches. I don't want to go about like a rat any more. I

mean to be as near like other people as I can. I walk farther every morning. I began with two miles. If I practise every day, my crutches will be like legs."

"Shall I walk with you?" asked Marco.

"Would n't you mind walking with a cripple?"

"Don't call yourself that," said Marco. "We can talk together, and try to remember everything we see as we go along."

"I want to learn to remember things. I'd like to train myself in that way too," The Rat answered. "I'd give anything to know some of the things your father taught you. I've got a good memory. I remember a lot of things I don't want to remember. Will you go this morning?"

That morning they went, and Loristan was told the reason for their walk. But though he knew one reason, he did not know all about it. When The Rat was allowed his "turn" of the boot-brushing, he told more to Lazarus.

"What I want to do," he said, "is not only to walk as fast as other people do, but faster. Acrobats train themselves to do anything. It's training that does it. There might come a time when he might need some one to go on an errand quickly, and I'm going to be ready. I'm going to train myself until he need n't think of me as if I were only a cripple who can't do things and has to be taken care of. I want him to know that I'm really as strong as Marco, and where Marco can go I can go."

"He" was what he always said, and Lazarus always understood without explanation.

"The master is your name for him," he had explained at the beginning. "And I can't call him just 'Mister' Loristan. It sounds like cheek. If he was called 'General' or 'Colonel' I could stand it—though it would n't be quite right. Some day I shall find a name. When I speak to him, I say 'Sir.'"

The walks were taken every day, and each day were longer. Marco found himself silently watching The Rat with amazement at his determination and endurance. He knew that he must not speak of what he could not fail to see as they walked. He must not tell him that he looked tired and pale and sometimes desperately fatigued. He had inherited from his father the tact which sees what people do not wish to be reminded of. He knew that for some reason of his own The Rat had determined to do this thing at any cost to himself. Sometimes his face grew white and worn and he breathed hard, but he never rested more than a few minutes, and never turned back or shortened a walk they had planned.

"Tell me something about Samavia, something



to remember," he would say, when he looked his worst. "When I begin to try to remember, I forget—other things."

So, as they went on their way, they talked, and The Rat committed things to memory. He was quick at it, and grew quicker every day. They invented a game of remembering faces they passed. Both would learn them by heart, and on their return home Marco would draw them. They went to the museums and galleries and learned things there, making from memory lists and descriptions which at night they showed to Loristan, when he was not too busy to talk to them.

As the days passed, Marco saw that The Rat was gaining strength. This exhilarated him greatly. They often went to Hampstead Heath and walked in the wind and sun. There The Rat would go through curious exercises which he believed would develop his muscles. He began to look less tired during and after his journey. There were even fewer wrinkles on his face, and his sharp eyes looked less fierce. The talks between the two boys were long and curious. Marco soon realized that The Rat wanted to learn—learn—learn.

"Your father can talk to you almost as if you were twenty years old," he said once. "He knows you can understand what he's saying. If he were to talk to me, he'd always have to remember that I was only a rat that had lived in gutters and seen nothing else."

They were talking in their room, as they nearly always did after they went to bed and the street lamp shone in and lighted their bare little room. They often sat up clasping their knees, Marco on his poor bed, The Rat on his hard sofa, but neither of them conscious either of the poorness or hardness, because to each one the long unknown sense of companionship was such a satisfying thing. Neither of them had ever talked intimately to another boy, and now they were together day and night. They revealed their thoughts to each other; they told each other things it had never before occurred to either to think of telling any one. In fact, they found out about themselves, as they talked, things they had not quite known before. Marco had gradually discovered that the admiration The Rat had for his father was an impassioned and curious feeling which possessed him entirely. It seemed to Marco that it was beginning to be like a sort of religion. He evidently thought of him every moment. So when he spoke of Loristan's knowing him to be only a rat of the gutter, Marco felt he himself was fortunate in remembering something he could say.

"My father said yesterday that you had a big

brain and a strong will," he answered from his bed. "He said that you had a wonderful memory which only needed exercising. He said it after he looked over the list you made of the things you had seen in the Tower."

The Rat shuffled on his sofa and clasped his knees tighter.

"Did he? Did he?" he said.

He rested his chin upon his knees for a few minutes and stared straight before him. Then he turned to the bed.

"Marco," he said, in a rather hoarse voice, a queer voice; "are you jealous?"

"Jealous," said Marco; "why?"

"I mean, have you ever been jealous? Do you know what it is like?"

"I don't think I do," answered Marco, staring a little.

"Are you ever jealous of Lazarus because he's always with your father—because he's with him oftener than you are—and knows about his work—and can do things for him you can't? I mean, are you jealous of—your father?"

Marco loosed his arms from his knees and lay down flat on his pillow.

"No, I'm not. The more people love and serve him, the better," he said. "The only thing I care for is—him. I just care for *him*. Lazarus does too. Don't you?"

The Rat was greatly excited internally. He had been thinking of this thing a great deal. The thought had sometimes terrified him. He might as well have it out now if he could. If he could get at the truth, everything would be easier? But would Marco really tell him?

"Don't you mind?" he said, still hoarse and eager—"don't you mind how much *I* care for him? Could it ever make you feel savage? Could it ever set you thinking I was nothing but—what I am—and that it was cheek of me to push myself in and fasten on to a gentleman who only took me up for charity? Here's the living truth," he ended in an outburst; "if I were you and you were me, that's what I should be thinking. I know it is. I could n't help it. I should see every low thing there was in you, in your manners and your voice and your looks. I should see nothing but the contrast between you and me and between you and him. I should be so jealous that I should just rage. I should *hate* you—and I should *despise* you!"

He had wrought himself up to such a passion of feeling that he set Marco thinking that what he was hearing meant strange and strong emotions such as he himself had never experienced. The Rat had been thinking over all this in secret for some time, it was evident. Marco lay still a

few minutes and thought it over. Then he found something to say, just as he had found something before.

"You might, if you were with other people who thought in the same way," he said, "and if you had n't found out that it is such a mistake to think in that way, that it's even stupid. But, you see, if you were I, you would have lived with my father, and he'd have told you what he knows—what he's been finding out all his life."

"What's he found out?"

"Oh!" Marco answered, quite casually, "just that you can't set savage thoughts loose in the world, any more than you can let loose savage beasts with hydrophobia. They spread a sort of rabies, and they always tear and worry you first of all."

"What do you mean?" The Rat gasped out.

"It's like this," said Marco, lying flat and cool on his hard pillow and looking at the reflection of the street lamp on the ceiling. "That day I turned into your Barracks, without knowing that you'd think I was spying, it made you feel savage, and you threw the stone at me. If it had made me feel savage and I'd rushed in and fought, what would have happened to all of us?"

The Rat's spirit of generalship gave the answer.

"I should have called on the Squad to charge with fixed bayonets. They'd have half killed you. You're a strong chap, and you'd have hurt a lot of them."

A note of terror broke into his voice. "What a fool I should have been!" he cried out. "I should never have come here! I should never have known *him*!" Even by the light of the street lamp Marco could see him begin to look almost ghastly.

"The Squad could easily have half killed me," Marco added. "They could have quite killed me, if they had wanted to do it. And who would have got any good out of it? It would only have been

a street-lads' row—with the police and prison at the end of it."

"But because you'd lived with him," The Rat pondered, "you walked in as if you did n't mind, and just asked why we did it, and looked like a



"THE STREET LAMP SHONE IN AND LIGHTED THEIR BARE LITTLE ROOM."

stronger chap than any of us—and different—different. I wondered what was the matter with you, you were so cool and steady. I know now. It was because you were like him. He'd taught you. He's like a wizard."

"He knows things that wizards think they know, but he knows them better," Marco said. "He says they're not queer and unnatural. They're just simple laws of nature. You have to be either on one side or the other, like an army.



You choose your side. You either build up or you tear down. You either keep in the light where you can see, or you stand in the dark and fight everything that comes near you, because you can't see and you think it's an enemy. No, you would n't have been jealous if you'd been I and I'd been you."

"And you're *not*?" The Rat's sharp voice was almost hollow. "You'll swear you're not?"

"I'm not," said Marco.

The Rat's excitement even increased a shade as he poured forth his confession.

"I was afraid," he said. "I've been afraid every day since I came here. I'll tell you straight out. It seemed just natural that you and Lazarus would n't stand me, just as I would n't have stood you. It seemed just natural that you'd work together to throw me out. I knew how I should have worked myself. Marco—I said I'd tell you straight out—I'm jealous of you. I'm jealous of Lazarus. It makes me wild when I see you both knowing all about him, and fit and ready to do anything he wants done. I'm not ready and I'm not fit."

"You'd do anything he wanted done, whether you were fit and ready or not," said Marco. "He knows that."

"Does he? Do you think he does?" cried The Rat. "I wish he'd try me. I wish he would."

Marco turned over on his bed and rose up on his elbow so that he faced The Rat on his sofa.

"Let us *wait*," he said in a whisper. "Let us *wait*."

There was a pause, and then The Rat whispered also.

"For what?"

"For him to find out that we're fit to be tried. Don't you see what fools we should be if we spent our time in being jealous, either of us. We're only two boys. Suppose he saw we were only two silly fools. When you are jealous of me or of Lazarus, just go and sit down in a still place and think of him. Don't think about yourself or about us. He's so quiet that to think about him makes you quiet yourself. When things go wrong or when I'm lonely, he's taught me to sit down and make myself think of things I like—pictures, books, monuments, splendid places. It pushes the other things out and sets your mind going properly. He does n't know I nearly always think of him. He's the best thought himself. You try it. You're not really jealous. You only *think* you are. You'll find that out if you always stop yourself in time. Any one can be such a fool if he lets himself. And he can always stop it if he makes up his mind. I'm not jealous. You must let that thought alone. You're not

jealous yourself. Kick that thought into the street."

The Rat caught his breath and threw his arms up over his eyes.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he said; "if I'd lived near him always as you have. If I just had."

"We're both living near him now," said Marco. "And here's something to think of," leaning more forward on his elbow. "The kings who were being made ready for Samavia have waited all these years; *we* can make ourselves ready and wait so that, if just two boys are wanted to do something—just two boys—we can step out of the ranks when the call comes and say 'Here!' Now let's lie down and think of it until we go to sleep."

### CHAPTER XIII

LORISTAN ATTENDS A DRILL OF THE SQUAD, AND  
MARCO MEETS A SAMAVIAN

THE Squad was not forgotten. It found that Loristan himself would have regarded neglect as a breach of military duty.

"You must remember your men," he said, two or three days after The Rat became a member of his household. "You must keep up their drill. Marco tells me it was very smart. Don't let them get slack."

"His men!" The Rat felt what he could not have put into words. He knew he had worked, and that the Squad had worked, in their hidden holes and corners. Only hidden holes and corners had been possible for them because they had existed in spite of the protest of their world and the vigilance of its policemen. They had tried many refuges before they found the Barracks. No one but resented the existence of a troop of noisy vagabonds. But somehow this man knew that there had evolved from it something more than mere noisy play, that he, The Rat, had *meant* order and discipline.

"His men!" It made him feel as if he had had the Victoria Cross fastened on his coat. He had brain enough to see many things, and he knew that it was in this way that Loristan was finding him his "place." He knew how.

When they went to the Barracks, the Squad greeted them with a tumultuous welcome which expressed a great sense of relief. Privately the members had been filled with fears which they had talked over together in deep gloom. Marco's father, they decided, was too big a swell to let the two come back after he had seen the sort the Squad was made up of. He might be poor just now, toffs sometimes lost their money for a bit, but you could see what he was, and fathers like him were n't going to let their sons make friends

with "such as us." He 'd stop the drill and the "Secret Society" game. That 's what he 'd do!

But The Rat came swinging in on his second-hand crutches looking as if he had been made a general, and Marco came with him; and the drill the Squad was put through was stricter and finer than any drill they had ever known.

"I wish my father could have seen that," Marco said to The Rat.

The Rat turned red and white and then red again, but he said not a single word. The mere thought was like a flash of fire passing through him. But no fellow could hope for a thing as big as that. The Secret Party, in its subterranean cavern, surrounded by its piled arms, sat down to read the morning paper.

The war news was bad to read. The Maranovitch held the day for the moment, and while they suffered and wrought cruelties in the capital city, the Iarovitch suffered and wrought cruelties in the country outside. So fierce and dark was the record that Europe stood aghast.

The Rat folded his paper when he had finished, and sat biting his nails. Having done this for a few minutes, he began to speak in his dramatic and hollow Secret Party whisper.

"The hour has come," he said to his followers. "The messengers must go forth. They know nothing of what they go for; they only know that they must obey. If they were caught and tortured, they could betray nothing because they know nothing but that, at certain places, they must utter a certain word. They carry no papers. All commands they must learn by heart. When the sign is given, the Secret Party will know what to do—where to meet and where to attack."

He drew plans of battle on the flagstones, and he sketched an imaginary route which the two messengers were to follow. But his knowledge of the map of Europe was not worth much, and he turned to Marco.

"You know more about geography than I do. You know more about everything," he said. "I only know Italy is at the bottom and Russia is at one side and England 's at the other. How would the Secret Messengers go to Samavia? Can you draw the countries they 'd have to pass through?"

Because any school-boy who knew the map could have done the same thing, Marco drew them. He also knew the stations the Secret Two would arrive at and leave by when they entered a city, the streets they would walk through and the very uniforms they would see; but of these things he said nothing. The reality his knowledge gave to the game was, however, a thrilling thing. He wished he could have been free to

explain to The Rat the things he knew. Together they could have worked out so many details of travel and possible adventure that it would have been almost as if they had set out on their journey in fact.

As it was, the mere sketching of the route fired The Rat's imagination. He forged ahead with the story of adventure, and filled it with such mysterious purport and design that the Squad at times gasped for breath. In his glowing version the Secret Two entered cities by midnight and sang and begged at palace gates where kings driving outward paused to listen and were given the Sign.

"Though it would not always be kings," he said. "Sometimes it would be the poorest people. Sometimes they might seem to be beggars like ourselves, when they were only Secret Ones disguised. A great lord might wear poor clothes and pretend to be a workman, and we should only know him by the signs we had learned by heart. When we were sent to Samavia, we should be obliged to creep in through some back part of the country where no fighting was being done and where no one would attack. Their generals are not clever enough to protect the parts which are joined to friendly countries, and they have not forces enough. Two boys could find a way in if they thought it out."

He became possessed by the idea of thinking it out on the spot. He drew his rough map of Samavia on the flagstones with his chalk.

"Look here," he said to Marco, who, with the elated and thrilled Squad, bent over it in a close circle of heads. "Beltrazo is here and Carnolitz is here—and here is Jiardasia. Beltrazo and Jiardasia are friendly, though they don't take sides. All the fighting is going on in the country about Melzarr. There is no reason why they should prevent single travelers from coming in across the frontiers of friendly neighbors. They 're not fighting with the countries outside, they are fighting with themselves." He paused a moment and thought.

"The article in that magazine said something about a huge forest on the eastern frontier. That 's here. We could wander into a forest and stay there until we 'd planned all we wanted to do. Even the people who had seen us would forget about us. What we have to do is to make people feel as if we were nothing—nothing."

They were in the very midst of it, crowded together, leaning over, stretching necks and breathing quickly with excitement, when Marco lifted his head. Some mysterious impulse made him do it in spite of himself.

"There 's my father!" he said.



The chalk dropped, everything dropped, even Samavia. The Rat was up and on his crutches as if some magic force had swung him there. How he gave the command, or if he gave it at all, not even he himself knew. But the Squad stood at salute.

Loristan was standing at the opening of the archway as Marco had stood that first day. He raised his right hand in return salute and came forward.

"I was passing the end of the street and remembered the Barracks was here," he explained. "I thought I should like to look at your men, Captain."

He smiled, but it was not a smile which made his words really a joke. He looked down at the chalk map drawn on the flagstones.

"You know that map well," he said. "Even I can see that it is Samavia. What is the Secret Party doing?"

"The messengers are trying to find a way in," answered Marco.

"We can get in there," said The Rat, pointing with a crutch. "There's a forest where we could hide and find out things."

"Reconnoiter," said Loristan, looking down. "Yes. Two stray boys could be very safe in a forest. It's a good game."

That he should be there! That he should, in his own wonderful way, have given them such a thing as this. That he should have cared enough even to look up the Barracks, was what The Rat was thinking. A batch of ragamuffins they were and nothing else, and he standing looking at them with his fine smile. There was something about him which made him seem even splendid. The Rat's heart thumped with startled joy.

"Father," said Marco, "will you watch The Rat drill us? I want you to see how well it is done."

"Captain, will you do me that honor?" Loristan said to The Rat, and to even these words he gave the right tone, neither jesting nor too serious. Because it was so right a tone, The Rat's pulses beat only with exultation. This god of his had looked at his maps, he had talked of his plans, he had come to see the soldiers who were his work! The Rat began his drill as if he had been reviewing an army.

What Loristan saw done was wonderful in its mechanical exactness. The Squad moved like the perfect parts of a perfect machine. That they could so do it in such space, and that they should have accomplished such precision, was an extraordinary testimonial to the military efficiency and curious qualities of this one hunchbacked, vagabond officer.

"That is magnificent!" the spectator said, when

it was over. "It could not be better done. Allow me to congratulate you."

He shook The Rat's hand as if it had been a man's, and, after he had shaken it, he put his own hand lightly on the boy's shoulder and let it rest there as he talked a few minutes to them all.

He kept his talk within the game, and his clear comprehension of it added a flavor which even the dullest member of the Squad was elated by. Sometimes you could n't understand toffs when they made a shy at being friendly, but you could understand him, and he stirred up your spirits. He did n't make jokes with you, either, as if a chap had to be kept grinning. After the few minutes were over, he went away. Then they sat down again in their circle and talked about him, because they could talk and think about nothing else. They stared at Marco furtively, feeling as if he were a creature of another world because he had lived with this man. They stared at The Rat in a new way also. The wonderful-looking hand had rested on his shoulder, and he had been told that what he had done was magnificent.

"When you said you wished your father could have seen the drill," said The Rat, "you took my breath away. I'd never have had the cheek to think of it myself—and I'd never have dared to let you ask him, even if you wanted to do it. And he came himself! It struck me dumb."

"If he came," said Marco, "it was because he wanted to see it."

When they had finished talking, it was time for Marco and The Rat to go on their way. Loristan had given The Rat an errand. At a certain hour he was to present himself at a certain shop and receive a package.

"Let him do it alone," Loristan said to Marco. "He will be better pleased. His desire is to feel that he is trusted to do things alone."

So they parted at a street corner, Marco to walk back to No. 7 Philibert Place, The Rat to execute his commission. Marco turned into one of the better streets, through which he often passed on his way home. It was not a fashionable quarter, but it contained some respectable houses in whose windows here and there were to be seen neat cards bearing the word "Apartments," which meant that the owner of the house would let to lodgers his drawing-room or sitting-room suite.

As Marco walked up the street, he saw some one come out of the door of one of the houses and walk quickly and lightly down the pavement. It was a young woman wearing an elegant though quiet dress, and a hat which looked as if it had been bought in Paris or Vienna. She had, in fact, a slightly foreign air, and it was this, in-

deed, which made Marco look at her long enough to see that she was also a graceful and lovely person. He wondered what her nationality was. Even at some yards' distance he could see that she had long dark eyes and a curved mouth which seemed to be smiling to itself. He thought she might be Spanish or Italian.

He was trying to decide which of the two countries she belonged to, as she drew near to him, but quite suddenly the curved mouth ceased smiling as her foot seemed to catch in a break in the pavement, and she so lost her balance that she would have fallen if he had not leaped forward and caught her.

She was light and slender, and he was a strong lad and managed to steady her. An expression of sharp momentary anguish crossed her face.

"I hope you are not hurt," Marco said.

She bit her lip and clutched his shoulder very hard with her slim hand.

"I have twisted my ankle," she answered. "I am afraid I have twisted it badly. Thank you for saving me. I should have had a bad fall."

Her long, dark eyes were very sweet and grateful. She tried to smile, but there was such distress under the effort that Marco was afraid she must have hurt herself very much.

"Can you stand on your foot at all?" he asked.

"I can stand a little now," she said, "but I might not be able to stand in a few minutes. I must get back to the house while I can bear to touch the ground with it. I am so sorry. I am afraid I shall have to ask you to go with me. Fortunately it is only a few yards away."

"Yes," Marco answered. "I saw you come out of the house. If you will lean on my shoulder, I can soon help you back. I am glad to do it. Shall we try now?"

She had a gentle and soft manner which would have appealed to any boy. Her voice was musical and her enunciation exquisite. Whether she was Spanish or Italian, it was easy to imagine her a person who did not always live in London lodgings, even of the better class.

"If you please," she answered him. "It is very kind of you. You are very strong, I see. But I am glad to have only a few steps to go."

She rested on his shoulder as well as on her umbrella, but it was plain that every movement gave her intense pain. She caught her lip with her teeth, and Marco thought she turned white. He could not help liking her. She was so lovely and gracious and grave. He could not bear to see the suffering in her face.

"I am so sorry!" he said, as he helped her, and his boy's voice had something of the wonderful sympathetic tone of Loristan's. The beautiful lady

herself remarked it, and thought how unlike it was to the ordinary boy-voice.

"I have a latch-key," she said, when they stood on the low step.

She found the latch-key in her purse and opened the door. Marco helped her into the entrance-hall. She sat down at once in a chair near the hat-stand. The place was quite plain and old-fashioned inside.

"Shall I ring the front-door bell to call some one?" Marco inquired.

"I am afraid that the servants are out," she answered. "They had a holiday. Will you kindly close the door? I shall be obliged to ask you to help me into the sitting-room at the end of the hall. I shall find all I want there—if you will kindly hand me a few things. Some one may come in presently—perhaps one of the other lodgers—and, even if I am alone for an hour or so, it will not really matter."

"Perhaps I can find the landlady," Marco suggested. The beautiful person smiled.

"She has gone to her sister's wedding. That is why I was going out to spend the day myself. I arranged the plan to accommodate her. How good you are! I shall be quite comfortable directly, really. I can get to my easy-chair in the sitting-room now I have rested a little."

Marco helped her to her feet, and her sharp, involuntary exclamation of pain made him wince internally. Perhaps it was a worse sprain than she knew.

The house was of the early-Victorian London order. A "front lobby" with a dining-room on the right hand, and a "back lobby," after the foot of the stairs was passed, out of which opened the basement kitchen staircase and a sitting-room looking out on a gloomy flagged back yard inclosed by high walls. The sitting-room was rather gloomy itself, but there were a few luxurious things among the ordinary furnishings. There was an easy-chair with a small table near it, and on the table were a silver lamp and some rather elegant trifles. Marco helped his charge to the easy-chair and put a cushion from the sofa under her foot. He did it very gently, and, as he rose after doing it, he saw that the long, soft dark eyes were looking at him in a curious way.

"I must go away now," he said, "but I do not like to leave you. May I go for a doctor?"

"How dear you are!" she exclaimed. "But I do not want one, thank you. I know exactly what to do for a sprained ankle. And perhaps mine is not really a sprain. I am going to take off my shoe and see."

"May I help you?" Marco asked, and he kneeled down again and carefully unfastened her



shoe and withdrew it from her foot. It was a slender and delicate foot in a silk stocking, and she bent and gently touched and rubbed it.

"No," she said, when she raised herself, "I do not think it is a sprain. Now that the shoe is off and the foot rests on the cushion, it is much more comfortable, much more. Thank you, thank you.

"You are very kind to me," Marco answered, wondering if he did not redder a little. "But I must go because my father will—"

"Your father would let you stay and talk to me," she said, with even a prettier kindness than before. "It is from him you have inherited your beautiful manner. He was once a friend of mine.



"NOW THAT THE SHOE IS OFF, IT IS MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE, MUCH MORE."

If you had not been passing I might have had a dangerous fall."

"I am very glad to have been able to help you," Marco answered, with an air of relief. "Now I must go, if you think you will be all right."

"Don't go yet," she said, holding out her hand. "I should like to know you a little better, if I may. I am so grateful. I should like to talk to you. You have such beautiful manners for a boy," she ended, with a pretty, kind laugh, "and I believe I know where you got them from."

I hope he is my friend still, though perhaps he has forgotten me."

All that Marco had ever learned and all that he had ever trained himself to remember, quickly rushed back upon him now, because he had a clear and rapidly working brain, and had not lived the ordinary boy's life. Here was a beautiful lady of whom he knew nothing at all but that she had twisted her foot in the street and he had helped her back into her house. If silence was still the order, it was not for him to know things

or ask questions or answer them. She might be the loveliest lady in the world and his father her dearest friend, but, even if this were so, he could best serve them both by obeying her friend's commands with all courtesy, and forgetting no instruction he had given.

"I do not think my father ever forgets any one," he answered.

"No, I am sure he does not," she said softly. "Has he been to Samavia during the last three years?"

Marco paused a moment.

"Perhaps I am not the boy you think I am," he said. "My father has never been to Samavia."

"He has not? But—you are Marco Loristan?"

"Yes. That is my name."

Suddenly she leaned forward and her long lovely eyes filled with fire.

"Then you are a Samavian, and you know of the disasters overwhelming us. You know all the hideousness and barbarity of what is being done. Your father's son must know it all!"

"Every one knows it," said Marco.

"But it is your country—your own! Your blood must burn in your veins!"

Marco stood quite still and looked at her. His eyes told whether his blood burned or not, but he did not speak. His look was answer enough, since he did not wish to say anything.

"What does your father think? I am a Samavian myself, and I think night and day. What does he think of the rumor about the descendant of the Lost Prince? Does he believe it?" eagerly.

Marco was thinking very rapidly. Her beautiful face was glowing with emotion, her beautiful voice trembled. That she should be a Samavian, and love Samavia, and pour her feeling forth even to a boy, was deeply moving to him. But however one was moved, one must remember that silence was still the order. When one was very young, one must remember orders first of all.

"It might be only a newspaper story," he said. "He says one cannot trust such things. If you know him, you know he is very calm."

"Has he taught you to be calm too?" she said pathetically. "You are only a boy. Boys are not calm. Neither are women when their hearts are wrung. Oh, my Samavia! Oh, my poor little country! My brave, tortured country!" and with a sudden sob she covered her face with her hands.

A great lump mounted to Marco's throat. Boys could not cry, but he knew what she meant when she said her heart was wrung.

When she lifted her head, the tears in her eyes made her softer than ever.

"If I were a million Samavians instead of one woman, I should know what to do!" she cried.

"If your father were a million Samavians, he would know, too. He would find Ivor's descendant, if he is on the earth, and he would end all this horror!"

"Who would not end it if they could?" cried Marco, quite fiercely.

"But men like your father, men who are Samavians, must think night and day about it as I do," she impetuously insisted. "You see, I cannot help pouring my thoughts out even to a boy—because he is a Samavian. Only Samavians care. Samavia seems so little and unimportant to other people. They don't even seem to know that the blood she is pouring forth pours from human veins and beating human hearts. Men like your father must think, and plan, and feel that they must—must find a way. Even a woman feels it. Even a boy must. He cannot be sitting quietly at home, knowing that Samavian hearts are being shot through and Samavian blood poured forth. He cannot think and say *nothing*!"

Marco started in spite of himself. He felt as if his father had been struck in the face. How dare she say such words! Big as he was, suddenly he looked bigger, and the beautiful lady saw that he did.

"He is my father," he said slowly.

She was a clever, beautiful person, and saw that she had made a great mistake.

"You must forgive me," she exclaimed. "I used the wrong words because I was excited. That is the way with women. You must see that I meant that I knew he was giving his heart and strength, his whole being, to Samavia, even though he must stay in London."

She started and turned her head to listen to the sound of some one using the latch-key and opening the front door. The some one came in with the heavy step of a man.

"It is one of the lodgers," she said. "I think it is the one who lives in the third floor sitting-room."

"Then you won't be alone when I go," said Marco. "I am glad some one has come. I will say good-morning. May I tell my father your name?"

"Tell me that you are not angry with me for expressing myself so awkwardly," she said.

"You could n't have meant it. I know that," Marco answered boyishly. "You could n't."

"No, I could n't," she repeated, with the same emphasis on the words.

She took a card from a silver case on the table and gave it to him.

"Your father will remember my name," she said. "I hope he will let me see him and tell him how you took care of me."



She shook his hand warmly and let him go. But just as he reached the door she spoke again.

"Oh, may I ask you to do one thing more before you leave me?" she said suddenly. "I hope you won't mind. Will you run up-stairs into the drawing-room and bring me the purple book from the small table? I shall not mind being alone if I have something to read."

"A purple book? On a small table?" said Marco.

"Between the two long windows," she smiled back at him.

The drawing-room of such houses as these is always to be reached by one short flight of stairs.

Marco ran up lightly.

(To be continued.)

## DEPARTMENT STORES

BY MELVILLE CHATER

WHEN Mother shops for "yards" and such,  
It tries my patience very much.

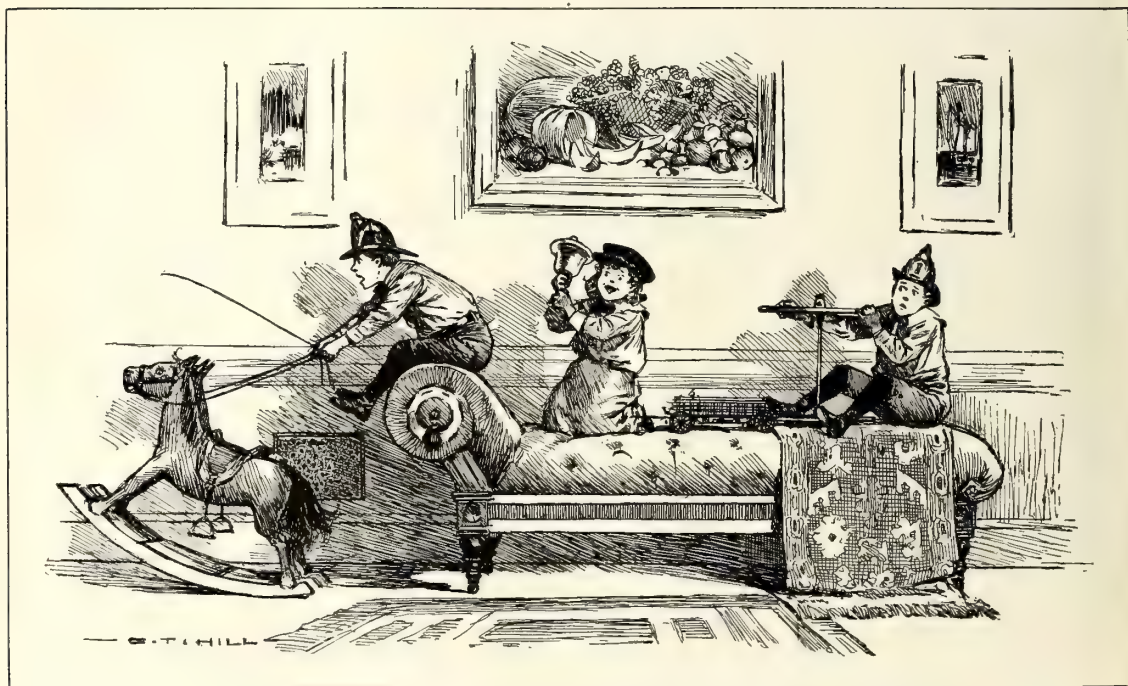
She 's so extremely slow.  
You see, I have to sit quite still,  
Just jiggling up and down, until  
She says, "Let 's go."

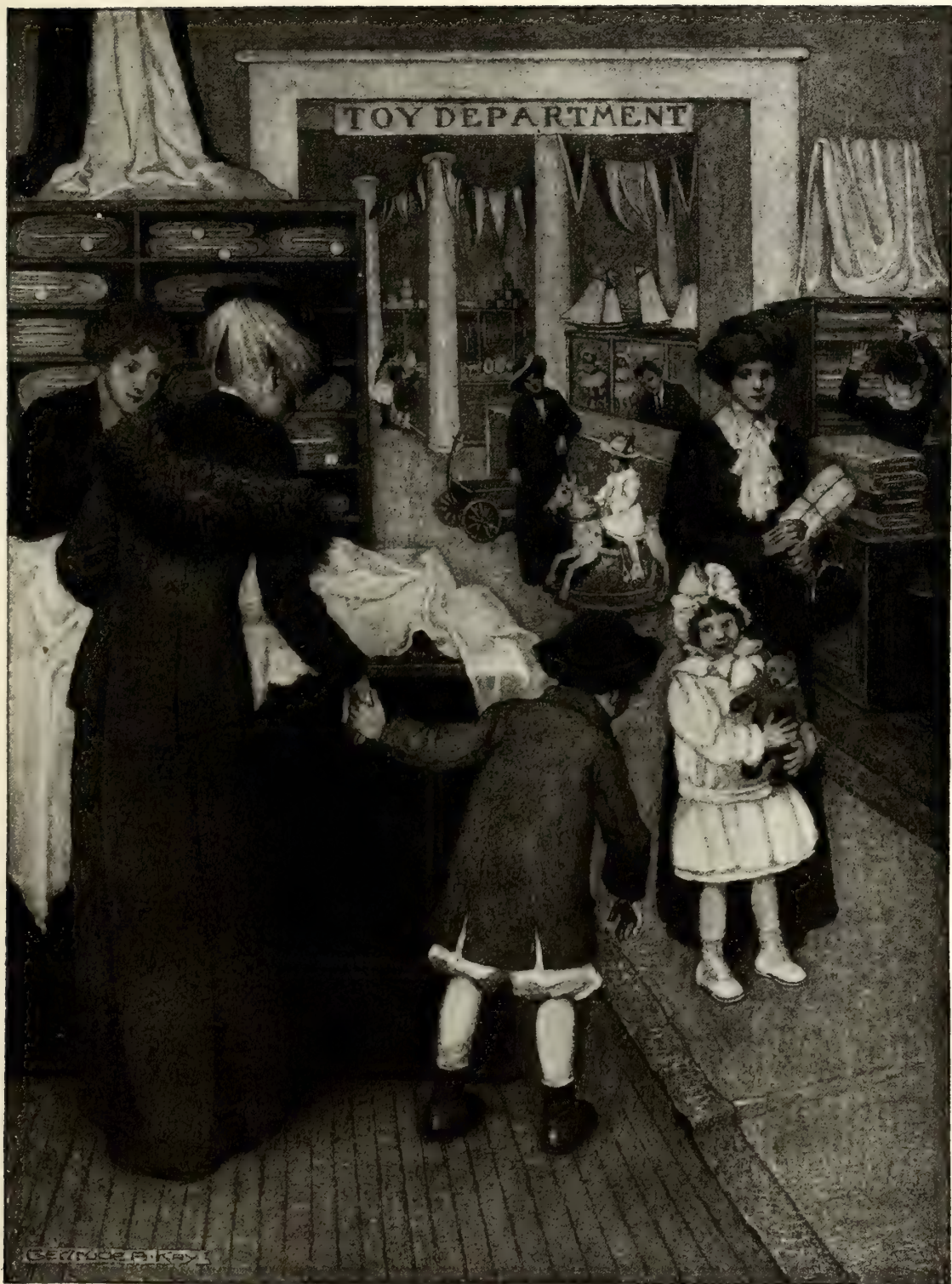
So if she stops to touch and stare,  
I drag her past the counters there  
As fast as fast can be.  
Remember, there 's a room of toys  
Not far away, that little boys  
Might like to see.

But once we 're there, with row on row  
Of playthings staring at you so,

It 's just the other way;  
She drags me by so fast, I mean,  
And says, "My dear, I think you 've seen  
Enough to-day."

It 's hardly fair, because she spends  
Such time in buying odds and ends  
(I wish she would n't do it);  
While let me go among the toys,  
I 'd buy enough for twenty boys  
Before she knew it.





"I DRAG HER PAST THE COUNTERS THERE."



# THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

## CHAPTER V

JOYCE MAKES A NEW DISCOVERY. SO DOES GOLIATH

YES, the door was locked, and there was no vestige of a key. Joyce was suddenly inspired with an idea.

"Let's try the keys of the other doors! I noticed that they most all had keys in the locks. Perhaps one will fit this." They hunted up several and worked with them all, but not one made the slightest impression on this obstinate lock.

"Now is n't this provoking!" exclaimed Joyce. "The only room in the house that we can't get in, and the most interesting of all, I'm certain! What *shall* we do?" Cynthia made no reply, but looked at her little silver watch.

"Do you know that it's quarter-past six?" she asked quietly.

"Mercy, no! We've got to go at once then. How the time has gone!" Reluctantly enough they hunted up Goliath, who in thorough boredom had returned to his place on the hearth-rug in the big bedroom, gathered together their candles, and found their way to the cellar. Cynthia had thoughtfully requested a tin biscuit-box from the grocer, and in this they packed their candles, thus protecting them against the ravages of mice, and left them in the cellar near the window. Then they clambered out.

"To-morrow's Saturday," said Joyce. "In the morning we'll go to the library and look up that book of costumes. After lunch we'll go back to the B. U. H. and finish exploring. There's the attic yet, and maybe we can find that key, too!" With a gay good-by they separated each to her home, on opposite sides of the Boarded-up House.

The result of their researches in the library, next morning, was not wholly satisfactory. They found that the most recent fashion of hoop-skirts or crinolines had prevailed all the way from 1840 to 1870, or thereabouts. And while these dates limited, to a certain extent, the time of the mysterious happening, it did not help them very much. They felt that they must look for some more definite clue.

That afternoon they entered the Boarded-up House for the third time. They found Goliath already in the cellar, owing, no doubt, to the fact that Bates's pup was patrolling the front yard. So they invited him to accompany them, an invita-

tion which he accepted with arched back and resounding purr. Deciding to explore the attic first, they found that a door from the upper hall opened on a stairway that led to it.

At any other time, or in any other house, they would have found this attic of absorbing interest. In its dusky corners stood spinning-wheels and winding-reels. Decrepit furniture of an ancient date had found a refuge there. Antique hair trunks lined the sides, under the eaves, and quaint garments hung about on pegs. The attic was the only apartment in this strange house that received the light of day, for the two little windows like staring eyes were not boarded up. So dim were they, however, with dirt and cobwebs, that very little daylight filtered through.

But the attic had no great holding interest at present, since it was evident that it contained no clue to help them in the solution of the mystery. And they soon left it, to search anew every room below, in the hope of coming upon the missing key.

"These old-fashioned keys are so immense that it hardly seems possible that any one would carry one off—far," conjectured Joyce. "But why in the world should just that room be locked, anyway? What can be hidden there? I'm wild,—simply wild with impatience to see it all!"

The search for the key was not exactly systematic. Neither of the girls felt at liberty to open bureau-drawers or pry into closets and trunks. Beside, as Cynthia wisely suggested, it was not likely that any one would lock a door so carefully and then put the key in a drawer or trunk or on a shelf. They would either carry it away with them or lay it down, forgotten, or hide it in some unusual place. If it had been carried away, of course their search was useless. But if it had been thoughtlessly laid aside somewhere, or even hidden away in some obscure corner, there *was* a possibility that they might come upon it.

With this hope in mind, they went from room to room, searching on desks, chairs, and tables, poking into dark corners, peeping into vases and other such receptacles, and feeling about under the furniture; but all to no purpose. They came at last to the great bedroom where were so many signs of agitation and hurried departure, deciding that here would be the most likely field for

discovery. Goliath had evidently preceded them, for they found him once more curled up on the soft rug before the fireplace. He seemed to prefer this comfortable spot to all others, but he rose and stretched when the girls came in. Joyce went straight for the chimneyplace.

"I'm going to poke among these ashes," she announced. "A lot of things seem to have been burned here, mostly old letters. Who knows but what the key may have been thrown in too!" She began to rake the dead ashes, and suddenly a half-burned log fell apart, dropping something through to the bottom with a chinking sound.

"Did you hear that?" she whispered. "Something clinked! Ashes or wood won't make that sound. Oh, suppose it is the key!" She raked away again frantically, and hauled out a quantity of charred debris, but nothing even faintly resembling a key. When nothing more remained, she poked the fragments disgustedly, while Cynthia looked on.

"See there!" Cynthia suddenly exclaimed. "It is n't a key, but what 's that round thing?" Joyce had seen it at the same moment and picked it up—a small, elliptical disk so blackened with soot that nothing could be made of it till it was wiped off. When freed from its coating of black, one side proved to be of shining metal, probably gold, and the other of some white or yellowish substance, the girls could not tell just what. In the center of this was a curious smear of various dim colors.

"Well, what do you suppose that can be?" queried Cynthia.

"I can't imagine. Whatever it was, the fire has pretty well finished it. You can see that it must have been rather valuable once,—there 's gold on it. Here 's another question to add to our catechism: what is it, and why was it thrown in the fire? Whatever it was, it does n't help much now. If it had only been the key!—Good

gracious! is that a rat?" Both girls jumped to their feet and stood listening to the strange sounds that came from under the valance hanging about the bottom of the great four-poster bed. It was a curious, intermittent, irregular sound, as of something being pushed about the floor. After



"'WELL, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT CAN BE?' QUERIED CYNTHIA."

they had listened a moment, it suddenly struck them both that the noise was somehow very familiar.

"Why, it 's Goliath, of course!" laughed Cynthia. "This is the second time he has scared us. He has something under there that he 's playing with, knocking it about, you know. Let 's see what it is!" They tiptoed over and raised the valance.

Cynthia was right. Goliath was under the bed,



dabbling gracefully with one paw at something attached to a string or narrow ribbon. Despite the rolls of dust that lay about, Joyce crawled under and rescued it. She emerged with a flushed face and a triumphant chuckle. "Goliath beats us all! He's made the best find yet!"

"Is it the key?" cried Cynthia.

"No, it's this!" And before Cynthia's astonished eyes Joyce dangled a large gold locket, suspended on a narrow black velvet ribbon. In the candle-light the locket glistened with tiny jewels.

"Do you recognize it?" demanded Joyce.

"Recognize it? How should I?"

"Why, Cynthia! It's the very one that hangs about the neck of our Lovely Lady in the picture down-stairs!" It was, indeed, no other. Even the narrow black velvet ribbon was identical.

"She must have dropped it accidentally, perhaps when she took it off, and it rolled under the bed. In her hurry she probably forgot it," said Joyce, laying it beside the curious disk they had raked from the fireplace. "Is n't it a beauty! It must be very valuable." Cynthia bent down and examined both articles closely.

"Do you notice, Joyce," she presently remarked, "that those two things are exactly the same shape, and almost the same size?"

"Why, so they are!" exclaimed Joyce. "Oh, I have an idea, Cynthia! Can we open the locket? Let's try." She picked it up and pried at the catch with her thumb-nail. After a trifling resistance it yielded. The locket fell open and revealed itself—empty. Joyce took up the disk and fitted it into one side. With the gold back pressed inward, it slid into place, leaving no shadow of doubt that it had originally formed part of this trinket.

"Now," announced Joyce, "I know! It was a miniature, an ivory one, but the fire has entirely destroyed the likeness. Question: how came it in the fire?" The two girls stood looking at each other and at the locket, more bewildered than ever by this curious discovery. Goliath, cheated of his plaything, was making futile dabs at the dangling velvet ribbon. Suddenly Joyce straightened up and looked Cynthia squarely in the eyes.

"I've thought it out," she said quietly. "It just came to me. The miniature was taken out of the locket—on purpose, to destroy it! The miniature was of the same person whose picture is turned to the wall down-stairs!"

## CHAPTER VI

### JOYCE'S THEORY

"CYNTHIA, what's your theory about the mystery of the Boarded-up House?"

The two girls were sitting in a favorite nook of theirs under an old, bent apple-tree in the yard back of the Boarded-up House, on a sunny morning a week later. They were supposed to be "cramming" for the monthly "exams," and had their books spread out all around them. Cynthia looked up with a frown, from an irregular Latin conjugation.

"What's a theory?"

"Why, you know! In Conan Doyle's mystery stories *Sherlock Holmes* always has a 'theory' about what has happened, before he really knows; that is, he makes up a story of his own, from the few things he has found out, before he gets at the whole truth."

"Well," replied Cynthia, laying aside her Latin grammar, "since you ask me, my theory is that some one committed a murder in that room we can't get in, then locked it up and went away, and had the house all boarded up so it would n't be discovered. I've lain awake nights thinking of it. And I'd just as lief *not* get into that room, if it's so!"

Joyce broke into a peal of laughter. "Oh, Cynthia! If that is n't exactly like you! Who but you would have thought of such a thing!"

"I don't see anything queer about it," retorted Cynthia. "Does n't everything point that way?"

"Certainly not, Cynthia Sprague! Do you suppose that even years and years ago any one in a big house like this could commit a murder, and then calmly lock up and walk away, and the matter never be investigated? That's absurd! The murdered person would be missed and people would wonder why the place was left like this, and the—the authorities would get in here in a hurry. No, there was n't any murder or anything bloodthirsty at all; something very different."

"Well, since you don't like *my* theory," replied Cynthia, still nettled, "what's yours? Of course you *have* one!"

"Yes, I have one, and I have lain awake nights, too, thinking it out. I'll tell you what it is, and if you don't agree with me, you're free to say so. Here's the way it all seems to me:

"Whatever happened in that house must have concerned two persons, at least. And one of them, you must admit, was our Lovely Lady whose portrait hangs in the library. She looks very young, but she must have been some one of importance in the house, probably the mistress, or she would n't have occupied the biggest bedroom and had her picture on the wall. You think that much is all right, don't you?" Cynthia nodded.

"Then there's some one else. That one we don't know anything at all about, but it is n't hard to guess that it was the person whose pic-

ture is turned to the wall, and whose miniature was in the locket, and who, probably, occupied the locked-up room. That person must have been some near and dear relation of the Lovely Lady's, surely. But—what? We can't tell yet. It might be mother, father, sister, brother, husband, son, or daughter, any of these.

"The Lovely Lady (I'll have to call her that, because we don't know her name) was giving a party, and every one was at dinner, when word was suddenly brought to her about this relative. Or perhaps the person was right there, and did something that displeased her,—I can't tell which. Whatever it was,—bad news either way,—it could only have been one of two things. Either the relative was dead, or had done something awful and disgraceful. Anyhow, the Lovely Lady was so terribly shocked by it that she dismissed her dinner party right away. It was not very polite, but probably excusable under the circumstances!"

"Maybe she fainted away," suggested Cynthia, practically. "Ladies were always doing that years ago, especially when they heard bad news."

"Good enough!" agreed Joyce. "I never thought of it. She probably did. Of course, that would break up the party at once. Well, when she came to and every one had gone, she was wild, frantic with grief or disappointment or disgust, and decided she just *could n't* stay in that house any longer. She must have dismissed her servants right away, though why she did n't make them clear up first, I can't think. Then she began to pack up to go away, and decided she would n't bother taking most of her things. And sometime, just about then, she probably turned the picture to the wall and took the other one out of her locket and threw it into the fire. Then she went away, and never, never came back any more."

"Yes, but how about the house?" objected Cynthia. "How did that get boarded up?"

"I have thought that out," said Joyce. "She may have stayed long enough to see the boarding up done, or she may have ordered some one to do it later. It can be done from the outside."

"I think she was foolish to leave all her good clothes," commented Cynthia, "and the locket under the bed, too."

"I don't believe she remembered the locket—or cared about it!" mused Joyce. "She was probably too upset and hurried to think of it again. And I'm sure she lay on the bed and cried a good deal. It looks like that. Now what do you think of my theory, Cynthia?"

"Why, I think it is all right, fine,—as far as it goes. I never could have pieced things together that way. But you have n't thought about who this mysterious relative was, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but, of course, that's much harder to decide because we have so little to go on. I'll tell you one thing I've pretty nearly settled, though. Whatever happened, it was n't that anybody *died*! When people die, you're terribly grieved and upset, of course, and you *may* shut up your house and never come near it again. I've heard of such things happening. But you generally put things nicely to rights first, and you don't go away and forget more than half your belongings. If you don't tend to these things yourself, you get some one else to do it for you. And one other thing is certain too. You don't turn the dead relative's picture to the wall or tear it out of your locket and throw it into the fire. You'd be far more likely to keep the picture always near so that you could look at it often. Is n't that so?"

"Of course!" assented Cynthia.

"Then it *must* have been the other thing that happened. Somebody did something wrong, or disappointing, or disgraceful. It must have been a dreadful thing, to make the Lovely Lady desert that house forever. I can't imagine what!"

"But what about the locked-up room?" interrupted Cynthia. "Have you any theory about that? You have n't mentioned it."

"That's something I simply can't puzzle out," confessed Joyce. "The Lovely Lady must have locked it, or the disgraceful relative may have done it, or some one entirely different. I can't make any sense out of it."

"Well, Joy," answered Cynthia, "you've a theory about what happened, and it certainly sounds sensible. Now, have you any about what relative it was? That's the next most interesting thing."

"I don't think it could have been her father or mother," replied Joyce, thoughtfully. "Parents are n't liable to cause that kind of trouble, so we'll count them out. She looks very young, not nearly old enough to have a son or daughter who would do anything very dreadful, so we'll count *them* out. (Is n't this just like the 'elimination' in algebra!) That leaves only brother, sister, or husband to be thought about."

"You forget aunts, uncles, and cousins!" interposed Cynthia.

"Oh, Cyn! how absurd! They are much too distant. It *must* have been some one nearer than that, to matter so much!"

"I think it's most likely her husband, then," decided Cynthia. "He'd matter most of all."

"Yes, I've thought of that, but here's the objection: her husband, supposing she had one, would probably have owned this house. Consequently he would n't be likely to allow it to be



shut up forever in this queer way. He 'd come back after a while and do what he pleased with it. No, I don't think it was her husband, or that she was married at all. It must have been either a sister or brother,—a younger one probably,—and the Lovely Lady loved her—or him—better than any one else in the world."

"Look here!" interrupted Cynthia, suddenly. "There 's the easiest way to decide all this!"

"What is it?" cried Joyce, opening her eyes wide.

"Why, just go in there and turn that picture in the drawing-room around!"

"Oh, Cynthia, you jewel! Of *course* it will be the easiest way! What geese we are to have waited so long! Only it will be a heavy thing to lift. But the time has come when it must be done. Let 's go right away!"

Full of new enthusiasm, they scrambled to their feet, approached the cellar window by a circuitous route (they were always very careful that they should not be observed in this), and were soon in the dim cellar lighting their candles. Then they scurried up-stairs, entered the drawing-room, and set their candlesticks on the table. After that they removed all the breakable ornaments from the mantel and drew another chair close to the fireplace.

"Now," commanded Joyce, stepping on the seat of one while Cynthia mounted the other, "be awfully careful. That red silk cord it hangs by is

perfectly rotten. I 'm surprised it has n't given way before this. Probably, as soon as we touch the picture the cord will break. If so, let the picture down gently to rest on the mantel. Ready!"

They reached out and grasped the heavy frame. True to Joy's prediction, the silk cord snapped at once, and the picture's whole weight rested in their hands.

"Quick!" cried Cynthia. "I can't hold it any longer!" And with a thud, the heavy burden slipped to the mantel. But there was no damage done and, feeling on the other side, Joyce discovered that it had no glass.

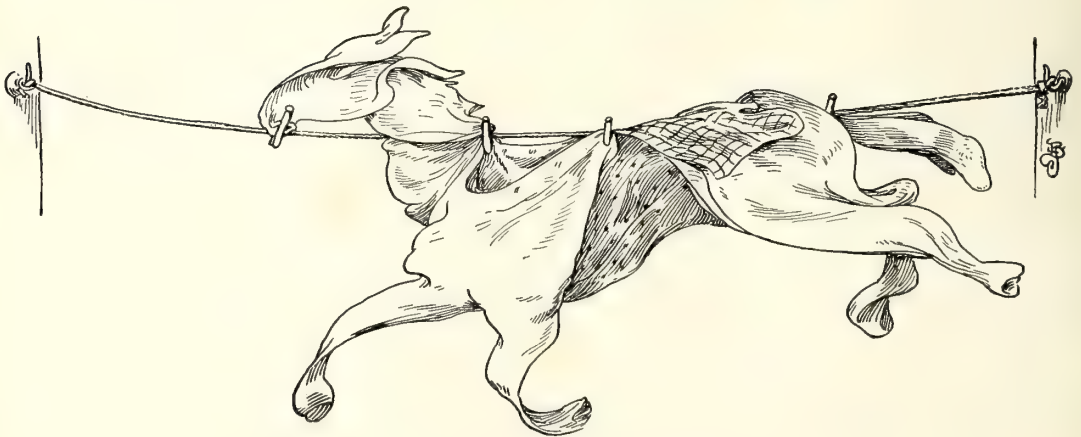
"Now what?" asked Cynthia.

"We must turn it around as it rests here. We can easily balance it on the mantel." With infinite caution, and some threatened mishaps, they finally got it into position, right side to the front, and sprang down to get their candles. On holding them close, however, the picture was found to be so coated with gray dust that absolutely nothing was distinguishable.

"Get the dust-rag!" ordered Joyce. And Cynthia, all excitement, rushed down cellar to find it. When she returned, they carefully wiped from the painting its inch-thick coating of the dust of years, and again held their candles to illumine the result.

For one long intense moment they stared at it. And then, simultaneously, they broke into a peal of hysterical giggles!

(To be continued.)



A CLOTHES-HORSE ON THE MARCH (WIND).

# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

## HOW TOMMY ENVIED HONKER THE GOOSE

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

THE feel of spring was in the air. The sound of it filled Tommy's ears. The smell of it filled his nostrils and caused him to take long, deep breaths. The sight of it gladdened his eyes, and the joy of it thrilled his heart. For the spring, you know, has really arrived only when it can be felt, heard, smelled, and seen, and has the power to fill all living things with abounding joy and happiness.

Winter had been long in going. It seemed to Tommy that it never would go. He liked winter. Oh, yes, Tommy liked winter! He liked to skate and slide, to build snow forts and houses, and

he wanted it to go quickly, and it had n't. It had dragged on and dragged on. To be sure, there had been a few springlike days, but they had been only an aggravation.

But this day was different, and Tommy knew that at last spring had arrived. It was not that it was long past time, for it was now almost April. It was something more. It was just a something that, throbbing all through him, told him that this time there was no mistake—spring was really here. There was a softness in the touch of gentle Sister Southwind which was like a caress. From over in the Green Forest came the gurgle of the Laughing Brook, and mingling with it was the soft whistle of Winsome Bluebird, the cheery song of Welcome Robin, the joyous greeting of Little Friend the Song-sparrow, the clear lilt of Meadow-lark, the sweet love call of Tomtit, the Chickadee, and under all a subdued murmur, sensed rather than really heard, as of a gentle stirring of reawakened life. So Tommy *heard* the spring.

And in each long breath he drew there was the odor of damp, warm soil such as the earth gives up only at this season. And so Tommy *smelled* the spring. And looking from the top of the hill above the wishing-stone down across the Green Meadows to the Old Pasture and beyond to the Purple Hills, he saw all as through a soft and beautiful haze, which was neither fog nor smoke, but as if old Mother Nature had drawn an exquisite veil over the face of the earth until it should be made beautiful. And so Tommy *saw* the spring.

He whistled joyously as he tramped down to the dear old wishing-stone and sat down on it, his hands clasped about his crossed knees. Seasons came and seasons went, but the wishing-stone, the great, gray stone which overlooked the Green Meadows, remained always the same. How many, many winters it must have seen go, and how many, many springs it must have seen come, some early and some, like this one, late, but all beautiful! In all the years it had been there how many of old Mother Nature's children, little people in fur, little people in feathers, little people in scaly suits, and little people with neither fur nor feathers nor scales, but with gauzy or beauti-



"IT MUST BE GREAT TO BE ABLE TO FLY LIKE THAT."  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

make snow men. He liked to put on his snowshoes and tramp through the Green Forest, for many are the secrets of the summer which the winter reveals to those with eyes to see, and Tommy was trying to train his eyes to be of that kind. But when it was time for winter to go,



fully colored wings, or crawling with many feet, must have rested there just as he was doing now!

Somehow Tommy always got to thinking of these little people whenever he sat on the wishing-stone. From it he had watched many of them and learned much of their ways. But he had learned still more by wishing. That seems queer, but it was so. He had wished that he was a meadow-mouse, and no sooner had he wished it than he had been one. In turn he had wished himself into a red squirrel, a rabbit, and a fox, and he had lived their lives; had learned how they work and play; how sometimes they have plenty, but quite as often go hungry, sometimes very hungry, and how always they are under the shadow of fear, and the price of life is eternal watchfulness.

"I suppose some people would say that I fell asleep and dreamed it all, but I know better," said Tommy. "If they were dreams, why don't I have the same kind at home in bed? But it's only out here on this old stone when I wish that I was something that I become it. So of course it is n't a dream! Now I think of it, every single time I've wished myself one of these little animals, it has been because I thought they had a better and an easier time than I do, and every time I've been mighty glad that I'm just what I am. I wonder—" He paused a minute, for a sudden thought had popped into his head. "I wonder," he finished, "if those wishes came true just to teach me not to be discontented. I wonder if a wish would come true if I was n't discontented!"

He was still wondering when, floating down out of the sky, came a clear "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, honk, k'honk.*" Instantly Tommy turned his freckled face and eager eyes skyward.

"Wild geese!" he exclaimed.

"*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk!*" The sound was loud and clear, but it seemed to come from nowhere in particular and everywhere in general. Of course it came from somewhere up in the sky, but it was very hard to place it as from any particular part. It was a good two minutes before Tommy's eyes, sharp as they were, found what he was looking for—a black wedge moving across the sky, a wedge made up of little, black living spots. At least they looked little. That was because they were so high, so very high, in the sky. He knew that each of those black spots was a great, broad-winged bird—a Canada goose. He could see the long outstretched necks as tiny black lines. One behind another in two long lines which met in a letter V, like well-drilled soldiers maintaining perfect formation, the leader at the apex of the V, and behind him, each bird a given distance from the one in front, they moved steadily across the sky, straight into the north.

"*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk!*" There was something indescribably thrilling in the sound. It made the blood leap and race through Tommy's veins. Long after the living wedge had passed beyond his vision those clarion notes rang in his ears—"honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, k'honk, honk!" They were at once a challenge and a call to the wild freedom of the great wilderness. They filled his heart with a great longing. It swelled and pulsed with a vast desire.

"Oh," he sighed, "it must be great to be able to fly like that. I would rather fly than do anything I know of. I envy old Honker in the lead there, I do. I wish I could join him this very minute!"

Of course that wish had slipped out unthinkingly. But that made no difference. Tommy had wished, and now here he was high in the air, no longer a boy, but a great bird, the last one in a long line of great birds beating the thin air with stout, tireless wings as they followed Honker, the leader, straight into the north. Far, far below lay the Great World. It seemed to Tommy that he had no part in it now. A fierce tumultuous joy surged through him and demanded expression. Spring had come, and he must tell those plodding creatures, mere specks, crawling on the distant earth. "*Honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*"

Never in all his life had Tommy felt such a thrill as possessed him now. Looking down, he saw brown meadows and pastures showing just a hint of green here and there, green forests and bare woodlands, silver threads which he knew to be rivers, shining spots which were lakes and ponds, and villages which looked like toys. Once they passed over a great city, but it did not look great at all. Seen through the murk of the smoke from many factory chimneys, it was not unlike an ant-hill which has been opened, —tiny black objects, which were really men, women, children, horses, and motor-cars, seeming to hurry aimlessly in all directions, for all the world like ants.

So all day they flew, crying the glad message of the spring to the crawling things below. Just a little while before the setting of the sun, Honker, the leader, slanted down toward a shining spot in the heart of a great forest, and the others followed. Rapidly the shining spot grew in size until below them lay a pond far from the homes of men, and to the very middle of this Honker led the way, while from the whole flock broke an excited gabbling, for they had flown far and were tired. With a splash Honker struck the water, and with splash after splash the others

followed, Tommy the last, because, you know, he was at the end of one of those long lines.

Then for a while they rested, the wise old leader scanning the shores with keen eyes for possible danger. Satisfied that all was well, he gave a signal and led the way to a secluded cove where the water was shallow and the shore marshy. It was clear that he had been there before, and had come with a purpose. Slowly they swam, Honker well in the lead, necks held high, the eyes of all alert and studying the nearing shore. There was no honking now, not a sound. To Tommy, in his inexperience, such watchfulness seemed needless. What possible danger could there be in such a lonely place? But he wisely kept his place and did as the others did. At length they were close to shore, and Honker gave a low signal which meant that all was well. Instantly the formation was broken, and with a low, contented gabbling the flock began feeding on eel-grass, roots and sedges from the mud at the bottom. For an hour they fed, then they swam about, or sat on the shore preening their feathers while the shadows deepened. But all the time Honker and some of the older ganders with eyes and ears alert were on guard. And when at last Tommy put his head under his wing to sleep, a great content filled his heart.

The next day was much like the first. With break of day they had breakfasted, and then, at a signal from Honker, they had mounted up, up into the blue vault, and all day they had heralded the spring to the earth below as they flew into the north. So it was the next day and the next, wise old Honker leading them to some chosen secluded resting-place each night.

Gradually the face of the earth below changed. There were no more cities. The villages became smaller and farther between, and at last they saw no more, only here and there a lonely farm. Great forests and lakes succeeded each other. The air grew colder, but with his thick coat of feathers Tommy minded it not at all. Then, one day, they found they had outflown the spring. Below them the earth was still frozen and snow-covered. The ponds and lakes were still ice-bound. Reluctantly Honker turned back to their last stopping-place, and there for a week they rested in peace and security, though not in contentment, for the call of the north, the far north, with its nesting-grounds, was ever with them, and made them impatient and eager to be on their way. The daily flights were shorter now, and there were frequent rests of days at a time, for spring advanced slowly, and they must wait for the unlocking of the lakes and rivers. The forests changed; the trees became low and stunted.

At last they came to a vast region of bogs and swamps and marshes around shallow lakes and ponds, a great lonely wilderness, a mighty solitude. At least that is what Tommy would have thought it had he been a boy or a man instead of a smart young gander.

It was neither lonely nor a solitude to him now, but the haven which had been the object of those hundreds of miles of strong-winged flight. It was the nesting-ground. It was home! And how



HONKER ON THE WATCH.

could it be lonely with flock after flock of his own kind coming in every hour of every day; with thousands of ducks pouring in in swift winged flight, and countless smaller birds, all intent on home-building?

The flock broke up into pairs, each intent on speedily securing a home of their own. On the ground they made great nests of small sticks and dead grass with a soft lining of down. In each presently were five big eggs. And soon there were downy goslings—scores and scores of them—in the water with their mothers for the first swimming lesson. Then the old birds had to be more vigilant than before, for there were dangers, many of them, even in that far wilderness: prowling foxes, hungry lynxes, crafty mink, hawks, fierce owls, each watching for the chance



to dine on tender young goose. So the summer, short in that far northern region, passed, and the young birds grew until they were as large as their parents, and able to care for themselves.

Cold winds swept down out of the frozen arctic with warning that already winter had begun the southward march. Then began a great gathering of the geese, and a dividing into flocks, each with a chosen leader, chosen for his strength, his wisdom, and his ability to hold his leadership against all comers. Many a battle between ambitious young ganders and old leaders did Tommy witness, but he wisely forbore to challenge old Honker, the leader who had led the way north, and when the latter gathered the flock for the journey he was one of the first to fall in line.



THE FIRST SWIMMING LESSON.

A thousand plus a thousand miles and more stretched before them as they turned to the south, but to the strength of their broad wings the distance was as nothing. But this was to be a very different journey from their trip north, as Tommy soon found out. Then they had been urged on day by day by a great longing to reach their destination. Now in place of longing was regret. There was no joy in the going. They were going because they must. They had no choice. Winter had begun its southward march.

The flights were comparatively short, for where food was good they stayed until some subtle sense warned old Honker that it was time to be moving. It was when they had left the wilderness and reached the great farm-lands that they lingered longest. There in the stubble of the grain fields was feed a-plenty, and every morning at dawn, and again every afternoon, an hour or so before sundown, Honker led the way to the fields. During the greater part of the day and all night they rested and slept on the bar of a river, or well out on the bosom of a lake.

It was now that Tommy learned a new respect for the cunning of the wise old leader, and also that terrible fear which comes sooner or later to all wild creatures—the fear of man. Time and again, as they approached their chosen feeding-ground, there would come a sharp signal from Honker, and he would abruptly turn the direction of the flight and lead them to another and much poorer feeding-ground. Yet, look as he would, Tommy could see no cause, no danger. At first Tommy thought it was because other geese seemed to have reached the feeding-ground first. He could see them standing stiffly as if watching the new-comers, near them a harmless little heap of straw. He knew that the feeding was better there, and he wanted to go, but the spirit of obedience was strong within him, and he followed with the rest. Once he voiced his disapproval to another bird as they settled some distance away where it was more work to find the scattered grain.

"Watch!" he replied in a low tone. "There comes a flock led by that young upstart who fought and defeated his old leader the day before we left home. He is leading them straight over there."

Tommy watched. Suddenly from that harmless-looking little heap of straw there sprang two spurts of flame, followed by two sharp reports that struck terror to his heart. Even as he beat his way into the air, he looked and saw that foolish young leader and three of his flock falling, stricken and helpless, to the earth, and a man leap from under the straw to pick them up. Then he understood, and a new loyalty to old Honker grew in his heart.

But in spite of the ever-present danger, Honker kept his flock there, for food was good and plentiful, and he had faith in himself, and his flock had faith in him. So they lingered until a driving snow squall warned them that they must be moving. Keeping just ahead of the on-coming winter, they journeyed south, and at every stopping-place they found men and guns waiting. There was no little pond so lonely but that death

might be lurking there. Sometimes the call of their own kind would come up to them. Looking down, they would see geese swimming in seeming security and calling to them to come down and join them. More than once Honker set his wings



"'WATCH!' HE REPLIED IN A LOW TONE."

to accept the invitation, only to once more beat his way upward as his keen eyes detected something amiss on the shore. And so Tommy learned the baseness of man who would use his own kind to decoy them to death.

Came at last a sudden swift advance of cold weather which forced them to fly all night. When day broke, they were weary of wing, and, worse, the air was thick with driving snow. For the first time, Tommy beheld Honker uncertain. He still led the flock, but he led he knew not where, for in the driving snow none could see. Low they flew now, but a little way above the earth, making little progress against the driving storm, and so weary of wing that it was all they could do to keep their heavy bodies up. It was then that the welcome honk of other geese came up to them, and, heading in the direction of the calling voices and honking back their own distress, they discovered water below, and gladly, oh, so gladly, set their wings and dropped down into this haven

of refuge. Hardly had the first ones hit the water when, bang! bang! bang! bang! the fateful guns roared, and when, out of the confusion into which they were thrown, they once more gathered behind their old leader far out in the middle of the pond, some of the flock were missing.

In clear weather they flew high, and it happened on such a day that, as Tommy looked down, there stirred within him a strange feeling. Below stretched a green forest with broad meadows beyond, and farther still an old brush-grown pasture. Somehow it was wonderfully familiar. Eagerly he looked. There should be something more. Ah, there it was—an old gray boulder overlooking the meadows! Like a magnet, it seemed to draw Tommy down to itself. "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk!*" Tommy heard the call of his old leader faintly, as if from a distance.

"*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk, honk!*" Tommy opened his eyes and rubbed them confusedly. Where was he? "*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*" He looked up. There, high in the blue sky, was a living wedge pointing straight into the north, and the joy of the spring was in the wild clamor that came down to him. Slowly he rose from the old wishing-stone, and, with his hands thrust in his pockets, watched the flock until it was swallowed up in the distant haze. Long he stood gazing through unseeing eyes while the wild notes still came to him faintly, and the joy of them rang in his heart. But there was no longing there now, only a vast content.

"It must be great to fly like that!" he murmured. "It must be great, but—" He drew a long breath as he looked over the meadows to the Old Pasture and heard and saw and felt the joy of the spring—"this is good enough for me!" he finished. "I don't envy that old leader a bit. It may be glorious to be wild and free, to look down and see the great world, and all that, but it's more glorious to be safe and carefree, and—and just a boy. No, I don't envy old Honker a little bit. But is n't he wonderful! I—I don't see what men want to hunt him for and try to kill him. They would n't if they knew how wonderful he is. I never will. No, sir. I never will! I know how it feels to be hunted, and—and it's dreadful. That's what it is—dreadful! I know! And it's all because of the old wishing-stone. I'm glad I know, and—and—gee, I'm glad it's spring!"

"*Honk, honk, honk, k'honk, honk, k'honk!*" Another flock of geese were passing over, and Tommy knew that they, too, were glad, oh, so glad, that it was spring!

(To be continued.)



# The Cruise of the Annerly Ann

(A Nautical Nonsense Rhyme) by  
*Ellen Maule*

## I

Oh, a trusty ship was the *Annerly Ann*,  
And her captain, Billiky Bee,  
Was the most obliging captain man  
That ever did sail the sea!  
There was never a thing that he would not do  
To please the taste of his trusty crew.  
From Boston town the good ship hailed,  
And away from its port one morn she sailed,  
Away from its port she sailed!

## II

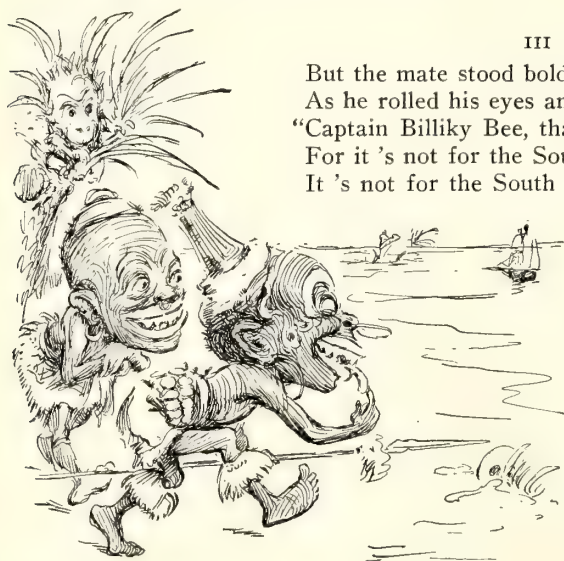
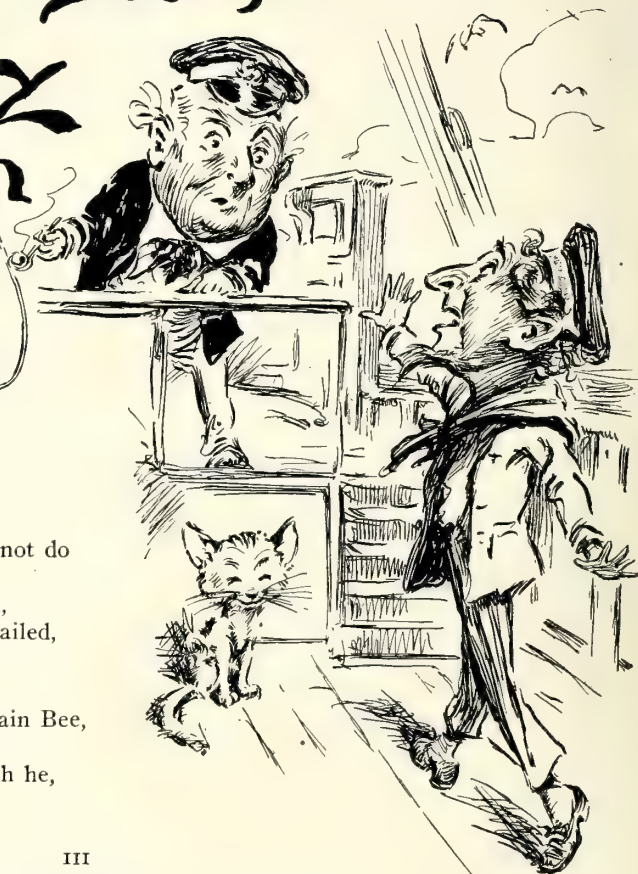
"We 'll steer for the South!" quoth Captain Bee,  
When the sails were all unfurled.  
"I 've a sort of a hankering, Mate," quoth he,  
"To visit that side of the world!"

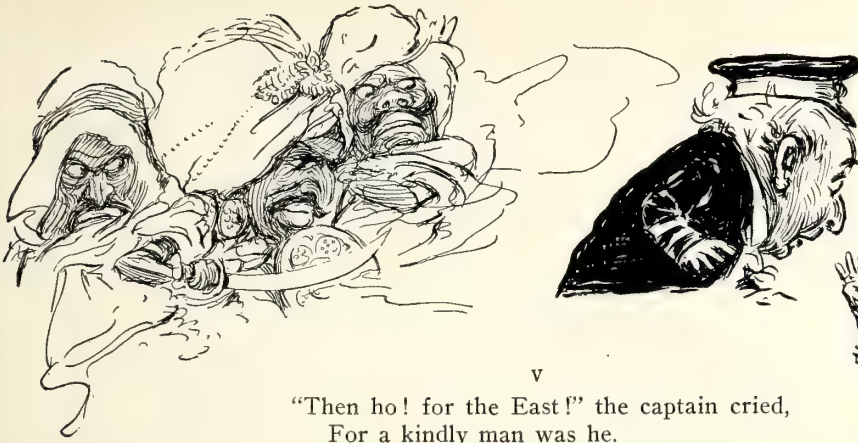
## III

But the mate stood boldly forth and said,  
As he rolled his eyes and he shook his head,  
"Captain Billiky Bee, that wish must fail,  
For it 's not for the South we sail, we sail,  
It 's not for the South we sail!"

## IV

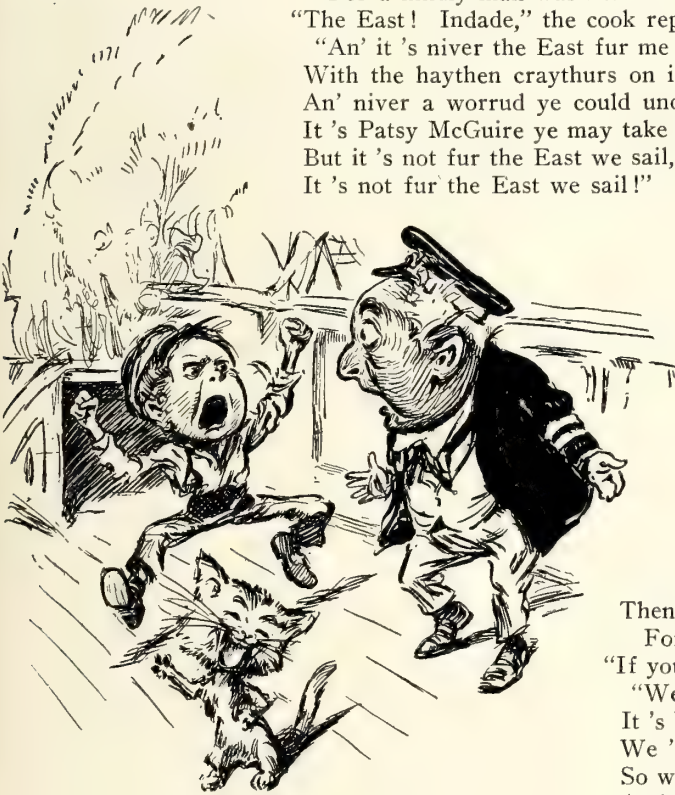
"I don't like breadfruit, no, not I,  
Nor monkeys up in a tree;  
The coral reefs I refuse to try—  
No cannibals, please, for me!  
And never a cocoa-palm shall wave  
Its feathery leaves above *my* grave!  
Oh, no!" said the mate, as he turned quite pale,  
"And it 's not for the South we sail, we sail,  
It 's not for the South we sail!"





v

"Then ho! for the East!" the captain cried,  
 For a kindly man was he.  
 "The East! Indade," the cook replied,  
 "An' it's niver the East fur me!  
 With the haythen craythurs on iv'ry hand,  
 An' niver a worrud ye could understand!  
 It's Patsy McGuire ye may take to jail,  
 But it's not fur the East we sail, we sail,  
 It's not fur the East we sail!"



vi

Then the captain cried: "To the North! About!  
 For *somewhere* we must go!"  
 But the cabin-boy on the deck rushed out,  
 And he loudly shouted, "No!  
 We might meet with a berg, or a polar bear,  
 Or have blubber to eat, or fur to wear,  
 And I never could bear the sight of a whale!  
 So it's not for the North we sail, we sail,  
 It's not for the North we sail!"

*Black*



vii

Then Captain Billiky heaved a sigh,  
 For much cast down was he.  
 "If you please," quoth he, as he piped his eye,  
 "We 'll steer for the open sea.  
 It's West we 'll sail! Ere the sun goes down  
 We 'll be back in the port of Boston town;  
 So we 'll make the best of a favoring gale,  
 And off to the West we 'll sail, we 'll sail,  
 To Boston town we 'll sail!"





# PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

## CHAPTER XI

### A PAIR OF KNAVES

So bewildered was I at this sudden turn of affairs, that I seemed bereft of all power to move, and stood staring at the closed door as if I could scarce believe my eyes. The unexpectedness of the man's action took me so completely by surprise that I looked at the finger upon which I was wont to wear the ring, to make sure I had not dreamed it all. But the rattle of the chain barring the door brought me to my senses, and I heard the quick patter of the Quaker's retreating footsteps and a low chuckle, as if he laughed to himself.

I stepped close to the door, meaning to ply the knocker and demand the return of my property; but, ere I raised my hand, I heard a muffled cry of exultation and the sound of another masculine voice expressing amazement, though I caught not the words.

Even then, in spite of the fact that I knew there were two to deal with, I was little minded to go away and leave my ring behind me, for the day was past when a lawless soldiery robbed right and left while the victim said "Thank you," so long as his head rested safe upon his shoulders.

But by now the voices inside were raised to a high pitch, and I could hear distinctly.

"You say there was a boy with her?"

"Yea," was the reply from the old man I had seen.

"Oh, fool! fool!" came the angered exclamation; "what good is the ring without the boy? Have you forgot that there is a price set upon him? Come, we must catch them ere they 're lost to us!" And as he spoke, I heard heavy footsteps running along bare floors.

On the instant all thought of my ring vanished. Nor did I pause to speculate upon the cause of the man's wanting little Jack. The words I had heard left no doubt of the determined purpose behind them, and I was deeply alarmed at the menace they contained. I grasped the boy by the wrist, and, rushing him down the steps of the portico, dragged him around the corner of the house even as the chain rattled at the door.

A clump of lilac bushes all a-bloom stood near,

and the child, catching something of my fright, needed no warning to drop to his knees and follow me quickly beneath its fragrant shelter.

"Lie close, Jacky," I whispered, stifling as best I could the gasping of my hurried breathing.

The sun was set by this time, and the fast-fading light gave me hope that we should escape detection. I dared not think what danger might confront us if we were captured.

The clash of the door as it burst open, and the noise of heavy feet hurrying down the steps, set my heart to beating quickly; but I plucked up courage enough to raise my head and peep through the leaves. I saw a man, apparently young and fashionably dressed, running down the long path to the roadway, and behind him shuffled the old Quaker who had robbed me. At the gate the foremost figure stopped, looking eagerly to right and left, and from his gestures I judged he was greatly excited.

I watched, hoping that they would take to the highway in search of us, for I meant to cross the fields and seek a hiding-place farther away at the first chance. But they loitered near the gate for five minutes or so, and then, to my chagrin and terror, started back toward the house, the younger man walking quickly while the old Quaker, scarce able to keep up, hurried at his side. Near the house they stopped short, and their angry words came to me clearly.

"A hoop to the barrel!" cried the younger man, bitterly. "'T is the toast everywhere. You 're not worth your salt, Jasper Pilgrim, else this barrel had been naught but a bundle of rattling staves long ago!"

"Can I be blamed if the States agree upon a constitution?" demanded the Quaker, whose name I had just heard. "I did what I could in these parts, and spent the king's money as thee told me, but—"

"There 'll be no more money to spend," the other cut in, violently. "The king's guineas will not be so easy come by in the future. If this constitution be passed, 't is good-by to my bread and butter,—and 't is a long way to England."

"Nay, there 's a fortune in the ring!" protested the old man. "We have but to find a boy—"

"But you've lost the boy!" the other burst out, wrathfully. "Who would have thought to see *you* let five thousand pounds slip through your crooked fingers?"

"Thee knows I am no believer in force," whined the Quaker. "The Society of Friends—"

"Quit your cant," snarled his companion. "Dost think I do not know you for a war-time Quaker who learned his 'thee's' and 'thou's' to save his pocket and his skin?"

"Thee broke in upon my words," declared Jasper Pilgrim, with a show of spirit. "I was saying if we could but find a boy of about the same age, who would be the wiser when we had the ring to prove his birth?"

"Now that's well thought of," declared the younger man, musingly. "Let's see the ring," and he held out his hand.

"Nay, there's no need for thee to trouble. 'T is safe," answered the Quaker, drawing back.

"Keep it, then," growled his companion, turning to enter the house; "but I mean to have the real boy who came with it, though I spend the night in searching. How looked the girl?"

"A saucy-faced wench," answered Pilgrim. "She was ragged enough to have come from Canada, but the Indian said naught of her."

I strained my ears for their next words, but they entered the house and I heard no more of their talk.

I had caught enough of their conversation to set me thinking. Had Tiscoquam, to deceive me, told his tale of making Jacky a chief of the Iroquois, and was he really in the pay of these men, who for some evil design wished to gain possession of the boy? I thought not, but what possible connection could there be between Jacky Travers and my mysterious ring, which had been in my possession since before his

birth? Days were to pass before those questions were answered, and at the moment I had other things to ponder over, though my head swam with the possibilities they suggested.



"'NAY, THERE'S A FORTUNE IN THE RING!' PROTESTED THE OLD MAN."

One thing at least was very certain—little Jack was in peril. I had saved him from one danger only to fall into another, and it was the white men, not the savage, in whom I saw most to dread.

Now, for the time being at least, we seemed safe. There was no search made about the house,



and it was evident that the two rascals had concluded that we had gone away immediately the older man had shut the door in my face. I was beginning to wonder if indeed we might not steal out in safety, when the younger man came from the portico, and, walking rapidly, disappeared down the road. I was quite sure he had begun a search for us in the little town. After this, I dared not move while it was light, so, taking Jacky in my arms, I sat as patiently as might be, waiting for darkness to come. The boy, worn out by the excitement and fatigue of the day, soon fell asleep; and it was all I could do, in spite of my anxiety, to keep my eyes open, for I, too, was feeling the strain of what I had been through.

At length, save for the afterglow in the west, the day was gone, and here and there among the dark shadows I saw the glimmer of lighted candles shining through the windows of the houses, and each of these gave me food for thought. The time had come when I must go a-knocking at another door, and I sought to make my selection ere I left my place of concealment.

One difficulty lay before me. The man who had gone might be anywhere in that little hamlet, and I dared not take the road openly for fear of meeting with him. Nor was it out of the question that he might have set others on the watch for us, and, though my reason told me he could scarce do us much harm if we met in the midst of the village, yet his voice and manner had shown so grim a determination that I dreaded to risk Jacky's falling into his hands.

Where, then, might I venture in safety in that strange town, the very name of which I did not know?

As if in answer to my question, a light showed suddenly through the window of a small house only a little way beyond. It lay in a straight line from us, and to reach it I had but to cross the fields and not go near the road at all. This suited me to perfection, and waking little Jack, who was the best of children not to have turned peevish with all he had had to endure, I cautioned him to go very quietly, and we moved stealthily from under our friendly lilac bush.

While we were near the house, we picked our way with all care for fear of giving an alarm, but at length the big house and its bigger barn were dark shadows behind us, and I felt free to push briskly ahead.

We climbed two or three fences and crossed one wide field that had just been plowed, but the light gleaming brightly through the window seemed to invite us to come on.

To find the entrance, we had to turn a corner

of the house; and, out of sight of the friendly light, I knocked anxiously, wondering what my summons would bring this time. But in a moment my fears were put at rest, for the door opened, and there, holding aloft the candle, was a stout, motherly looking woman not unlike Mrs. Mummer, although so big was she that she would have made two of her or any other female. However, she appeared most kindly, and seemed to radiate happiness and comfort. At sight of her I felt like crying out of very thankfulness, for here was one upon whom I could rely to do her best for me.

"Oh, please," I faltered, "won't you help me to get this boy home to his mother?"

"Aye, to be sure I will!" she answered heartily. "How comes it he is not tucked up 'twixt sheets an hour since? But don't ye answer, deary, you're tired. I can see it on you, and there 'll be time a-plenty. Come ye in."

"Oh, thank you!" I exclaimed, cheered by her hearty, comforting words; "but I must get to Germantown to-night, and I must start at once. You see, the boy's mother will be half-crazed at the loss of him."

"Ah, deary me, the poor mother!" she cried in sympathy; "but Germantown is a weary way from this village of Norristown, and 't will take time to get ready."

"Are we in Norristown?" I asked, for if this were true, we were a good baker's dozen miles from Denewood.

"Aye," she answered; "but come ye in. You 'll be in need of a sup of something against your journey."

We followed her into the house, and Jacky, at least, took kindly to her suggestion of supper.

"I should like some ginger-cake," he said cheerfully. "A big piece. I'm hungry."

"And ye shall have it!" exclaimed the woman, beaming upon him. "But how knew ye I baked a loaf this day?"

"I smelled it," Jacky explained promptly, at which she gave a great laugh that had the effect of making me, too, feel cheerier. But I was neither conscious of hunger nor really interested in anything outside of getting back to Denewood. I was nigh at the end of my endurance, and felt that I must keep all the strength I had left fixed upon that one object. I dared not, for my peace of mind, dwell upon Bee and her anxiety, but I still meant to get the boy back to her just as soon as I could accomplish it.

"Can you send us to Germantown to-night, ma'am?" I asked, as I followed her into the neat kitchen.

"To be sure!" she answered readily, and then

shouted at the top of her lungs, "Otto! Otto!" I judged the one she called must be far away, but, to my surprise, a shock of red hair protruded slowly through the doorway of an adjoining room, and the face of a boy came into view. It reminded me of a tortoise sticking its head out of its shell.

"Jah, Mommie," said the head, pleasantly, giving me a merry wink.

"Was ye there all this while?" demanded the woman.

"Jah, Mommie," the boy answered, grinning and winking at me rapidly.

"Then take yourself off to Mrs. Truebread, and tell her I want the loan of her saddle. I'm for Germantown."

"So!" exclaimed the boy, his eyes widening, "und where ist your own saddle?"

"Now ain't he stupid?" she remarked, turning to me with a gesture of hopelessness, while Otto continued to grin and wink. "But he can't help it. He's sort of Pennsylvania Dutch, if he is my own son, and I pure Scotch on my mother's side." Then to the boy, "If I take my saddle, what's the young lady to ride? Off with you now to Mrs. Truebread, and come not back without a saddle, or I take a besom to you."

"Jah, Mommie," replied the boy, good-naturedly; "but I t'ought you'd ride bodkin." And, still grinning, he withdrew his head slowly, turtle-wise.

"And break the horse's back," snorted his mother, "with my eighteen stone!"

Meanwhile, as she talked, she had set out supper for us, with a plentiful supply of fine ginger-cake and a big pitcher of sweet milk; but, though I was glad to see Jacky eat his fill and found him the better for it, I could in no wise choke down even a small portion of the food, though the woman coaxed me, giving much good advice against the fatigue of the coming journey on an empty stomach. I tried, but I could not swallow, and at last, seeing my vain endeavor, she stopped her urging.

"Then if ye'll not eat, I'm sure you'll feel better for a bit of tidying up," she said finally, and this suggestion I hailed with pleasure, though it seemed to make some explanation of my disheveled condition necessary.

I told her somewhat of our adventures during that long day, and she listened with exclamations of wonder here and there, and at the end gave me much praise for my fortitude; but of the ring I had said nothing, accounting for our escape from Tiscoquam by the remark that the Indian had evidently changed his mind, finding us not worth the trouble we should cause him.

When my face was washed and my hair smoothed a little, I felt distinctly better, but I was in no mood to delay our departure, and when Otto suddenly popped into the kitchen showing me his full gangling length, I was overjoyed at his announcement that the horses were ready.

But the woman was not for going forth unprepared. She doled out garments for me against the cold of the night air, and, much to Jacky's disgust, insisted that he wear a long, knitted muffler, which she wrapped and folded about him till he looked like a cocoon. For herself, she put on a great homespun cloak, and, at length, was ready.

She mounted by the block while Otto held her horse, and then, taking little Jacky up in front, bade me mount also. Otto held my stirrup, and a moment later we had passed out of the circle of light from the lanthorn, and were moving slowly along a path toward the road.

My heart felt easier. At last we were homeward bound, with the seeming assurance that we should arrive at Denewood. The horse under me was a stout one, and, though Norristown was far from Germantown, we should reach there ere midnight, and Bee would have her boy again.

We turned into the highway and soon approached the house where I had lost my ring; but I had ceased to feel fear, rather was I angry that the sham Quaker had robbed me of it. I was in two minds about broaching the subject to the good woman beside me, but, seeing that I knew the man's name and where he lived, I resolved to keep my own council.

As we passed, I looked across the field to the irregular shape of the buildings, showing like a silhouette against the sky. I meant to visit that house upon the morrow with one who would brook no fooling.

"I wonder will he slam the door in John Travers's face?" I thought with a smile, and then added almost aloud, "I'll have my ring again, Jasper Pilgrim."

But as we left the place behind us, the fire of my resentment died quickly, and I began to realize how weary was my body. The woman beside me chatted pleasantly about this or that, but I scarce heeded her. My head swam strangely, and it was all I could do to keep my saddle. I began to wonder if my strength would hold out till I reached Denewood, and was forced to summon all my fortitude and determination to see the matter through.

Presently we left the little town and turned in the direction of home, and I saw ahead two dim figures on horseback approaching us. But I cared not, having scarce sufficient interest to pull my



horse to one side behind my companion in order to clear half the road.

We were moving at a foot pace as we came abreast the strangers, and, to my surprise, they reined in their horses.

"Your pardon," called a man's voice in the darkness, "but we are looking for a young girl and—"

His sentence was never finished, for I knew in a moment whom it was that spoke.

"Mark! Mark!" I cried, "I'm here."

"Oh, Peggy! Is Jacky with you?" exclaimed Bee, who was the other figure, and even at that instant of joyous recognition, I realized with horror how near we had been to passing each other and never knowing it.

But this was only a fleeting shadow. I was overwhelmed with the sense of joy and thankfulness that the boy was safe at last.

"Yes, he's here, Bee," I answered, and I saw Mark jump from his horse and come to my side.

"Sure, he's here, ma'am," the woman called, and I heard Jacky himself call "Muvver!" rather sleepily, then everything became jumbled in my head.

It must have been because I was so exhausted that I let myself go when at last all was right. That is the only way I can explain how it came about that I, who had never fainted before in my life, suddenly felt my senses slipping from me, and toppled off my horse into Mark's arms. My responsibility was at an end. Mark was there to take care of us. Bee had Jacky back again, and what I wanted most was to go to sleep.

The next I knew I was flat on my back at the side of the road lying on Bee's riding-cloak, and she was bending over me with one arm around Jacky.

"I'll go and find a coach, Bee," I heard Mark saying.

"The tavern is but a short way back," the woman cut in. "Stay you here, and I'll return and send something after you to carry the child. Sure, she's just worn out, poor dear. She'll be none the worse on the morrow."

"Nay, I can ride," I protested feebly. "What



"FOR THE MOMENT, I COULD NEITHER SEE NOR SPEAK."

is all this pother about? I don't understand." And I tried to get to my feet.

"Lie still, Peggy dear, you—"

"No, Bee," I broke in, my mind still fixed on one purpose, "I must get to Denewood," and this time I did sit up. "I can ride, Bee, indeed I can." But truth to tell, I felt weak and silly, and had no more strength than a baby.

Nevertheless I made shift to sit my horse, with Mark riding beside to balance me, and we were

soon at the tavern in Norristown, for even to me it was now plain that I could not ride home that night.

Mark secured us rooms, and they helped me to one that was next Bee's, where, after taking off my shoes, I flung myself upon the bed, too exhausted to make further efforts at undressing.

There were a thousand questions I wished to ask, and I doubt not Bee had as many on her tongue; but when I would have spoken she silenced me, saying that there would be plenty of time for all that on the morrow; so, worn out by my adventures, I let my head drop upon the pillow with a sigh of thankfulness.

How long I slept I know not, but on a sudden I found myself broad awake, with a guilty feeling that I had left something undone. I lay still a minute puzzling over it, when in a flash I remembered what it was I had neglected.

Bee had not been warned of Jasper Pilgrim and his evil companion who threatened little Jack. She could not guess the danger, and with a feeling of apprehension I leaped out of bed and pattered across the floor, meaning to go at once to her room.

I opened the door leading to the hallway and peered forth. Showing like a shadow against the light of a window at the end of the passage, I saw the crouching figure of a man holding his ear to the keyhole of Bee's room.

## CHAPTER XII

### INTO THE FIRE

STRANGE as it may appear under the circumstances, my first feeling at sight of the man in the hallway was not fear but indignation. I thought not at all of danger, and stepped boldly into the hall to rebuke him. And this was my undoing, for, as I crossed the threshold, the voice of the man who had been with Jasper Pilgrim that afternoon whispered, "Don't let her see us!" and at the same instant a shawl was thrown over my head, so that, for the moment, I could neither see nor speak.

"Hold her till I find the boy," came the next whisper, and the first man released his grasp.

This confirmed my anxiety about little Jacky, but I had no fear for myself, for I knew Mark was within call, and evidently the shawl had been thrown over my head solely to keep me from recognizing the two men. Though I could not cry out, I began to struggle fiercely to get one of my hands free. Bart, my brother, used to say that I was as strong as most boys of my years, and slippery as an eel; but, however that was, in a moment I had wrenched one arm loose from the

grip that held it and torn the shawl away from my face. In the dim light I saw that it was Jasper Pilgrim with whom I battled.

"Mark! Mark! Help!" I shouted at the top of my voice, repeating the cry again and again.

At that I heard the door to my room softly close, and the Quaker loosed his clutch upon me with a cry of fright, just as Mark appeared, fully dressed save for his coat and neckcloth.

"Where are you, Peg?" he shouted, scarce able to see in the darkness of the hall.

"Go to Bee!" I answered, in an agony of suspense. "There 's a man after Jacky."

He did as I bade him without demanding an explanation, and I was assured that danger in that quarter had been averted when I heard Bee's voice in answer to his knock.

Meanwhile, Jasper Pilgrim, who, seeing his exit toward the stairway blocked by Mark, had cowered against the wall, now started to run for it. I, however, excited and angry at this new outrage, snatched at him, meaning to hold him if I could, but only managed to clutch his coat as he dashed past me. At once I realized that within my clenched fist there was some bit of metal, and I fastened upon it, convinced that it was my own ring I felt beneath the cloth.

He snarled at me to let him go, striking a feeble blow or two at my arm; but I held the tighter, determined not to lose my property a second time, now that it was actually within my grasp.

We struggled thus an instant, and then, amid the sharp noise of ripping stitches, the man gave a furious wrench of his body, which dragged me a step or two across the floor and tore him free. But in so doing he left behind a handful of cloth which I still gripped.

By this time there was a great hubbub below, and the sound of people running up the stairs. Bee had opened her door and stood there holding the boy in her arms, a riding-cloak thrown over her shoulders, and I ran to her as Mark started to my aid.

It had all taken but a moment or two, and by the time Bee had an arm about me, the landlord and his servants came hurrying up to us to know what all the commotion was about.

A deal of chattering ensued, but at last I made them understand that there was an intruder in my room. With a rush they all made for the door, only to find it locked. There being no other way in, they were forced to send for a master-key, and in the meantime armed themselves against an attack, with pokers, mops, and whatever lay handy.

A very formidable crowd it looked when at last



the door was open, and they rushed into the room to a light held high by the nightcapped wife of the landlord; but the place was empty, and in a moment they all turned upon me for an explanation.

"How now, Missy?" asked the landlord. "There 's ne'er a one here. Were ye not dreaming, mayhap?"

"Mayhap the door locked itself on the inside," I burst out, angered at his stupidity. But for all that, there was no intruder there.

However, the explanation was easy to find. An open window led on to the roof of a shed, and, though 't was steep, it was no great trick to escape to the ground. The man was gone, but had the door not been locked, I know the landlord would still have insisted I had but dreamed. As it was, two or three of the servants shook their heads, eying me dubiously.

"'T was doubtless some boy's prank," the landlord said, as we all came back into the hall, and there was a general murmur of assent from the others.

"I 'd scarce call Jasper Pilgrim a boy!" I retorted, and at this there were loud exclamations of surprise.

"Jasper Pilgrim!" echoed the landlord. "Nay, nay, Missy. He 'd ne'er have the courage to jump from yon shed roof."

"But 't is the other one did that," I insisted. "Jasper Pilgrim held me while—"

"Nay, you must be mistook," the landlord cut in sharply; "Jasper is a Quaker, and, though no' what ye 'd call free wi' his money, he 's no' up to such tricks as these."

"'T is useless to argue it, Peg," Bee interposed; "come in and tell us about it. There 's little danger of their coming back to-night."

With a chuckle here and there among the crowd, showing plainly that they took the attack upon us lightly, they moved off while we went into Bee's room and closed the door upon them.

Then it was that I told all my experiences that day, and how I had come to fear Jasper Pilgrim and his companion. They heard me with scarce an interruption, though now and then Bee put an arm around me and hugged me close, vowing I had saved her boy. Both she and Mark remembered Tiscoquam, and seemed to appreciate the motives that had prompted his taking little Jack, but why a strange old man in Norristown should wish to steal the boy they could in no wise comprehend, though the danger, they saw, was real enough.

"'T is indeed scarce credible!" Bee exclaimed at the end.

"I 'd like to catch the old thief," Mark mur-

mured angrily; "I 'd see to it that he did n't steal any more rings."

"But what have you there, Peggy dear?" Bee asked, and I looked down at my lap where my hand lay, still clutching a portion of Jasper Pilgrim's clothing.

"Oh, I 'd clean forgot!" I cried. "The ring is here, I believe," and I unfolded a piece of cloth, which was evidently a portion of the old Quaker's coat, for there was a small pocket in it.

I unbuttoned this and drew forth the hard object I had fastened upon so tenaciously. To my surprise it was wrapped in a bit of paper from a news-sheet; but, as I had guessed, it was my ring.

"'T is found, Bee!" I exclaimed, handing it to her.

She took the ring, and in idle curiosity I looked at the wrapping in my hand. For a moment the printed words scarce separated themselves before my eyes. Then suddenly I took in the purport of them.

"Bee!" I exclaimed, "listen to this," and I read aloud as follows:

"5000 POUNDS REWARD for the recovery of a boy, aged about seven years, and A RING WITH A RESON which he wore hung on a chain about his neck. The ring carries a device of a Cupid with a drawn bow cut upon the sapphire stone in the bezel, and is set with five triangular diamonds. For further particulars call upon Andrew M'Sparren in Nassau Street in the City of New York. Mch. 3rd. 1786."

"Now that 's plain enough!" exclaimed Mark. "They think that because Peg has the ring, Jacky must be the boy named in the notice."

"That must be it," Bee agreed. "But what is a reson? Is it on your ring, or was it also on the chain about the child's neck?"

"I don't know," I replied doubtfully; "but what has Tiscoquam to do with it? When he saw the device upon the ring, he let Jacky go."

"That I cannot even guess," Bee admitted; "but Mark is right. Your Jasper Pilgrim and his companion evidently think Jacky the missing child."

"Jacky 's but five while the lost boy is seven, according to this," I argued, indicating the paper.

"Jacky is monstrous large for his years," Bee explained with pride, "and you heard the Quaker himself say any boy who looked the age would do so long as they had the ring which would seem to prove his birth."

"There 's no doubt of it," Mark repeated positively, "and I shall have to escort you home in the morning. They are a bold pair of villains."

"Yes, I should n't dare go alone now," Bee agreed.

"And must I walk?" I asked plaintively.

"No, you must go to bed," Bee laughed quietly. "We arranged with the kind woman who took you in last night to come early on the morrow with horses. She looks as if she would be as good as another man if we met our enemies. Now we must try to get some rest, and I think Mark had better stay in the next room while you share this one with Jacky and me."

So once more we settled down to sleep, and, though the night was not as far gone as I had first supposed when I woke so suddenly, there were but a few hours left ere sunrise.

Daylight found me quite refreshed, and after breakfast I was as strong as ever, and none the worse for my adventures.

My friend of the night before came betimes with the horses, her honest, smiling face lighting up as she saw me, and reminding me more than ever of Mrs. Mummer.

Ere we started, I took Mark aside and gave him my ring to keep, for it had been stripped of the thread that had served to make it fit my finger.

"I wonder you trust me with it," Mark laughed, as he slipped it into an inner pocket.

"Would Polly not trust you?" I asked, half jestingly.

"Nay, that she would n't," he answered. "She's told me so often that I lose everything that I begin to believe it myself. I shall be glad to be rid of this troublesome ring when we reach Denewood."

"Well, in that case," I said, with pretended anxiety, "you'll please put it at once in the little powdering-box on my dressing-table, if by chance I am not ready to take it from you."

"Do you mean to go a-gossiping upon the way?" he inquired banteringly. "Were I you, I would change my dress before visiting, unless fringe is now the fashion."

We left a letter with the landlord for Cousin John or any of his men and took the road, Mark at Bee's side and I following with the good woman, who, though she seemed rather silent, was ever ready with her kindly smile.

It was a fine day, but the going was none too good, and we made slow progress. Jacky, sitting in front of Bee, chatted gaily, and wished he might meet Tiscoquam, ever thinking of that deer to be shot, and Bee was too delighted to have him back to say a chiding word.

We soon left the little hamlet behind us, and our road wound through virgin forest with only occasional spaces of cleared land where the settlers' houses nestled close to the road for company. We met one or two carters and gave them "Good morning," but for the most part we saw naught save rabbits and birds.

We were a good half-way on our journey when my companion checked her horse and looked down at its front foot. Instinctively I reined up without saying aught to Bee or Mark, who continued on their way, not knowing that we had halted.

"What is it?" I asked. Still looking down, she muttered something I did n't catch.

"What is it?" I repeated, and this time she raised her head, gazing, however, at the two in front rather than at me.

"I thought he'd picked up a stone," she said, and started on again.

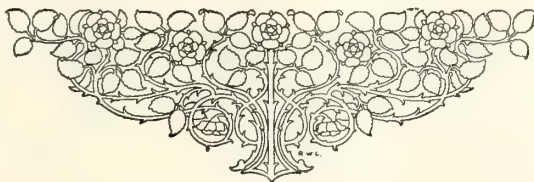
This action had put a good two hundred yards between us and those ahead, but there was naught to cause me to think twice of this, and I should not have remembered the circumstance save that, at the moment Bee and Mark crossed a bypath running at right angles across our road, I heard a shout, and instantly there rushed between us two mounted men whom I recognized at once. One was Jasper Pilgrim, and the other his rascally companion.

I glanced at the woman by my side, expecting to see some surprise or fright on her countenance, but of these I found no trace, and a sudden suspicion flashed into my mind.

"Who are you?" I cried, leaning forward and grasping her by the shoulder.

"I am Jasper Pilgrim's lawfully wedded wife," she answered, looking guiltily at the ground. "He's the man I promised to love, honor, and obey."

(To be continued.)





# PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS



BUILDING A LOCOMOTIVE, A DOG-CART, AND A WATER-MILL.

## HOW BOYS MADE TOYS FROM BOXES

BY LOUISE BRIGHAM

Author of "Box Furniture" and Director of The Home Thrift Association of New York City

IN the January and February numbers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, I told you how to make your work-bench and tool-chest, and gave you a list of the necessary tools. I also showed you some of the furniture which the boys had made for our exhibit. This month, I will show you, and tell you about, some simple toys which have been made from boxes. They are easily constructed, and are great fun to play with. Before starting to make toys, however, you must secure a coping-saw with several blades, as they are very apt to break if care is not taken.

In our second illustration, we see John Fox at the right of the picture working on a church. This church is made from a starch-box, the cover of which has been removed. The box is turned on its side. On the back of this box John first outlined four pointed windows with a pencil. Then, with his coping-saw, he cut them out. At one end of the box a pointed door was made in the same way. Of the wood which was sawed out John made a door, and four shutters for the windows. These were fastened to the box by small hinges. The pews were formed out of small pieces of wood glued together and set in rows

facing the pulpit. Two broom-handles were then sawed the proper length to fit into the box. These, when securely nailed to the floor and roof, formed pillars, which added strength as well as beauty. As we see, John is carefully adjusting one of these pillars. Later, a pulpit, made from small pieces of wood, was nailed to the first pillar, half-way up. This pulpit was connected with the floor by a winding staircase. It required a great deal of patience to make this staircase wind and fit properly; but John loved to work on his church, and his patience was never exhausted. He sawed and refitted the stairs a dozen times, until they were satisfactory. A pointed roof was fitted to the top of the church, and a twelve-inch steeple was then nailed onto the roof at one end. As it was difficult to fit the joints neatly in wood, the steeple was made first in cardboard. When it had been exactly fitted, it was taken apart and traced on wood. It was amusing to watch how John's church grew. All his comrades offered suggestions. One said he must put the choir at the back, another was determined it should be at the side, while a third declared it would be no church at all unless it had a high

pulpit and straight-back pews. John is an accommodating boy, and took all the suggestions offered him, with the result that his church was a strange mixture, but very attractive, and it was able to accommodate a congregation of any denomination.

Willie is on the floor, constructing a derrick. He lives close to the water, and often watches the derricks at work loading and unloading freight boats which steam up to the dock near his home. When we asked Willie what kind of a toy he wanted to make, he chose a derrick at once. To the cover of a cocoa-box he added two long sticks, one of which was passed through a round disk of wood and nailed to the cover. The other stick, or beam, was hinged to the disk, so that it could be lowered, raised, and revolved. The beam was connected with the pole by a string run through a screw-eye at the top. Another string was run through the beam and over the pole to act as a hoist.

on a bean-box and sawed out. The two side pieces of a similar box are then nailed to this, making a roof, and the gables are filled in with triangles cut from the ends of the second box.

In the first illustration, we find the boys making a locomotive, a water-mill, and a dog-cart. The locomotive has for a foundation the cover of a cocoa-box, into which are nailed two blocks. The boiler, which is made from a tin cracker-can, is nailed to these blocks. The cab is made from a third of a cocoa-box, and the tender from the remaining two thirds. The cow-catcher is made of slats of waste wood nailed slanting to a center slat, as shown in our third picture. The wheels and smoke-stacks are made from wooden spools, the smoke-stacks being glued to the top of the boiler. The car-wheels are screwed into the ends of cross-strips nailed underneath the car-body. The lumber-car is simply a box-cover with four upright strips of wood at the corners to support the lumber. The freight- and passen-



YOUNG TOY-MAKERS AT WORK.

The stable in the background is a simple thing to make. A door and four windows are outlined

ger-cars are small oblong boxes with door, roof, and platforms added.



The water-mill is the same as the stable, but with a trough and mill-wheel added. The wheel is made of two disks of wood sawed out with the coping-saw, and connected by strips of wood which act as paddles.

As Henry has a dog, he asked if he might make a cart for him to pull. Into a bean-box he nailed a seat made from half a box. Strong axles were passed through wooden wheels, and the axles fastened to the box, underneath, the rear one flush with the back of the box. This prevented the wagon from tipping backward. The shafts move on a screw fastened to the bottom of the box in the center.

The "South African Land-Boat" was modeled after a queer vehicle that had been seen by one of the boys sailing gracefully down the hills of South Africa. It was a great success, and the boys enjoyed skimming over the asphalt roads and along the sea-wall. It appears on the right in the fifth illustration. A strong keel was made by nailing two boards together. On this a soap-box, big enough to accommodate Henry, was screwed. A strong axle was screwed at the back of box on the under side, and a similar one to the front of the keel, on which it moved easily. To these axles four baby-carriage wheels were added, and to the front axle a piece of clothes-

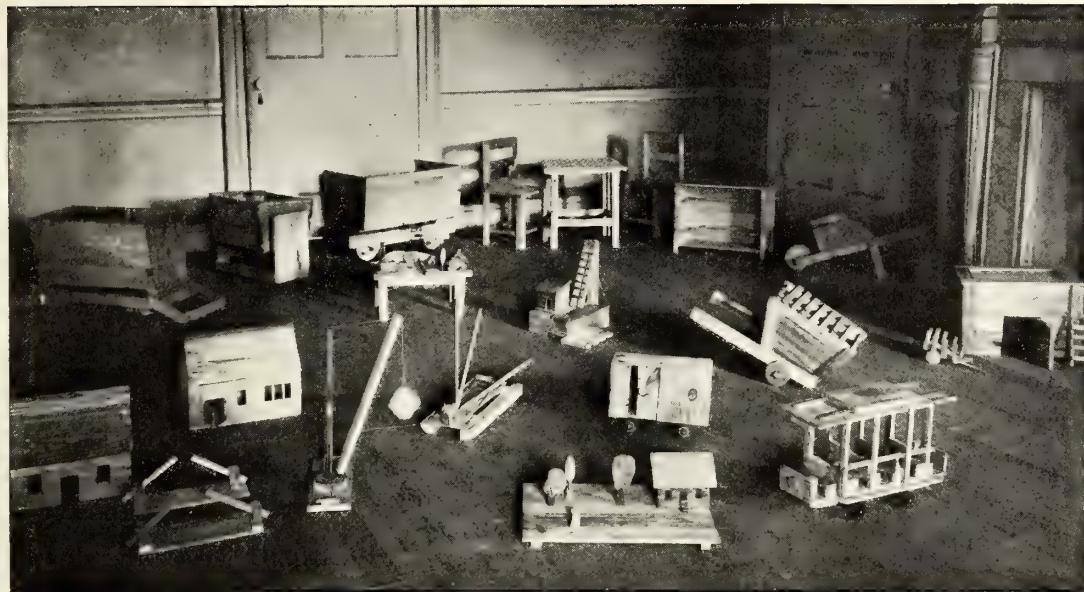


THE COMPLETED TOYS ARRANGED FOR EXHIBITION.

It required a great deal of patience to make the trolley-car in the fourth picture, but Philip worked it all out for himself. First, he collected a number of thin boxes, such as cocoa-boxes—not cigar-boxes. Out of the cocoa-box he sawed the cleats and seats. The backs of these seats were made reversible by being secured to the sides of the car by a small iron brad. The front and rear platforms were then carefully sawed out and nailed to the floor of the car. A flat roof was then nailed on. Iron roller-skate wheels were used for the car-wheels. These were screwed into strong axles which had been fastened to the underpart of the car. A spool sawed in half served as a headlight, and the overhead signs, that tell the destination, were represented by bits of slat-wood.

line to serve as steering-gear. A six-foot slat from a crate was set upright in the front of the keel to form a mast. The boom was a shorter piece, four feet in length, hinged to the mast, so that the sail could swing easily in the wind. The sail was made from a piece of muslin, and nailed to the mast and boom.

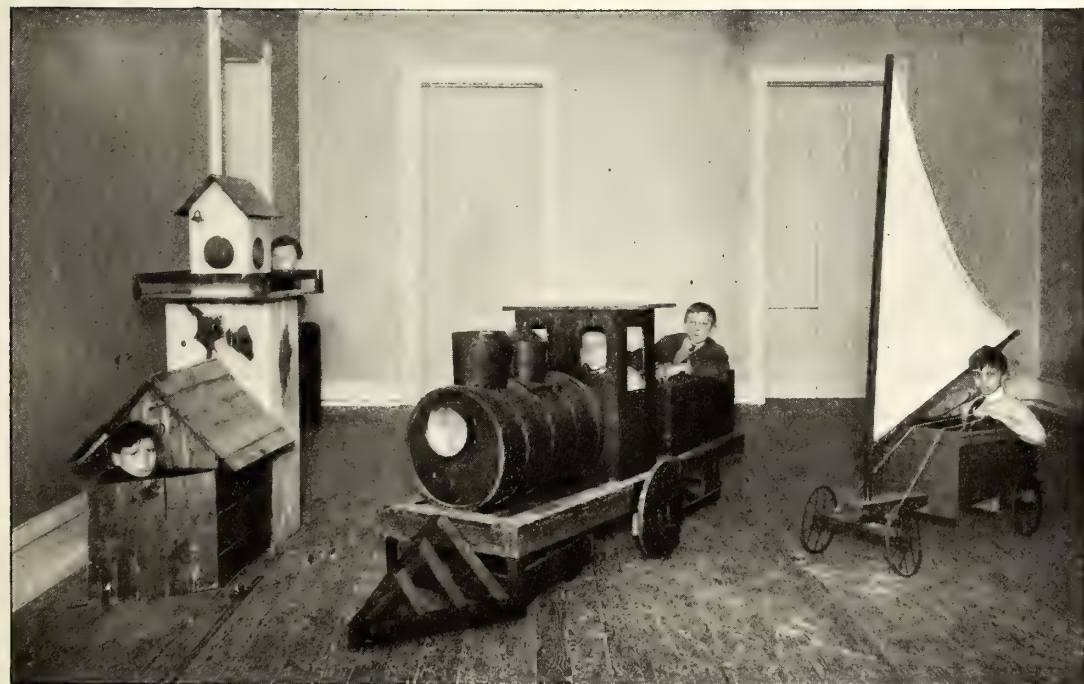
Jo and Louis love lighthouses, so they chose to make one. You will see Louis inside the lighthouse-keeper's home, and Jo is standing on duty at the light. The lighthouse was made from a large shoe-case turned up on end and surmounted by a flat platform. The cover forms the door, which is hinged to the side of box. The upper section, for the light, is a soap-box cut down on two sides and sawed to a point on each of the other sides. Over this is placed a projecting



ANOTHER PART OF THE EXHIBITION.

roof. In three of the sides a four-inch circle is sawed out, over which is pasted red paper. When a candle is put behind this paper, the red light is very effective shining out over the railed platform.

The large locomotive in the same picture is big enough for two fourteen-year-old boys to get inside. It is made from two shoe-cases and a sugar-barrel. The sugar-barrel forms the boiler,



THE FUN CONTINUES AFTER THE TOYS ARE FINISHED.



while a pair of tin oil-cans ornament its top. The headlight is the half of a can. The large pieces which form the body are securely screwed to a foundation framework made from a crate. The cow-catcher is made of three small pieces of crate-slat nailed diagonally into a center strip. Wheels are sawed out of heavy wood and, to make it firm enough to hold the weight of two

sturdy boys, they are reinforced on the inside with blocks of wood. The cab is made from a shoe-case, with windows sawed out and a flat roof nailed on. The steering-gear is a shallow box just back of the cow-catcher and furnished with two sets of wheels. Its axles are broom-sticks. A board is placed across the top of the box and bolted to the framework of the locomotive.

## SAILING ON WHEELS IN NEW YORK CITY



ON certain days, especially Saturdays, when a stiff breeze sweeps over the Hudson from the Palisades and swings up Dyckman Street, then, if you should happen to be there—mind it is hard to pick the exact time—you would see some very strange craft come rattling up the street, with a youthful skipper at each helm, going (as

a sailor would say) dead before the wind, in a friendly race over the smooth pavement.

"For the boys of Dyckman Street," says the New York "Sun," "have invented a new sport, sailing on wheels. It is not a rich boys' sport exclusively, but is within the reach of every lad, for the only requirements are a few old roller-skates or wheels, a soap-box or a couple of planks, a few long sticks for masts and spars, some cord for sail ropes, and a sufficient quantity of light strong fabric for sails.

"Dyckman Street is paved with asphalt, and the boys and girls of the vicinity have long been familiar with its advantages for roller-skating."

Each one of the new craft is home made, its young captain trying to outdo his neighbors in some little device that will give him better results. In our illustration the foremost is made from a soap-box mounted on a running-gear and steered with the hand, while the one in the rear is shaped like an ice-boat, mounted on roller-skates and steered with the feet. The sails may be of any conceivable shape or material, from an old bedquilt to the canvas of a dainty canoe.

"'It was plain to me,' said one youngster in telling about it (to resume the "Sun's" account), 'that if I could coast before the wind on roller-skates it ought to be equally possible to sail before it in a contrivance mounted on wheels. So,

taking the ice-boat as a model, I designed a land-boat with two boards fastened together cross-wise and mounted on the wheels of roller-skates, attached a mast and sail to its forward end, and gave it a trial.

"'The wind was blowing a gale from the Hudson River at the time, and I was swept along at a great rate toward Broadway. I had to let my sail go flying out in front before I could stop. After a few more trials, I found out that all I had to do to stop the boat was to turn her round into the wind exactly as you would do if you were sailing a boat on the water.'

"Here another boy, who had been listening to his friend, had this to say: 'I don't know which of us first thought of a wheel-boat; all I know is



ONE OF THE POSSIBILITIES.

that we showed up on Dyckman Street on the same afternoon. I guess we both ought to have equal credit, as our boats were so different that no one could say that one of us had copied from the other.'

"The boys asked the reporter if he would like to see them race, and he answered 'Yes,' took



"A YOUTHFUL SKIPPER AT EACH HELM, GOING DEAD BEFORE THE WIND."

his stand among the children at the finishing-line, and prepared his camera to snap the contestants while the race was in progress.

"For a while the race was even. Then it became apparent that the boy in the wagon-boat was to be the winner, the wheels with the greater circumference attesting their superiority over roller-skates.

"Snap! went the reporter's camera, and the race was over.

"'I'll beat you yet,' said the loser, as he shook hands with the boy who had won. 'You won to-day with your bigger wheels. Next time we race I'll carry more sail.'

"'Do you think that will even things up?' he was asked.

"'If it does n't, I'll give up roller-skates for wagon-wheels,' he replied, which shows that he was willing to acknowledge superior merit when he saw it."

So, should you find yourself in New York City some breezy afternoon with an hour to spare, take the Subway train to Dyckman Street and watch this new sport. As the "amphibious" craft come sailing along between the picturesque cottages perched on the rocky heights that line the street, you will agree it is one of the strangest sights to be seen in a great city.





In the Gallery at Bologna, Italy.

Photograph by Anderson.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.—PAINTED BY MADAME VIGÉE LE BRUN.

# A FRIEND IN NEED; OR, HOW "THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" FOUND A PUBLISHER

BY MAUDE MORRISON FRANK

"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent. . . ."

*From Boswell's "Life of Johnson."*

## CHARACTERS

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE LANDLADY.

MARGERY, aged 13. } The Landlady's Children.  
DICK, aged 12.

TIME: 1762.

SCENE: Oliver Goldsmith's lodgings, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London. The walls are discoloured, the furniture is old and rickety. The floor, the chairs, and the tables are littered with quantities of ragged books and loose papers.

*(Goldsmith, untidily dressed, is striding up and down.)*

GOLDSMITH *(after glancing impatiently at the door several times, opens it and calls loudly)*. Margery!

MARGERY *(coming in and curtseying)*. Did you want for anything, sir?

GOLDSMITH. Has that graceless brother of yours not come back? Sure it's above an hour since he set off.

MARGERY. Oh, sir, Dick has never been so long as that!

GOLDSMITH. An hour, I tell you, and the half of that besides! He 'll be playing at pitch-and-toss in the court, I warrant you.

MARGERY. Oh, sir, he 'd not do that—not when you sent him so particular!

GOLDSMITH. Never you be too sure, Margery, of what folks will do or not do. There's myself now. You 'd never believe that I could be so foolish as to sell a good song for a paltry five shillings. But many's the time I did it in the old town of Dublin, and climbed the college wall at night to hear the verses sung in the streets too. Then, like as not, some poor soul that needed the money more than I would beg the crown piece from me before I found my way back to the wretched garret where I lodged. But times have changed, Margery.

MARGERY *(hesitatingly)*. Yes, sir; but, you see, sir, you still—

GOLDSMITH *(hurriedly)*. Run down to the door like a good maid, do, and see if Dick's in sight. *(Margery goes out; Goldsmith paces up and down restlessly for a moment, then, going to the table, opens the drawer noisily and rummages among his papers.)* A plague on all landladies, say I! *(in a tone of disgust)*. And not so much as an old song left to sell this time!

MARGERY *(reappearing, timidly)*. Dick's not to be

seen yet, sir. I ran to the end of the court and looked as far as ever I could.

GOLDSMITH *(angrily)*. A pretty pass for a gentleman like me to be in!—unable to stir beyond the four walls of the room, and very dirty walls they are, too *(with a scornful look about him)*, with that cowardly bailiff sitting on the stairs, like a vile cat ready to pounce at any moment. And, unless Dr. Johnson is as quick to send help as he is to contradict me at the club, I must go to prison, and all because that mother of yours is so vixenish about the trifle of rent. She knows I 'd give away my last halfpenny to any one who needed it.

MARGERY *(beginning to cry)*. Yes, indeed, sir; but that's just it! Mother heard the young gentlemen who were here last night talking in the passage about the guinea you 'd given them to go to the play; and then, this morning, she only asked for some of the rent because she's obliged to pay Dick's fees to Mr. Filby, the tailor, who's willing to take him to 'prentice and teach him the trade if he finds he's a likely lad.

GOLDSMITH *(excitedly)*. But I have n't another guinea to my name, I tell you!

*(Margery sobs loudly.)*

GOLDSMITH *(dreadfully distressed)*. You shall have a whole shilling for yourself, my girl, if you 'll give over crying. But *(in a lower tone)*, faith, I 'll have to get the shilling first!

*(Door opens, and Dick enters, much out of breath.)*

DICK. I 'd a deal of trouble to give the letter to the old gentleman in the Temple. Frank, the black man-servant, said at first that his master, who could write a great book like the dictionary, all out of his own head, had no call to be bothered with forward London lads. Then he made me wait a long time while Dr. Johnson drank tea with Miss Williams, the little old blind lady that lives there. But at last the Doctor read your letter and gave me this one for you, with a penny for myself. Then he called very loud for a man-servant, and said a lot of things I could n't rightly understand, the words were so long; but he said "Scatter-brain!" at the end. Could that mean you, sir?

GOLDSMITH *(without heeding the boy, hurriedly breaks the seal, and reads)*.

TEMPLE LANE.

My Dear Sir: Your vexatious situation has awakened the liveliest emotion of sympathy in the breast of one



who, while condemning the follies of his fellow-men, rejoices in an opportunity of alleviating their miseries. The inclosed piece of gold is designed to meet your most pressing necessities, and I will myself follow your Mercury with as much expedition as I can compass.

I am, sir, your sincere well-wisher,  
SAMUEL JOHNSON.



THE BAILIFF ARRIVES.

GOLDSMITH (*with a deep sigh of relief*). Ah! 't is a great thing to have real friends. And they're not always the people that have the smoothest tongues, either. The Doctor's rough in his speech, yet there's nothing of the bear about him but his skin. (*Remembering the children, with a start.*) Here, Dick, old debts must always be paid. I've promised Margery a shilling, and you shall have sixpence. Run and change this guinea at the Green Dragon Tavern, hard by. (*Dick makes for the door.*) But, stay! If I must spend the day indoors, at least I'll have some good wine to keep me company. You may as well bring a quart of Madeira, lad, the best you can buy.

(*Dick goes out.*) And, Margery, there's an old corkscrew on the floor in yonder corner. There should be a goblet, too, on the shelf. The other three were broken at our little meeting last night, and the china monster I was always so fond of, too, because Cousin Jane Contarine gave it to me. Ah, well! (*Picking up some fragments from the floor and placing them on a shelf.*) I'll keep the pieces to remind me of her. (*Dick enters, sets a dusty bottle on the table, and takes the change out of his various pockets, piece by piece, with an air of great responsibility.*)

GOLDSMITH (*without counting the money*). Ah, the boy at last! Here's a sixpence for you, lad. (*Dick pulls his forelock and promptly pockets the coin*), and here's your shilling, Margery.

MARGERY (*taking it reluctantly*). I'll be sure to tell Mother how kind you are, sir, and then perhaps—

GOLDSMITH. Perhaps she'll not let the bailiff carry me off to prison? No use hoping for that, my dear, or for any other piece of good luck, for that matter. Poor Noll will never gallop in a coach and six, for all his hard work. But the sun shines sometimes even in Fleet Prison, and here's good wine, for once, to make him forget his troubles, so— (*Fills a goblet to the brim, lifts it to his lips, but sets it down quickly upon hearing a heavy step on the landing.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*outside, in a sonorous voice, heard through the half-open door*). Madam, I am fully aware that Dr. Goldsmith is in an embarrassing situation. I am also aware that your behavior is, in part, responsible for his embarrassments. If you will have the goodness to refrain from violent recriminations, I will visit him forthwith to investigate these complications. (*Advancing to the center of the room with great dignity.*) My dear Goldsmith, I trust your messenger reported that I should employ the utmost expedition in coming to your assistance. The existence of a literary man is, I apprehend,— (*Coming closer to the table, he perceives the bottle and well-filled goblet, peers at the pile of coins and counts them, snorts violently in disgust, corks the bottle, and then, perceiving the children, says, sternly*) Sir, our conversation need not be extended, but I shall take the liberty of dismissing these young persons.

(*Children go out on tiptoe.*)

GOLDSMITH (*advancing with outstretched hand and an engaging smile*). Nay, Doctor, it's ill work thumping a poor harmless fellow with hard words when the jade Misfortune has him by the throat. Life has many a dull day for poor Noll, and he could never cure his ills with tea-drinking, either.

DR. JOHNSON (*shaking his massive silver-headed cane indignantly*). Sir, you are impertinent as well as improvident! Disturbed at my sixth cup of tea, barely half my usual allowance, as Miss Williams will testify, I hasten hither only to find that your most pressing necessities are such as can be supplied from the nearest tavern. The gold I despatched by your messenger, as from one literary man to another, I could ill spare, and, since I find you in affluence (*Goldsmith turns out his empty pockets ruefully*) and employed in a manner eminently befitting your talents, I will bid you good day without further ceremony! (*Paces solemnly toward the door.*)

GOLDSMITH (*coming forward quickly*). Sure, Doctor, you can never do that! I was always my own worst friend and you my best. Is n't it the sober truth I wrote in the letter, that the bailiff fellow's sitting in the passage, waiting to take me to prison

if I once put my nose outside the door? You can see the ugly black back of him now. (*He flings open the door, to the confusion of the landlady, who has been listening at the keyhole.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*ignoring Goldsmith completely*). Madam, it argues an amiable disposition on your part to manifest so strong an interest in Dr. Goldsmith's misfortunes. Have the goodness to enter and favor me with your explanation of these circumstances.

LANDLADY. Begging your pardon, sir, I'm not a good 'and at hexplaining and such, but when a lone woman 'as two children and heverything to do for them, and gentlemen as 'as guineas to give away promiscuous and owe rent for months don't pay a penny, though the lad 's to be 'prenticed and 'is fees found—as good a lad as there is in the court too, though I say it as should n't—why, then, one time as well as hanother for the bailiffs, thinks I, when things come to be so houtrageous— (*Stops, out of breath.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*very sternly, to Goldsmith*). How, sir! Am I to understand that your indebtedness to this good woman has covered a period of months? (*Goldsmith opens his mouth as if to speak.*) Never bandy words with me, sir! She must be paid, and at once!

GOLDSMITH. That 's like your old kindness, Doctor, and I'll be sure to pay you when I get the next money from my old skinflint of a publisher.



THE LANDLADY LISTENS.

DR. JOHNSON. Not so fast, sir; not so fast! Keep your compliments until they are wanted. For my own guineas I can find worthier employment (*glancing meaningly at the table*), but you shall set your

roving wits to work for the discharge of your debt to this poor woman here.

GOLDSMITH. But I can't so much as take a step without having that greasy fellow yonder hale me to prison, and no man can write there.



"YOU CAN SEE THE UGLY BACK OF HIM NOW."

DR. JOHNSON. Better men than you have written there, sir, and to the glory of England, too! But your foolish errands can be done for you. Have you scribbled nothing of late that you have not sold before it was finished? No verses? The last—I should be wiser than to tell you—were as sensible as their writer is foolish. Nothing? (*Goldsmith shakes his head.*) Nay, sit down and look through this heap of rubbish (*pointing to the open drawer full of untidy manuscript*).

GOLDSMITH (*looks blankly at the papers, picks up a ragged roll, runs through the leaves rapidly, shakes his head, and looks up doubtfully*). I wonder would they give me anything for this? I'd completely forgot it. It's only a poor tale, though I liked it well enough when I wrote it. But I've nothing else.

DR. JOHNSON. What sort of tale, sir? Is it a fable? Has it a moral?

GOLDSMITH. 'T is about a clergyman and his family. I'd thought to call it "The Parson of Wakefield," or some such name. I had my father, rest his soul, in mind when I wrote it; and I put in some of my own mad doings as well. There's comfort sometimes in setting down your own follies in print. It seems like a way of getting rid of them. They're not all so easy to get rid of, though, more 's the pity!

DR. JOHNSON. Here, sir! Cease maundering and let me look at your nonsense. (*Settles his spectacles, sits down in an arm-chair, and begins to read.*) "I was ever of the opinion that the honest man who married," m—m—m—m (*turning pages*). "The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortunes might be malicious or premature," m—m—m—m (*turning pages*). "I now began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment were entirely



disregarded." (*Turns pages for a while, seizes his hat and stick, and stalks out without a word. Goldsmith stares at the landlady in surprise; the children rush in.*)

MARGERY (*eagerly*). Oh, sir! Will the old gentleman help you? He said, "Thank you, my little mistress," so kindly, when I picked up his stick just now, that I 'm sure he 's not a great bear, as Dick calls him.

GOLDSMITH (*sadly*). He 's a very good-hearted bear, if he 's one at all, Margery, and if anything can be made of a worthless fellow like me, the Doctor

(*A heavy step is heard, the door is flung wide open, and Dr. Johnson enters, breathing hard, and wearing an air of great importance.*)

DR. JOHNSON. Madam, what is the exact amount of my colleague's indebtedness to your establishment?

LANDLADY. Dr. Goldsmith, sir? 'E owes me fifteen guineas, come last Lady-day.

DR. JOHNSON. And the officer in the passage? What amount must be expended for the benefits of his presence?



"A SORRY TALE MY LIFE WILL BE AT THIS RATE."

will do it. But sometimes I misdoubt me that it can be done.

LANDLADY (*sharply*). There, now, Dr. Goldsmith, I don't 'old with hany one calling 'imself names! I 've 'ad a many lodgers in my time, and take them hall, bad and good, I 'd a deal rather 'ave shillings from you, sir, than pounds from the hother gentlemen, for you 've always a bit of a laugh about you for me and the young ones, and that halways 'elps a body through the day. But, you see, sir, I was that worried about the lad's fees for 'is 'prenticing that I was maybe a bit 'ard about the rent, but, indeed—

GOLDSMITH. Not half so hard as you had a right to be! It 's a shameless scamp I am to be giving my guineas to such idle lads as were here last night, and there 's none knows it better than myself. A sorry tale my life will be at this rate, with only debts and follies and maybe worse till the end of the chapter— (*He buries his face in his hands. Margery steals up behind him and lays her hand timidly on his shoulder.*)

LANDLADY. It 's twelve shillings for the warrant, sir, and the stamp will be three more. 'E 'll want two for 'is supper and ale, but I 'll not give it. 'E 'd best get into an honest business and not come cluttering up folk's 'ouses with 'is great hugly self.

DR. JOHNSON. Here are sixteen guineas, Madam, and I desire you to pay the poor wretch's supper. 'T was by no fault of his that he came here.

GOLDSMITH (*starting up*). Which of the knaves did you talk into giving sixteen guineas for that poor tale? I would never have believed it!

DR. JOHNSON. To be sure, sir, it would have been another story had you carried your wares to market yourself, for the booksellers have but an ill opinion of you at present. But there was no fear that any one of them would venture to say *me* nay, or waste words in cheapening what I chose to recommend. (*Impressively*) Mr. Newbery, your former publisher, has been pleased to purchase the work which you intrusted to me, and to send you a remuneration of sixty guineas.



DR. JOHNSON ANNOUNCES THE GOOD NEWS.

GOLDSMITH. Sixty guineas! (*Sinks back on his chair in astonishment.*) Dick, lad, do you hear that? You shall have the finest jack-knife in all Cheapside, my boy, and Margery a new bonnet with flowered ribbons to it, for she was always sorry for me when pence were hard to come by. And I (*rising and strutting up and down*) shall be all the better myself for a little smartening. I'll have another look at that marvelous pretty plum-colored velvet I saw in Filby's shop last week. He'll be sure to trust me for it if I pay something on the old bill, and— (*Stops short, as Dr. Johnson raps violently on the floor with his stick.*)

DR. JOHNSON (*shaking his head solemnly*). Nay, sir, a spendthrift you were born, but an honest man I'll make you, if this money (*holding up a large leather purse*) will discharge your outstanding accounts. There shall be no plum-colored velvets, I promise you, until justice is done. But (*observing the downcast looks of the children*) you, my little mistress, shall not be deprived of your finery, nor the lad of his promised toy.

GOLDSMITH (*plucking up courage*). Then, Doctor, you'll not leave me without a penny, like Simple Si-

mon in the old rhyme? Sure, no tradesman will trust me with his wares, either.

DR. JOHNSON (*firmlly*). And quite right too, sir. But to leave you four and forty pounds in your present state of mind would be sheer madness. Steady your wits, sir, by making a fair copy of your debts, to show me at five, when Miss Williams shall give you a slice of mutton in the Temple. On your solemn assurance that your creditors shall be satisfied without delay, the balance shall be yours, though it will be wasted on folly, I make no doubt. I have the honor to wish you good day, sir. (*Claps his hat on, seizes his stick, and marches out, stopping a moment to pat Margery's curls as she curtsies to him.*)

GOLDSMITH (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah, well! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Things looked black enough an hour since, and now, Margery, you'll be monstrous fine in a new bonnet, and Dick the cock of the court with his jack-knife. And I—I'll manage to get that plum-colored velvet—with a taffeta lining, too—or my name's not Oliver Goldsmith!

(*Children clap their hands in delight; Landlady shakes her head at Goldsmith disapprovingly.*)

THE END.





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From a colored engraving.

FAIRY TALES.—PAINTED BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS—  
"UNCLE REMUS"

BROTHER to the colored folk who sat in their cabins over the fire and told quaint tales before the rising of the moon; brother to the little creatures of the wild, to the wind and the flowers and the wood-paths, and uncle to every child he ever came to know, and to untold thousands he never saw,—that was Joel Chandler Harris, teller of folk and fairy tales through many a happy year.

If you met him, you saw a man below medium height, stocky, with a stoop to his shoulders, stiff reddish hair, and a close-cut mustache of the same cheerful color. Besides that he had a twinkle. Indeed, the twinkle was the essential part of him, and it was n't till some one caught that important item with her camera that people who knew said, "Ha, here is a picture that really looks like Uncle Remus." Even the owner of the twinkle knew it, and saw that the photograph looked like him; for the twinkle was as much inside as out, and the inner twinkle was even more important and lively than the outer one.

When Mr. Harris thought of anything funny, and that was often, and started to tell it, he would begin by shaking with merriment. You would see him heaving away, chuckling at you, and presently out would come the story; and then you would begin to shake with merriment in your turn. He must have been the jolliest little boy in the world, and that even though things were what might have been called hard with him. For his father died while he was still only a baby, and his mother had precious little beside love and courage with which to bring him up. However, those two things are more powerful than many people dare believe, and Joel was safely brought up, even going to school at a time when schooling was not free as it is to-day. Then the Civil War came along. He was born December 8, 1848, so you see he was not far into his thirteenth year when that great struggle began.

Times grew a lot harder at once, and when the war was almost a year old, young Joel began to realize that he must do something to help bring food and clothes to the house. But no one seemed to want a little, red-headed boy for anything. One day, hanging about the post-office and general store of Eatonton, the little town in Georgia where he was born and had grown up, listening eagerly for war news items, the first copy of a

paper called "The Countryman" was laid on the counter. The lad picked it up, and almost the first thing he saw was an advertisement which read like this:

An active, intelligent boy, 14 or 15 years of age, is wanted at this office to learn the printing business. March 4th. 1862.

Mr. Harris goes on: "This was my opportunity, and I seized it with both hands," a characteristic with him all through life. The result was that he was accepted as printer's boy and type-setter by Mr. Joseph A. Turner, owner of the paper, which was a scholarly sort of sheet, something like "The Spectator" in London, though naturally on a much smaller scale. The office of this unusual paper was nine miles from a post-office, on a plantation, and a lonely place for a lad. But the young Joel loved it. Mr. Turner had a wonderful library, with many translations of the classics and books on all subjects. Joel found his two years and more on the plantation a liberal education, for his chief took pleasure in guiding his reading and in training the boy's alert, keen, inquiring mind. As his work was light, consisting mostly in setting a moderate amount of type during the day, he would hurry through it, and then browse in the library, or haunt the negro cabins with the little Turners, listening to the wonderful stories told by Uncle George Terrell, maker of delicious ginger-cakes and a delectable drink called persimmon beer. Another good teller of tales was Uncle Bob Capers, and there were more, not quite so distinguished. The Uncle Remus of days to come was a sort of composite of these old men.

Mr. Turner was a great lover of birds, and used to delight in making young Joel observe their habits with him, and in telling him about the various species and varieties to be discovered on the plantation; while Mrs. Turner was just as devoted to flowers, knowing as much of them as her husband knew of birds, and having the loveliest great garden, where she could be found at almost any hour of the day, fussing happily over her blooming beds and borders. Joel would join her there, listening to what she had to say in her soft Southern voice, glad to help her, and learning all the while to love nature and growing things with a deep affection and real knowledge.

But with the end of the war came changes, and



"The Countryman" ceased to be published. Joel must be off after his fortune. First he went to Macon, Georgia, joining the force on "The Telegraph" as a type-setter and writer. Mr. Turner had given him sincere praise and encouragement as a writer, having surprised scraps of prose and verse in his paper which he could not account for until Joel confessed he had "put 'em in," and written them too.



Photograph by Wesley Hirshberg.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

"You 'll go far," said that good friend to him, though he probably little suspected how far.

From Macon, young Harris drifted to New Orleans, where he worked on the staff of "The Crescent," presently moving on to Savannah to become associate editor of "The News." Here he met a charming French-Canadian girl, Essie La Rose, a sea-captain's daughter, and the two were married on April 21, 1873. Harris continued to work on the paper, and with his wife's help translated a volume of Ortoli's folk stories from the French.

In 1876 he finally moved to Atlanta, which was to be his future home. So identified did the city become with him that once, at a dinner given in London by a number of distinguished Englishmen to some visiting Americans, when Atlanta was mentioned the English knew all about the place. "That 's where 'Uncle Remus' lives, of course," they said, and that was quite enough.

Mr. Harris became an editor of "The Atlanta

Constitution," with other men of mark, among them Evan P. Howell and Sam Small, known for his funny and entertaining "Old Si" stories, distinctly Southern yarns. An interruption coming in these, Howell said to Joel: "Why don't you try your hand at this sort of thing?" Harris thought he would. And so the first "Uncle Remus" story was written.

At once a great shout for more went up all over the country. Northern editors wanted all the stories he could write, and, in less time than you could believe, "Uncle Remus" was famous.

Harris was always amused at this fame, and seemed to regard it as a kind of humorous incident in his life, a sort of joke on other people. But he worked hard, writing steadily, and taking the work itself seriously. He loved his colored friends, and he tried with all his power clearly to interpret their quaint wisdom and homely fun to the rest of the world. He succeeded so well that he produced a matchless series of stories, full of true poetic feeling. The first collection, "Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," appeared in 1880, and after that each year or two would see a new volume. His wife relates that he himself preferred the story "Free Joe" to any other. But I think the rest of us will find it hard to pick any particular one as a special favorite; there are too many that crowd each other for that place, as soon as we begin to think them over.

Though grown-up people read and love Joel Chandler Harris, he liked best of all to please the children. His own children would play about the room where he was at work, and were his preferred critics. If they did n't like a story, it would have to be rewritten.

Mr. Harris was not alone a story-writer, however. He was a strong Southerner, and as editor of his paper from 1890 to 1901, he did a great deal to help the cause of the new South, both in urging his people to do the best for themselves, to develop their resources and set their ambition high, and in helping the North to understand Southern aims and Southern character. A year before his death, which occurred on July 3, 1908, he began the publication of a new magazine, "The Uncle Remus Magazine." It was established mainly with the idea of making North and South better acquainted, and Mr. Harris announced that its endeavor would be "to represent all that is good and true, all that is sane and sensible, and all that is reasonable and just," words that might stand very well as descriptive of the gentle author's own life ambition.

As money came in from his books, he was able to build for himself and his wife and the brood

of children a charming little house, which came to be called "Wren's Nest," partly because a pair of the audacious little birds built a nest in the mail-box at the gate, and partly because its cozy attractiveness somehow suggested the name. Most of our American men of letters came to stay at one time or another with Uncle Remus in this tree-bowered home, among them another great lover of children, James Whitcomb Riley, for these two, both so sweet and sound to the very core, were dear friends. Mr. Harris was, in truth, a perfect friend—he had a genius for the business. He seemed to know all about people's hearts, and he never had any trouble in loving, be it man or child or animal. His slow, drawling speech was golden with kindness, his outlook on life was happy, normal, and healthy. He liked above all things to hear laughter, and he often said that he wanted no other reward than to be told, "You have made some of us laugh, you have made some of us happy." That reward was his in no stinted measure—it goes on now, after he has passed beyond the reach of those who love him and laugh with him without ever having seen him, some of them beginning to do so who were not born when he died.

A great many persons say they love the simple life, and now and then, during vacation, they go out and live it. But Uncle Remus was the simple life itself, without thinking anything at all about it. Simple pleasures, straight and simple talk, simple surroundings, these were his natural choice. All children loved him instinctively, and he was quite as willing as his own hero, *Uncle Remus* himself, to stop whatever he was about and sit down to tell a story.

There is an interesting thing in regard to these stories that was brought out in a report of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, and that is that the tales are from Indian sources, from our own red men, and not from far-away Africa. The slaves in older times had associated closely with several Indian tribes, such as the Cherokees, and had heard the stories of the rabbit who was so clever that no one could fool him, and of the many other little creatures of wood and field. For the Indians had a wealth of such tales, and used to tell them round their camp-fires to their own children, and to the little piccaninnies who came to play while their mam-mies worked. Gradually the colored folk adopted the stories for their own, altering them somewhat of course, putting in things better suited to plantation life and ways, and leaving out others that belonged more directly to the freer and wilder outlook of the Indian. But at bottom the tales are Indian.

However, it makes little difference where they come from, for it is Joel Chandler Harris's particular way of telling them that makes them so wonderful, so amusing, so fresh. If it had n't been for him, a whole world of stories would never have been known to us, and he has made the negro dialect as familiar to America as Walter Scott made the Scottish to England.

As for any of you, if you don't know and love him already, get one of the "Uncle Remus" books, or perhaps "Little Mister Thimblefinger and His Queer Country," or "On the Plantation," which tells a good deal about the author's own youth, and go off somewhere where you are n't likely to be disturbed, and have a perfectly glorious time.



"MR. RABBIT SQUALL OUT, 'COON DEAD!'"

(From "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," by Joel Chandler Harris.—ST. NICHOLAS, May, 1889.)



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



A GROUP OF INFANT SEQUOIAS.

## THE LIFE OF A SEQUOIA

It is always strange to think of things on our globe having been, before we were born, the same as we see them. It requires an effort to imagine the world of waving trees and running streams, breakfast-times and bedtimes, work and play, sunshine and rain, and all that makes up our lives, without *us*. I think most people who have visited the Sequoias, or Giant Trees of California, will have felt this especially there. As one takes in the immensity of their size, their huge solidity and majestic growth, one feels that men are but a sort of insect, very much like the gnats and dragon-flies hovering in the sunlit spaces among the slowly waving masses of foliage.

The set of pictures shown here represents the various stages in the life of these wonderful trees. The first shows a group of infant Sequoias, growing in one of their little natural nurseries under the protection of the parent tree. These seedlings are four or five feet high, and probably eight or ten years old. They are rather straggly youngsters, not so straight and trim as

the young of other cone-bearing trees usually are; but by the time they are twenty or thirty years old, and have grown, say, thirty feet high, they have straightened up and are as graceful and strong as young tree-gods. Every stem is as true and taper as a mast, every branch exact in curve and place, and the top leader is reaching up as though it knew its place was in the skies.

Now suppose that three hundred or four hundred years have passed, about as long as the time since Columbus, or the Pilgrim Fathers. Our young Sequoia has changed in shape and color, as well as in size (see second picture). It is now perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high, and straight as a plumb-line; but, for half the height, the stem is bare of branches, a stately column of cinnamon-red, quite distinct from all other trees of the forest. The base has spread in a curve as graceful as the outline of some lovely vase, and the bark begins to form into ridges and channels which the nuthatches love to explore for insects. But let five or six more centuries pass by; that would take us, going backward, to about the time when Leif Ericson and his shaggy Norsemen

found, or lost, their way across the Atlantic. Our tree is now in middle age, a stalwart tower, twenty feet or more in thickness, that seems able to uphold the very sky, and that makes the tall, slender pines and firs look like mere pencils in comparison (picture No. 3). The stem is now charred and ragged near the ground, for fire has swept many times about the great trunk, though it has been defied by the deep-plated bark, a foot or more in thickness, and the tree is still in its prime. Year by year the snows fall and melt away, the birds come and depart, the cones ripen in the sunny air, the seeds drift down the wind; but the centuries make but little difference to our Sequoia. Now and then, in a storm, a great branch falls, or lightning shatters the head; but if you could come century by century, you would see no change.

But even the Sequoia comes at length to old age. The fourth picture shows one of the oldest of the trees now standing, the famous *Grizzly Giant* of the Mariposa Big Tree Grove. I once

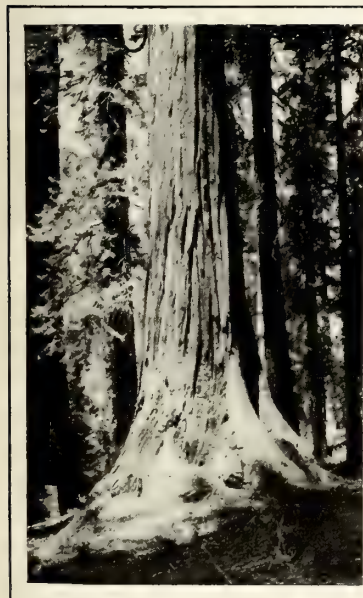
Sequoias believe to be much more. It seems all but impossible that any earthly thing should live so long; yet it is beyond doubt that this tree and some others of the Sequoias are fully of the age mentioned. How long the old hero may yet live is a matter of doubt, for though he is plainly doomed, his dying may last for a century.

It is claimed that the great cypress at Santa Maria del Tule is older than this ancient tree of ours, but it is certainly true that the *Grizzly Giant* is one of the oldest living things on earth.

J. SMEATON CHASE.

#### ANTLERS

FEW, if any, of the facts in nature are more startling, when first learned, than the knowledge that the antlers of all deer, the world over, fall off completely every spring, and that new ones grow again before the mating season in the fall. Yet this is literally true, and the keepers of all deer parks and zoölogical gardens will show you antlers they have found; sometimes they can



A SEQUOIA NO LONGER YOUNG  
BUT APPROACHING MATURITY.



A SEQUOIA WHICH HAS REACHED  
MIDDLE AGE.



ONE OF THE OLDEST SEQUOIAS,  
THE GRIZZLY GIANT.

camped for some weeks in this grove, and my favorite sleeping-place was beside this solemn old patriarch. When you realize that the trees you see surrounding him in the picture are themselves firs and pines of splendid growth, you can better judge of his vast size than by reading that he is nearly one hundred feet around. But what makes the tree so wonderful is its enormous age, which cannot be less than three thousand years, and which some people who have studied the

even show you a deer still carrying one antler, the other having just dropped off. It is for the purpose of telling the readers of *St. NICHOLAS* the facts regarding this great phenomenon that I have had these pictures taken in the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden, and that I am writing this story to accompany them.

Let us take the great elk, Conqueror, as a typical specimen of the deer family, and follow the growth of his enormous antlers from the first of



the year to the following fall. Conqueror, last New-Year's day, had as fine a pair of antlers as one could find in the country. They spread over five feet from tip to tip, and weighed over thirty-four pounds. They looked strong enough to last



THE GREAT ELK, CONQUEROR.

a lifetime. But in April, Conqueror began to get restless, began to rub his head against tree-trunks and to bang his antlers against the fence. Apparently they were itching severely. Finally, one morning, one of the antlers snapped off short at the junction with the skull, and left the wapiti, which is the proper name of the American elk, a very comical, lopsided sight. So heavy was the unbalanced antler that he had often to lay his head on the ground or lean the antler against a tree in order to rest his aching neck. In about three days the other antler snapped off, as the first had done, and Conqueror appeared relieved and delighted, tossing his head like a young calf. The antlers were picked up by the keeper and mounted. It may seem curious that discarded antlers are rarely found in the wilderness, but this is explained by the fact that they disintegrate rapidly when exposed to the weather, and are also food for certain small insects which quickly reduce them to powder.

About a week after Conqueror's antlers fell off, a nub made its appearance in each of the scars on his head, rapidly increasing in size until it was evident that these two nubs were the beginning of a new pair of antlers. The rapidity with which these new weapons grew was almost beyond belief. Every day seemed to show a difference in their size, and, by June, Conqueror had a fine pair of branching tines, as the prongs of the antler are called. Their appearance during development deserves some special mention. As you will see by the picture of the half-grown antlers, they have a furry look, and are said to be "in velvet." The velvet is a wonderful provision of nature for the protection of the growing antlers, and also a means for carrying the blood which supplies the materials for growth. It is fleshy in character, filled with minute blood-vessels pulsing with the pressure of the blood in them, and covered with short, thick, velvety fur, from which it gets its name. The whole mass of velvet is hot to the touch, and, if bruised, will bleed profusely. A smart blow on the tip, where the growth of the antler takes place, often permanently deforms the antler, so that Conqueror was exceedingly careful not to bump his ornaments until the velvet was all gone. By September, about five months after shedding the old antlers, the new pair had attained their full growth, and the velvet, being no longer necessary, dried up and scaled off in shreds, leaving the new tines hard and smooth, and ready for battle with any other



ELK WITH ANTLERS "IN VELVET."

elk which might wish to dispute with Conqueror the leadership of the herd.

Some idea of the age of any deer may be gained from the size of the antlers and the num-



CHILDREN VISITING CONQUEROR AT THE CINCINNATI ZOÖLOGICAL GARDEN.

ber of tines, but only a general idea, as considerable variety is noticed in deer of the same species and same age. It may be interesting to know the names of the tines. That nearest the base of the antler is called the brow tine, the next two the bez and trez tines, and the fourth, the royal. The others compose the surroyal, or crown, which may consist of several tines set closely together. A bump on the brow tine, when it is growing, may prove very dangerous to the animal, as it may be deformed to such an extent that it will turn downward, and some have been known to grow directly into the eye of the unfortunate owner. In any zoölogical garden this can be avoided by cutting it off, but in a wild state it would result in the death of the deer.

All members of the deer family, the world over, undergo this same wonderful change every spring, and the barasingha deer at the Cincinnati Zoölogical Garden has been known to shed his antlers twice in one year. Even the huge moose loses his enormous weapons, only to have a brand-new pair in five months. So rapid is the growth of these antlers that the owners often grow thin and weak from the amount of nourishment required in their development.

The other branch of head weapons, the horns, are quite different from the antlers. The latter are solid bone throughout, and are shed, as we

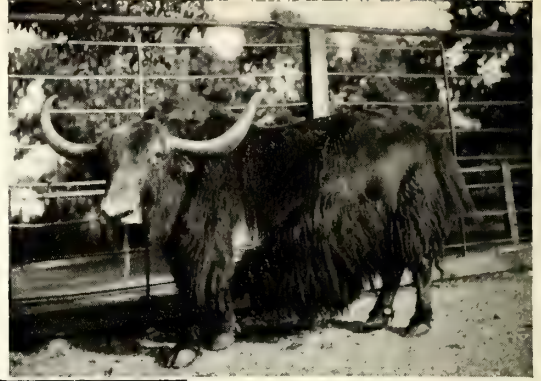


INDIAN ANTELOPE—AN EXAMPLE OF TRUE HORN.



have explained, every year. Horns, on the other hand, never drop off; they consist of a bony core over which is laid a horny covering, composed, not of bone, but of the same sort of material found in finger-nails and hoofs. Horns are carried by the buffalo, bison, goat, antelope, and many other ruminant animals.

One most curious connecting link between the two great divisions is found in the prongbuck antelope of the western plains. It has what appears to be a true horn, but it has been discovered that the horny shell is shed annually. This curious characteristic has made naturalists un-



YAK—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF TRUE HORN.



FIVE-YEAR-OLD-MOOSE, SHOWING VELVET SCALING OFF.

decided whether to call this animal a deer or an antelope, and the question is still unsettled.

Antlers are among the finest fighting weapons in the world, but even antlers sometimes get their owners into terrible difficulty. It is no uncommon thing for two bucks to begin fighting at the zoölogical gardens, and before long to get their antlers locked. Then keepers must come to their rescue and separate the entangled tines. When this happens in the woods, however, there are no keepers at hand, and the animals struggle until they sink to the ground exhausted. There they lie, unable to rise or to get anything to eat, and slowly they die of starvation. Hunters in the great forests have sometimes come upon open spaces all torn and trampled with a terrible struggle; in the midst of the space lie the scattered and whitening bones of the victims, cleaned

of flesh by the wolves, and in the midst of the bones are always to be found two skulls still surmounted by magnificent antlers locked hard and fast in the tangle which cost the owners their lives.

The great fact for the boys and girls of St. NICHOLAS to remember, therefore, is that all male members of the deer family shed their antlers every spring, and five months later each finds himself provided with new and larger weapons with which to fight the battles which seem part of the life of every buck in the world.



THAR GOAT FROM ASIA—HAVING HORNS, NOT ANTLERS.

To my mind, this wonderful thing is equaled by no other single phenomenon in all the realm of nature.  
W. P. WHITLOCK.

### THUMBS OF APES

THE gorilla and chimpanzee, which belong to the higher order of apes, have many points of resemblance to man, but, says the "Scientific American," there is one thing they cannot do—that is, twiddle their thumbs. In the gorilla, the thumb does not reach much beyond the bottom of the first joint of the forefinger. The animal can neither twiddle his thumbs nor turn them round so that the tips describe a circle. There are the same number of bones in the hand of the gorilla as in the hand of a man, but the thumbs of the monkey have no separate bending muscle. This is why a monkey always keeps the thumb on the same side as the fingers, and never bends it round any object that may be grasped.

### SOME BOY GOLD-MINERS

It is not every boy that is fortunate enough to own a real gold-mine. Most boys own gold-mines in their imagination, some have imitations in their back yards, and some, a very, very few, have the *real* thing.

Away up in Alaska are two boys, Lawrence and William McCarty, who are prosperous quartz prospectors of the Tanana valley, the newly found gold-fields. Lawrence is nine years of age and William is seven. The boys have lived with their parents in the district for more than five years, so that they arrived on the ground early, and are now seasoned miners. Not long ago, the boys, as a result of their observations in watching older prospectors, located two ledges of gold. One of these has a good width and a good character of ore.

Already the boys have taken out sufficient ore to justify a shipment to the stamp-mill near their home. This is an extremely good showing, as the boys find time for digging only after their school and chore hours are past. Mr. McCarty has rewarded his boys' perseverance by buying them special tools of a small size, so they have picks and shovels that will not tire them too quickly. The windlass over their shaft was built to meet their special needs, yet it is just like the windlasses the men miners have.

There is only one operation of mining that the father of the boys will not permit them to undertake. That is dynamiting, to loosen the earth. After the boys have driven holes for the charges to a sufficient depth, Mr. McCarty, or some of his workmen, inserts the explosives and sets them off.

Some day, these same little fellows may own and operate large and important mines. Certainly, if early training and industry mean anything, they will reach a high place in business life. The boys say it is finer fun to dig far down



into the earth and see what mysterious things are hidden there than it is to waste valuable time in idle play.

MONROE WOOLLEY.

### TWO RARE WILD FLOWERS

EVERYBODY ought to be, and most people are, interested in wild flowers, those little soundless voices that whisper thoughts of beauty and tenderness up to us as we walk about this earth of ours. While some of them are bright and striking, many, lovely but lowly, are so modest as often to be overlooked. There is one, however, not often seen, that never fails to secure a cry of surprise and delight from the traveler when first it is met. It is the snow-plant of the Sierra Nevada (*Sarcodes sanguinea*), the only plant, so far as I know, that is entirely of one color, stem, leaves, and blossoms. Picture to yourself a flower much like the hyacinth in size and general appearance, but of a glowing ruby hue throughout. In the silence of the great pine and fir forests that cover the western slopes of the Sierra at from four thousand to nine thousand feet of altitude, soon after the snows have melted, and often within sight of some late remaining snowbank, this gayest of flowers pushes up through its covering of pine-needles, almost like a jet from the warm blood-current of the summer earth.

From its appearance, one would naturally suppose the plant to grow from a bulb. It belongs, however, to the heath family, and so is related to the heather of Scotland and to our own favorite



arbutus and rhododendron, though it seems from its manner of growth to be allied also to the fungi, for, like the mushrooms and toadstools, it



THE SNOW-PLANT OF THE SIERRA NEVADA—  
IN FULL BLOOM, AND SEEDING.

appears to originate in some strange way from the decay of organic matter. Like them, too, when once above the ground it shoots up at an amazing rate, and the plant which to-day may be just visible will be a foot high and in full bloom within four or five days. Instead of leaves it has soft, fleshy growths that curl gracefully among the bell-shaped blossoms. In two or three

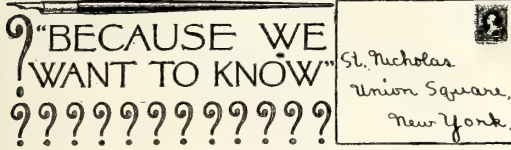
days it loses its brilliancy, and later you may see the plant, dry and faded, thickly covered with hard brown seeds, as shown in the second picture.

The last photograph represents another charming wild flower that comes as a happy surprise to the wayfarer in the Sierra. This is one of the polemoniums, which are relatives of the phloxes. There are several polemoniums, but this, the handsomest of them all, is found only at very high elevations, so that it is seen only by the chance explorer. It was at the very summit of Mount Dana, over thirteen thousand feet above sea-level, where, for fully eight months of every year, the scanty vegetation is covered deeply with snow, that I found this exquisite flower. Almost hidden among the shattered blocks of slate that strew the top of the mountain (one of the highest peaks of the great Californian range), my eyes fell upon masses of the delightful blue blossoms—that pure, soft, forget-me-not hue that is like the innocent eyes of a blue-eyed child. I shall never forget the deep pleasure of that sudden discovery: it, alone, was worth the climb, had there not been the superb view of mountain, lake, and forest that opened everywhere around me. In fact, I think that the two experiences enhanced one another by contrast—the solemn, almost overpowering sense of vastness and solitude



A GROUP OF BLUE POLEMONIUM, FOUND BLOOMING AT THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT DANA,  
OVER 13,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

in that high place, and then, close by, almost at my feet, the sweet and touching beauty of those friendly flower-eyes, smiling quietly up into mine.



NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this "Because We Want to Know" page, for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department cannot afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—EDITOR.

#### WILD PIGEONS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mr. Edmund J. Sawyer's description of extinct birds in the November ST. NICHOLAS awakened in me vivid memories of my youth that may be of interest to the readers of his excellent article.

In 1853, my father, David M. Taber, a Vermont boy then fourteen years old, secured a place as flagman with the Government Survey, and was sent to Minnesota. Big game was plentiful and rifles were the common weapons, shot-guns being almost unknown.

The old chief of the Sioux settlement at the Red Wing trading post took a liking to the boy, and offered to teach him to shoot; so, procuring a rifle, he went with the chief a short distance up the river to a point that, for many years, was celebrated as the finest pigeon-pass in the West. It was here, and with the swift-winged wild pigeons for targets, that the Indian chief taught my father how to use a rifle.

My father was the best shot I ever knew, not even excepting Colonel Cody, for at one time I witnessed a friendly contest which they had with rifles.

Some twenty years later, my father took me to the old pigeon-pass. Father complained that the pigeons were not nearly so numerous as they had been when he was a boy; yet during the evening flight small flocks were constantly passing. Not long after, we went about ten miles into Pierce County, Wisconsin, to a pigeon-roost, which, as I recall it, was scattered over an area of more than a square mile. Greatly to Father's disgust, we found over a score of settlers' wagons scattered through the woods, the owners and their boys climbing the trees and robbing the nests of the half-grown squabs, killing with clubs many of the mother pigeons, who, in their anxiety to protect their young, would approach too near the pot-hunters. Many were there also armed with shot-guns, with which they slaughtered a multitude of these beautiful creatures, and the wagons were all loaded with loot.

Returning home, Father said to me: "I tried to reason with some of those robbers, but it was useless. I wish I might get a law passed to protect our game. The deer and everything else is being exterminated. Those louts have broken up that pigeon-roost, and I very much doubt if any of the birds return again next season."

A few birds did return for a year or two thereafter, but I saw no pigeons after 1876, until the year 1910; and what I now have to tell will interest Mr. Sawyer and his readers.

In 1909, I went to southern Oregon and built a log-camp at 4000 feet elevation on the precipitous northerly slope of Green Mountain. We were about 1000 feet below the summit, located on a rocky spur, and between

the camp and the mountain proper there was a lower swale that made a perfect pass for birds. Geese frequently passed over it, and one morning in 1910 I beheld, to my amazed delight, a flock of about a hundred birds that I felt certain were the wild pigeons of my youth. We had sixteen men employed at the mining prospect, and with some difficulty I persuaded them not to shoot at the birds, which passed us regularly night and morning, and offered a considerable temptation.

The pigeons came again in somewhat greater numbers in the summer of 1911; and in 1912 a large flock settled in a grove about a mile from the little village of Glendale. I marked them down and went to the grove, remaining there and observing them closely for over half an hour without flushing them, and I satisfied myself fully that they really were the same wild pigeons of my early youth in Minnesota. Just then I would have traded my rifle very gladly for a kodak.

Probably the birds that used to nest in the upper Mississippi valley were so nearly exterminated in the 'seventy's that the remnant remaining decided on some other line of summer flight. I have heard it said by travelers that they were numerous some years ago in some parts of Brazil and Argentina. Could those survivors have crossed the Equator in their southern flight from Minnesota? It seems unlikely. Be that as it may, they certainly have returned in modest numbers to southern Oregon, where they nest without much molestation. Few, if any, shot-guns are in use there, it being essentially a deer country; and the hunters, who are not numerous, carry nothing but rifles. May the pigeons multiply in peace and eventually return to the Father of Waters, where now they may count on receiving adequate protection!

RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

Mr. Taber's notes on the passenger-pigeon are interesting, and evidently correct, so far as they relate to Minnesota. When, however, he speaks of the pigeon of southern Oregon, he is dealing with a very different species, the common band-tailed pigeon (*Columba fasciata*), a bird unknown east of the Rockies, just as the passenger-pigeon was unknown west of the Rockies.

Mr. Taber's references to the pigeons of Brazil and Argentina also obviously relate to one or more of the sixty-odd species of pigeons of South America. In other words, therefore, the statement published in your November number regarding the extinction of the passenger-pigeon is correct so far as any one knows.—FRANK M. CHAPMAN, Curator, American Museum of Natural History, New York.

#### THE "BLIND SPOT"

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there such a thing as a "blind spot" in one's eye? I read somewhere that this was so, and wondered whether the statement was true.

Your friend and most interested reader,

JAMES R. EMBREE.

Yes; it is at the point where the large optic nerve enters the eye. This round spot is not covered with the retina which receives external impressions.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

BEHOLD how far our poets went

In following their "*Quest*"!

What spoil they found or did invent!

What thoughts and dreams beneficent—

And in what beauty drest!

Prose-writers, quite as diligent,

From continent to continent,

Roamed far and wide, and all intent

To let no "*Conqueror*," eminent,

Escape them, East or West.

Ardent young artists used their bent

In trailing many "*An Accident*,"—

Or with deft skill to represent

"*An Unexpected Guest*."

While rival camera-wielders spent

Their energies, to such extent,

In "*Taking Things*"—with zeal well meant—

The editor, 't is evident,

Has only to suggest

A subject, scene, or incident,—

They scamper off, with glad assent,

And speed to its accomplishment!

*We* "press the button," well content,

And let them "do the rest"!

MORE than once we have called attention to the great

range and diversity of our young contestants' choice of characters and scenes to fit the themes assigned each month. As the foregoing jingle implies, there has seldom been a greater variety than in the present competition. For instance, with "*The Conqueror*,"—one young contributor chooses that great, mysterious monument in the sands of Egypt, the Sphinx, "*Conqueror of Time Itself*"; another tells a thrilling adventure story of how a shark was conquered by a coolie; a third prefers the very human and every-day incident of little "*Joey*," the street-waif, and how he conquered himself. Nor are all so serious-minded, for there is an amusing and clever account of a truly boy-like "*scrap*" between two schoolmates; and again we are transported to the middle of the Pacific Ocean by a contest "*on the sly*" to preserve some school initials in the crater of a Hawaiian volcano!

"*The Quest*" also led our young poets far afield. Only a few of their verses can be printed here, but among them you will find three truly beautiful lyrics from Honor Members.

The young artists and photographers have rather an advantage over their competitors because their contributions speak to the eye, and even a hasty glance will show what ingenious twists and turns their keen wits and skilful hands have given to their subjects.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 181

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Betty Penny** (age 14), Michigan.

Silver badges, **Lucile Talmage** (age 14), Utah; **E. Barrett Brady** (age 14), New York; **Glory Mavis Dwyer** (age 11), New York; **Page Williams** (age 14), Massachusetts.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Fred Morgan Davenport, Jr.** (age 14), New York.

Silver badges, **Marjorie Seligman** (age 14), England; **Ruth Gullette** (age 14), Minnesota.

**DRAWINGS.** Silver badges, **Ruth S. Foster** (age 15), New York; **Evelyn Ringemann** (age 15), California; **Theodore Haupt** (age 12), Minnesota.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Silver badges, **Eleanor F. Bye** (age 14), New Jersey; **Jean Southam** (age 10), Canada; **Lois Burnham** (age 15), Wisconsin; **Betty Barnes** (age 16), Massachusetts; **Althea Deitrich** (age 13), Virginia.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Jesse Carmack** (age 15), Tennessee.

Silver badge, **Julius R. Pratt** (age 15), New Jersey.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badges, **Dorothy M. Anderson** (age 15), Ohio; **Mary Hankinson** (age 12), New York.

Silver badge, **Louise Barringer Cramer** (age 17), Georgia.



BY DOROTHY EDWARDS, AGE 14.



BY ROSETTA HARPSTER, AGE 13.

"TAKING THINGS."

## THE QUEST

BY MARJORIE DODGE (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

ACROSS the fields, the bare brown fields, an autumn wind  
is blowing,

An autumn glory gilds the trees, and sets the hills  
afire ;

Come, ride with me along the way where late the  
flowers were growing,

And find again the dear lost trail, the road to heart's  
desire.

Adown the years, the vanished years, a wandering  
breeze is sighing ;

Forgotten ways, forgotten days, are whispered by the  
wind ;

Come, follow through the misty lanes where fairies once  
went spying,

Ride back to childhood's golden age, and leave the  
world behind.

O'er all the fields, the empty fields, an autumn rain is  
falling ;

An autumn chill is in the air, the hills are bare and  
gray.

But still through all the twilight gloom a dear-loved  
voice is calling ;

Come, let us learn again the path to childhood's  
yesterday.

Oh, ride with me across the world, and find the van-  
ished glory !

Along the road to fairy-land it lights the searcher  
still ;

Our guide shall be an elf from long-forgotten fairy  
story,

And we will seek the fading gleam beyond the  
farthest hill.

Then let us haste upon the quest to childhood's land  
elysian ;

Wind-led, we ride o'er all the world, to find the fairy  
band.

Together we shall see at last the glory and the vision,  
And live again, for evermore, in long-lost fairy-land !

## THE CONQUEROR

BY BETTY PENNY (AGE 14)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won June, 1914)*

OUT in the midst of the boundless desert it lies, half  
sunken in the sand, silent, majestic, and alone. By day,  
the burning Egyptian sun beats down upon it ; by night,  
it lies unsleeping under the deep, star-set vault of  
heaven.

What hand carved that mighty form, that face, calm,  
divine, in its infinite patience and benignity? What  
does it mean, and why was it placed there, a monument  
for all time? Questions that great men of all ages have  
asked and guessed at, but which no one has answered.

What wondrous tales those massive lips could tell,  
could they be unsealed! Tales of a dead people, and of  
a bygone civilization far more wonderful than any that  
the world has since seen.

A thousand years hence, the Sphinx will still lie  
there, keeping its sleepless vigil over the land of its own  
people, still gazing out over the desert, unchanged, un-  
conquerable.

Surely this, the greatest enigma of all times, may  
justly be called the conqueror, for it has conquered time.

## THE CONQUEROR

BY E. BARRETT BRADY (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

WHEN Hezekiah reigned over Jerusalem, Sennacherib,  
King of Assyria, assembled his vast hosts and marched  
down on the vine-clad hills and smiling valleys of Pales-  
tine. With indomitable energy he captured forty-six of  
its fortified cities, and carried away their inhabitants  
into captivity. From a fertile, prosperous land, he  
transformed Judea into a scorching desert.

Hezekiah, to save his capital, sent ambassadors to  
Sennacherib saying that whatever ransom was imposed  
upon him, that would he pay, if Jerusalem was spared.  
The ransom appointed was three hundred talents of sil-  
ver and thirty of gold. To pay this enormous sum,  
Hezekiah was forced, after exhausting both the royal  
and ecclesiastical treasures, to strip the gold from the  
door and pillars of the temple of Solomon.

Not content with this princely ransom, Sennacherib  
also demanded that the Jews forsake their ally, Egypt.  
This last condition Hezekiah bravely refused to accept.  
Having now a sufficient excuse, Sennacherib besieged  
Jerusalem. Hezekiah went into the temple of his God  
and prayed that the city might be delivered from the  
Assyrians. That night, the Lord sent His angel to smite  
the besiegers, probably in the shape of some fearful  
pestilence.

Hezekiah's prayer was answered, for the siege was  
raised and Sennacherib was forced to retire into  
Nineveh with a shattered army and an humbled pride.  
The conqueror was conquered by a greater Conqueror  
than himself.

## THE CONQUEROR

BY LUCILE TALMAGE (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

THERE he stands—the little conqueror. Don't you see  
him? But if I say the little urchin, then do you see?  
He is only a mite of a chap, called Joey, with ragged  
clothing and a freckled face, who has been bred in the



"TAKING THINGS." BY ELEANOR F. BYE, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

slums and never known the true meaning of "home" or  
"mother." He attended Sunday-school for the first time  
on the previous Sabbath.



But why is he called a conqueror? He has just fought the first real battle of his life.

A few minutes ago, a little paper-boy passed, and, while counting out change for a customer, he dropped a whole ten-cent piece, unknowing, on the ground. Joey quickly covered it with his foot, and when able to, unseen, he picked it up and ran joyfully toward a nearby bakery.

But at the door he halted, for the words of the Sunday-school teacher came to him forcibly. "Be honest,



"TAKING THINGS." BY JEAN SOUTHAM, AGE 10  
(SILVER BADGE.)

boys," he had said. "Whatever you do, be honest!" Was this honest? No! Did he have to be honest? No! Was he going to be honest? Ah, that was the question. For a long time he stood there with clenched fists, the spicy odors from the bakery tempting him sadly. Nobody knows the thoughts that conflicted in his little mind, each struggling for supremacy; but the good won. Throwing aside his intense desire to buy some of those delicious-looking confections, Joey rushed away to await the passing of the paper-boy when he returned.

There he stands—the little conqueror. Can you see him now?

### THE QUEST (OF THE POLE)

BY FRED MORGAN DAVENPORT, JR. (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1910)

The great explorer stood, and glanced  
Abroad on snowy splendor;  
The sunbeams o'er the broad waste danced,  
The dogs, fast to their sledges, pranced,  
Their life-warmth to engender.

"My men, there lies the north!" he said,  
And pointed far away.  
Adventure—in each heart it leapt—  
A spirit bold that never slept—  
A stranger to dismay.

Before them looms the yawning rift;  
Direct behind, the crags;  
But theirs is fiery Ardor's gift,  
For them the clouds will ever lift:  
Their courage never flags.

On, on, they speed, the goal attain,  
A world-famed victory score;  
And on earth's pinnacle obtain  
The guerdon of their toil and pain—  
Their long, hard quest is o'er.

### THE QUEST

BY MARJORIE SELIGMAN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

He hae searchet the lan' for a lassie sae fair,  
A lassie o' high degree;  
For he said, "The lass that I shall wed  
Must ane o' the highest be."

He hae searchet the lan' thro' brake an' thorn,  
But never a lassie found he;  
An' he said, "It is strange how few maids there are  
Who are high enow for me."

He hae searchet the lan' for many lang years,  
But ne'er the lass found he;  
And he said, "I am old and feeble now,  
An' there 's nae lass left for me."

### THE CONQUEROR

BY AGNES NOLAN (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

THE splendid series, "More than Conquerors," in *St. Nicholas*, has done much to change my ideal conqueror; but war has been a big factor in the history of humanity for many generations, and William the Norman has been given the title of the Conqueror.

Of course my sympathies are all with Harold, but I cannot help admiring the firmness of character and the strong characteristics which made William the Conqueror.

William had a thorough understanding of human nature. The people at that time were very superstitious. They believed thoroughly in signs and omens. When William first landed in England he fell down. This was

supposed to be a bad omen, and every one was afraid. But William, with ready wit, changed it from a bad omen to a good one by showing his hands full of mud and saying that he had already taken possession of English ground.

After the memorable battle of Hastings, William stamped out the remaining resistance

with an iron heel. He set to work, with his shrewd executive ability, and organized a strong central government. He confiscated the land of all "traitors." He instituted a feudal system which, unlike the Continental feudal system, gave the king direct power over every citizen, and with sharp cunning he had the financial status of every man written in the Domesday Book, so that no one could get out of any of the "services" which he owed the king.

William is not a lovable character, but who will not admit that he is a strong character?



"A HEADING FOR MARCH."  
BY RUTH S. FOSTER, AGE  
15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET L. DAVIDSON,  
AGE 13.



BY KATHARINE DAVIDSON,  
AGE 11.



BY JOSEPH W. RICHARDS,  
AGE 15.



BY LOUIS DE ST. JOHN,  
AGE 13.



BY MARGARET SOUTHAM, AGE 14.



BY LOIS BURNHAM, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARGARET ECKERT, AGE 10.

#### "TAKING THINGS."

#### THE CONQUERORS

BY KATHRYN I. LYMAN (AGE 16)

I AM only a pile of lava rock resting quietly on the floor of an extinct volcano, one thousand feet below the rim. I differ from the ordinary rocks about me in that I distinctly read: H. B. S. I was placed here by a jolly, rollicking band of athletic boys fresh from Hilo Boarding-school. These boys came tumbling and sliding down the steep banks of my crater home, and left me here in commemoration of their beloved school. But my most exciting adventure happened just a year ago.

Some boys and girls, less agile than my first visitors, descended the crater, came up to me, and most cruelly broke two of my limbs. The full significance of this did not strike me until long after they were gone. Then I discovered that H. H. S. loomed up to all observers from the rim in place of H. B. S. Now, H. H. S. means

Hilo High School. I knew that my school-boy friends were thirty miles away. Would they hear of my plight? Could they remedy it?

A week later, I beheld three beings cautiously descending the steep banks. Two of them wore skirts, and hence could not be my rollicking friends. Soon again I felt my rocks dragged about, and saw these mysterious persons dripping a white liquid about. I feared further treachery, for these beings moved cautiously. They worked rapidly; then, gathering up their belongings, climbed carefully out of the pit.

It was not until the sun shone brightly down on the black floor of the crater that I understood what had been done. Again I presented a distinct H. B. S., and beside me, in dazzling white, loomed a companion H. B. S.

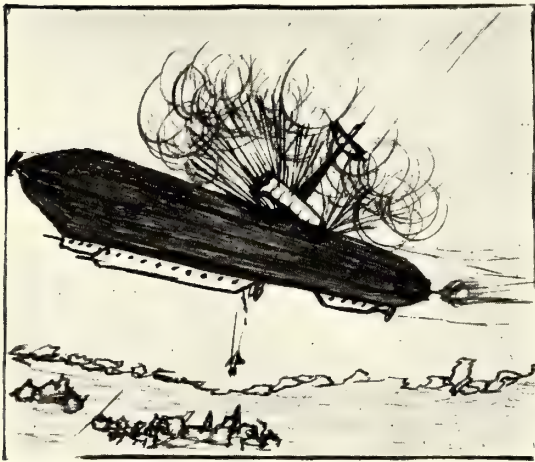
You, too, should you look down into "Kilauea Iki" on the island of Hawaii, would see the conquerors.



## THE QUEST

BY ELIZABETH M. DUKES (AGE 12)  
(Honor Member)

The cradle of the oriole  
Hangs empty on the bough;  
One dead leaf sails upon the air,  
The wild wind guides its prow.  
But though the March wind roar his worst,  
And days be bleak and chill,  
I have a sapphire talisman  
I found below the hill.  
No gold of summer's brilliant sun,  
No blue of turquoise sky,  
Can rival these three lovely gems,  
Safe hidden, sweet, and shy.  
Long have I scanned the barren wood,  
Long have I searched the lea,  
But now my quest is not in vain—  
Behold my violets three!



"AN ACCIDENT." BY THEODORE HAUPT, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

## THE CONQUEROR

BY GLORY MAVIS DWYER (AGE 11)  
(Silver Badge)

We had at last arrived at Colombo. The sun came up over the horizon in a flood of gold and flaming red. It was wondrous beautiful.

Little Nell, my fellow-passenger, and I were leaning over the rail of the Peninsula and Oriental liner looking at the many things the natives had to sell. A small, black, ebony elephant that a coolie in one of the catamarans had for sale caught the little girl's eye.

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, and leaned out over the rail to obtain a better view. "I would like to have that."

Suddenly she overbalanced and fell into the yellow water. I screamed out in terror. It looked as if sure death awaited my dear little friend.

The boatswain dived from the deck, but as he swam toward Nellie we saw the black fin of a shark come up over the surface of the water. What could be done? The shark would surely reach the child before the swimmer.

A small coolie in one of the catamarans understood that the shark would reach Nellie before the boatswain, and he acted promptly. He leaped into the water, swim-

ming toward the oncoming monster. When near the brute, he dived and drove his knife deep into the belly of the shark. It was splendid! The big sea-scavenger lashed the water with his tail and turned upon the boy, but the coolie drove his knife again and again, and the shark, mortally wounded, sank slowly.



"TAKING THINGS." BY BETTY BARNES, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

The boatswain rescued the child, but little Hadji, the brown boy, was taken up on the poop deck and praised as the hero of the incident. He had killed the monster of the sea.

Hadji, the conqueror, was rewarded by all the passengers, including Nellie's father.

League members are reminded that the silver badge must be won before the gold badge can be awarded.

## THE QUEST

BY HELENA MARSH (AGE 16)

In early spring, so gently fragrant,  
When all the wood is turning green,  
I break into that silence deep  
To seek the arbutus' tender sheen—  
The tiny, trailing, coral vine,  
The first to wake from winter's sleep.



"TAKING THINGS." BY ALTHEA DEITRICH, AGE 13.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

And when the fragile little flowers  
Their bell-like daintiness revealed,  
Peep out at me from 'neath the mold,  
The season's message is unsealed,  
Whisp'ring of spring's great loveliness,  
By the arbutus blossoms told.

## THE QUEST

BY KATHARINE WARD (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

COME through the pale wet woods, ah, love of mine,  
 To where I wait you, that we two may go  
 Past the dark pools where slender rushes line  
 The pathway of the fast-retreating snow.  
 So shall we two hunt out the hidden Spring,  
 Crouched in his caverns, proud and unaware  
 Of his brave few, who praise the exiled king,  
 And call his name upon the startled air.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY E. THEODORE NELSON, AGE 17.  
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

Yes, we shall find the heralds of his might,  
 The golden lilies open to the sun,  
 And the small weeds, with faces firm and bright,  
 And the frail violets, not to be outdone.  
 How shall the laggard Spring delay so long  
 When we have waved his banners to the fore?  
 How shall he loiter his dark caves among  
 When Winter's armies hold the woods no more?

Do we not know the slender, timid moon,  
 The spring-time moon, that glimmers in the sky?  
 Ah, yes, we know the varying signs, and soon  
 The season's vanguards shall be passing by.  
 Come through the pale wet woods—ah, love, be fleet,  
 For weary is the world of Winter's sway;  
 Perchance the lingering of your shining feet  
 Will chase the gloomy tyrant far away!

## THE CONQUEROR

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

"T is!"

"T ain't!"

"T is!"

"T ain't!"

"Step over the line and I 'll lick yer."

Five brown toes wriggled over the chalk-line.

"Dare you to!"

This was how it started. They fought till Jimmy had a black eye and Johnny a bloody nose. They rolled in the dust and clawed and kicked and bit until, by mutual consent, they paused.

"Guess I licked yer good and hard that time."

"Did n't lick me."

"Did!"

"Did n't!"

"Did!"

"Did n't!"—and they were at it again.

"Boys!"

The fighting stopped instantly. The teacher stood before them.

"What is this about?"

"Jimmy called me 'red head.'"

"Johnny called me 'snub nose.'"

"Did n't!"

"Did!"

"Did n't!"

The teacher's eyes gleamed with amusement.

"Stop your fussing and shake hands."

Two grimy paws met in a sullen clasp.

"Now go about your business."

"JOHNNY, have you been fighting again?" This from an indignant mother.

"Jimmy called me names and I licked him," was the brief reply.

"Looks like you been up to something, son," said father, as, weary and footsore, Jimmy entered the house.

"Johnny and I had a fight."

"Well?"

"Aw, I could lick Johnny with my little finger!" was the retort—and Jimmy's remaining eye flashed triumphantly.

## THE CONQUEROR

BY VAIL MOTTER (AGE 13)

DANIEL WEBSTER said, "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington."

What a wonderful gift that was! It was Washington who triumphed over the immense difficulties which beset the path of his little army during the dark periods of the Revolution. It was through his excellent foresight and generalship that the Continental forces, the only hope of American independence, were saved time after time from capture or destruction.



"AN ACCIDENT." BY EVELYN RINGEMANN, AGE 15.  
 (SILVER BADGE.)

Washington was beloved by all. Whenever he passed through a town, he was greeted with shouts and cheers. His men were devoted to him and trusted him completely. To many people he seemed austere, but on one occasion, on receiving some good tidings, he was seen jumping about like a boy.



He was a great conqueror, but his victories were not of arms alone. No general, since his time, has accomplished so much with so little. They were triumphs over fearful odds, which, had they not been surmounted by his genius, would probably have put the weak, struggling colonies of that time back under English sovereignty.

America and Europe vied in tributes paid to the memory of Washington. It has been beautifully said of him that, "Providence left him childless, that his coun-



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ADELAIDE WINTER, AGE 15.

try might call him Father." His country, now big and powerful, is proud that its father was one of the greatest men of all time.

The names of many eminent men of old, and names yet to come, will fade from history's pages; but the honored and loved name of Washington will be forever remembered and revered.

### THE CONQUEROR

BY MARY GRACE ALEXANDER (AGE 13)

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was the conqueror of wounds and illness in the war that broke out in the Crimea between Russia and England. Even as a little child, her greatest delight was in nursing a dog back to health, and pretending her dolls had met with serious accidents so she could have the pleasure of binding their wounds.

When she grew older, she decided she would take nursing as her life-work. She went to London first, and learned all she could there; next she went to Paris to study, and also to Germany. The war came then between Russia and England, and Florence Nightingale decided that her place was at the front.

Before her time, very little care had been given to the sick and wounded lying on the battle-field. She got together some kind-hearted women, like herself, to help with the nursing.

Florence Nightingale was called by the soldiers "the cheering angel," because, if there was an operation to be performed, she was always there to cheer the poor suffering man. After the war was over, the name of Florence Nightingale became a household word. A man-of-war was sent to bring her home, and preparations were made for a triumphal entry into London. But she did not care for so much publicity, so she came home secretly and went to her father's house quietly. It was she who led to the establishment of the splendid Red Cross work that is doing so much good in this dreadful European war.

### THE QUEST

BY RUTH GULLETTE (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

As the cold, cold North Wind blows,  
How I wonder what he knows.  
He is murmur'ing in each tree;  
He is moaning o'er the sea;  
He is searching, ill content,  
Always hunting, turbulent,  
Seeking, ever,  
Finding, never.

With his chilling, blighting hand  
He plays havoc in the land  
That so radiant, yesterday,  
Bloomed with flowers bright and gay.  
Still he searches, ill content,  
Always hunting, turbulent,  
Seeking, ever,  
Finding, never.

In quest he's been of unknown things,  
Wild and weird, of which he sings,  
Since, while brave Ulysses slept,  
From Æolus' bag he leapt.  
So he searches, ill content,  
Always hunting, turbulent,  
Seeking, ever,  
Finding, never.

### THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

PROSE, 1  
John S. Holt  
Fannie M. Bouton  
Alice Hubbard

Alfred S. Valentine  
Dorothy Levy  
Elsa Gyllenhammar  
Vesta Tompkins  
Caroline M. Adams

Baldwin S. Maull  
Mollie Greenfield  
Martha Vandiver  
Elizabeth D. Gardner  
Isabelle B. Greason  
Philomene Moehringer  
Elinor Hayes  
Virginia M. Allcock  
Henrietta M. Archer  
Harriet B. Pratt  
Elizabeth Gray



"AN ACCIDENT." BY JANE T. WEBBER, AGE 13.

Esther J. Lowell  
Thora Gerald  
L. Minerva Turnbull  
Edna D. Proctor  
Hettie J. Pritchard  
Marcella H. Foster  
Marion E. Dixon  
Dorothy Towne  
Minnie M. Gottlieb  
Ruth H. Preston  
Vivian E. Hall  
Auleen Bordeaux  
Roderick Young  
Phyllis C. Cone  
Frances D. Etheridge

Mary Appel  
Sarah W. McLean  
Roszel C. Thomson  
Diana H. S. Wertheim  
Hilda Barnard  
Natalie Budd  
Huanayra Cowle  
Catherine F. Urell  
Katharine Holste  
Maude O. Ross  
Margaret L. Williams  
Elizabeth A. Weston  
Katherine C. Oldfield  
Felice Janecy  
Eliza A. Peterson

PROSE, 2  
Doris Purrington  
Elizabeth T. Scott  
Kathryn P. Wilcox  
Ruth Packard  
Margaret Burkett  
Margaret McCusker  
Alice Hyde  
Mary Landrus  
Emily Sykes  
Ruth Daniels  
Elizabeth Law  
Isabel Torey  
Katherine Williams  
Blanch Laub  
Margaret Law  
Mary Esterline  
Katharine Crom  
Frances Johnston  
Dora Markow  
Minnie Eison  
Doris Dunning  
Stuart Chertock  
Eileen Hayes  
Mildred Stevens  
James Rafferty  
Elizabeth Skeele  
Clara A. Pierce  
Martha Rosenberg  
Elizabeth Nason  
Alice Woodard  
Edith E. Ebersold  
Gabrielle M. Cloutier  
Charlotte Henry  
Francis Lincoln

## VERSE, 1

Edith Emmons  
Dorothy Levy  
Nell Adams  
Margaret H. Laidlaw  
Mildred V. Preston  
Claire Roesch  
Ann Hamilton  
Mary G. Kenrick  
Emma Jacobs  
Max E. Konecky  
Eleanor M. Bell  
Margaret L. Shields  
Dorothy V. Smith  
Verna Peacock  
Frances Raeder  
Louise Bateman  
Marian Wightman  
Eleanor Johnson  
Lucy Newman  
Edith Walton  
Juliet H. Rogers  
Frances Cavanah  
Adele Noyes  
Vida Williams  
Gladys Livermore  
Miriam Hussey  
Eugenia Boross

## VERSE, 2

Marie Mirvis  
Jane B. Walden  
Kathleen R. Knox  
Sydney R. McLean  
Ethelyn B. Crusel  
Florence White  
Francis J. Godoy

## DRAWINGS, 1

Harlan Hubbard  
Jean E. Peacock  
Katharine E. Smith  
Miriam Eisenberg  
P. Ernest Isbell  
Henry Picken  
Walter Jensen  
Parker S. McAllister  
Julia Hepburn  
F. Bisinger  
Edith M. Smith

## DRAWINGS, 2

Grace E. Steger  
Marjorie Guthrie



"AN ACCIDENT." BY ISABELL EMERY,  
AGE 16.

Janet Boyle  
George Nichols, Jr.  
Matilda Yeo  
Margaret Phelps  
Elberta L. Esty  
Flora M. Rowlands  
May R. Nathan  
Pauline F. May  
Louise S. May

Cornelia P. Bird  
Jack Cook  
Muriel Peterson  
Rouie Best  
Josephine Whitehouse  
Winifred Whitehouse  
F. B. Fox  
Harriet James  
Mary Cunningham  
Frances Billings  
Helen F. Sanford  
Naomi Brockett  
Dorothy Woolcott

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Clarissa Smythe  
Patrina M. Colis  
Elizabeth Harlow  
Edith N. Evans  
Stewart S. Kurtz  
Martha B. Wollerton  
Alice Bennett  
Florence L. Flitz  
Reba V. Simmons  
Margery Andrews  
Huston Murdoch  
Esther R. Emery  
Elizabeth Allchin  
Louise Feely  
Martha L. Bartlett  
Georgia Kennedy  
Phoebe Vorce  
Anne Driscoll  
Gretchen Mayher  
Katherine Clark  
Rebecca D. Burguer  
Forsyth Patterson  
Walter P. Stokes, Jr.  
Edward Joyce  
Margaret Warren  
Dean Clark  
Peggy Gantt  
Mildred Hughes

## PUZZLES, 1

Edith Pierpont  
Stickney  
Leonard L. Ernst  
Dorothy Wilcox

## PUZZLES, 2

Harriet C. Marble  
Fannie C. Barnhart  
Elizabeth Mitchell  
Joe Earnest  
Bernard Goldbaum  
Donald A. Cook  
Jack S. Carman  
Katharine Spencer  
Marguerite A. Harris  
Mary Grace Nichols  
Catherine Pelton  
Elizabeth Davidson  
Norris Tuttle  
Katherine A. Adams  
Julian F. Mack  
Arthur A. Cook  
Helen Carmichael  
Lewis Young  
Laura S. Shaw  
Pauline Carl  
Richard Loewenstein  
Fred Floyd, Jr.  
Julia F. Peabody  
Julian Wickham  
Mabel Burton  
David Goldberg  
Charles Henderson  
Mary L. Lewis

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 185

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 185** will close **March 24** (for foreign members **March 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **July**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Rocket," or "The Flag."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Happiest 'Fourth'," or "A Fourth-of-July Story."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Popular Subject."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Getting Ready," or a Heading for **July**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoölogical gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a *few words* where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



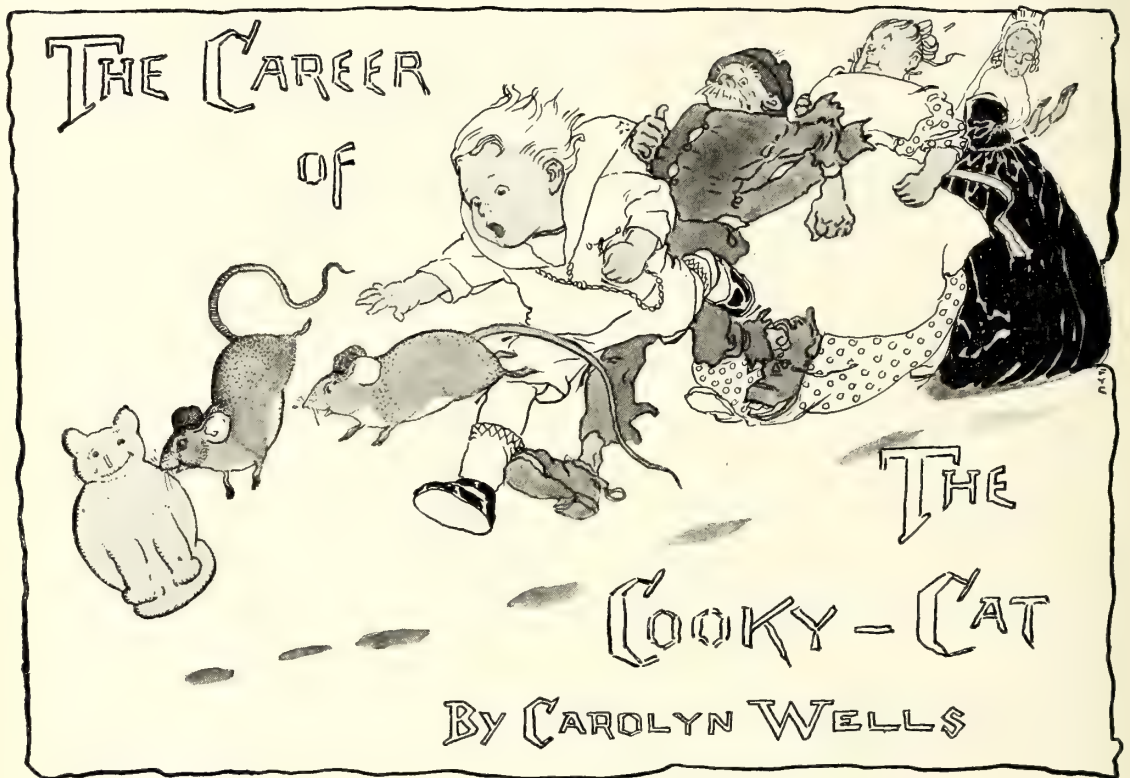
"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY ESTHER  
RICE, AGE 16.

Amelia Winter  
Norma Diddel  
Virginia Gardiner  
Claus Peterson  
Helen G. Barnard  
Ingeborg Nylund  
Lucie C. Holt

Mildred F. Williams  
Irma M. Levi  
Robert Mare  
Elizabeth Thompson  
Albert R. Perkins  
Louis Burt  
Louis S. Marchiony



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK



GRANDMAMA made a Cooky-Cat,  
Brown and spicy, and round and fat.  
She set it up on the pantry shelf,  
Safe and sound, and said to herself:  
"To-morrow morning, when Bobby comes,  
I'll give him that Cat and some sugar-plums."  
And Grandmama smiled, and felt very glad,  
For Bobby was such a dear little lad.

So the Cooky-Cat sat on the shelf for a while,  
And then Bridget spied it, and said, with a smile:  
"Arrah! there 's a Cat the Missus has made,  
I'll take it an' kape it for Mikey, indade!  
'T will do the bye good, an' the Missus won't moind;  
She 's such a shwate leddy, so ginerous an' koind."



"SHE SET IT UP ON THE PANTRY SHELF."

Bridget went to the kitchen, and, meaning no ill,  
 Set the Cooky-Cat down on the low window-sill.  
 And an hour or so later, a tramp, passing by,  
 On that beautiful Cooky-Cat fastened his eye.  
 He looked and he listened, and, hearing no sound,  
 He felt sure he was safe—there was no one around.  
 He stealthily reached to the sill where it sat,  
 And he wickedly stole that nice, brown Cooky-Cat!  
 Then away down the road he rapidly ran.  
 Oh, oh, what a bad, wicked, bold beggar-man!

Then he said to himself: "This cake, spiced and sweet,  
 Is not just the *kind* of food *I* wish to eat;  
 I'll stop at this baker's and ask him for bread,  
 And offer to give him the Cooky instead."



"HE STEALTHILY REACHED TO THE SILL WHERE IT SAT."





"OUR LITTLE FRIEND BOB AND HIS PARENTS DREW NEAR."

To the baker, of course, it all seemed very strange,  
But he was quite willing to make the exchange.  
For of bread he'd a-plenty, but never before  
Was such a fine Cooky-Cat seen in his store.

In the window 't was placed, and a crowd gathered round,  
To see the Cat-Cooky so spiced and so browned.  
And all of the children who looked at the cat  
At once began screaming, "Mama! buy me that!"

Now soon to the window—and this was quite queer—  
Our little friend Bob and his parents drew near.  
And his father exclaimed, as he noticed the toy:  
"Why, Mother made such Cats when I was a boy!  
I'll buy it for you, Bob. I'm quite certain *that*  
Is a regular, old-fashioned, true Cooky-Cat!"

. . . . .

So they carried away their precious prize,  
With its citron nose and its currant eyes;

And Bobby played with it all the day,  
And at bedtime he put it securely away  
In the nursery cupboard, and said: "Good night,  
Dear Cooky-Cat, till the morning light."

But alas! when the house was dark and still,  
The Cooky-Cat felt a sudden thrill;  
For she heard the patter of tiny mice,  
Attracted no doubt by her fragrant spice.  
Nearer and nearer they slyly came,—  
The Cooky-Cat trembled through all her frame.  
They climbed to the shelf on which she sat,—  
Alas! alas! for the Cooky-Cat!  
She pleaded for mercy. The mice said, "Nay!  
For 'turn about' is, you see, fair play.  
A Cat will always eat mice, and that  
Makes it fair for the mice to eat the Cat!"

So that was the Cooky-Cat's sad fate,  
Those greedy mice just ate and ate.  
And in the morning Bobby found  
Only a few crumbs scattered round.  
Then down in his little chair he sat,  
And mourned for his beautiful Cooky-Cat.  
But his father said: "Don't cry, my son,  
Grandma will make you another one."



"AT BEDTIME HE PUT IT SECURELY AWAY."



# THE LETTER-BOX

## A CORRECTION

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the September instalment of "With Men Who Do Things," the statement was made that the lower chords of the big steel arch bridge crossing the East River at Ward's Island "will be so big that you could drive a loaded hay-wagon through them if they were cleared of web plates." This I have since found is somewhat of an exaggeration. The actual inside dimensions are 4 feet  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches by 10 feet 6 inches, where the arch springs from the towers, tapering to 4 feet  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches by 6 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches at the crown. A load of hay may vary greatly in size, but ordinarily it would pass through an opening nine or ten feet high. However, it would be quite impossible to squeeze a hay-wagon through an opening as narrow as 4 feet  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches, and only 6 feet  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height.

In the interest of accuracy, I desire this correction should be made, and that my young readers should be informed of the actual dimensions, which are given above.

Yours very truly,

A. RUSSELL BOND.

SALISBURY, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly a year, and like you very much. Of course! Who does not?

I am a Canadian. My home is in Winnipeg, Manitoba. My father and brother belong to one of the Winnipeg regiments, and, after war was declared between England and Germany, they came over with the first Canadian contingent, and are at present on Salisbury Plain. My mother and I came over a little while after they did, and we are living in Salisbury, so that we can be near them. We visit the camp quite often, and enjoy it very much. When the war is over we will go back to Canada, I expect.

Wishing ST. NICHOLAS a long reign as king of all magazines, I am,

Your interested reader,

MURIEL ANDERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If you will remember, I wrote Miss Hawthorne, asking her about starting a reading club, last March. She gave me some fine suggestions, and a few of my girl friends and I started a club. Our first meeting was early in April, and we have enjoyed it a great deal ever since then.

Now we have nine members, and we have about seven present every meeting. We meet on alternate Friday afternoons after school, at the different girls' houses.

We only have time to read for about an hour or an hour and a quarter, which is too bad. But the girls can't come Saturdays, so we do the best we can anyhow.

We have simple "eats" at the meetings to make it more sociable and jolly.

We decided not to be too much organized, as it takes away the interest and uses up time. So we have president, librarian, and secretary.

We tried, as Miss Hawthorne suggested, to read Victorian writers, but they did n't seem to work very well. They are rather cumbersome, when we can only read an hour every two weeks.

We read a lot of Poe's short stories, and one of Bret Harte's, and Dickens's "A Christmas Carol," and now we are reading Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights."

The girls seem to like this best of all. They are intensely interested in it.

We have called the club the "Jane Austen Reading Club," because she was a woman and the first one to write English novels that could be read with interest.

I thought I'd like to tell you how well the club came out, and to thank Miss Hawthorne for her kind suggestions.

Your faithful reader,

GRACE M. LINDEN.

ONEONTA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a very queer thing which happened when I was on my way to California a few winters ago. About one day before we reached the Grand Cañon, I was on the observation-car, when I noticed a little girl of about my size reading "Little Women." We soon became great friends. Next morning, every one was very much excited, for the next stop was at the Grand Cañon. Every one thought the train was never going to stop, but at last it did. Virginia and I were about the first to see the cañon, as the others were anxious to get their breakfast.

One day, Virginia and I were out at the rim of the cañon, when a gust of wind came and blew off Virginia's hat. At first it caught in some bushes and we thought we could get it; but soon it was blown 'way down into the cañon. All the rest of the way Virginia had to wear her father's cap, as a summer hat was not suitable to wear in three feet of snow.

We enjoyed watching all the Indians make rugs and baskets, and we also enjoyed watching them dance.

I am sure every one who has ever been to the Grand Cañon hates as much as we did to leave it.

From your loving reader,

DOROTHY H. ROWE (age 11).

BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just love you. I do not know what I would do if I did not get you. I hope to take you all my life. My mother and uncle took you when they were little children; they have you yet, and I look at them all the time. I just love all your stories. I have a little kitty. She has six toes, and she can climb trees very well.

Your loving reader,

MOLLIE STRATTON (age 10).

PEAVINE P. O., ALBERTA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live on a homestead one hundred miles from any town and fifty miles from the nearest railroad. When we wish to go to town we take a team and wagon, load the wagon with sheaves, "grub" for ourselves, and prepare for a hundred-mile drive. In the summer the roads are very rough and muddy; but in winter everything is frozen, and sometimes the snow is deep enough for sleighing.

When we first "hit the trail" for the homestead, we were forced to camp in an old deserted house with neither door nor windows. It was 30° below zero and a brisk wind blew in from the lake. All except me rolled up in blankets with their faces well covered, but I did n't cover mine. In the morning I did n't realize it, but afterward I found that my nose had frozen.

I have read you since 1909, and always enjoy you. In my estimation, "The Refugee" was the best story I

have read, but "The Runaway" was surely fine. I also liked "The Lucky Stone."

Thanking you for all the pleasure you afford me, I am,

Your interested reader,

FRANK L. WAY.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been receiving your magazine for nearly a year now; a friend of mine gave me a subscription as a birthday present. And I must confess I really love it.

The other day my teacher asked me if I could recite anything in school. I hunted high and low for a poem, but could not find one. Mother suggested looking in the St. NICHOLAS for one, and I found a poem bearing the name of "The Temper Tinker," and brought it to school. The teacher thought it was very pretty, and asked me to recite it. I did so at the Thanksgiving entertainment, and they all complimented me on it. I really owe all my thanks to you.

Lovingly,

RUTH GOLDSTEIN (age 11).

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen only one letter in your Letter-box from here, so I thought I would write to you and thank you for the many pleasures you have given me. I have taken you for two years, and I would like to take you a third. I like the League very much, although I am not a member. We had to write a letter in school this morning, and I wrote to The Century Co. asking for you for one year. Every month I intend to read only one story a day, but I sometimes find that I have read three or four.

Father is a doctor, and he has a case of scarlet fever now. He goes to see the child that has it pretty often, and he always takes an old St. NICHOLAS with him. The poor child can hardly wait until he comes.

I liked "The Runaway" and "The Lucky Stone" very much, and could hardly wait until the next number came so that I could read them. I like "Tommy and the Wishing-stone" almost as well.

Your friend,

DOROTHEA SMITH (age 11).

CLEVELAND, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every month since I have taken you, and that is four years, I always read the Letter-box after the serials. It always seems so wonderful to think that children all over the world are reading you.

I think the St. NICHOLAS is like a beautiful river which, as one looks at it, seems made for you alone, but thousands of people feel the same.

Mother once said that her only ambition when a child was to take you. Now we read you together. I read a great deal, yet I find the stories I love the best are in your pages.

I think "The Lost Prince" is going to be the best ever.

At present I am working for a badge of some sort in the League, and some day I hope—but that is a long way off.

The other day, as I was reading in the library, a half-dozen shelves of neatly bound books drew my attention. It was St. NICHOLAS, dating far back to when my mother took the magazine.

Has n't St. NICHOLAS grown? It keeps a foot ahead of the world in literature, and, from all appearances, in everything.

Through all the happy years of its future it will always be a great wonder and delight to its readers.

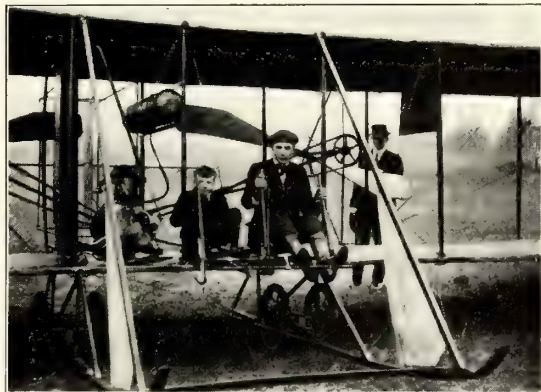
Sincerely yours,

MARJORIE McCREARY (age 15).

CHEVY CHASE, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father took you when he was a boy. Now my sister Helen and I take you, and shall until we grow up.

The other day, we went to the aviation school at College Park. We saw a pilot loop the loop, climb, and dive. Then I went up in a Wright biplane. When I



got in the seat somebody said, "Oh, look who is going up!" and everybody laughed. My legs were not long enough to reach the foot-rest, so I put them on a cross-bar, and the pilot put a strap about me and the back of the seat. The engine was started by a man turning the propellers. It made lots of noise but soon got going well, and we started off over the ground. Then we began to fly, right over the grass, over a little pond, and the trees and some houses. The trees looked like bushes. The people looked very small, and they all had their faces turned up. Then we flew along the railroad track, over the hangars, and made some turns and ups and downs. The downs made me feel ticklish. The engine made so much noise all the time that I could not hear or say a word. Then the pilot slowed the engine and made a long glide down to the field.

It was just fine, and I hope to fly again. All the pilots said I was the smallest boy they knew who had gone up in an aeroplane. Here is my picture with the pilot, Mr. Gray.

Faithfully,

BRADFORD COOK.

CARTHAGE, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister, five years old, says such funny things. One day she wanted the doughnuts, and she said, "Please pass the holes."

Your friend,

MAURICE SCHOOLER (age 7).

LANGLOIS, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you so much I just had to write. I am very much interested in you. We have been taking you for two years now. I am very glad "Peg o' the Ring" has started. I am sure it will be fine.

My two little brothers—Edgar is seven and Dick is three—enjoy listening to you very much, especially the stories "For Very Little Folks." They do not get rest-



less on rainy days, because we have the ST. NICHOLAS. It is surely the most charming book we take.

I was born on George Washington's birthday in 1902. I live on a large dairy ranch near Cape Blanco, the most westerly point in the United States.

Your loving friend,

JEANNETTE THRIFT (age 12).

FORT SAN PEDRO, ILOILO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is our second tour of service in the Philippine Islands. The first time we were stationed at Batangas, on the island of Luzon. This time we are stationed near the city of Iloilo, Panay, which is the third largest city in the islands.

From our back porch we look straight out to the Sulu Sea. And every morning, except when there is a typhoon, small native sailing-boats go back and forth between the islands of Guimaras and Panay.

Since being here, we have seen pink and blue chickens. They are really white, but the natives dye them, and sometimes a puppy is dyed, and they all look very funny.

When we were in Manila we went to see all the old churches; they were very interesting. Some of them have very beautiful altars with silver trimmings.

We visited a church at Oton (a very small town near here), and it has the altar in the middle of the church.

In Manila we went to see the old wall and the old forts, and where the moat used to be, there is green grass. Inside these fortified walls is the "Walled City." In some of the entrances you can see where the draw-bridge used to be, and the pulleys which they used to draw up the bridge at night or in war-time.

I wait anxiously every month for ST. NICHOLAS, because I enjoy it so much.

Sincerely yours,

CATHARINE ANNA HAMILTON (age 11).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your magazine for more than two years, and I think it is time for me to write and tell you how much I appreciate it. I am not the only one in the family who likes to read your magazine, for Mother likes to read the poems and stories written by children.

There is also another person in our house who enjoys your magazine very much. This person is an old man who works for us; he cannot write, and can read very little. Often when I go into the kitchen I find him bending over the latest ST. NICHOLAS trying to read it, and he thinks that he never saw nicer pictures than those in your magazine.

Does n't it give you a nice feeling to know so many enjoy you?

Lovingly,

PEGGY FAY (age 11).

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for only one short year, but during that time you have become one of my dearest friends. To us, the coming of ST. NICHOLAS is indeed considered a "red-letter day." Although I am very interested in your serial stories, you have published some short stories that I shall not soon forget. Among my favorites are "Larry Goes to the Ant," "Black on Blue," and "The Freshman Freak."

I am especially grateful to you for the play entitled "Everygirl," which you published in the issue of October, 1913. We girls played it at school for our literary

club, and it proved a wondrous success—and why not? For is it not a ST. NICHOLAS play? Shortly after our first performance, our principal requested that we present it at our graduation exercises. Then of course we held a grand council concerning costumes, and we decided to have them exactly in accordance with those illustrating the play. There were about a thousand persons present at graduation, and the play was a most brilliant success. One and all declared that a more suitable play could not have been found. There is a certain quality in "Everygirl" that appeals to the heart as well as the brain.

I want to mention one more thing before I close, that is, how much I admire the clever contributors to the League, especially Miss Lucille Fitch, many of whose poems I have memorized.

Your loving reader,

FANNIE I. MARX.

HYATTSVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take you and right many other magazines; but I like you the best.

Mother read you when she was a little girl. She said her aunts took ST. NICHOLAS. Mother said she remembers hearing "Donald and Dorothy," the "Peterkin Stories," Frank R. Stockton's "Fairy Tales," and lots of other stories. But she says she thinks it is just as nice now as then, and still enjoys reading it. I remain,

Your loving reader,

VIRGINIA BREWER (age 10).

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a member of the League for five years, but I am unable to contribute, as we get you a month after the date.

I am an Argentine, but my parents are North Americans, and I think the United States is a lovely country. I go to high school, so I know how to write Spanish better than English.

So many people are mistaken about Buenos Aires; they think it is a small pueblo (town); it is a big city of about 1,600,000 inhabitants.

I have traveled over a part of the country, and in the small villages you still find the old Spanish customs that have disappeared in the big cities. We have banana-trees here, but they never give fruit, as the climate is too cold. The winters are very severe, though it never snows, but rains for weeks at a time, until the streets are flooded.

Thanking you for all the pleasure you give me, I am,

Your devoted and loving reader,

ROSE PURCELL HUNTINGTON (age 13).

ITHACA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This will be the second year that I have taken you. I am sure that there is no book or magazine that I like better. At present, my favorite stories are "Peg o' the Ring" and "The Boarded-up House."

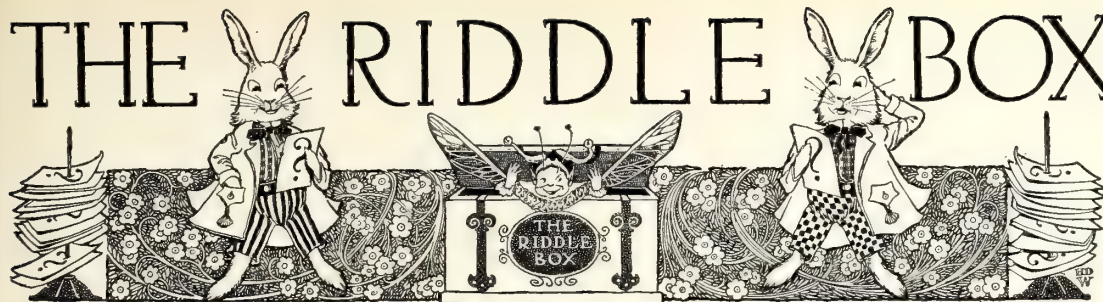
Quite a while ago there was a letter published from a girl in Erie who told all about the Perry Centennial. I would be very glad to have her know that Commodore Perry was my great-great-uncle, and that I was in Erie at the time of the celebration. It certainly was wonderful. I probably saw her in the parade.

I am a Camp-fire girl. We have awfully good times, and we have a perfectly lovely guardian.

Your enthusiastic reader,

DOROTHY PERRY (age 12).

# THE RIDDLE BOX



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER

DIAGONAL. Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Lighthen. 2. Migrate. 3. Hanging. 4. Concave. 5. Discord. 6. Kennels. 7. Million.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Grape. 2. Alert. 3. Error. 4. Toled. 5. Redan. Downward: 1. G. 2. Ra(ck). 3. Ale. 4. Pert. 5. Error. 6. Tole. 7. Red. 8. Da(re). 9. N.

CONNECTED GEOGRAPHICAL BLOCKS. From 1 to 2, Horeb; 1 to 6, Hupeh; 6 to 7, Hague; 2 to 7, Butte; 2 to 3, Brest; 3 to 8, Tampa; 7 to 8, Evora; 4 to 5, Natal; 4 to 9, Niger; 5 to 10, Lyons; 9 to 10, Reims; 6 to 11, Haiti; 11 to 12, India; 7 to 12, Edina; 8 to 13, Andes; 12 to 13, Atlas.

ILLUSTRATED PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Dogwood. 2. Dogberry. 3. Dog-biscuit. 4. Dog-rose. 5. Dog-collar. 6. Dog-days. 7. Dogfish. 8. Dog-house. 9. Dogma. 10. Dog-star. 11. Dog-watch. 12. Dog-tooth. 13. Dog-head.

GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Denmark. Cross-words: 1. Cardiff. 2. Alberta. 3. Trinity. 4. Wyoming. 5. Wasatch. 6. Everest. 7. Jackson.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Dorothy M. Anderson—Lothrop Bartlett—Florence Noble—Isabel Shaw—Louise Barringer Cramer—Mary Hankinson—Max Stolz—Arthur Poulin, Jr.—Lucy M. Burgin—Claire A. Hepner—Edmund Burke—Evelyn Hillman—J. B. Cooley—Mary L. Ingles—"Chums"—Helen A. Moulton—"Everson Symposium."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received before December 24 from Margaret S. Anderson, 8—"Two Pals," 8—Francine A. Lamphier, 8—Janet B. Fine, 8—Victor E. W. Bird, 8—Elizabeth P. Lewis, 8—Eloise M. Peckham, 8—Harry C. Bailey, 8—Joseph Kirschner, 8—Harriet B. Kilgore, 7—F. Kingsland Smith, 7—E. and F. Garson, 7—Phyllis Young, 7—Dorothy Fuller, 5—Katharine Howard, 5—Helen H. Allen, 3—H. Freeman Leland, Jr., 2—Margaret S. Guthrie, 2—Elise C. Aldrich, 2—Helen R. Weidinger, 1—Jean F. Mundie, 1—George P. Howell, Jr., 1—Leonard Ernst, 1—Gladys Chamberlin, 1—Cynthia Cates, 1—Lorna C. Heini, 1—Edith C. McCullough, 1—Robert Pilkington, 1.

## LETTER PUZZLE

1. A PRONOUN. 2. A verb. 3. An article. 4. A measure of length. Each of these may be answered by a single letter, and the four letters will spell some famous mountains.

ROSE LEWIS (age 14), *League Member*.

## A REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

* 17	34	42	39	CROSS-WORDS: 1. To start. 2. A bird of prey. 3. Having the flavor of nuts. 4. A medicinal substance. 5. A masculine name. 6. Dark. 7. Interior. 8. A simpleton. 9. A banquet. 10. An Indian prince. 11. A book to hold either photographs or stamps. 12. A running knot. 13. A Russian whip. 14. To undo. 15. To fasten by thrusting in. 16. The first part of the name of a Russian city where great fairs are held.
* 49	4	.	30	
* 38	28	40	6	
* 10	51	23	48	
* 1	11	.	36	
* 50	3	31	26	
* 21	54	8	.	
* 12	43	7	.	
* 20	41	35	16	
* .	52	25	46	
* 22	19	2	9	
* 13	45	15	55	
* 47	5	18	29	
* 53	37	56	27	
* 14	24	32	.	
* .	44	33	.	

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a very famous American diplomat. The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 will

NUMERICAL ENIGMA AND WORD-SQUARE. "Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Whig, hare, iron, gent.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. S. 2. Rut. 3. Sumac. 4. Tan. 5. C. II. 1. Carat. 2. Amuse. 3. Ruche. 4. Ashen. 5. Teens. III. 1. Niter. 2. Image. 3. Tahrs. 4. Egret. 5. Rests. IV. 1. H. 2. Jet. 3. Hepar. 4. Tar. 5. R. V. 1. L. 2. Set. 3. Lethe. 4. Thy. 5. E. VI. 1. Rabbi. 2. Arian. 3. Biers. 4. Barge. 5. Inset. VII. 1. Knout. 2. Nurse. 3. Organ. 4. Usage. 5. Tenet. VIII. 1. T. 2. Tot. 3. Towel. 4. Ten. 5. L.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND TRIPLE CURTAILINGS. Abraham Lincoln. 1. He-Ada-che. 2. Em-bit-ter. 3. St-ray-ing. 4. Me-and-ers. 5. Mo-Ham-med. 6. Pl-ant-ers. 7. Po-mat-ums. 8. Al-low-ing. 9. Wr-ink-les. 10. De-not-ing. 11. De-can-ter. 12. Bl-oat-ers. 13. Pi-lot-ing. 14. Re-now-ned.

DOUBLE WORDS. 1. Cent, sent. 2. Haul, hall. 3. Rite, right. 4. Idol, idyl. 5. Seine, sane. 6. Tale, tail. 7. Mien, mean. 8. Abel, able. 9. Site, sight. 10. Seems, seams. 11. Plum, plumb. 12. Deign, Dane.

spell the name of a British general; from 9 to 14, a southern leader; from 15 to 21, a Prussian who proved a fine drill-master; from 22 to 30, a staunch friend to Washington; from 31 to 43, a decisive battle in the South; from 44 to 56, a naval hero.

JULIUS R. PRATT (age 15).

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA

My *first* is in Scranton, but not in Lansdale;  
My *second* in Lansdale, but not in Scranton;  
My *third* is in Lackawaxen, but not in Sheffield;  
My *fourth* is in Sheffield, but not in Lackawaxen;  
My *fifth* is in Milford, but not in Johnstown;  
My *sixth* is in Johnstown, but not in Milford;  
My *seventh* is in Gettysburg, but not in Mercer.  
My *whole* is a city of Pennsylvania.

CHALMERS L. GEMMILL (age 13), *League Member*.

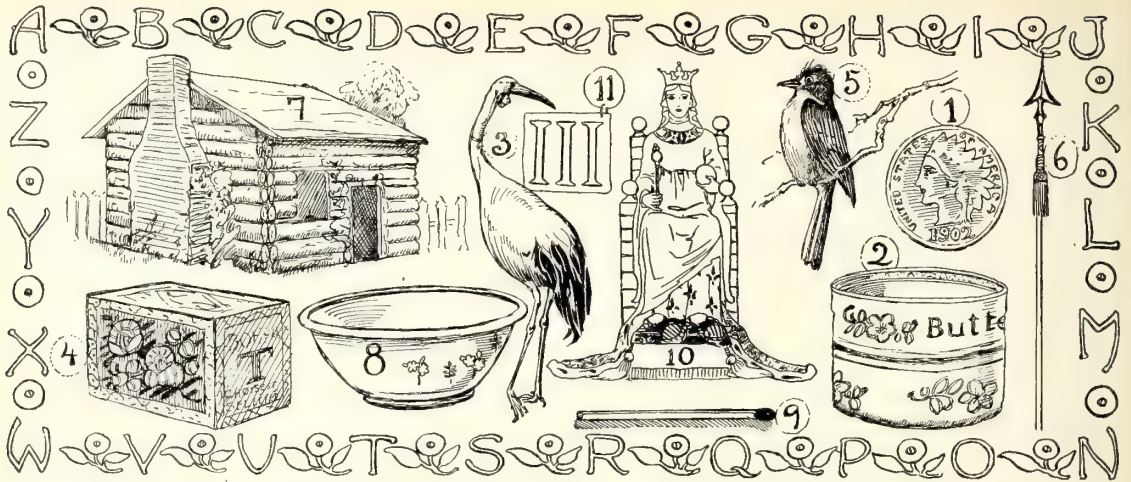
## NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a great poet; another row of letters will spell the name of a great natural philosopher.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Belonging to me. 2. A river of Austria. 3. Ground covered with grass carefully kept. 4. To carry. 5. Aroma. 6. Not any.

FERRIS NEAVE (age 13), *League Member*.





### ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC

EACH of the eleven little pictures may be described by a single word. When these words are rightly guessed and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the name of a famous man who was born in Hartford in 1758. He had a great deal to do with letters.

### OBLIQUE RECTANGLE

IN solving, follow the accompanying diagram, though the puzzle contains many more cross-words.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Tennessee. 2. The woolly surface of cloth. 3. Black. 4. A celebrated Roman naturalist. 5. To follow. 6. A river of Alaska. 7. Pertaining to the god of the winds. 8. A nest. 9. A dwarf plant. 10. Silica. 11. The post of a staircase. 12. A small Mediterranean vessel. 13. A nocturnal mammal allied to the monkeys. 14. A Hebrew measure of length. 15. Part of an umbrella. 16. In Tennessee.

ANITA L. GRANNIS (age 14), *League Member*.

### BIOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL

ALL of the surnames that appear in this puzzle contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed, the diagonal, from the upper, left-hand letter to the lower, right-hand letter, will spell a famous battle of the Revolution.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous man associated with Concord. 2. "The Pathfinder." 3. An American general. 4. A British general of the Revolution. 5. A famous orator. 6. A President of the United States. 7. Another President of the United States.

MARGARET BLAKE (age 13), *League Member*.

### WORD-ADDITIONS

EXAMPLE: To a pronoun add a circle, and make a fish. Answer, her-ring.

1. To raced add a bag, and make to plunder. 2. To a kind of meat add to ridicule, and make a swinging couch. 3. To abroad add to throw, and make a vagabond. 4. To a familiar abbreviation add a string, and make to refuse. 5. To a feature add a snug retreat, and make serious. 6. To sick add nurtured, and make vulgar. 7. To a body of water add a harbor, and make a

maritime city. 8. To constellation add a number, and make resembling the king of beasts. 9. To a branch add a cavity, and make an aperture in a coat. 10. To novel add a period of time, and make a holiday. 11. To a retreat add a German coin, and make a European country.

All the words are of equal length. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell one of the United States.

RUTH BROWNE (age 13), *League Member*.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals and my finals each name a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A city of Russia. 2. A character in "Twelfth Night." 3. A line with short, sharp turns. 4. A female warrior. 5. A gorge. 6. To meddle.

MARGUERITE T. ARNOLD (age 15), *League Member*.

### SWASTIKA

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

1	2	5	6
20	19		
17	18	3	4
	14	13	8
		9	10
16	15	12	11

FROM 1 to 2, always on the dinner-table; 2 to 3, a strip; 3 to 4, lair; 4 to 5, at no time; 5 to 6, a deep track; 6 to 7, winding; 7 to 8, units of weight; 8 to 9, a large body of water; 9 to 10, fragrance; 10 to 11, a feminine name; 11 to 12, one of the United States; 12 to 13, monkeylike; 13 to 14, an ugly old woman; 14 to 15, lean; 15 to 16, a prefix meaning "three"; 16 to 17, to embrace; 17 to 18, a South American parrot; 18 to 19, a pronoun; 19 to 20, made of oak; 20 to 1, a person devoted to a religious life.

The letters represented by the figures from 1 to 20 may be arranged so as to form the names of three famous Presidents of the United States.

JESSE CARMACK (age 15).

# "Campbell's first!"

"Stop your motor-car, I say!  
You speeders keep in line!  
All other traffic must give way  
To soup so superfine.

"When Mother plans a festal feast  
This soup comes first to mind.  
All guests from greatest to the least  
Approve this Campbell kind.

"And Father asks for it at night  
When scarce inside the door.  
The youngsters hail it with delight  
And pass their plates for more.

"Wise people everywhere are heard  
To praise this soup superb.  
So 'Campbell's first!' must be the word,  
While I command the curb."

21 kinds

10c a can



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





### *At the Children's Party*

Mothers nowadays serve Anola Sugar Wafers as the luncheon-treat at children's parties. The rich, chocolate taste, the chocolate-flavored cream filling, the crisp wafer layers, all combine to make a confection that satisfies the little folks' craving for sweets.

It's a good idea, too, for mothers to keep Anola in the pantry—not only for the children, but to serve with desserts and at afternoon teas. In ten-cent tins.

**FESTINO**—An enticing dessert confection, almond-shaped and almond-flavored. A favorite with the exacting hostess.

## NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



**It's a  
Familiar Face**

to young and old who see the attractive magazines from month to month, or who have

**Hinds** Honey and Almond **Cream**

in their homes. It's a face that many well-groomed mothers and daughters have learned to associate with a most agreeable and helpful means for sustaining a beautiful complexion.

At this season Hinds Cream is especially valuable in preventing or overcoming roughness, redness and chapping. It may be used freely for it is not greasy or sticky, and cannot harm even the most delicate skin. It is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.  
Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

**A. S. HINDS 242 West Street Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.







Would you believe  
we could add to  
the quality of

**PENNSYLVANIA**  
*Red Oilproof Tread*  
**VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES**

We have—by adopting a special 15½ oz. fabric as strong as that in most Ford size automobile casings, to make V. C. puncture-proof. This improvement is in addition to the V. C. oilproof composition; V. C. anti-skid effectiveness; and the V. C. full season guarantee.  
Thus—the best tires are made better.



**PENNSYLVANIA**  
**★THREE★STAR★**  
**BICYCLE TIRES**

A wonderful new line—of a  
quality you never dreamed  
of at the price.

Three models—three grades of  
quality—three prices; all moderate. Built for the bike rider who knows and wants our high standard of tire value scaled down to easy prices.

“Triple tread”

“Sturdy Stud”

“Success”

Ask your dealer  
to show you

**Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.**

Atlanta  
Boston  
Chicago

Cleveland  
Dallas  
Detroit

Kansas City, Mo.  
Minneapolis  
New York

Omaha  
Philadelphia  
Pittsburgh

St. Paul  
San Francisco  
Seattle

*An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy*

**PENNSYLVANIA**  
*Oilproof*  
**VACUUM CUP MOTORCYCLE TIRES**

Automobile construction throughout. Extra strong; permanently oilproof; effectively anti-skid. They have proved that motorcycle service requires real automobile calibre in the tires.

Guaranteed  
5,000 miles  
—and average  
twice that  
distance

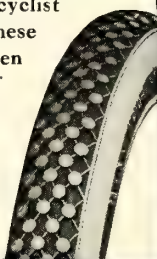


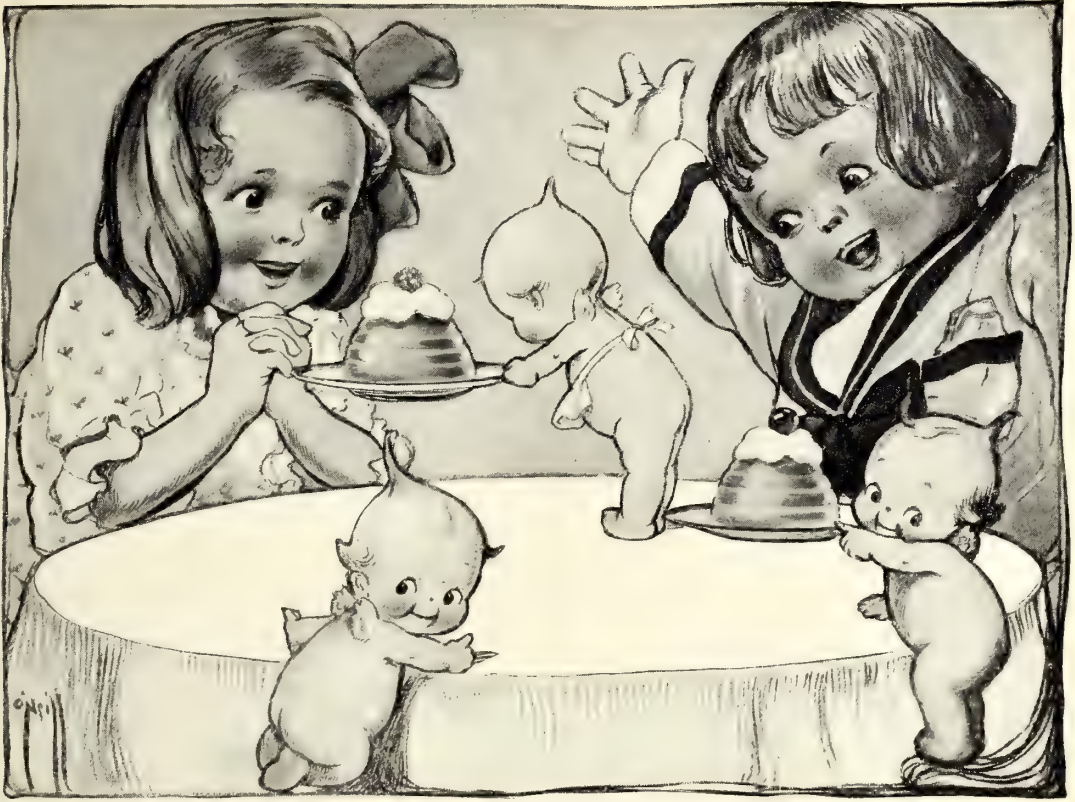
**STURDY STUD**  
*Oilproof*  
**MOTORCYCLE TIRES**

A new popular priced tire of abundant quality. We have put more real quality—of the kind the motorcyclist wants and needs—into these tires than has ever before been offered at the prices of ordinary tires.

Guaranteed  
4,000 miles

Sold  
Direct to  
Dealers





## The Kewpies and the Sensible Woman.

"Oh, Bobbie!" Nan says, happily, "see what the dear little Kewpies have brought us! Don't *they* know what we like?" And Bobbie says, "Hoo-e-e! I guess they do."

The wise Kewpies are always doing the right thing to make little and big folks comfortable, contented and happy, and of course they know, just as sensible women know, that good things to eat are one of the first considerations.

And where is the list of good things to eat that does n't begin with

# JELL-O

No sensible woman will overlook the easy Jell-O way when she wishes to serve a particularly delicious dessert, for the low cost and the delightful flavor as well as the ease of preparation of Jell-O, are too well known for that.

Jell-O is put up in seven *pure fruit* flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each 10 cents at grocers'.

**Dozens of the most beautiful and delicious Jell-O desserts are described in the Kewpie Jell-O Book for which Rose O'Neill, the famous "mother of the Kewpies," has made some of her greatest Kewpie pictures. A copy of the book will be sent to you free if you will write and ask us for the Kewpie Jell-O Book.**

**10¢**  
**A PACKAGE**

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., LeRoy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

The name JELL-O is on every package in big red letters. Be sure you get JELL-O and not something else.





# Betty's Lessons

(In which she finds that some lessons can be very interesting indeed)

## II. BOTANY



HERE is something Betty does like. Nothing delights her so much in the winter as to look over her Herbarium. But it is in the spring that Botany is the most fun, because almost before the snow is gone Betty goes trailing the shy arbutus with her brother Herbert. She calls him "Columbus," because he is such a good discoverer.

While they were out together the other day, Herbert pointed out a straight tall silver birch, and told Betty about a birch tree that they flavor tooth-powder with. "They do not use the ordinary birch, you know," said he, "but a black birch that grows in the forests of Pike County, Pennsylvania." "If the tooth-powder is flavored with the oil from birch bark, it must be pretty good," Betty interposed. "It is," Herbert responded. "And besides tasting good, it helps to keep your teeth white and clean. They take the bark of the tree and get a rich oil which is very expensive, and that gives the delicious flavor you like so much. They usually call it oil of wintergreen because it tastes like wintergreen." "And does n't it make the toothpaste—powder, I mean—cost more than others?" Betty inquired. "It comes in powder and paste too," said Herbert, "and sells for the regular price. The powder is flavored with wintergreen and the paste with peppermint—so you can have the one you like best."

Of course, you know what dentifrice they were talking about.

## Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day

for a trial package of either DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER or DENTAL CREAM. There's enough to last for nearly two weeks. See what fun it really is to brush your teeth with dentifrice that you like—that tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS

Dept. B, 533 W. 27th St., New York



# THE BOOK MAN

*Learn to read slow: all other graces  
Will follow in their proper places.*

Walker.

*Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.*  
Book of Common Prayer.

IN another part of this number you will read all about the fact that the offices of ST. NICHOLAS have been moved, with the rest of The Century Co., from Union Square to 353 Fourth Avenue. The distance is only a matter of less than half a mile, but the changes are great. The Union Square offices, in which ST. NICHOLAS was prepared for two generations of readers, and which were once considered very fine, were dark and overcrowded. The Book Man now enjoys a desk in a large, airy, sunshiny room, where it is even more of a pleasure than formerly to open letters from his friends, the readers of The Book Man.

AND the letters contain such pleasant news! Do you remember the letter quoted in the January issue, from the boy who told about his library, and the reading aloud during winter evenings? Many others have followed his example, and tell of libraries of "over one thousand books," libraries containing all of the works of Dickens, Scott, Eliot, Balzac, Thackeray, as well as the Encyclopædia Britannica, The Century Dictionary, Plutarch's "Lives," and more, and more, and more! Others tell of subscriptions to more than a dozen magazines, and many happy family reading circles, where father or mother reads aloud, or where the children read to one another. A number of groups are reading European history this winter, and one writer mentioned a number of books about Panama, which is, of course, a much more pleasant topic of world interest to be reading about than the war.

Most of the writers give their favorites, among them being the ones so often mentioned in these columns that I'm sure every one of

**THE BOOK MAN—Continued**

you has read them all by this time. If not, I'm sure you will, right away. Here are some of the best liked:

Kipling—The Jungle Books  
 Captains Courageous  
 Jean Webster—Daddy-Long-Legs  
 Frances Hodgson Burnett—T. Tembarom  
 S. Weir Mitchell—Westways

How many of the "best books" listed last month have you read? Of course none of these is suited for the youngest readers of ST. NICHOLAS, many are hardly suited for the older ones, and they do not comprise all the fine books, by any means. But here are six from that list I'd like to have every one of you read:

Goldsmith—The Vicar of Wakefield  
 Scott—Ivanhoe  
 Lytton—The Last Days of Pompeii  
 Stowe—Uncle Tom's Cabin  
 Dickens—David Copperfield  
 A Tale of Two Cities

Have you already read these? If so, read them again.

PERHAPS you are wondering by this time what the quotations heading this column are there for. In all your letters you mention vast numbers of books which you read, name your favorites among books and authors, and tell how much you enjoy reading. But seldom do any of you mention re-reading a book. Of course, many of you do re-read, but most of you evidently have not learned the importance of slow, careful reading. A really worthwhile book is worth a second and a third and even a fourth reading. Read, *re-read*, and "inwardly digest" is the way to get the most out of books. One good book read three times is worth more than three books read carelessly. How many of you re-read your favorites? How many times have you read the one you like best?

DON'T forget, when answering all the questions asked this month, and when you write to ask advice about reading, to address your letters in care of The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, at 26th Street, instead of to the old address.

**The Book Man**

# Burpee's



# Annual

**The Leading American Seed Catalog** for 1915 is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free to everyone who wants to plant

## Small Gardens For Small Folks

This is an interesting little book specially written for us by Edith Loring Fullerton. Its four chapters and attractive illustrations tell how and what to plant, and explain the why and wherefore of successful gardening. So enticingly is the story told that children will find its reading as absorbing as a fairy tale. A post-card will bring both these books. Write today and kindly mention *St. Nicholas*.

**W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.**  
 Burpee Buildings Philadelphia



## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 159

Here is the funniest Advertising Competition *you* ever tried. You will have to work pretty hard to solve it too, unless we are very much mistaken.

The winners will deserve a very great deal of honor and much glory in addition to the prizes.

Some people might think you could n't solve it. But we say the boys and girls of the big ST. NICHOLAS family can do *anything*. We believe that you have the necessary skill, the stick-to-it-iveness and grit. (Yes! boys, this means a test of grit just as much as any game you ever played.)

All we are going to give you, are letters as follows:

2-A's	3-H's	1-O	1-V
2-B's	1-I	1-P's	3-W's
1-C's	1-J	0-Q's	0-X's
1-D	1-K	0-R's	0-Y's
1-E	3-L's	2-S's	0-Z's
1-P	2-M's	2-T's	3-&'s
1-G	0-N's	0-U's	

The game (or task) is to write down fourteen (14) *names of advertisers* in the February 1915 St. NICHOLAS (not names of products), using up entirely the number of letters given you *which are only the initials* of the words which make the advertisers' names.

For example: Victor Talking Machine Co. would use up 1-V, 1-T, 1-M, and 1-C. That is one of the names of advertisers which you would write down, as it is included in the above. Having done that, you would have only 11-C's, 4-M's, 1-T, and 0-V's left.

After you have used up all the letters evenly, send us your list of fourteen (14) names arranged alphabetically, and then numbered.

Also please write us a short letter telling us what PETS your family owns, where you got them, their names, and which, if any, are your especial care. If you have no pets, tell us what kind you would like to have and why.

In the event of equally correct solutions of the competition the prizes will go to those who write the most interesting letter. Just be natural.

Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS. Be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Send in a list numbering, and showing in alphabetical order, the names of the fourteen advertisers whose initials are here shown, written as they appear in the February advertisements.
2. Write us a short letter about your pets, answering the questions asked above.
3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or nearest list accompanied by the most interesting letter.
4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (159).

5. Submit answers by March 20, 1915.

6. Do not use a lead pencil.

7. Address answers: Advertising Competition No. 159, St. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, 353 Fourth Avenue, at 26th Street, New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded. One First Prize of \$5.00. Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

*Note: Prize winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.*

**This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for the prizes offered.**

# Hello Boys!

Make Lots of Toys

## BUILD NEW MODELS and WIN

I want you boys to build for me the biggest, best and most original Models produced for any construction toy. I am willing to dig deep into my pocket to pay you to make a big effort.

**THINK OF IT!—300 PRIZES!  
WORTH \$3000**

Try hard for the Trumbull Auto—but if you don't win *that*, there are 299 other prizes: Motor Cycles, Bicycles, Camp Outfits, Tents, Canoe, Camera, Skates, Air Rifles, \$25, \$15, \$10, \$7.50, \$5.00 and \$3.00 Erector Sets, etc. I want these models to use in showing other boys what can be built.



## PRIZES

BRAND NEW

## TRUMBULL AUTO is ONE

It costs nothing to enter contest.

# ERECTOR

(The Toy with Girders like Structural Steel)

You do not have to buy Erector to compete. We cannot tell the full story here. Ask your toy dealer to-day for **Free Folder**. I have prepared a big, special folder full of pictures. It gives all details about the auto, its name, specifications, etc.; also illustrates and describes minutely all prizes.

If your toy dealer has no folders write me his name and I will supply you. He sells Erector in sets running from \$1 to \$25. There's an electric motor in all sets at \$5 and over. Yours for a dandy good time,

A. C. GILBERT, President.

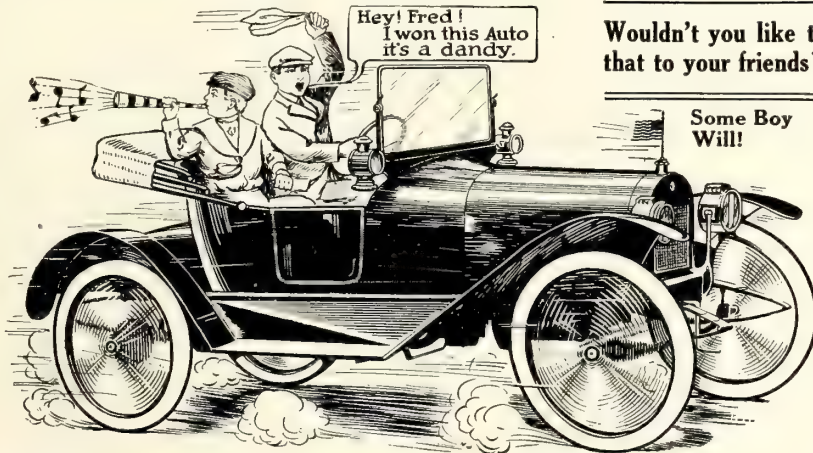
Send Now  
for

Tells  
Whole  
Story



this  
Big  
New  
Folder

Wouldn't you like to shout  
that to your friends?



Some Boy  
Will!

THE MYSTO MFG. CO., 252 Foote St., NEW HAVEN, CONN.



**You—  
Everyone—  
Can Learn  
to Play**



## Billiards at Home!

This is everybody's royal game. Now, thanks to Brunswick tables, the *real science* of billiards can be enjoyed in your home though it be a cottage. The practice itself is the greatest home fun you know.

## Superb Brunswick Home Billiard Tables

Built exactly like our famous regulation tables—for all games of Carom and Pocket Billiards.

Men who are wizards at billiards perform their hardest shots on these home styles.

## "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND"

The "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are superbly made of rare mahogany, richly inlaid. Have genuine Vermont slate bed, Monarch cushions—famed for lightning action.

## A Year to Pay—Playing Outfit FREE

Our popular purchase plan *lets you try any Brunswick 30 days in your home*—then pay monthly as you play—*terms as low as 20 cents a day!*

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Tips, Cue Clamps, Table Cover, expert rules on "How to Play," etc., all included free.

Get our famous billiard book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," that pictures all Brunswick Home Tables in actual colors, gives low factory prices and full details.

## Mail For Billiard Book FREE

**The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.**  
Dept. 12-K, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send me postpaid, free, color-illustrated catalog, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," with details of your 30-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....(405)

## REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 157

(in the January ST. NICHOLAS)

Ten Competition Judges  
Read contributions fine,  
One read all the wrong ones,  
Then there were nine.

Nine earnest Judges  
Stayed up very late,  
One nodded once too oft,  
Then there were eight.

Eight stalwart Judges  
Read from eight to 'leven,  
One had poor eye-sight  
Then there were seven.

Seven hard-pressed Judges—  
One was up to tricks,  
The others said he must resign,  
Then there were six.

Six struggling Judges—  
One cried: "Lan' sakes alive!"  
Exclamations were forbidden, so—  
Then there were five.

Five mighty Judges  
Read letters by the score,  
One said: "I'm tired out,"  
Then there were four.

Four trusted Judges,  
But one worked heedlessly,  
We led him kindly to the door  
Then there were three.

Three faithful Judges,  
Still full of zeal and vim,  
And that is why we now can print  
This list of those who win.

### One First Prize, \$5.00:

Ruth E. Rowland, age 16, California.

### Two Second Prizes, \$3.00:

Eleanor Mills, age 14, Maryland.

Julian L. Ross, age 11, Pennsylvania.

### Three Third Prizes, \$2.00:

J. Kenneth Evers, age 9, Wisconsin.

Wm. E. Lenihan, age 11, South Dakota.

Ruth Barcher, age 15, New York.

### Ten Fourth Prizes, \$1.00 each:

J. Gordon Speight, age 15, North Carolina.

John E. Gurney, age 12, New York.

Henry S. Johnson, age 15, Connecticut.

Anne M. Rowland, age 13, Georgia.

Kenneth Brown, age 12, Tennessee.

Miriam McKnight, age 13, Ohio.

Esther Brickett, age 14, Massachusetts.

Mary Rogers, age 11, Massachusetts.

Elise Johann, age 17, Wisconsin.

Richard G. Northup, age 11, Iowa.

P.S. . . . Almost everybody used the "Christmas List" page in the December ST. NICHOLAS and almost everybody says, "Print it again next December! Please!"—and so we will.



Dear Marjory:  
I thought  
I would write  
you so I could  
send you a  
calendar stamp.

Don't you  
love it? I will send a  
new one each month with  
a picture typical of the  
season. You can paste  
them on your desk, books,  
blotter or ink well. Isn't  
that lovely?  
Yours with much love,  
Dorothy.

**D**ON'T you want a series of twelve calendar stamps,  
one for each month of 1915, just like those Mar-  
jory is to have? We will send them to you for 10c,  
two complete sets.

If you are collecting Poster Stamps, you should add  
to your collection the official set of 36 Panama-Pacific  
International Exposition Poster Stamps.

The entire set—10c.

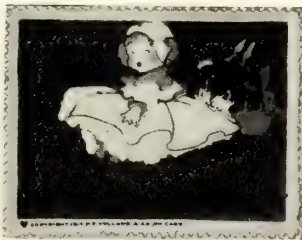
Have you the famous "California" Series? It con-  
tains 36 beautiful  
Poster Stamps—10c.

For beginning col-  
lectors there is Packet  
No. 1, 24 well select-  
ed designs, 10c, or  
25c with 32-page al-  
bum and suggestion  
sheet.

Of course there are  
many other sets but  
we have only room  
to tell about the Easter-Greeting Poster Stamps and  
Thought-of-You Poster Stamps, which are for use on  
the letters you write to Special Friends. These little  
stamps take the place of Smiles which you'd like to  
send. 24 Easter smiles, 12 kinds, 10c. 24 Thoughts-  
of-You, 12 designs, 10c.

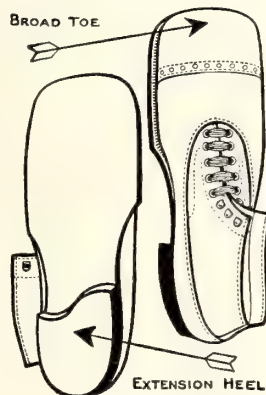
Please send us 2c. extra for postage if  
you order only ONE set

**POSTER STAMP CLUB** 17 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK CITY



# The Coward Shoe

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF."



**A**RE your children sure-footed?  
Do they walk with firm steps  
and steady ankles? The first sign of  
arch weakness is when the ankles  
begin to "turn in." It is well to pro-  
tect and strengthen your children's  
feet by fitting them in Coward Arch  
Support Shoes with Coward Exten-  
sion Heels. These helpful shoes  
give friendly support to the arch  
structure, and sureness to the support-  
ing muscles of the ankle; their wear-  
ing strengthens a weak arch and pre-  
vents "flat-foot." Many physicians  
recommend these Coward Shoes for  
growing children, as a precaution  
against arch troubles. Ask your  
doctor.

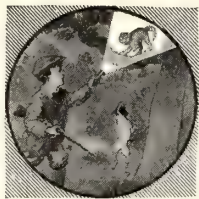
**Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue**

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

**JAMES S. COWARD**

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City  
(NEAR WARREN STREET)





## Fun at Night

Shoot an "Eveready" stream of light into dark holes, around corners, down the road, into the bushes, when out scouting, hunting, fishing, biking or doing chores. Great for finding things quickly, in the dark.

# EVEREADY

Electric Hand Lights and Lanterns

Made in every size, shape and price, from a dandy vest pocket light to big search lights, house lamps and lanterns.

Guaranteed by the biggest and oldest flashlight company in the world to give perfect satisfaction if the famous EVEREADY Tungsten Batteries and EVEREADY Mazda Lamps are always used in EVEREADY cases. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will. Write for complete



Vulcanized fibre, 5 inches long, powerful, bright light.

U.S. \$1.00. Canada \$1.10

Catalogue No. 53 Free  
Illustrating all styles and prices

**American Ever Ready Works**

of National Carbon Company

308 Hudson Street

New York

## Can You Eat Rich Desserts?

OF course we know you *can*. But are you allowed to?—Wouldn't you like to know, and have your mother know, how delicious things may be made so you could eat them? A certain Miss Cooper has written a book which is called "The New Cookery," because it tells the *new* way to make cakes, pies, pastries, frozen desserts, and even plum puddings so you can be allowed to eat them. They're just as delicious and dainty as ever—only *better* for you.—Of course Miss Cooper's "New Cookery" Book tells how to make other delicious things—soups, relishes, entrees, roasts, stews, salads, vegetable dishes, breads, preserves, sauces, and so on 'til you have counted 700. It tells how to cook economically too. That interests most mothers now-a-days, you know.

The price of this book is \$1.50. As soon as you send the \$1.50 to the Good Health Publishing Co., the book will be sent prepaid. Then, if for any reason your mother does not like it, you can send it back and get your money back. She will like it though, we feel very sure. It's a very good book—but the goodies it tells how to make are better. Here is the address in full:

**GOOD HEALTH PUBLISHING CO.**

3403 W. Main St.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## Start Your Collection— These Poster Stamps



Six of the newest sent you for only two two-cent stamps—just to show you how wonderful these little works of art really are.

If you are already a Poster Stamp collector, you will want to join the Art Stamp League. Formed to help collectors, the League keeps you supplied with all the latest stamps, for a very nominal fee. (The cost is a fraction of the charge if you should have to write for each individual stamp.) And in addition, members are sent, from time to time, special assortments absolutely free. Membership costs but 25c. Without any further charge, members are given a very handsome Collectors' Album, a special assortment of the latest stamps, and members' special stamp and certificate.

Join the League now. Send us your name and address, with either 4c. in stamps for the sample packet or 25c. for membership stamp and the album and assortment of stamps.

**ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Inc.**

82 Maiden Lane

New York

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



**C**HILDREN require frequent lunches, as every busy mother knows. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter makes delightful sandwiches. Fine with crackers, too. It comes ready to use. Delicious and healthful. At all good grocers'.

**BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY**  
Canajoharie, N. Y.

## ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION

has for 120 years been justly regarded as the effectual remedy (without internal medicines) for

### HOOPING-COUGH AND CROUP

It is also efficacious in cases of Lumbago, Bronchitis, and Rheumatism.

W. EDWARDS & SON, 157 Queen Victoria Street,  
London, Eng. All Druggists, or  
E. FOUGERA & CO., 90 Beekman Street, New York

There is *one* pure  
Peroxide of Hydrogen.

## Dioxogen

99 <sup>916</sup>/<sub>1000</sub> % Pure

It keeps its purity,  
sweetness and effi-  
ciency whether the  
bottle is left open or  
kept corked.

Will common peroxide  
do this?

It will not.

## Watch That Sneeze!

THE first sneeze is harmless enough but it may announce the approach of a real, old-fashioned cold. The best way to check it is with

### CAMPHORATED

# Vaseline

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Camphorated "Vaseline" will "catch" the cold before it gets very far. It is a combination of pure "Vaseline" and gum camphor. Children like to use it. Rub freely across the bridge of the nose and snuff a little up the nostrils. It does the rest. For chapped hands and lips use Vaseline Camphorated Cream.

Put up in bottles and tin tubes. At drug and department stores everywhere. Illustrated booklet mailed free on request.



**CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
(Consolidated)

38 State Street

New York

# 1/2 PINT 1/2 DOLLAR



Buy the big Household or  
Factory Size 3-in-One and get  
8 times as much oil for your money.

3-in-One keeps almost everything in  
home, office or store perfectly oiled—also  
as clean and bright as a new silver dollar.

Always use 3-in-One on sewing machines,  
typewriters, razors, cameras, talking  
machines, furniture, bath room fixtures,  
guns, reels, and hundreds of other things.

The 3-in-One Dictionary, with every  
bottle, shows you scores of ways this  
good oil makes hard work easy.

**FREE** Generous sample bottle sent on request. Try before  
you buy.

SOLD AT ALL GOOD STORES

## 3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY

42 QB. Broadway, New York

Housewives—Try 3-in-One for Dusting.



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## NEW ISSUES

THE recent issues from all the European countries have had one feature in common—they have been mainly for Red Cross or charitable purposes.

Most of those which we illustrate this month are Red Cross stamps. From battle-scarred little Belgium, with only a narrow strip of territory left to it, come two sets, each of three values: five-centime green, ten-centime red, twenty-centime violet. The shades of coloring vary very materially in the two sets. The first type shows in the center a recent photograph of King Albert. Above the portrait is the word "Belgique," and beneath, the Flemish "Belgie." In the lower left corner is a cross in red, in the lower right, the value. The second type is more ambitious; the size is larger, about as large as our special-delivery stamp. The French and Flemish names for Belgium



Belgium Red Cross.

appear as in the first type. The value is shown in the two upper corners, while in each lower corner is



Russian War-Stamp.

a cross in red. The central design pictures the monument commemorating the War of Independence



Surcharged Haitian Issues.

(1830). There are three figures on the monument, three soldiers in uniform—one waving a flag, the second holding a pistol, the third bending low with a musket in his hand. The most interesting series so far received comes from Russia. Space will permit neither the full illustration nor description of these beautifully colored and artistic stamps. We predict that every collector will want a set. The

central design, which varies with each stamp in the series, is surrounded by a frame which bears at the top the Russian word for "Post." Beneath the de-



Commemorative Cuban Stamp.

sign, in Russian of course, are the words, "For the benefit of the soldiers and their families." On the bottom line is the selling price of the stamp, which, in the two types here shown, is one kopec in excess of the face-value.

These two stamps give a hint as to the central designs of the series. The recent revolutions in Haiti are responsible for a series of surcharges. We show two of the types of stamps with the over-print. From Cuba comes a commemorative stamp which is of a deep blue color and handsome design, really very effective in appearance. This stamp is to commemorate the centenary of a famous woman poet, Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda, whose portrait graces it. The philatelic history of Cuba has been very closely connected with that of our country, and we should all try to get a specimen of these new stamps.

## "DON'T"

SOME months ago we published a series of "don'ts" for the benefit of the younger collectors. Our attention has lately been called several times to another "don't," and it is our advertisers who have mentioned the subject. It is—don't fail to put your address plainly upon every letter which you send; and don't fail to sign your letters. These oversights occur far more frequently than one would expect, and it places an advertiser in a very unpleasant predicament. He advertises, perhaps, that a price-list will be sent free upon application, and the application comes giving no address to which the list is to be sent. The advertiser feels not only that he is unable to get his circular read by a possible purchaser, but, worse than that, some one is thinking him strangely negligent, and resolving never to write that stamp company again. Often the readers of St. NICHOLAS actually send the money for stamps advertised in our pages, and to the letter there is neither address nor signature. The poor stamp man is blamed for keeping the money, but he is helpless. He can only wait until another letter comes complaining of the delay, and this time giving name and address. All of this could be avoided by a little care on the part of our readers. In several recent instances, where the sender of the letter mentioned St. NICHOLAS, the dealer had a clue which enabled him to locate his correspondent, but only at considerable trouble to himself. The moral is:

**Always mention ST. NICHOLAS when you write in response to its advertisement; but always give your name and address as well.**

## ST. NICHOLAS STAMP DIRECTORY

**CONTINENTAL STAMP ALBUM**, only 10c. 8x5 inches, heavy cardboard covers, 160 pictures. Spaces for 546 stamps from 135 countries:

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10 Luxembourg; 8 Finland; 20 Sweden; 15 Russia; 8 Costa Rica; 12 Porto Rico; 8 Dutch Indies; 5 Hayti. Lists of 7000 low-priced stamps free. CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



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**205 DIFF. FOREIGN STAMPS OR 101 DIFF. U.S. FREE** if you send only 25c. for 6 mos. subn. to the best of stamp papers, *Mykeel's Stamp Weekly*, Boston, Mass. 8 pages, 32 cols.

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POSTERETTE CO., CHICAGO.



## Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT

### Want Song Birds?

My free book tells how to win Bluebirds, Wrens, Purple Martins, Tree Swallows, etc., to live in your garden. I have worked 10 years for our native birds; have hundreds in my garden; and have helped thousands of others to win birds. If you want birds this summer, write me. I build bird houses, shelters, baths, etc. Among them—Dodson Purple Martin House—26 rooms and attic. Price, \$12—with all-copper roof, \$15. Dodson Bluebird House—Solid oak, cypress roof, \$5. Chickadee or Nuthatch Houses, \$1.50 to \$3.50. Flicker Houses, \$2.50 to \$5. Tree-Swallow House, \$3. Bird Feeding Shelters, \$1.50 to \$10. Bird Baths—Zinc, \$6; Cement, \$17.

The Famous Dodson Sparrow Trap catches, automatically, as many as 75 sparrows a day. Price, \$5. Get rid of sparrows and so help the song birds.

All prices are f.o.b. Chicago. Write for my free illustrated book—to-day. **JOSEPH H. DODSON, 707 Security Bldg., Chicago**  
Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.



Wren House.  
Price, \$5.



SPARROW TRAP



MARTIN HOUSE



BLUEBIRD HOUSE



BIRD BATH

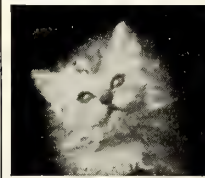


No. 11 No. 12 No. 13

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### EQUAL PARTNERS

is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

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In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

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make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

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### Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

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Pioneer  
Dog Remedies



You've always wanted a playmate—have n't you?

We have one waiting for you. There is nothing so companionable as a

**Sunnybrae Scotch Collie**

Get one of our puppies so you can grow up together. Just write to Mr. F. R. Clarke, Sunnybrae Collie Kennels, Bloomington, Ill., and he will tell you all about them. He also publishes a book on dog training, for 25c. Do you know how to train your dog?



Are  
you  
ready?

### Next Month!

We know how much it means to catch a big fish and then have a prize given to you for doing it. We know just how the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls feel about the prize Fishing Competition which we are going to tell you all about next month. Have you a "Bristol" Steel Fishing Rod? They help you catch good, big fish.

Send for **FREE Catalogue**

**HORTON MFG. CO., 167 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.**



### Delivered to You Free

A sample 1915 model "Ranger" bicycle, on approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL**, and free riding test.

Write at once for large illustrated catalog showing complete line of bicycles, tires and supplies, and the most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.

**RIDER AGENTS Wanted**—Boys, make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires and Sundries from our big catalog. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you. **WRITE TO US.**

**MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO**



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Actual photographs from famous Underwood negatives, of places of interest all over the world. Sixteen photoettes in a set 10c, perforated and gummed for stamp collections, for picture guessing contests, for use on stationery, etc., etc., pasting on backs of envelopes, to be sent on postals, etc., etc. Sets of Sixteen Photoettes of

War Pictures 10c	Belgium 10c	Panama 10c
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**12 sets, Assorted, 192 Photoettes, \$1.00**

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**A Boarding and Day School for Girls under Fifteen**

(Tuition \$900)

The *Evening Post* Educational Library says:

"Here little girls are not of secondary importance tucked in a corner, a means of added revenue, but the center of a scheme of work, their interest—mental, moral and physical, conscientiously met."

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

**National Park Seminary** For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar. Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

## Changed in a Jiffy



In the old fashioned diaper when you "change" Baby's soaked clothes you change everything.

Nothing to change but the diaper if Baby wears

*Kleinert's*



Single Texture, 25c.

Waterproof  
BABY  
PANTS



Double Texture, 50c.



### Save Your Dimes Boys!

Get the Good Luck Bank

Holds just one dollar. The tenth dime opens it. Snap shut and it remains locked until refilled. Nickel plated, may be worn as a watch charm.

Price, 10c by mail postpaid

EXCELSIOR NOVELTY COMPANY.

Dept. B, Anderson Realty Bldg.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.



### 30 Days FREE TRIAL

and freight prepaid on the new 1915 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once and get our big catalog and special offers before buying.

Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1915 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions. WRITE TODAY.

Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER."

Tires, equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line half usual prices. Auto. and Motorcycle Supplies.

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO

### Make This Summer One Long Canoe Trip

You and your pals can have the bulliest summers ever with an "Old Town Canoe." Just one long summer of paddling, fishing and camping. No other canoe is so good or pretty, so easy to paddle or low-priced. Send for free catalog. 4000 canoes ready. Dealers everywhere.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 433 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

*"Old Town Canoes"*





# POLLY and PETER POND'S



(A Continued Story)

*You will find one part of  
this story in last month's  
St. Nicholas and another  
next month*



YOU remember from last month how Peter and Polly watched with horrified faces and bated breath while the helpless Indian coolie was lifted high in the air, wrapped in the trunk of the angry elephant. Peter's essay describing it continued:

"I can tell you it must be a terrible feeling to see yourself going, up, up, up, higher and higher, when you know that the higher you go the farther and faster you will be hurled downward, and the harder you will strike the ground and perhaps be trampled on by a foot that has a ton of elephant above it. Fortunately for the coolie, he was totally oblivious of how high he was going, or how far he would fall, or what might happen afterward. The poor coolie had fainted from fright.

"In my excitement I grabbed hold of Polly's shoulder and held it so tightly we had to put Pond's Extract on it afterward to relieve the soreness.

"Just as the huge elephant was about to hurl the coolie to the ground and trample him, something happened. We did n't know until afterward what it was, we were so excited. But the elephant hurled the coolie away from him as if he had suddenly grown too hot to hold, and ran straight for our train! Imagine the feelings of the frightened passengers! The maddened brute would stop at nothing. He had discovered a new enemy.

"On he came in a headlong rush. Nobody moved; we were too scared. Anyway, there was nothing we could do but wait. All this happened more quickly than I can tell it. It was only a few seconds, but it seemed like several minutes.

"The towering elephant came rushing on!" Then Peter paused dramatically and the whole school sat open-mouthed.

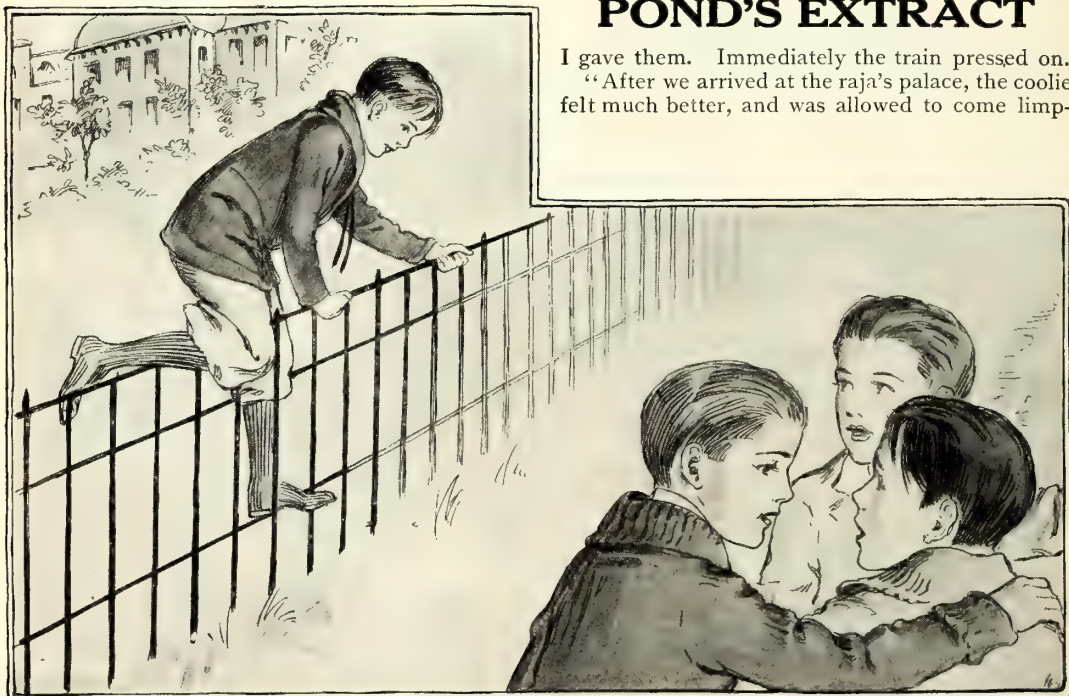
"But the elephant did n't go far before he plunged forward on his head. He was dead. Then we learned that what had attracted the beast's attention to the train was what had really saved our lives, as well as the poor coolie's. Two trainmen and a hunter had fired big rifles, forty-two-caliber, I think, and two of them found their mark. Father said afterward it was a splendid lesson on the value of courage and coolness.

"After a minute, two men rushed over to the coolie, picked him up, and ran for the train. For other elephants were trumpeting in the distance, and might come crashing through the elephant-grass. The coolie had fallen in some of the tall grass, and so was only very badly bruised. The men brought him into our car and rubbed him all over with the

## POND'S EXTRACT

I gave them. Immediately the train pressed on.

"After we arrived at the raja's palace, the coolie felt much better, and was allowed to come limp-



ing to me. Then, despite his bruises, he prostrated himself very humbly on the ground as if I had been a raja instead of an American school-boy, and said through an interpreter, 'Thank to you, young Master! Bruises are near disappear!'

"Not being a king, I did n't accept his version of it, but answered, 'You should n't thank me; thank Pond's Extract. That's what fixed you up!'

"So when the interpreter repeated it in his dialect, the coolie said something and the interpreter said, 'Thank to you, Master Pond's Extract! Bruises are disappear!'

As Peter closed with the words "That was my most exciting experience," all the boys clapped their hands, snapped their fingers, and, we regret to record, a few even stamped their feet.

After chapel, the class of 1917 gathered outside and gave the class cheer:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Nine-teen!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Seven-teen!"

followed by "Ponds! Ponds! Ponds!"

Then, for fear all this might go to Peter's head, they unanimously voted, on motion of Bill Conley, Esq., to buy Peter a whole fifteen-cent cake of Peter's Chocolate—"To show how much we think of him," Bill added a little sarcastically, for Peter's popularity aroused his jealousy, even though they were good friends and roommates. Peter just laughed as cheerfully as ever and said: "Well, Bill, I notice when you want to treat yourself well, you always buy five cents worth of Peter's."

"Come on! We'll *all* get some!" some one shouted.

Then amid shouts of "Hooray for Peter! Hooray for Peter's!" they all went pushing through the campus turnstile and vaulting over the

fence to the little old general store across the street.

As the rush over the fence was about over, Bill, who had held back, went clambering over, and caught his foot between two iron pickets. His momentum carried him forward, but his foot held, giving his ankle a bad wrench. Then his foot slipped out and down, and he went in a heap on the sidewalk. His cry of pain brought Peter and several of the other boys back on the run. Others, seeing his predicament, ran for the store, and when the Director of Athletics came along later he found Bill feeling better already, sitting in the middle of a group of about twenty-five boys, fifteen of whom each had a bottle of Pond's Extract in his hand, three or four of them, directed by Peter, busily rubbing Bill's swollen ankle. Seeing Bill so well cared for, he said, "You boys certainly have learned one thing well at this school: you know what is good for bruises and strains and sprains."

And that night the little old man, whom the boys called "General Storekeeper," sent a hurry order for "Another case of that Pond's Extract—as quick as you can send it, if you please."

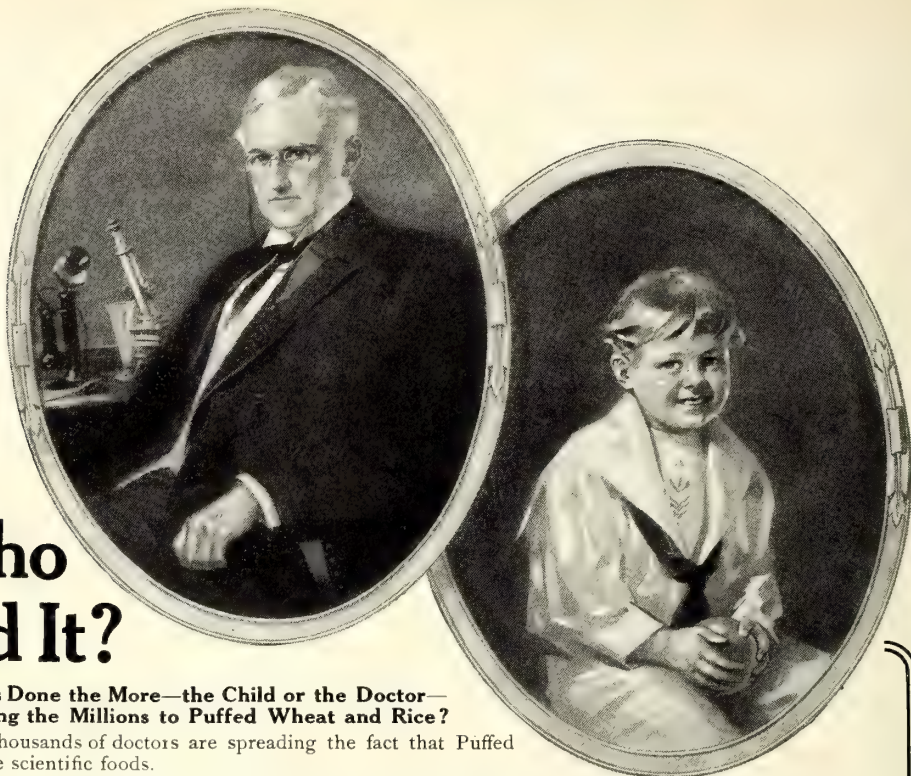
*(Continued in the April ST. NICHOLAS)*

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract**

**POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY**  
131 Hudson Street New York







## Who Did It?

**Who Has Done the More—the Child or the Doctor—in Winning the Millions to Puffed Wheat and Rice?**

Many thousands of doctors are spreading the fact that Puffed Grains are scientific foods.

Puffed Wheat and Rice are whole grains which, for the first time, are made wholly digestible. Every food granule is blasted to pieces so digestion can instantly act.

They know that Prof. Anderson has solved the great food problem here. He has created by steam explosion the best-cooked cereal foods. And these countless doctors are advising folks to use them.

### But Children Did This:

But millions of children simply said, "I like Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice." And they passed back their dishes for more.

They have reveled in them, morning, noon and night. They have mixed them with cream and sugar. They have floated them in bowls of milk. They have eaten them dry like peanuts. They

have used them in candy making. Once they tasted these toasted bubbles they would not go without.

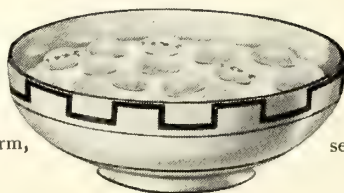
Together, these doctors and these children have spread the call for Puffed Wheat and Rice. And now millions of homes enjoy them.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**  
*Except in Extreme West*

**CORN**  
**PUFFS**  
 15¢

You who don't serve grains in puffed form would do so if you knew the facts. You would do so for ease of digestion. You would do so for the fascinating form and taste.

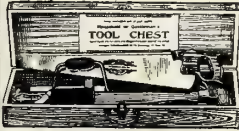
The different grains vary in form,



in elements and taste. With the many ways of serving they afford endless variety. When you know them, these will constitute your ready-cooked cereal foods. Order the one you don't know and see how it compares with the rest.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



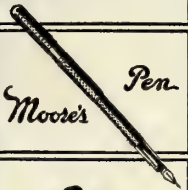
TOOL CHEST



CHAFING DISH



PATHFINDER WATCH

The Myster  
ERECTORBestyette  
RAINCOATSPen  
Moore's

FIELDERS GLOVE

United Profit-Sharing Coupons are coming into your home in many new ways every day. Look for them.

### Dear ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls:

We are going to tell you here in ST. NICHOLAS from month to month about a new plan by which you can get many things which you have wanted for a long time.

The little pictures around this letter show some of the things—but there are dozens of other things. Next month we will show you some more.

Wouldn't you like to own some of these things?

We ask this question just as if we didn't know how badly you really *do* want them.

You can get them easily. And without money, too.

We don't mean that you will get them for nothing because that wouldn't be fair. But you don't have to sell anything or make anything.

We haven't room to tell you any more this month, except how to begin to get the particular thing you want. Ask your father if he has any United Cigar Stores Coupons—(He knows about them.) Ask your mother if she has any United Profit-Sharing Coupons. (They come in packages of foods and soaps and gum, etc., and they help just the same as father's Coupons do.) Ask cook to save all those she gets. Ask them ALL every day for "United" Coupons. That is all you have to do.

If you keep all of these Profit-Sharing Coupons now you can exchange them for the things you want in a little while. (We'll tell you how to exchange them next month.)

The thing to do now is to *start collecting United Profit-Sharing Coupons* as fast as you can.

Then write a letter and tell St. Nicholas how many United Profit-Sharing Coupons you got this month and what packages they came in. How many did you get from Cook, from Father, and from Mother? Write just as soon as you begin to get them. If you look for them and are so unlucky as not to find any write us just the same. Next month we'll tell you some more about United Profit-Sharing Coupons and what they are good for.

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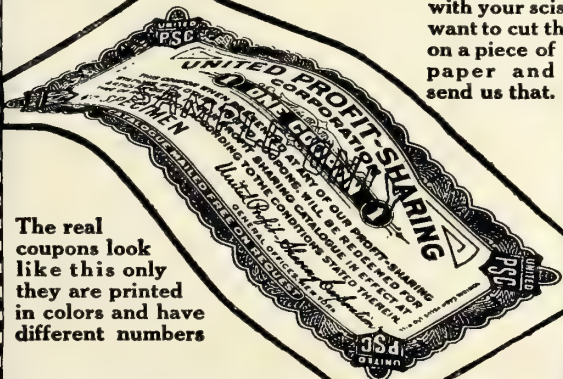
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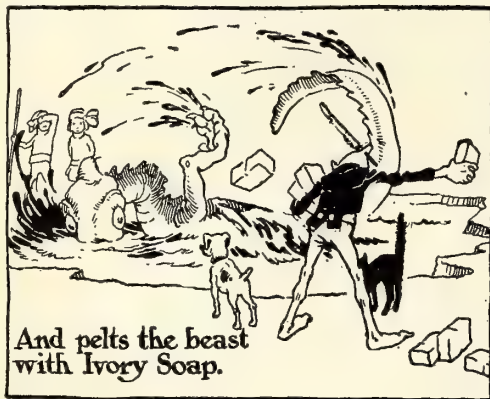


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VOL. XLII, No. 6

APRIL, 1915

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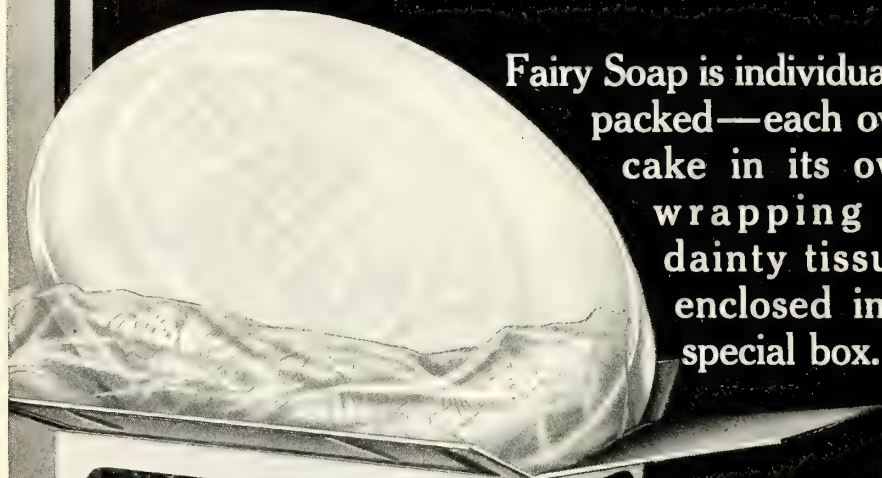
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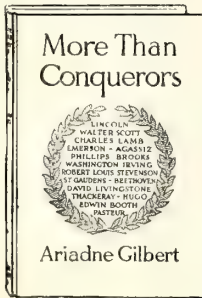
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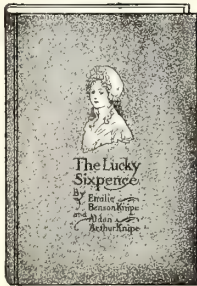


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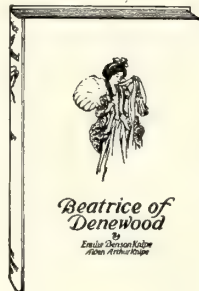
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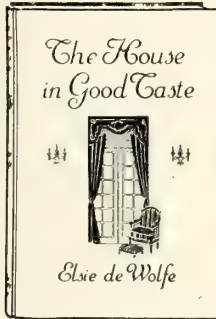
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# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XLII

APRIL, 1915

No. 6

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## TIMOTHY

BY STEPHEN CHALMERS

### I

TIMOTHY was a very small black bear. He was born in a dark place in the heart of the Adirondack forest, yet not so far from the haunt of the man-bear but that his mother would growl when there came to her ears the far, faint clang of a hammer and anvil where the Raquette River bends at the Indian Carry.

The den where Timothy was born was formed by a jamming overhead of great lumps of rock. Through the jagged roof shone bits of light, the sun by day, the moon or the stars by night. The entrance to the den was hidden by a tangle of bushes.

Timothy's first joy—as it was the beginning of his sorrows—was when, a fat, woolly ball, he toddled through the bushes and discovered the world outside. He blinked in the brilliant light. But when he became used to it, he marveled at the strangeness of everything—the great ranks of trees, with millions of leaves all whispering at the same time, the towering ridges, the vast, mossy rocks, and the drab carpet of last year's leaves.

The sun was warm, and stirred something that must have been born in Timothy. He stretched his little body with the instinctive desire to help himself grow. He stretched one chubby hind leg, then the other. Presently, as if he felt very much improved, he jumped, all four paws leaving the ground at the same time. He was surprised when he landed, not as he had expected, but on his back.

He regained his poise and spent some time pursuing a dry leaf which had stuck to the fur of his back, just out of reach of his snout. Then, for some reason which was probably no reason at all, he attempted to stand on his head. This time he turned a complete somersault, which astonished him. For the next half-hour he tried to understand why it was that he could stand on his legs but immediately fell over when he tried to stand on his head.

Timothy was still experimenting when a deep growl sounded. He looked up, and saw his mother standing on a great rock high up on the ridge. She was looking down at Timothy, her back hunched, her head low. Next moment she was descending rapidly from the rock, scrambling down the side of the ridge, apparently in a great hurry and very much displeased.

Growling fiercely, she seized little Timothy by the scruff of his neck and carried him in her teeth into the den. There she gave him a shake and tossed him half-way across the cavern. Then the mother-bear gave Timothy the worst scolding he ever received; at least it hurt most, for he did not understand what his mother meant about the men-bears that walked upright and killed all other animals by just pointing at them.

It did impress him slightly, however, when he learned that his father, who had been twelve times as big as Timothy, had dropped dead when he was pointed at. It frightened him almost, his mother's description of how, after the killing, which she had witnessed from a thicket, some men-bears had tied his father's feet together and



carried him out of the wood upside down on a pole. That was why Timothy's mother grew so restless when she heard the far, faint clanging of the hammer and anvil at the bend of the river.

Still, Timothy had tasted life, smelled the woods and felt the warmth of the noonday sun. Seeing this, and being afraid for what might happen, his mother decided to escort him on a little ramble abroad, rather than have him play truant. The day he left the den with her was the day he did not return to it, and the beginning of the real story of Timothy.

As they started down the little valley in which Timothy had lived up till now, he frisked and tumbled at his mother's heels in sheer delight. It was his first trip from home. His mother reprimanded him, for the leaves were dry and Timothy made a great noise. Thereafter he tried to imitate her soft slow tread, and managed to copy in a comical sort of way her silent swaying gait, setting down his little paws as if to make sure that the finest twig would bend but not snap under them.

But he soon grew tired of this solemn caution. It was a relief when his mother paused by a rock and gave him a first lesson on how to select the tenderer shoots of moss for eating. Then she took him to the blackberry and raspberry bushes, and warned him against ever eating the green berries. She shook the bushes gently and Timothy grubbed around, capturing the juicy black or pink berries that fell from above.

He noticed that his mother occasionally stood up on her hind legs as she worked. Timothy tried it, and was quite annoyed when again he tumbled over on his back. The mother-bear growled; but then she spent nearly an hour teaching the little bear how to stand up without falling backward.

The afternoon was getting on when the mother-bear started to amble off in a definite direction. She knew a place where there was a hive of wild bees. The bees made honey, and bears are very fond of honey.

The way lay down the valley, through which tumbled a mountain stream. It was the first time Timothy had seen water, and it puzzled him very much. The water seemed such a frisky, sociable thing. It laughed and made funny noises. It leaped and played around rocks, coming back to meet itself, then dodging under a rotten log with a gurgling of mirth.

It fascinated Timothy, who observed that the water seemed bound for some particular place farther on. He felt that he would like to find where and what that place was.

His mother still ambled ahead, but now Timothy had only one eye for her. The other was

following that brook. Once he stopped and put a small forepaw in the water. Instantly a little speckled trout shot from under a rock and struck a feather-like snout against the instantly withdrawn but tickled paw. Timothy would have investigated this amusing thing, but his mother uttered an irritable growl; so he toddled after her, deciding, however, that some day he would come back and get his paw tickled again.

Presently they came to a great boulder. Beyond it a ridge rose abruptly and the one valley split into two. The mother-bear took one side of the boulder. Timothy, out of sheer contrariness, took the other side on which the stream ran. Two minutes later he discovered that his mother and he were separated by the ridge.

Of course it was her mistake. They had been following the brook and—here was the brook. Timothy thought he was right and his mother was wrong; he hoped she would not lose her way!

Anyway, here was the brook, and now he could find out where it went and why it seemed so anxious to get there. The banks of the stream were now steeper, and the confined waters were babbling louder and rushing faster. The brook seemed terribly excited, and the excitement crept into Timothy's blood. Presently he found himself trying to keep pace with the tearing waters; he was actually running in his eagerness not to be left behind.

The shadows began to gather, and Timothy's little limbs were growing weary. Perhaps, after all, he had better look for his mother. But the ridge still continued to the right, and he supposed he would meet her at the other end. So he went on with the stream.

Presently he came out on clearer and more level ground. Here the stream became quiet and spread itself into a deep, broad pool. But what interested and astonished Timothy was the presence of two strange animals. Their fur was of many colors, and they wore strange things on their heads. Timothy decided that they must be men-bears, although they were not half the size of his mother. Perhaps they were little men-bears. One of them suddenly jumped up and shouted: "Oh! I've caught another one!"

The little man-bear jerked a stick that he gripped in his right forepaw. Something leaped out of the water, dangled in the air for a moment, and then fell wriggling on the bank.

Timothy gave a grunt of delight, whereat the other little man-bear looked up, uttered a yell, dropped his stick, and started to run.

"Run, Cliff!" he cried. "A bear! A bear!"

The other, who unhooked the trout and dropped it into a basket, looked up and saw Timothy. For

a moment he was stricken with fear. Then he grinned with delight and called his frightened companion back.

"It 's only a little cub," said he. "Let 's catch it and take it home."

"No—thank—you!" said the frightened lad.

Adirondack hunter, who lived on the Indian Carry between the Raquette River and the Upper Saranac Lake. The old Carry road passed within a hundred feet of the house where Jim Dickert lived with his wife and children, when he was not in the woods guiding hunters from the city.



"TIMOTHY WAS STILL EXPERIMENTING WHEN A DEEP GROWL SOUNDED."

"Supposing the big mother-bear 's around? Let 's go home."

"I 'll take a chance!" said the pluckier one.

He advanced toward Timothy, who, to the boy's surprise and delight, came half-way to meet him, tumbling and frisking. Timothy had known that there must be fun at the end of this brook. Here it was!

In another moment Cliff had the cub in his arms. The other boy had come back and seized the fish-basket.

"Now let 's get out of the woods," said Cliff. "The big one 'll be on the track, sure as to-morrow 's Tuesday!"

## II

TIMOTHY now belonged to Cliff. The other lad was a son of the blacksmith by the river bend, and he was presently envious of Cliff's possession.

Cliff Dickert was the ten-year-old son of an

When Cliff marched triumphantly into the kitchen with Timothy in his arms, his mother dropped a dish and cried:

"For the land's sakes!"

"By ginger!" said the hunter, who was smoking his pipe. "Ef it ain't a leetle b'ar!"

"A bear!" cried Mrs. Dickert. "Cliff, you put it down this minnit, d' y' hear me?"

Cliff obediently set Timothy on the floor. The little bear promptly stretched his legs and, thinking that the frolic was about to be resumed, stood on his head and rolled over, as usual, on his back.

The hunter guffawed. Cliff shrieked with delight. Even Mrs. Dickert was amused.

"Well, of all the foolishness!" said she.

Her baby, about a year old, was crawling on hands and knees under the kitchen table. The baby attracted Timothy's attention by uttering a little crow of pleasure.

Timothy studied this baby and was interested. Here was a little man-bear about the same size



as himself. He promptly frisked forward and collided with the baby. Both of them rolled over in a confused heap. Next moment the baby, gurgling with delight, was hugging Timothy with both arms, while the little black bear was doing his best to bite the baby's ear. This was his way of playing. He did not know any other way. Also, he gave funny little growls. It was his way of echoing the baby's delighted gurgles.

But Mrs. Dickert did not understand this. With a cry she struck Timothy away and snatched the baby to her bosom. Timothy rolled over and over, then got up, blinking.

"Now why did she do that?" was the question in his bewildered little intelligence.

"Chut!" said the hunter. "The cub's too young to hurt a fly."

"Don't you tell me, Jim Dickert!" said his wife. "Say what you like, but that's a *bear*! I won't have any such creature around my children. Take it out of here!"

"A-all ri-ight!" drawled Jim. "But we ain't going to let it go. It'll make a fine watch-dog if we chain it out in the front yard. Besides, it'll be amusin' to watch it grow."

With one big hand he picked up Timothy by the scruff of his neck and, followed by Cliff, went out into the yard between the house and the road.

"Watch you don't hurt it, Dad," said Cliff, noticing that Timothy had a choked look.

"Aw, a bear don't have no feelin's like that," said the hunter, who was less unkind than thoughtless. "Now you play with it while I get things fixed up."

Cliff tumbled about on the ground with Timothy, who was still anxious for that deferred frolic. He pawed and snarled in his feeble way at Cliff, who tossed him back every time the little woolly cub charged him.

His father, in the meantime, had procured from the barn a length of chain and a dog-collar. In the middle of the front yard there was an old iron axle stuck upright in the ground. It was to this that Dickert used to chain one of the dogs at night. So deeply sunk was the post that it would have taken an elephant to budge it.

To this the hunter attached the chain, and to the chain he hooked the dog-collar. Then he tried to fit the collar around Timothy's neck. Alas, the little bear's neck was not big enough for that collar. In fact, Timothy could have walked right through it.

It was only when the hunter drew the collar in to the last notch and fitted it around the cub's body that Timothy was effectively secured.

"There!" said Jim Dickert. "I guess he won't

get away from that. Best come on in, Cliff, and have supper."

It was now almost dark. A sudden loneliness fell upon little Timothy as the door of the kitchen slammed after the man-bear and the little man-bear. Was n't anybody going to play with him?

Timothy waited. The lights in the windows of the house interested him. So did the little lights up in the sky. He had never been out at night before, and he wondered what kind of animals they could be that popped their twinkling eyes out all over the blue roof of this immense cave.

Perhaps, after all, he ought to be going back to his own cave. His mother would probably be very angry, and show her teeth, and snarl, and bounce him with her paws; but—well, he had had a great adventure. He would n't mind an extra scolding for this once.

He started in the direction where he thought home lay. If he could find that brook he would be all right, even if it was very dark. But he had toddled only a few yards before he was stopped with a jerk and thrown violently on his back.

It hurt. He tried to find out what tripped him every time he started for home. When he did understand the workings of that post, chain, and collar, he sat down on his little haunches.

"Now I wonder why they did that?" said he to himself in bear-talk, which is really only a thinking language.

After supper Cliff and his father came out with a lantern to have another look at the little black bear. Timothy thought that now they were either going to play with him or let him go home. Much relieved, he executed a frisk (rather clumsily, because the chain got in his way) and toddled toward the little man-bear. Again the chain brought him up with a painful jerk and threw him on his back.

He sat up in despair after that, blinking in the light of the lantern and waiting for some suggestion as to what they expected him to do.

"What you going to call him?" asked Dickert.

"Timothy," said the boy, promptly. He had been thinking over this important point.

It was the first time the little black bear knew that his name was Timothy.

### III

PRESENTLY, when Cliff Dickert had had enough of his prize to last over till morning, the man-bear took the little man-bear into the house.

Later, the lights in the windows went out and the house became dark and very still.

Timothy was utterly despondent now. He was also very hungry. He wondered if the men-bears ever ate anything.

Still, he tried to be cheerful. It was a great adventure and it would all come out right in the

stretched his neck in the direction of the field and the wood beyond the road, and sniffed the air.

"Mother's coming!" said he to himself.

He knew it by instinct long before he saw her emerge from the edge of the wood and come, a black, shambling blot, across the field.

The she-bear came on unerringly, found a break in the fence, and stopped in the middle of the road. After sniffing the air, she advanced straight upon Timothy.

The little black bear toddled forward, forgetful of the chain, and turned a somersault almost at his mother's feet.

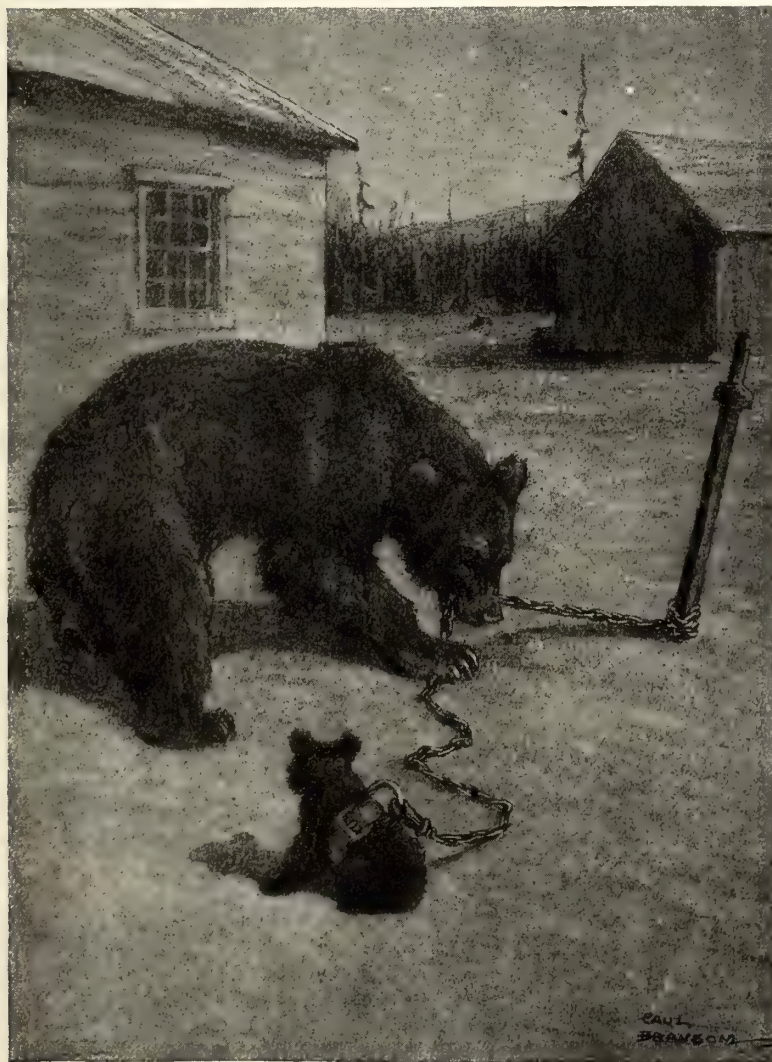
The she-bear ran her snout over Timothy, found the encircling collar, then nosed along the chain. A snarl of rage burst from her throat. Furiously she pawed and bit at the chain, but every link was of steel. She next investigated the post, but all her great bulk and strength could not budge it.

Then she returned to Timothy, and with her teeth bit at the dog-collar. She shook it, but only succeeded in lifting her cub in the air and shaking him, too.

Next she laid Timothy upon the ground, placed a heavy paw upon his little body, and attempted to tear away the encircling band. But the pressure of her paw against the pull of her jaws nearly squeezed the life out of Timothy, who uttered a little whine of pain.

At that the mother-bear gave up. She withdrew a little way from her cub. Presently, under the moon, the great hulking beast was swaying its head and body back and forth, as if in grief. For a long time the she-bear kept this up, while Timothy sat on his little haunches blinking and marveling at his mother's behavior.

At last the mother-bear ceased her peculiar swaying motion. She returned to Timothy and began to lick him all over. After that, she lay down with her nose between her paws and her



"FURIOUSLY SHE PAWED AND BIT AT THE CHAIN."

morning. Then his mother would be proud of him, and say he was certainly a great bear.

The little bright eyes in the sky still interested him, but presently he became terrified. Over the hills came a great, round yellow animal without body or legs. Instinctively he was afraid of this big flaming head, not knowing that it was just the moon. He sat for hours watching and hoping that it would n't notice him.

All at once his fears changed to joy. He



eyes fixed upon the captive cub, while the moon rose higher and glinted upon the windows behind which Jim Dickert and his family slept.

All night long the she-bear lay by her cub in the yard. But when the moon went down and the dawn-light began to pale the stars, she arose and silently ambled away from the yard, crossed the road and the field, and disappeared into the still black woods.

Timothy, who had been drowsing, satisfied that, as he could n't go with his mother, she had come to stay with him, woke up and discovered her absence.

"Now I wonder why she went away?" was his sleepy question to the dawn.

#### IV

LATER that morning, Timothy found himself an object of great interest. The children from all around the Carry settlement—yes, and the adults too—came to see Cliff Dickert's captive. Cliff, himself, was the hero of the hour, much to the disgust of the blacksmith's boy.

"It would have been mine," he boasted, "if Cliff had n't grabbed it first."

Timothy had no longer to complain of hunger. The first thing that morning, Cliff had brought him a basin of meal gruel, well sweetened with sugar. It tickled Timothy's palate very nicely. Then the other children brought nuts, and apples, and sugar-lumps, until Timothy simply could n't eat any more.

Cliff allowed certain favored young friends to pat the little bear, but jealously reserved for himself the privilege of playing with Timothy. Thus the cub grew to realize that Cliff was his particular friend. He also grew to dislike the blacksmith's boy, who vented his chagrin on Timothy himself, teasing him and throwing him stones instead of sugar-lumps when Cliff was not around to see.

The interest of the men who came to look at Timothy was divided. They looked the cub over, of course, but first and last they were hunters.

Timothy noticed that the man-bear was a little excited, and that he got all the other men-bears together and continually pointed to the ground. Presently half a dozen of the men-bears went away, only to meet again at the same place, each carrying a long object over his shoulder. Timothy decided that these must be the things they pointed with when they wished to kill other animals.

The men-bears crossed the field and entered the wood at the very point where Timothy's mother had disappeared just before dawn. They

were gone all day, and came back in a very bad temper. One of the men stopped before Timothy and shook his fist at him.

"You little beggar," said he; "wait till I meet your ma and see what happens to her."

Of course, Timothy did not understand a word of it. If he had, he might have wondered what Ma had ever done to the man-bear to make him snarl so fiercely.

"Maybe we 'd better have a watch near the cub to-night," said another of the hunters.

"What 's the use?" asked Jim Dickert. "We 've driven her too far, even if she 'd risk coming back right away. She won't come to-night."

Nor did she. Timothy watched half the night. His mother did not appear. He wondered why.

Many nights passed, and still she did not come. On the sixth night of his captivity, Timothy was awakened by a hot breath playing over him and the push of a great snout.

It was his mother again. She licked him all over, bit again at the steel chain, and snarled as she found that the dog-collar was cutting into him. Plenty of food and natural growth were the cause. Two days later, however, Cliff found out why Timothy was irritable, and let the collar out a couple of notches. After that, Timothy's guardian was careful to mark the growth of the cub and adjust the collar.

But all that sixth night the she-bear lay beside her cub in Dickert's yard, and again at the first streak of day she stole back into the wood.

Next day there was again a gathering of the men-bears. But Jim Dickert was opposed to hunting the great she-bear.

"Leave her alone and she 'll come to us," said he. "In fact, two of us 'll stay on watch for a few nights, right here in the yard."

That night Jim Dickert sat on the darkest side of the house, while another hunter crouched by the barn-door. Their eyes, like little Timothy's, were straining in the direction of the field and the edge of wood beyond the Indian Carry road.

It was in the middle of the night when the lumbering body of the she-bear appeared. She came half-way across the field, stopped, came on again, then came to another standstill. After that her progress toward Timothy was slow and halting.

Presently she lifted her snout and sniffed the air. To her senses came the knowledge of danger ahead and the presence of the man-bear. She abruptly turned and made for the wood.

From the barn-door came a spit of fire and a deafening report. Another flash came from the house end where Dickert was hidden. But Timothy's mother escaped in the darkness, unhurt.

Timothy did not know this, of course. He was

too terrified by the flashes of fire and the loud noises to wonder even why his mother came so near to him and went away so hurriedly.

In the morning all the hunters came to Dickert's.

"She 's gone for good this time," said the chief man-bear; "leastways, since she smelled powder she won't come back here. We 've got to go after her again."

That evening the hunters did not return empty-handed. Timothy was having a good-natured fight with Cliff when there came a shout from up the road. Presently Jim Dickert and the rest of the hunters appeared, carrying a long pole on their shoulders.

Hanging upside down from the middle of it was an immense black bear. They laid it down in the yard and one of the hunters, catching sight of the cub on the chain, cried:

"Hullo, Timmie! Here 's your ma."

Timothy did not understand the words. But he knew that this dead bear was his mother. His senses sniffed her in the air. Yet what had happened to her? Why did she lie so still on the ground? Why did she not come and push him with her snout and lick his furry head?

He did not understand that she was dead. Only something happened within him. Instinct told him at last that the man-bear was his enemy, as he had been the enemy of his mother and his father. Up to that moment he had been willing, eager even, to be friends with him. But the man-bear had done something to him through his mother, something that hurt and aroused he hardly knew what.

One of the hunters put out his foot for Timothy to paw and chew, as had been the cub's playful way.

Instantly the little black bear raised himself on his hind legs, his hair bristled along the ridge of his back, his jaws fell open, and from his throat came a vicious snarl.

Little Timothy was no longer an innocent bear-cub. He was a wild beast in captivity, and none knew it better than Timothy himself.

v

At first the change in Timothy was hardly noticed. After that one outburst he seemed to become his amiable self again. It was only that deep in his narrow brain there had been sown a seed that would bear good or bad fruit as he himself was treated kindly or otherwise.

With Cliff he was ever the same, willing at all times to fight with him in play. Cliff would box his ears. Timothy would snarl, stand up, and

try to strike back with his paws. But always his claws were sheathed, for Cliff was his friend.

He had grown rapidly in the two months that had passed since his mother was killed. The dog-collar was now around his neck, and every day or two Cliff found it necessary to let out another notch. Presently, when Timothy stood erect, he was as big as the ten-year-old son of Jim Dickert. And now Cliff had to be wary, for the bear's paw-sweeps, while meant in play, were astonishingly powerful. The boy learned this one day when, in the course of a friendly boxing-match, Timothy knocked him flat. After that, Cliff became more careful in his play with the bear.

Timothy, noticing this, believed that his one friend had turned against him. It did not alter his liking for Cliff, but it made him sad, and his sadness was mistaken for sulkiness.

"Be careful of that b'ar, Cliff," the hunter warned his boy.

Dickert himself did not venture near Timothy, who never saw the hunter but he snarled; and it was not the same kind of snarl that greeted Cliff's coming.

As the cold weather approached it was necessary to put Timothy in shelter somewhere. Had they let the bear loose then, its instincts would have taken it straight to some cave in the ravines. But the men-bears put Timothy in the barn, where he ate a hearty meal and promptly fell asleep. They locked the barn-door and left him in the dark. This suited Timothy perfectly, because, like all bears, he wanted to sleep for four or five months. This he did, waking up only now and then to eat a little.

One morning, about the end of March, Timothy grew uneasy in his sleep. In his waking dreams he seemed to smell the fresh earth breathing of new life, to catch the whispering of trees resurrected from their winter deadness, and to hear the first hopeful twittering of birds.

Timothy awoke and suddenly disliked the darkness that he had loved all those months. He got up and moved about, his chain clanking as he walked. He was puzzled to find that the barn did not seem as big as when he had been put into it. Where there had been room for about eight steps from wall to wall, it was now only a short five. He was quite unaware that while he slept he had developed enormously. Timothy was now almost a full-grown bear.

Cliff, passing outside, heard the clanking of the chain.

"Hullo, Tim!" he cried through the barn-door.

"Oomph!" said Timothy.

"Do you want to come out, old sleepyhead?"

"Oomph!" said Timothy.



Later, Jim Dickert and a neighbor opened the barn-door, and, as spring had come, prepared to lead the bear to his open-air captivity.

"Ginger!" said the hunter. "Ain't he grown to be a whopper?"

It took both men pulling on the chain to drag Timothy out. After months of darkness the light hurt his eyes. But in a few minutes his vision cleared and he slowly surveyed the two men. At sight of Jim Dickert Timothy's lips drew back from his teeth.

He snarled, and suddenly stood up on his hind legs. With forepaws extended, he rushed toward Dickert. Like a flash, the two men dropped the chain and ran for safety.

But Timothy was free! Somehow he realized this, despite the chain that trailed behind him. He ambled into the front yard. There, catching sight of the field and the edge of the wood that he had studied so much—some time—long, long ago, it seemed—instinct took possession of him.

He was across the road and half-way to the edge of the wood before he was halted by a voice that stirred some last strain of friendliness in him.

"Timothy! Oh, Timmie! Timothy!"

At the same time he felt a slight drag on the chain. He turned at bay, again rising erect. There was Cliff holding on to the chain.

The boy spoke to him quietly. The bear stood irresolute. Five months is a long time for a bear to remember anything, but Timothy fancied he knew this little man-bear. Anyway, he liked him.

"Come, Timothy," said Cliff, drawing gently on the chain.

Timothy, poor Timothy, the victim of one last lingering feeling of gratitude, followed like an obedient dog. Five minutes later he was again chained to the stake in the front yard.

## VI

It appeared to Timothy's slow wit, a few minutes after the swivel-hook had been snapped on the stake ring, that he had been tricked.

As Cliff walked away, the bear would have continued to follow, and attempted to do so, only the chain brought him up short. It did not, as in other days, throw him off his feet, but checked him into a stiff, straining attitude.

Then the fiery nature of the wild beast broke loose in him. Perhaps Timothy considered that his love for, and obedience to, Cliff had been meanly betrayed. He, who was but a moment ago free and half-way to the deep forest, was again—and through his own abused good-nature—chained to a stake.

With his head down and his body straining forward upon the tightened chain, he stood there quivering with rage and snarling fearfully. Suddenly he drew back; then he sprang forward, throwing all his great weight and strength upon the chain. Again and again he did this, his fury increasing as the collar, chain, and stake defied his efforts.

Cliff stood off with a very white face, trying with kind words to soothe the bear; but Timothy did not hear, or, if he did, was not Cliff the betrayer? Despite Cliff's kindness, was it not he who had taken him, a little cub, from his mother? Was it not Cliff who had played upon his affection to recapture him for the cruel chain and stake?

And Cliff's father stood in the doorway of the house with a gun in his hands, ready to shoot if he broke that chain!

At last even the bear's great strength and fury abated. He backed slowly toward the stake, the chain trailing after like a doubling serpent. For the moment Timothy seemed blinded. He crouched against the stake, his eyes shut, his head down, and his ears flat. Then he stretched his neck and lifted his head so that his snout pointed toward the distant wood. His jaws fell open, as if he yawned, and from his throat came a peculiar sound, half-roar, half-whine.

Perhaps that was when Timothy's spirit was broken, for ever afterward he was just a sullen, living, shaggy animal that walked restlessly around the stake from morning till night; a beast that none would approach, not even Cliff; for Timothy was considered mad. Cliff came as near as he dared and threw the bear's food into the circle that Timothy had outlined on the ground around the stake.

Day in and day out it was the same monotonous, shambling tread at the extreme end of the chain. That steel chain seemed to indicate that Timothy had in some way offended against the man-bear and been doomed by the man-bear's laws to wear himself out trying to find the end of a perfect circle.

Nobody can say what was in Timothy's mind about it all. Probably he hardly knew himself. Only, when exhaustion halted his vain circling and he lay down in his track to sleep, strange dreams came to him. They made him happy only, it seemed, that he might be the more unhappy when he awoke and resumed his monotonous round.

In his dreams he would find himself among great aisles of trees where millions of leaves all whispered at the same time. He would find himself treading softly over the drab carpet of the





"In his dreams he would find himself  
among great aisles of trees where  
millions of leaves all whispered at the  
same time"



wood, climbing great ridges and mighty boulders. He would find himself hunting the bee for its honey, shaking the bushes for their berries, and eating the tender shoots of moss from the rocks in the valley.

Then he would awake, sniff the air, utter that yawning half-roar, half-whine, and resume his shambling walk around and around and around.

The summer ripened. The wood and streams called even to the men-bears, who ignored Timothy's greater yearnings. Sometimes hunters, coming and going across the Indian Carry, would stop and study the bear. Most of them spoke to Timothy, but their notice was patronizing, like that of a king for a jester. Some preferred to poke fun and sticks at the captive. Timothy paid no attention, save when any one approached too near that circle. Then a snarl warned the playful that the little world within that round path was Timothy's, and he would at least guard against man's trespass there.

One day a party of gentlemen from the city came along. They were amateur hunters on an outing. They laughed and joked about Timothy. One of the party, who had been thoughtfully studying the bear, suddenly said:

"Do you know, I think that is a downright shame."

The others laughed.

"Why don't you go in and hug the bear, Jack?" was suggested.

"I would," said Jack, "if I thought he would understand."

"He 'd tear you to bits!"

"Of course he would," said Jack, "and I should n't blame him in the least!"

The hunting season was now at its height. Timothy would sometimes stop in his pacing as a gunshot echoed among the wooded valleys. And ever he would snarl at the sound, as his mother had done at the clang of the anvil by the river bend.

Day after day the hunters brought in trophies of the chase, sometimes a bear, but most often deer. And while the game hung in the barn of the hunter's house, Timothy's conduct would attract fearful attention. He ambled at a half-run around his circular track, his jaws dripping and fierce sounds coming from his deep throat.

"What are you going to do with that bear when the snow flies?" a neighbor asked Jim Dickert. "You can't leave him out to freeze to death."

"I dunno," said the hunter, who had been thinking over the same problem. "Yet I don't see how we 're to get him into the barn. Not a soul can go near him."

"Guess you 'd better shoot him."

Jim Dickert said nothing. Rough man as he was, he somehow felt that it was hardly fair to shoot Timothy for what was not Timothy's fault. But what was he to do with this bear that had grown beyond handling? If they got Timothy into the barn, it would be a perilous success, for in the spring it would be humanely necessary to bring him out again. Jim Dickert had not forgotten that last "taking out," and Timothy had been a lamb then compared with the savage beast that he now was.

"We 'll see," said the hunter, uneasily.

Two weeks later, just at the close of the hunting season, the matter came to a head.

Of all the human beings that Timothy detested, the blacksmith's boy came first. This boy—his name was Bert—hated the bear because it had added to the importance of Cliff Dickert. He had taken out his vengeance on Timothy, and the boys had fought over the matter on several occasions. Once friends, they were now unspeaking enemies.

None knew so well as Timothy how cruelly the blacksmith's boy had teased him. The memory of a stone that had struck him on his one tender spot, the snout, rankled in Timothy's sense-memory.

Oddly enough, he never snarled when his worst enemy approached, but plodded around his circle with apparent unconcern. The bear's little eyes, however, were ever alert.

Bert's habit was to get as close to the circular track as possible, and, as the bear went by, make a pass at Timothy with his hand. Timothy, of course, had not another inch of chain to spare, so he just had to suffer this baiting. The blacksmith's boy would keep up this cruel game until he grew tired of Timothy's apparent unconcern. There was no fun when the bear refused to snarl.

He became bolder, actually slapping the bear as it passed, and then leaping quickly backward. His boldness was his undoing. As he leaned over a bent knee in order to be ready for the bear, his foot suddenly slipped inward and under him. He threw forward an arm to save himself, and that arm fell on Timothy's beaten path.

The arm was instantly withdrawn, but not before Timothy, with a roar of triumph and rage, had struck it with distended claws.

Next moment the boy was running toward the blacksmith's, holding his left arm tightly, and shrieking. Five minutes later, Jim Dickert saw the blacksmith coming down the road at a furious pace. He had a gun under his arm.

"Look here, you, Jim Dickert," said the smith, white with rage, "are you going to shoot that b'ar right now, or will I?"

Then he told how his boy had come home with his sleeve torn and his arm badly clawed.

"Serves him right for teasing the poor brute!" said Jim, who might have accused himself of worse.

"But keep cool," he added; "I reckon we 'll have to kill old Timothy. I was hoping maybe we would n't have to, but—suppose we do it in the morning. Maybe the boys would like to see it. Anyway, I 'd much rather you did the shooting, Smithy. I—I—somehow—"

"I 'll do it, quick enough!" said the blacksmith.

So Timothy was doomed. He was to be shot next morning at nine o'clock. Jim Dickert was satisfied that it was the only way; yet somewhere inside the man's slow brain there was a sense of something wrong—something unfair about the whole matter.

When the news was broken to Cliff, the boy wept bitterly. Then the little man in him arose in protest.

"Nobody 's going to shoot Timothy!" he cried through his tears. "Timothy 's *my* bear. Did n't I find him? Wish now I had n't—the poor, little, toddling thing." Again he burst into tears; but presently his temper rose again.

"Did n't he get away this spring, and was n't it I brought him back? He 'd have chewed up anybody else. Ain't he *my* bear, then? Wish—I 'd —let him—go," he sobbed. "But, Dad, you won't let them shoot Timothy! Take the hook off his collar and let him go."

The boy was pleading earnestly for the life of his savage friend.

"Cliff," said his father, uncomfortably, "I 'd do it if it could be done. But there ain't a man as can go near that b'ar. He 'd be tore to bits. It 's the only way, Cliff."

"I 'll take the hook off!" cried Cliff. "I ain't afraid of Timothy."

"I know you ain't, boy," said the father, with a touch of pride and affection; "but I 'd rather lose Tim than lose you. I won't allow you to risk it; so there 's no more to be said. Go away for a walk in the morning. It 'll be all over when you come back."

Cliff said no more. All evening he was very silent, and he went to bed early. Later, the lights went out in Jim Dickert's house.

Outside, the bear continued its restless tread around the circle, the long chain taut between it and the iron stake. The big yellow moon that had frightened the woolly cub of a year before arose in exactly the same place. But Timothy paid no attention. He had ceased to wonder at anything, except as all things in his world spelled an eternal "why?"

Presently a slight figure stole from the kitchen door and came near the bear's circle.

"Timothy!" came a whisper.

The bear snarled and kept on.

"Timmie!" came the whisper again.

The bear stopped on the farther side from Cliff. Timothy was puzzled in a dull way. Nobody had ever whispered to him before. It was a new sound, and there was some association about the "Timmie."

Cliff stepped into the dangerous circle. The bear snarled.

"Timmie," the boy repeated, softly.

The bear slowly left the track and cut straight across the circle toward Cliff. The boy's heart beat fast and thickly, but he stood his ground, speaking softly to the great, shaggy animal.

"Oomph!" said Timothy, as Cliff's hand fell upon his head and stroked it gently.

"Guess they ain't going to get a chance to shoot you, Timmie," whispered the boy, while with a deft hand he slipped the swivel-hook from the collar.

"Go now, Timmie," was Cliff's parting advice, and he sped back to his deserted bed.

## VII

IN the morning, Cliff's surprise was no less than his father's, but for a very different reason.

The hunter at once discovered that the bear was loose, but the more astonishing thing was that Timothy was still shuffling around his circular track!

The collar was on him, but he was apparently quite unaware that the chain was lying loose near the stake and he was free to go wherever he chose.

Jim Dickert knew at once that this was Cliff's work. The hunter's face softened, then hardened. He wished now most heartily that Timothy had seized his opportunity, but habit had become too strongly ingrained in the bear's mind.

Now action had to be taken quickly. It was still early. No one was in sight. The moment a man appeared, however, Timothy would press upon his chain and find no resistance. The sight of an enemy would arouse his savagery, and he would attack at once.

For a moment, Jim Dickert was of a mind to call the boy and have him drive the bear from the circle. This might break the spell, for apparently Timothy had never thought to cross the circle after Cliff released him. He evidently thought that he could not cross it. But the hunter shivered to think of the risk the boy had taken in the night. He could not allow him to repeat it.



Telling his wife what had happened and bidding her allow no one to leave the house, the hunter stole out by a back door, made a detour, and reached the blacksmith's.

When Jim Dickert told him that the bear was loose, the smith turned white, but he regained some assurance from the peculiarity of the situation. A man who was coming down the road to witness the shooting was stopped and sent on a roundabout way that would bring him out on the road *below* Dickert's. His instructions were to stop all would-be onlookers, explain what had happened, and not allow them to advance until the blacksmith's party appeared coming down the road.

This resulted in keeping Timothy still on his aimless plodding around the circle.

In a little while the two parties saw one another coming toward the main point. They approached very cautiously, pausing about one hundred yards from the bear.

Then the blacksmith strolled casually along the open space of road between the two groups, his rifle in the hollow of his left arm.

Opposite the bear he paused and took deliberate aim. Timothy, perhaps suspicious of the pecu-

liar conduct of the men-bears, stopped and faced the enemy.

He pressed forward, as was his habit, and found that he was free!

At the realization, a roar came from his suddenly opened jaws. He rose to his full height and left the circle, advancing upon the blacksmith.

The man fired. Perhaps the sight of that hairy vengeance unnerved him momentarily. He missed.

When the smoke cleared, Timothy was almost down upon him.

That was too much for the blacksmith. With a yell he dropped his rifle and bolted. Those who had come to see Timothy killed bolted, too. At the same time, a shrill boy-voice cried from a window of the house:

*"Run, Timothy!—Run!"*

Timothy ran—over the road, across the field, into the forest. There he paused, raised his snout, and sniffed the cool, woodsy air. Ah! it was good to be alive—and free!

The great silent forest, the tangled ravines, the rock caves, the berry brakes, and the tender mossy places were all his to enjoy at last.

## MY FATHER, GOD

BY ALMA DURANT NICOLSON

My Father, God, doth guide on high  
The soft white clouds across the sky;  
He lifts the bird on eager wing,  
And teaches him a song to sing.

My Father, God, doth call the flowers  
With sunlight warm and April showers;  
He tends to every blade of grass  
That greens the meadow where I pass.

My Father, God, doth move the trees  
With every wandering, whispering breeze  
Until they clap their hands for joy,  
And greet each passing girl and boy.

And when a bird sings sweet and clear,  
It means that God is very near;  
And when a cloud sails in the sky,  
It shows that God is there on high.

While all the lovely flowers I pass,  
And all the tufts of soft green grass,  
Tell me they really want to grow  
Because God seems to love them so.

If God doth come so very near  
To fill the earth with love each year,  
And makes dear flowers for me to see,  
I 'm sure that He must care for me.

When every day I take a walk,  
The flowers and I have time to talk;  
We talk to God, who is so near  
We are quite sure that He can hear.



AN APRIL GIRL.—DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN.





## The hyacinths

We looked, and saw them poking up their little green-capped heads,  
Like birthday candles all burnt down to chocolate-frosting beds.  
But, oh, those funny candles! The first thing that we knew,  
They melted in the sunshine,—and came apart,—and grew.  
And then, instead of just one flame—one little bud of light—

They hung out lovely flowers, all pink, and blue, and white,  
With a nicer scent than candles, and just as gay and bright.

And, oh, so quick it happened!—why, it seemed just over-night!

Then we all danced and clapped our hands, 't was such a  
jolly thing,

That great big birthday-cake surprise, all ready for the  
Spring.

*Edith S. Pettee.*



# THE LOST PRINCE

BY

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Secret Garden," "T. Tembarom," etc.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MARCO DOES NOT ANSWER

By the time he turned the corner of the stairs, the beautiful lady had risen from her seat in the back room and walked into the dining-room at the front. A heavily-built, dark-bearded man was standing inside the door as if waiting for her.

"I could do nothing with him," she said at once, in her soft voice, speaking quite prettily and gently, as if what she said was the most natural thing in the world. "I managed the little trick of the sprained foot really well, and got him into the house. He is an amiable boy with perfect manners, and I thought it might be easy to surprise him into saying more than he knew he was saying. You can generally do that with children and young things. But he either knows nothing or has been trained to hold his tongue. He's not stupid, and he's of a high spirit. I made a pathetic little scene about Samavia, because I saw he could be worked up. It did work him up. I tried him with the Lost Prince rumor; but, if there is truth in it, he does not or will not know. I tried to make him lose his temper and betray something in defending his father, whom he thinks a god, by the way. But I made a mistake. I saw that. It's a pity. Boys can sometimes be made to tell anything." She spoke very quickly under her breath. The man spoke quickly too.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"I sent him up to the drawing-room to look for a book. He will look for a few minutes. Listen. He's an innocent boy. He sees me only as a gentle angel. Nothing will *shake* him so much as to hear me tell him the truth suddenly. It will be such a shock to him that perhaps you can do something with him then. He may lose his hold on himself. He's only a boy."

"You're right," said the bearded man. "And when he finds out he is not free to go, it may alarm him and we may get something worth while."

"If we could find out what is true, or what Loristan thinks is true, we should have a clue to work from," she said.

"We have not much time," the man whispered. "We are ordered to Bosnia at once. Before midnight we must be on the way."

"Let us go into the other room. He is coming." When Marco entered the room, the heavily-built man with the pointed dark beard was standing by the easy-chair.

"I am sorry I could not find the book," he apologized. "I looked on all the tables."

"I shall be obliged to go and search for it myself," said the Lovely Person.

She rose from her chair and stood up smiling. And at her first movement Marco saw that she was not disabled in the least.

"Your foot!" he exclaimed. "It's better?"

"It was n't hurt," she answered, in her softly pretty voice and with her softly pretty smile. "I only made you think so."

It was part of her plan to spare him nothing of shock in her sudden transformation. Marco felt his breath leave him for a moment.

"I made you believe I was hurt because I wanted you to come into the house with me," she added. "I wished to find out certain things I am sure you know."

"They were things about Samavia," said the man. "Your father knows them, and you must know something of them at least. It is necessary that we should hear what you can tell us. We shall not allow you to leave the house until you have answered certain questions I shall ask you."

Then Marco began to understand. He had heard his father speak of political spies, men and women who were paid to trace the people that certain governments or political parties desired to have followed and observed. He knew it was their work to search out secrets, to disguise themselves and live among innocent people as if they were merely ordinary neighbors.

They must be spies who were paid to follow his father because he was a Samavian and a patriot. He did not know that they had taken the house two months before, and had accomplished several things during their apparently innocent stay in it. They had discovered Loristan and had learned to know his outgoings and incomings, and also the outgoings and incomings of Lazarus, Marco, and The Rat. But they meant, if possible, to learn other things. If the boy could be startled and terrified into unconscious revelations, it might prove well worth their while to have played this bit of melodrama before they locked the front



door behind them and hastily crossed the Channel, leaving their landlord to discover for himself that the house had been vacated.

In Marco's mind strange things were happening. They were spies! But that was not all. The Lovely Person had been right when she said that he would receive a shock. His strong young chest swelled. In all his life, he had never come face to face with black treachery before. He could not grasp it. This gentle and friendly being with the grateful soft voice and grateful soft eyes had betrayed—*betrayed* him! It seemed impossible to believe it, and yet the smile on her curved mouth told him that it was true. When he had sprung to help her, she had been playing a trick! When he had been sorry for her pain and had winced at the sound of her low exclamation, she had been deliberately laying a trap to harm him. For a few seconds he was stunned—perhaps, if he had not been his father's son, he might have been stunned only. But he was more. When the first seconds had passed, there arose slowly within him a sense of something like high, remote disdain. It grew in his deep boy's eyes as he gazed directly into the pupils of the long soft dark ones. His body felt as if it were growing taller.

"You are very clever," he said slowly. Then, after a second's pause, he added, "I was too young to know that there was any one so—clever—in the world."

The Lovely Person laughed, but she did not laugh easily. She spoke to her companion.

"*A grand seigneur!*" she said. "As one looks at him, one half believes it is true."

The man with the beard was looking very angry. His eyes were savage and his dark skin reddened. Marco thought that he looked at him as if he hated him, and was made fierce by the mere sight of him, for some mysterious reason.

"Two days before you left Moscow," he said, "three men came to see your father. They looked like peasants. They talked to him for more than an hour. They brought with them a roll of parchment. Is that not true?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"Before you went to Moscow, you were in Budapest. You went there from Vienna. You were there for three months, and your father saw many people. Some of them came in the middle of the night."

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You have spent your life in traveling from one country to another," persisted the man. "You know the European languages as if you were a courier, or the *portier* in a Viennese hotel. Do you not?" insultingly.

Marco did not answer.

The Lovely Person began to speak to the man rapidly in Russian.

"A spy and an adventurer Stefano Loristan has always been and always will be," she said, as if in sudden indignation. "We know what he is. The police in every capital in Europe know him as a sharper and a vagabond, as well as a spy. And yet, with all his cleverness, he does not seem to have money. What did he do with the bribe the Maranovitch gave him for betraying what he knew of the old fortress? The boy does n't even suspect him. Perhaps it's true that he knows nothing. Or perhaps it is true that he has been so ill-treated and flogged from his babyhood that he dare not speak. There is a cowed look in his eyes in spite of his childish swagger. He's been both starved and beaten."

The outburst was well done. She did not look at Marco as she poured forth her words. She spoke with the abruptness and impetuosity of a person whose feelings had got the better of her. If Marco was sensitive about his father, she felt sure that his youth would make his face reveal something if his tongue did not—if he understood Russian, which was one of the things it would be useful to find out, because it was a fact which would verify many other things.

Marco's face disappointed her. No change took place in it, and the blood did not rise to the surface of his skin. He listened with an uninterested air, blank and cold and polite. Let them say what they chose.

The man twisted his pointed beard and shrugged his shoulders.

"We have a good little black wine-cellar downstairs," he said. "You are going down into it, and you will probably stay there for some time if you do not make up your mind to answer my questions. You think that nothing can happen to you in a house in a London street where policemen walk up and down. But you are mistaken. If you yelled now, even if any one chanced to hear you, they would only think you were a lad getting a thrashing he deserved. You can yell as much as you like in the black little wine-cellar, and no one will hear at all. We only took this house for three months, and we shall leave it to-night without mentioning the fact to any one. If we choose to leave you in the wine-cellar, you will wait there until somebody begins to notice that no one goes in and out, and chances to mention it to the landlord—which few people would take the trouble to do. Did you come here from Moscow?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You might remain in the good little black

cellar an unpleasantly long time before you were found," the man went on, quite coolly. "Do you remember the peasants who came to see your father two nights before you left?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"By the time it was discovered that the house was empty and people came in to make sure, you might be too weak to call out and attract their attention. Did you go to Budapest from Vienna, and were you there for three months?" asked the inquisitor.

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"You are too good for the little black cellar," put in the Lovely Person. "I like you. Don't go into it!"

"I know nothing," Marco answered, but the eyes which were like Loristan's gave her just such a look as Loristan would have given her, and she felt it. It made her uncomfortable.

"I don't believe you were ever ill-treated or beaten," she said. "I tell you, the little black cellar will be a hard thing. Don't go there!"

And this time Marco said nothing, but looked at her still as if he were some great young noble who was very proud.

He knew that every word the bearded man had spoken was true. To cry out would be of no use. If they went away and left him behind them, there was no knowing how many days would pass before the people of the neighborhood would begin to suspect that the place had been deserted, or how long it would be before it occurred to some one to give warning to the owner. And in the meantime, neither his father nor Lazarus nor The Rat would have the faintest reason for guessing where he was. And he would be sitting alone in the dark in the wine-cellar. He did not know in the least what to do about this thing. He only knew that silence was still the order.

"It is a jet-black little hole," the man said. "You might crack your throat in it, and no one would hear. Did men come to talk with your father in the middle of the night when you were in Vienna?"

"I know nothing," said Marco.

"He won't tell," said the Lovely Person. "I am sorry for this boy."

"He may tell after he has sat in the good little black wine-cellar for a few hours," said the man with the pointed beard. "Come with me!"

He put his powerful hand on Marco's shoulder and pushed him before him. Marco made no struggle. He remembered what his father had said about the game not being a game. It was n't a game now, but somehow he had a strong haughty feeling of not being afraid.

He was taken through the hallway, toward the rear, and down the commonplace flagged steps which led to the basement. Then he was marched through a narrow, ill-lighted, flagged passage to a door in the wall. The door was not locked and stood a trifle ajar. His companion pushed it farther open and showed part of a wine-cellar which was so dark that it was only the shelves nearest the door that Marco could faintly see. His captor pushed him in and shut the door. It was as black a hole as he had described. Marco stood still in the midst of darkness like black velvet. His guard turned the key.

"The peasants who came to your father in Moscow spoke Samavian and were big men. Do you remember them?" he asked from outside.

"I know nothing," answered Marco.

"You are a young fool," the voice replied. "And I believe you know even more than we thought. Your father will be greatly troubled when you do not come home. I will come back to see you in a few hours, if it is possible. I will tell you, however, that I have had disturbing news which might make it necessary for us to leave the house in a hurry. I might not have time to come down here again before leaving."

Marco stood with his back against a bit of wall and remained silent.

There was stillness for a few minutes, and then there was to be heard the sound of footsteps marching away.

When the last distant echo died all was quite silent, and Marco drew a long breath. Unbelievable as it may appear, it was in one sense almost a breath of relief. In the rush of strange feeling which had swept over him when he found himself facing the astounding situation up-stairs, it had not been easy to realize what his thoughts really were; there were so many of them and they came so fast. How could he quite believe the evidence of his eyes and ears? A few minutes, only a few minutes, had changed his prettily grateful and kindly acquaintance into a subtle and cunning creature whose love for Samavia had been part of a plot to harm it and to harm his father.

What did she and her companion want to do—what could they do if they knew the things they were trying to force him to tell?

Marco braced his back against the wall stoutly.

"What will it be best to think about first?"

This he said because one of the most absorbingly fascinating things he and his father talked about together was the power of the thoughts which human beings allow to pass through their minds—the strange strength of them. When they talked of this, Marco felt as if he were



listening to some marvelous Eastern story of magic which was true. In Loristan's travels, he had visited the far Oriental countries, and he had seen and learned many things which seemed marvels, and they had taught him deep thinking. He had known, and reasoned through days with, men who believed that when they desired a thing, clear and exalted thought would bring it to them. He had discovered why they believed this, and had learned to understand their profound arguments.

What he himself believed, he had taught Marco quite simply from his childhood. It was this: he himself—Marco, with the strong boy-body, the thick mat of black hair, and the patched clothes—was the magician. He held and waved his wand himself—and his wand was his own Thought. When special privation or anxiety beset them, it was their rule to say, "What will it be best to think about first?" which was Marco's reason for saying it to himself now as he stood in the darkness which was like black velvet.

He waited a few minutes for the right thing to come to him.

"I will think of the very old hermit who lived on the ledge of the mountains in India and who let my father talk to him through all one night," he said at last. This had been a wonderful story and one of his favorites. Loristan had traveled far to see this ancient Buddhist, and what he had seen and heard during that one night had made changes in his life. The part of the story which came back to Marco now was these words:

*"Let pass through thy mind, my son, only the image thou wouldst desire to see a truth. Meditate only upon the wish of thy heart, seeing first that it can injure no man and is not ignoble. Then will it take earthly form and draw near to thee. This is the law of That which Creates."*

"I am not afraid," Marco said aloud. "I shall not be afraid. In some way I shall get out."

This was the image he wanted most to keep steadily in his mind—that nothing could make him afraid, and that in some way he would get out of the wine-cellar.

He thought of this for some minutes, and said the words over several times. He felt more like himself when he had done it.

"When my eyes are accustomed to the darkness, I shall see if there is any little glimmer of light anywhere," he said next.

He waited with patience, and it seemed for some time that he saw no glimmer at all. He put out his hands on either side of him, and found that, on the side of the wall against which

he stood, there seemed to be no shelves. Perhaps the cellar had been used for other purposes than the storing of wine, and, if that was true, there might be somewhere some opening for ventilation. The air was not bad, but then the door had not been shut tightly when the man opened it.

"I am not afraid," he repeated. "I shall not be afraid. In some way I shall get out."

He would not allow himself to stop and think about his father waiting for his return. He knew that would only rouse his emotions and weaken his courage. He began to feel his way carefully along the wall. It reached farther than he had thought it would. The cellar was not so very small. He crept round it gradually, and, when he had crept round it, he made his way across it, keeping his hands extended before him and setting down each foot cautiously. Then he sat down on the stone floor and thought again, and what he thought was of the things the old Buddhist had told his father, and that there was a way out of this place for him, and he should somehow find it, and, before too long a time had passed, be walking in the street again.

It was while he was thinking in this way that he felt a startling thing. It seemed almost as if something touched him. It made him jump, though the touch was so light and soft that it was scarcely a touch at all, in fact he could not be sure that he had not imagined it. He stood up and leaned against the wall again. Perhaps the suddenness of his movement placed him at some angle he had not reached before, or perhaps his eyes had become more completely accustomed to the darkness, for, as he turned his head to listen, he made a discovery: above the door there was a place where the velvet blackness was not so dense. There was something like a slit in the wall, though, as it did not open upon daylight but upon the dark passage, it was not light it admitted so much as a lesser shade of darkness. But even that was better than nothing, and Marco drew another long breath.

"That is only the beginning. I shall find a way out," he said. "I shall."

He remembered reading a story of a man who, being shut by accident in a safe vault, passed through such terrors before his release that he believed he had spent two days and nights in the place when he had been there only a few hours.

"His thoughts did that. I must remember. I will sit down again and begin thinking of all the pictures in the cabinet rooms of the Art History Museum in Vienna. It will take some time, and then there are the others," he said.

It was a good plan. While he could keep his mind upon the game which had helped him to

pass so many dull hours, he could think of nothing else, as it required close attention—and perhaps, as the day went on, his captors would begin to feel that it was not safe to run the risk of doing a thing as desperate as this would be. They

the cabinet rooms and was turning mentally into a fourth, when he found himself starting again quite violently. This time it was not at a touch but at a sound. Surely it was a sound. And it was in the cellar with him. But it was the tiniest



"HE PUT HIS POWERFUL HAND ON MARCO'S SHOULDER AND PUSHED HIM BEFORE HIM."

might think better of it before they left the house at least. In any case, he had learned enough from Loristan to realize that only harm could come from letting one's mind run wild.

"A mind is either an engine with broken and flying gear, or a giant power under control," was the thing they knew.

He had walked in imagination through three of

possible noise, a ghost of a squeak and a suggestion of a movement. It came from the opposite side of the cellar, the side where the shelves were. He looked across in the darkness, and in the darkness saw a light which there could be no mistake about. It was a light, two lights indeed, two round phosphorescent greenish balls. They were two eyes staring at him. And then he heard another sound. Not a squeak this time, but something so homely and comfortable that he actually burst out laughing. It was a cat purring, a nice warm cat! And she was curled up on one of the lower shelves purring to some new-born kittens. He knew there were kittens because it was plain now what the tiny squeak had been, and it was made plainer by the fact that he heard another much more distinct one and then another. They had all been asleep when he had come into the cellar. If the mother had been awake, she had probably been very much afraid. Afterward she had perhaps come down from her shelf to investigate, and had passed close to him. The feeling of relief which came upon him at this queer and simple discovery was wonderful. It was so natural and comfortable an every-day thing that it seemed to make spies and criminals unreal, and only

natural things possible. With a mother cat purring away among her kittens, even a dark wine-cellar was not so black. He got up and kneeled by the shelf. The greenish eyes did not shine in an unfriendly way. He could feel that the owner of them was a nice big cat, and he counted four round little balls of kittens. It was a curious delight to stroke the soft fur and talk to the mother



cat. She answered with purring, as if she liked the sense of friendly human nearness. Marco laughed to himself.

"It 's queer what a difference it makes!" he said. "It is almost like finding a window."

The mere presence of these harmless living things was companionship. He sat down close to the low shelf and listened to the motherly purring, now and then speaking and putting out his hand to touch the warm fur. The phosphorescent light in the green eyes was a comfort in itself.

"We shall get out of this—both of us," he said. "We shall not be here very long, Puss-cat."

He was not troubled by the fear of being really hungry for some time. He was so used to eating scantily from necessity, and to passing long hours without food during his journeys, that he had proved to himself that fasting is not, after all, such a desperate ordeal as most people imagine. If you begin by expecting to feel famished and by counting the hours between your meals, you will begin to be ravenous. But he knew better.

The time passed slowly; but he had known it would pass slowly, and he had made up his mind not to watch it nor ask himself questions about it. He was not a restless boy, but, like his father, could stand or sit or lie still. Now and then he could hear distant rumblings of carts and vans passing in the street. There was a certain degree of companionship in these also. He kept his place near the cat and his hand where he could occasionally touch her. He could lift his eyes now and then to the place where the dim glimmer of something like light showed itself.

Perhaps the stillness, perhaps the darkness, perhaps the purring of the mother cat, probably all three, caused his thoughts to begin to travel through his mind slowly and more slowly. At last they ceased and he fell asleep. The mother cat purred for some time, and then fell asleep herself.

## CHAPTER XV

### A SOUND IN A DREAM

MARCO slept peacefully for several hours. There was nothing to awaken him during that time. But at the end of it, his sleep was penetrated by a definite sound. He had dreamed of hearing a voice at a distance, and, as he tried in his dream to hear what it said, a brief metallic ringing sound awakened him outright. It was over by the time he was fully conscious, and at once he realized that the voice of his dream had been a real one, and was speaking still. It was the Lovely Person's voice, and she was speaking rapidly, as if she was in the greatest haste. She was speaking through the door.

"You will have to search for it," was all he heard. "I have not a moment!" And, as he heard her hurriedly departing feet, there came to him with their hastening echoes the words, "You are too good for the cellar. I like you!"

He sprang to the door and tried it, but it was still locked. The feet ran up the cellar steps and through the upper hall, and the front door closed with a bang. The two people had gone away, as they had threatened. The voice had been excited as well as hurried. Something had happened to frighten them, and they had left the house in great haste.

Marco turned and stood with his back against the door. The cat had awakened and was gazing at him with her green eyes. She began to purr encouragingly. She really helped Marco to think. He was thinking with all his might and trying to remember.

"What did she come for? She came for something," he said to himself. "What did she say? I only heard part of it, because I was asleep. The voice in the dream was part of it. The part I heard was, 'You will have to search for it. I have not a moment.' And as she ran down the passage, she called back, 'You are too good for the cellar. I like you.' He said the words over and over again and tried to recall exactly how they had sounded, and also to recall the voice which had seemed to be part of a dream but had been a real thing. Then he began to try his favorite experiment. As he often tried the experiment of commanding his mind to go to sleep, so he frequently experimented on commanding it to work for him—to help him to remember, to understand, and to agree about things clearly.

"Reason this out for me," he said to it now, quite naturally and calmly. "Show me what it means."

What did she come for? It was certain that she was in too great a hurry to be able, without a reason, to spare the time to come. What was the reason? She had said she liked him. Then she came because she liked him. If she liked him, she came to do something which was not unfriendly. The only good thing she could do for him was something which would help him to get out of the cellar. She had said twice that he was too good for the cellar. If he had been awake, he would have heard all she said and have understood what she wanted him to do or meant to do for him. He must not stop even to think of that. The first words he had heard—what had they been? They had been less clear to him than her last because he had heard them only as he was awakening. But he thought he was sure that they had been, "You will have to search for it."

Search for it. For what? He thought and thought. What must he search for?

He sat down on the floor of the cellar and held his head in his hands, pressing his eyes so hard that curious lights floated before them.

"Tell me! Tell me!" he said to that part of his being which the Buddhist anchorite had said held all knowledge and could tell a man everything if he called upon it in the right spirit.

And in a few minutes, he recalled something which seemed so much a part of his sleep that he had not been sure that he had not dreamed it. The ringing sound! He sprang up on his feet with a little gasping shout. The ringing sound! It had been the ring of metal, striking as it fell. Anything made of metal might have sounded like that. She had thrown something made of metal into the cellar. She had thrown it through the slit in the bricks near the door. She liked him, and said he was too good for his prison. She had thrown to him the only thing which could set him free. She had thrown him the *key* of the cellar!

For a few minutes the feelings which surged through him were so full of strong excitement that they set his brain in a whirl. He knew what his father would say—that would not do. If he was to think, he must hold himself still and not let even joy overcome him. The key was in the black little cellar, and he must find it in the dark. Even the woman who liked him enough to give him a chance of freedom knew that she must not open the door and let him out. There must be a delay. He would have to find the key himself, and it would be sure to take time. The chances were that they would be at a safe enough distance before he could get out.

"I will kneel down and crawl on my hands and knees," he said. "I will crawl back and forth and go over every inch of the floor with my hands until I find it. If I go over every inch, I shall find it."

So he kneeled down and began to crawl, and the cat watched him and purred.

"We shall get out, Puss-cat," he said to her. "I told you we should."

He crawled from the door to the wall at the side of the shelves, and then he crawled back again. The key might be quite a small one, and it was necessary that he should pass his hands over every inch, as he had said. The difficulty was to be sure, in the darkness, that he did not miss an inch. Sometimes he was not sure enough, and then he went over the ground again. He crawled backward and forward, and he crawled forward and backward. He crawled crosswise and lengthwise, he crawled diagonally, and he crawled round and round. But he did not find

the key. If he had had only a little light, but he had none. He was so absorbed in his search that he did not know he had been engaged in it for several hours, and that it was the middle of the night. But at last he realized that he must stop for a rest, because his knees were beginning to feel bruised, and the skin of his hands was sore as a result of the rubbing on the flags. The cat and her kittens had gone to sleep and awakened again two or three times.

"But it is somewhere!" he said obstinately. "It is inside the cellar. I heard something fall which was made of metal. That was the ringing sound which awakened me."

When he stood up, he found his body ached and he was very tired. He stretched himself and exercised his arms and legs.

"I wonder how long I have been crawling about," he thought. "But the key is in the cellar. It is in the cellar."

He sat down near the cat and her family, and, laying his arm on the shelf above her, rested his head on it. He began to think of another experiment.

"I am so tired, I believe I shall go to sleep again. 'Thought which Knows All'"—he was quoting something the hermit had said to Loristan in their midnight talk—"Thought which Knows All! Show me this little thing. Lead me to it when I awake."

And he did fall asleep, sound and fast.

HE did not know that he slept all the rest of the night. But he did. When he awakened, it was daylight in the streets, and the milk-carts were beginning to jingle about, and the early postmen were knocking big double-knocks at front doors. The cat may have heard the milk-carts, but the actual fact was that she herself was hungry and wanted to go in search of food. Just as Marco lifted his head from his arm and sat up, she jumped down from her shelf and went to the door. She had expected to find it ajar as it had been before. When she found it shut, she scratched at it and was disturbed to find this of no use. Because she knew Marco was in the cellar, she felt she had a friend who would assist her, and she mewed appealingly.

This reminded Marco of the key.

"I will when I have found it," he said. "It is inside the cellar."

The cat mewed again, this time very anxiously indeed. The kittens heard her and began to squirm and squeak piteously.

"Lead me to this little thing," said Marco, as if speaking to Something in the darkness about him, and he got up.



He put his hand out toward the kittens, and it touched something lying not far from them. It must have been lying near his elbow all night while he slept.

It was the key! It had fallen upon the shelf, and not on the floor at all.

Marco picked it up and then stood still a moment. He made the sign of the cross.

Then he found his way to the door and fumbled until he found the keyhole and got the key into it. Then he turned it and pushed the door open—and the cat ran out into the passage before him.

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE RAT TO THE RESCUE

MARCO walked through the passage and into the kitchen part of the basement. The doors were all locked, and they were solid doors. He ran up the flagged steps and found the door at the top shut and bolted also, and that too was a solid door. His jailers had plainly made sure that it should take time enough for him to make his way into the world, even after he got out of the wine-cellar. The cat had run away to some part of the place where mice were plentiful. He was by this time rather gnawingly hungry himself. If he could get into the kitchen, he might find some fragments of food left in a cupboard; but there was no moving the locked door. He tried the outlet into the area, but that was immovable. Then he saw near it a smaller door. It was evidently the entrance to the coal-cellar under the pavement. This was proved by the fact that trodden coal-dust marked the flagstones, and near it stood a scuttle with coal in it.

This coal-scuttle was the thing which might help him! Above the area door was a small window which was supposed to light the entry. He could not reach it, and, if he reached it, he could not open it. He could throw pieces of coal at the glass and break it, and then he could shout for help when people passed by. They might not notice or understand where the shouts came from at first, but, if he kept them up, some one's attention would be attracted in the end.

He picked a large-sized solid piece of coal out of the heap in the scuttle, and threw it with all his force against the grimy glass. It smashed through and left a big hole. He threw another, and the entire pane was splintered and fell outside into the area. Then he saw it was broad daylight, and guessed that he had been shut up a good many hours. There was plenty of coal in the scuttle, and he had a strong arm and a good aim. He smashed pane after pane, until only the framework remained. When he shouted, there would

be nothing between his voice and the street. No one could see him, but if he could do something which would make people slacken their pace to listen, then he could call out that he was in the basement of the house with the broken window.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

But vehicles were passing in the street, and the passers-by were absorbed in their own business. If they heard a sound, they did not stop to inquire into it.

"Hallo! Hallo! I am locked in!" yelled Marco, at the topmost power of his lungs. "Hallo! Hallo!"

After half an hour's shouting, he began to think that he was wasting his strength.

"They only think it is a boy shouting," he said. "Some one will notice in time. At night, when the streets are quiet, I might make a policeman hear. But my father does not know where I am. He will be trying to find me—so will Lazarus—so will The Rat. One of them might pass through this very street, as I did. What can I do!"

A new idea flashed light upon him.

"I will begin to sing a Samavian song, and I will sing it very loud. People nearly always stop a moment to listen to music and find out where it comes from. And if any of my own people came near, they would stop at once—and now and then I will shout for help."

Once when they had stopped to rest on Hampstead Heath, he had sung a valiant Samavian song for The Rat. The Rat had wanted to hear how he would sing when they went on their secret journey. He wanted him to sing for the Squad some day, to make the thing seem real. The Rat had been greatly excited, and had begged for the song often. It was a stirring martial thing with a sort of trumpet call of a chorus. Thousands of Samavians had sung it together on their way to the battle-field, hundreds of years ago.

He drew back a step or so, and, putting his hands on his hips, began to sing, throwing his voice upward that it might pass through the broken window. He had a splendid and vibrant young voice, though he knew nothing of its fine quality. Just now he wanted only to make it loud.

In the street outside very few people were passing. An irritable old gentleman who was taking an invalid walk quite jumped with annoyance when the song suddenly trumpeted forth. Boys had no right to yell in that manner. He hurried his step to get away from the sound. Two or three other people glanced over their shoulders, but had not time to loiter. A few others listened with pleasure as they drew near and passed on.

"There's a boy with a fine voice," said one.



"THE RAT SWUNG HIMSELF INTO THE GROUP. 'WHERE IS HE! WHERE IS HE!' HE CRIED."

"What 's he singing?" said his companion. "It sounds foreign."

"Don't know," was the reply as they went by. But at last a young man who was a music-teacher,

going to give a lesson, hesitated and looked about him. The song was very loud and spirited just at this moment. The music-teacher could not understand where it came from, and paused to find



out. The fact that he stopped attracted the attention of the next comer, who also paused.

"Who 's singing?" he asked. "Where is he singing?"

"I can't make out," the music-teacher laughed. "Sounds as if it came out of the ground."

And, because it was queer that a song should seem to be coming out of the ground, a costermonger stopped, and then a little boy, and then a working-woman, and then a lady.

There was quite a little group when another person turned the corner of the street. He was a shabby boy on crutches, and he had a frantic look on his face.

And Marco actually heard, as he drew near to the group, the tap—tap—tap of crutches.

"It might be," he thought. "It might be!"

And he sang the trumpet-call of the chorus as if it were meant to reach the skies, and he sang it again and again. And at the end of it shouted, "Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Hallo!"

The Rat swung himself into the group and looked as if he had gone crazy. He hurled himself against the people.

"Where is he! Where is he!" he cried, and he poured out some breathless words; it was almost as if he sobbed them out.

"We 've been looking for him all night!" he shouted. "Where is he! Marco! Marco! No one else sings it but him. Marco! Marco!" And out of the area, as it seemed, came a shout of answer.

"Rat! Rat! I 'm here in the cellar—locked in. I 'm here!" and a big piece of coal came hurtling through the broken window and fell crashing on the area flags. The Rat got down the steps into the area as if he had not been on crutches but on legs, and banged on the door, shouting back:

"Marco! Marco! Here I am! Who locked you in? How can I get the door open?"

Marco was close against the door inside. It was The Rat! It was The Rat! And he would be in the street again in a few minutes.

"Call a policeman!" he shouted through the keyhole. "The people locked me in on purpose and took away the keys."

Then the group of lookers-on began to get excited and press against the area railings and ask questions. They could not understand what had happened to cause the boy with the crutches to look as if he were crazy with terror and relief at the same time. And the little boy ran delightedly to fetch a policeman, and found one in the next street, and, with some difficulty, persuaded him that it was his business to come and get a door open in an empty house where a boy who was a street singer had got locked up in a cellar.

## CHAPTER XVII

"IT IS A VERY BAD SIGN"

THE policeman was not so much excited as out of temper. He did not know what Marco knew or what The Rat knew. Some common lad had got himself locked up in a house, and some one would have to go to the landlord and get a key from him. He had no intention of laying himself open to the law by breaking into a private house with his truncheon, as The Rat expected him to do.

"He got himself in through some of his larks, and he 'll have to wait till he 's got out without smashing locks," he growled, shaking the area door. "How did you get in there?" he shouted.

It was not easy for Marco to explain through a keyhole that he had come in to help a lady who had met with an accident. The policeman thought this mere boy's talk. As to the rest of the story, Marco knew that it could not be related at all without saying things which could not be explained to any one but his father. He quickly made up his mind that he must let it be believed that he had been locked in by some queer accident. It must be supposed that the people had not remembered, in their haste, that he had not yet left the house.

When the young clerk from the house agency came with the keys, he was much disturbed and bewildered after he got inside.

"They 've made a bolt of it," he said. "That happens now and then, but there 's something queer about this. What did they lock these doors in the basement for, and the one on the stairs? What did they say to you?" he asked Marco, staring at him suspiciously.

"They said they were obliged to go suddenly," Marco answered.

"What were you doing in the basement?"

"The man took me down."

"And left you there and bolted? He must have been in a hurry."

"The lady said they had not a moment's time."

"Her ankle must have got well in short order," said the young man.

"I knew nothing about them," answered Marco. "I had never seen them before."

"The police were after them," the young man said. "That 's what I should say. They paid three months' rent in advance, and they have only been here two. Some of these foreign spies lurking about London; that 's what they were."

THE RAT had not waited until the keys arrived. He had swung himself at his swiftest pace back through the streets to No. 7 Philibert Place.

People turned and stared at his wild pale face as he almost shot past them.

He could have left himself barely breath enough to speak with when he reached the house and banged on the door with his crutch to save time.

Both Loristan and Lazarus came to answer.

The Rat leaned against the door gasping.

"He 's found! He 's all right!" he panted.

"Some one had locked him in a house and left him. They 've sent for the keys. I 'm going back. Brandon Terrace, No. 10."

Loristan and Lazarus exchanged glances. Both of them were at the moment as pale as The Rat.

"Help him into the house," said Loristan to Lazarus. "He must stay here and rest. We will go." The Rat knew it was an order. He did not like it, but he obeyed.

"This is a bad sign, Master," said Lazarus, as they went out together.

"It is a very bad one," answered Loristan.

"God of the Right, defend us!" Lazarus groaned.

"Amen!" said Loristan. "Amen!"

The group had become a small crowd by the time they reached Brandon Terrace. Marco had not found it easy to leave the place because he was being questioned. Neither the policeman nor the agent's clerk seemed willing to relinquish the idea that he could give them some information about the absconding pair.

The entrance of Loristan produced its usual effect. The agent's clerk lifted his hat, and the policeman stood straight and made salute. Neither of them realized that the tall man's clothes were worn and threadbare. They felt only that a personage was before them, and that it was not possible to question his air of absolute and serene authority. He laid his hand on Marco's shoulder and held it there as he spoke. When Marco looked up at him and felt the closeness of his touch, it seemed as if it were an embrace—as if he had caught him to his breast.

"My boy knew nothing of these people," he said. "That I can guarantee. He had seen neither of them before. His entering the house was the result of no boyish trick. He has been shut up in this place for nearly twenty-four hours and has had no food. I must take him home. This is my address." He handed the young man a card.

Then they went home together, and all the way to Philibert Place Loristan's firm hand held closely to his boy's shoulder as if he could not endure to let him go. But on the way they said very little.

"Father," Marco said, rather hoarsely, when they first got away from the house in the terrace,

"I can't talk well in the street. For one thing, I am so glad to be with you again. It seemed as if—it might turn out badly."

"Beloved one," Loristan said the words in their own Samavian, "until you are fed and at rest, you shall not talk at all."

Afterward, when he was himself again and was allowed to tell his strange story, Marco found that both his father and Lazarus had at once had suspicions when he had not returned. They knew no ordinary event could have kept him. They were sure that he must have been detained against his will, and they were also sure that, if he had been so detained, it could only have been for reasons they could guess at.

"This was the card that she gave me," Marco said, and he handed it to Loristan. "She said you would remember the name." Loristan looked at the lettering with an ironic half-smile.

"I never heard it before," he replied. "She would not send me a name I knew. Probably I have never seen either of them. But I know the work they do. They are spies of the Maranovitch, and suspect that I know something of the Lost Prince. They believed they could terrify you into saying things which would be a clue. Men and women of their class will use desperate means to gain their end."

"Might they—have left me as they threatened?" Marco asked him.

"They would scarcely have dared, I think. Too great a hue and cry would have been raised by the discovery of such a crime. Too many detectives would have been set at work to track them."

But the look in his father's eyes as he spoke, and the pressure of the hand he stretched out to touch him, made Marco's heart thrill. He had won a new love and trust from his father. When they sat together and talked that night, they were closer to each other's souls than they had ever been before.

They sat in the firelight, Marco upon the worn hearth-rug, and they talked about Samavia—about the war and its heart-rending struggles, and about how they might end.

"Do you think that some time we might be exiles no longer?" the boy said wistfully. "Do you think we might go there together—and see it—you and I, Father?"

There was a silence for a while. Loristan looked into the sinking bed of red coal.

"For years—for years I have made for my soul that image," he said slowly. "When I think of my friend on the side of the Himalayan Mountains, I say, 'The Thought which Thought the World may give us that also!'"

*(To be continued.)*



# GOSSIP: AN ENDLESS CHAIN

BY JOSEPHINE STORY

SUZANNE slipped out of her fuzzy sport-coat, and we settled down for our firelit hour of confidences, I in the big easy-chair, she on the low stool with her head resting against my knees.

"Aunt Jo," she began, "do you think when one promises not to tell a thing one should ever repeat it?"

"Most decidedly not, Suzanne. If you promise not to tell, stick to it, even if the news almost chokes you. For a day or two you will feel irresistibly impelled to disclose the secret which keeps forcing itself to the tip of your tongue; but, if you keep tight hold of your resolution, the temptation will pass, and the next time silence will be easier. Every time one sticks to a determination 't is a battle won toward final conquest."

"Jessica Dole says that, when she promises, she always makes a mental reservation in favor of her mother."

"That is a safe rule to follow—*only*, the girl who is about to make the confidence must be told before she discloses her secret; otherwise, Jessica would be receiving goods under false pretenses."

"Aunt Jo, were you born with views? You always seem so sure."

"That is one of the compensations of traveling westward, Suzanne," I laughed. "What is experience for, if it does not develop convictions? On this subject I *am* in earnest, because I have seen incalculable harm develop from one of those promise-not-to-tell incidents. A young girl whom I knew overheard a confidential talk between two persons; she, under pledge of 'cross-your-heart-and-hope-to-die' secrecy, told another girl; the other girl—well—the story traveled, growing bigger and more malignant at every telling, till it almost caused a tragedy."

"Could one girl start all that?" questioned Suzanne, in an awed voice.

"Yes, indeed! A story, once told, is the beginning of an endless chain which grows and stretches until it reaches and influences minds even in remote places. In spite of all the death-dealing tools and inventions which science has provided, the tongue continues to be the most destructive weapon to life and happiness which the world affords."

Suzanne gazed thoughtfully into the fire. "I think, Aunt Jo, that I shall break the chain which was passed on to me a while ago."

"Break it off short! Snap it! Then you will be sure that no harm can come from you, dear.

Who knows what a critical link you might be. Human happiness and misery are so often at the mercy of the spoken word. A voice should have a conscience, as well as a mind, behind it."

"Sometimes, when we girls get together, it makes a tempting clearing-house for criticism of an absent member; but I do try to remember what you have told me: 'If you have anything to say, just imagine that the person about whom you are to say it is present.' That thought has closed my lips so quickly, sometimes, that I have almost bitten my tongue through," confided Suzanne.

With a bound Goldilocks, the yellow Persian kitten who had taken refuge under the couch when Suzanne had entered, landed on the arm of my chair and reached out a dainty paw toward the shining head resting against my knee. Then she gazed up at me out of inscrutable eyes.

"Much as I love you, I shall have to say it, Goldilocks," I began, but I gave the yellow kitten an apologetic hug before I continued: "Don't be a cat-girl, Suzanne. One who purrs to the face, and scratches deeply if she feels at all annoyed."

She twisted around and leaned her arms on my lap. "I know exactly what you mean, Aunt Jo," she began eagerly; "there is a girl in our set upon whom I fairly dread to turn my back. The moment a girl leaves a group of which she is one, she raps the departed good and hard. Oh, I hope that nobody fears to leave *me* behind her!"

"No danger of you, my honey! You never hear petty criticism and pin-sticking—that 's what I call those miserable little digs—at home. Your mother and father are too busy finding the best in life for you, the boys, and themselves to indulge in that sort of thing. You will find that this girl of whom you speak has grown up in an atmosphere of fretful, insistent fault-finding with people and things."

"Aunt Jo, it 's so easy to be good with you—you always commend one's efforts."

"Ah, Suzanne! you begin to realize what appreciation means. Now, dear, never be afraid of commending the good in others. If Billy and Jack do well, praise them heartily. Growing boys are tremendously proud of commendation from a big sister, in spite of their seeming indifference. A bit of honest approbation will oftentimes flood a doubting, faltering soul with courage to push on."

"I 'm so afraid that I may be thought insincere or a flatterer," confessed Suzanne.

"Nonsense! Any intelligent person can discriminate between appreciation and soft-soap. Even the latter has its uses," I added with a laugh. "Remember two things, Suzanne: first, break the chain when it is a hateful, gossipy, or disagreeable one. Never pass it on with 'I think that you should know what So-and-so said about you.' Peter Standish says that the person who passes on an unkind thought is worse than the originator. And he is right."

"That sounds like Peter. Now what is the second thing I am to remember?"

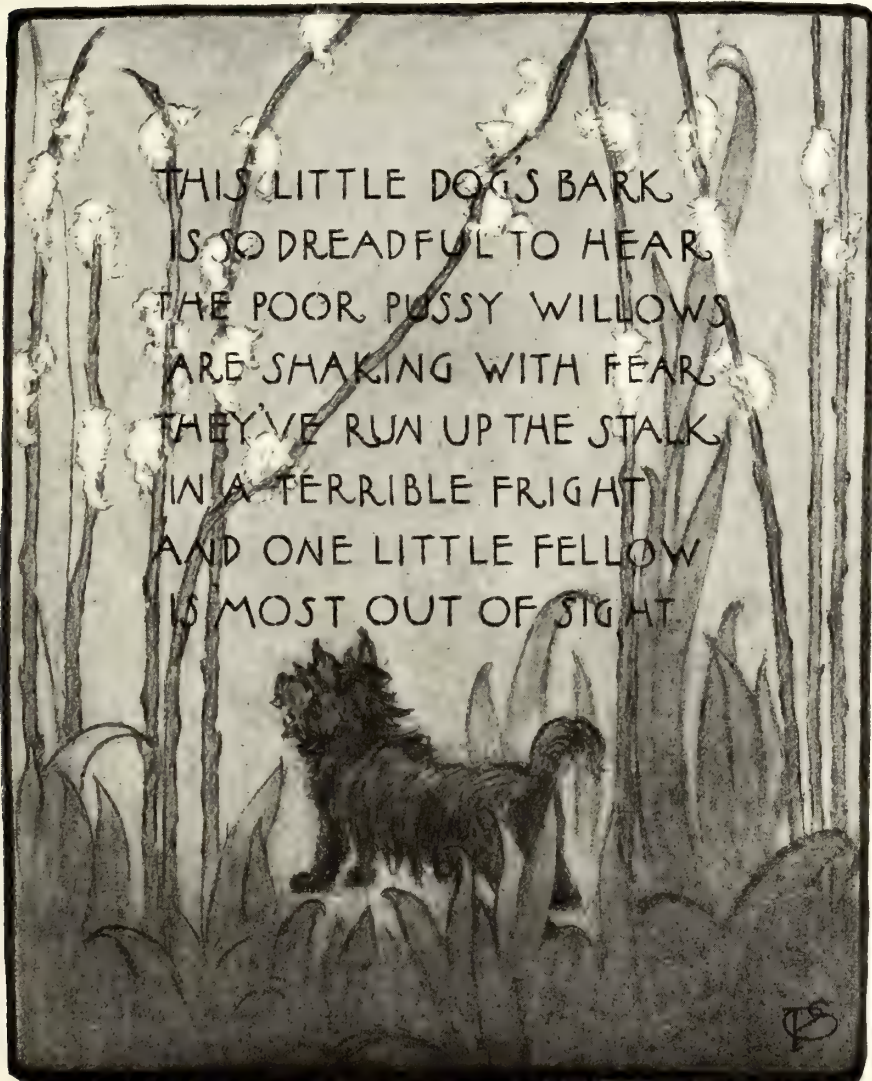
"Pass on the good, cheery, inspiring thoughts!"

"I will!" Suzanne sprang to her feet. "And this is an eminently fitting time to begin. Aunt Jo, Peter says that you are the second most wonderful person in his world! What do you think of that?"

"Did he at the same time happen to mention who the *most* wonderful one is, Suzanne?"

I turned on the light in time to catch the glow which my words brought to the girl's eyes. My act roused the green parrot, who shook his feathers, cocked his head on one side, and chanted sleepily:

"Oh, there 's only one girl in the world for me!"





# THE BOARDED-UP HOUSE

BY AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "Jacqueline of the Carrier-Pigeons," etc.

## CHAPTER VII

### GOLIATH MAKES ANOTHER DISCOVERY

"OH, Cynthia!" gasped Joy at length, "is n't it too comical! We're just as far from it all as ever!" And they both fell to chuckling again.

They were certainly no nearer the solution of their problem. For, facing the room once more, the mysterious picture looked forth—the portrait of *two babies!* They were plump, placid babies, aged probably about two or three years, and they appeared precisely alike. It took no great stretch of imagination to conjecture what they were—twins—and evidently brother and sister, for one youngster's dress, being a trifle severe in style, indicated that it was doubtless a boy. These two cherubic infants had both big brown eyes, fat red cheeks, and adorable, fluffy golden curls. They were pictured as sitting, hand in hand, on a green bank under a huge spreading tree and gazing solemnly toward a distant church steeple.

"The poor little things!" cried Cynthia. "Think of them having been turned to the wall all these years! Now what was the sense of it,—two innocent babies like that!" But Joyce had not been listening. All at once she put down her candle on the table and faced her companion.

"I've got it!" she announced. "It came to me all of a sudden. Of course those babies are twins, brother and sister. Any one can tell that! Well, don't you see, one of them—the girl—was our Lovely Lady. The other was her twin brother. It's all as clear as day! The twin brother did something she did n't like, and she turned his picture to the wall. Hers happened to be in the same frame too, but she evidently did n't care about that. Now what have you to say, Cynthia Sprague?"

"You must be right," admitted Cynthia. "I thought we were 'stumped' again when I first saw that picture, but it's been of some use, after all. Do you suppose the miniature was a copy of the same thing?"

"It may have been, or perhaps it was just the brother alone when he was older. We can't tell about that." All this while Cynthia had been standing, candle in one hand and dust-cloth in the other. At that point she put the candlestick on the table and stood gazing intently at the dust-cloth. Presently she spoke:

"Joyce, *do* you think there would be any harm in my doing something I've longed to do ever since we first entered this house?"

"What in the world is that?" queried Joyce.

"Why, I want to *dust* this place, and clear out of the way some of the dirt and cobwebs! They worry me terribly. And, besides, I'd like to see what this lovely furniture looks like without such quantities of dust all over it."

"Good scheme, Cyn!" cried Joyce, instantly delighted with the new idea. "I'll tell you what! We'll come in here this afternoon with old clothes on, and have a regular *house-cleaning!* It can't hurt anything, I'm sure, for we won't disturb things at all. I'll bring a dust-cloth, too, and an old broom. But let's go and finish our studying now, and get that out of the way. Hurrah for house-cleaning, this afternoon!"

Filled with fresh enthusiasm, the two girls rushed out to hurry through the necessary studies before the anticipated picnic of the afternoon. If their respective mothers had requested them to perform as arduous a task as this at home, they would, without doubt, have been instantly plunged into deep despair. But because they were to execute the work in an old deserted mansion saturated with mystery, no pleasure they could think of was to be compared with it. This thought, however, did not enter the heads of the enthusiastic pair.

SMUGGLING the house-cleaning paraphernalia into the cellar window, unobserved, that afternoon, proved no easy task, for Cynthia had added a whisk-broom and dust-pan to the outfit. Joyce came to the fray with an old broom and a dust-cloth, which latter she thought she had carefully concealed under her sweater. But a long end soon worked out and trailed behind her unnoticed, till Goliath, basking on the veranda steps, spied it. The lure proved too much for him, and he came sporting after it, as friskily as a young kitten, much to Cynthia's delight when she caught sight of him.

"Oh, let him come along!" she urged. "I do love to see him about that old house. He makes it sort of cozier. And, besides, he seems to belong to it, anyway. You know he discovered it first!" And so Goliath followed into the Boarded-up House.

They began on the drawing-room. Before they had been at work very long, they found that they had "let themselves in" for a bigger task than they had dreamed. Added to that, performing it by dim candle-light did not lessen its difficulties, but rather increased them tenfold. First they took turns sweeping, as best they could, with a very ancient and frowsy broom, the thick, moth-eaten carpet. When they had gone over it once, and taken up what seemed like a small cart-load of dust, they found that, after all, there remained almost as much as ever on the floor. Cynthia was for going over it again.

"Oh, never mind it!" sighed Joyce. "My arms ache and so do yours. We'll do it again another time. Now let's dust the furniture and pictures." And they fell to work with whisk-broom and dust-cloths. Half an hour later, exhausted and grimy, they dropped into chairs and surveyed the results. It was, of course, as but a drop in the bucket, in comparison with all the scrubbing and cleaning that was needed. Yet, little as it was, it had already made a vast difference in the aspect of the room. Surface dust at least had been removed, and the fine old furniture gave a hint of its real elegance and polish. Joyce glanced at the big hanging candelabrum and sighed with weariness. Then she suddenly remarked:

"Cynthia, we have the *dimmest* light here with only those two candles! Why not have some more burning?"

"We've only three left," commented Cynthia, practical as ever. "And my pocket-money is getting low again, and you have n't any left, as usual. So we'd better economize till allowance day!"

"Tell you what!" cried Joyce, freshly inspired. "I've the loveliest idea! Don't you just long to know what this room would look like with that big candelabrum going? I do. They say illumination by candle-light is the prettiest in the world. Sometime I'm going to buy enough wax candles to fill that whole chandelier—or candelabrum rather—and we'll light it just once and see how it makes things look. What do you say?"

"It'll cost you a good deal more than a dollar," remarked Cynthia, after an interval spent in calculation. "Of course I'd like to see it too, so I'll go halves with you on the expense. And I don't believe we can get nice *wax* candles, only penny tallow ones. But they'll have to do. I wonder, though, if people could see the light from the street, through any chinks in the boarding?"

"Of course not," said Joyce. "Don't you see how all the inside shutters are closed and the velvet curtains drawn? It is n't possible. Then

we'll have the illumination for a treat, sometime, and I'll begin to save up for it. And I hope before that time we'll have puzzled out this mystery. I'm afraid we are n't very good detectives, or we'd have done it long before this. Sherlock Holmes would have!"

"But remember," suggested Cynthia, "that those Sherlock Holmes mysteries were usually solved very soon after the thing happened. This took place years and years ago. I reckon we're doing pretty nearly as well as Sherlock, when you come to think of it."

"Perhaps that's so," admitted Joyce, thoughtfully. "It's not so easy after goodness knows how many years! But I'm rested now. Come and see what we can do with the library. I'm wild to look at the Lovely Lady again. I really think I *love* that picture!" And so, in the adjoining room, they stood a while with elevated candles, gazing fascinated at the portrait of the beautiful woman.

"She's lovely, lovely, lovely!" sighed Joyce. "Oh, would n't I like to have known her! And do you notice, Cynthia, she has the same big brown eyes of the girl-baby in the parlor. There is n't a doubt but what that baby was she."

They tore themselves away from the portrait after a time, and commenced digging at the dust and cobwebs of the library. But they were thoroughly tired after their heroic struggles with the drawing-room, and made, on the whole, but little progress. Added to this, their enthusiasm for cleaning-up had waned considerably.

"I guess we'll have to leave this for another day," groaned Joyce at last. "I'm just dog-tired!"

"All right," assented Cynthia, in muffled tones, her head being under a great desk in the corner. "But wait till I finish sweeping out under here. *Mercy!* what's that? I just touched something soft!" On the instant, Joyce was at her side with the candle.

"Why, it's Goliath, as usual!" they both cried, peering in. "Is n't he the greatest for getting into odd corners!" Far at the back sat Goliath, curled into a comfortable ball, his front paws tucked under, and purring loudly.

"He's sitting on an old newspaper, I think," said Joyce. "He always does that if he can find one, because they're warm." Suddenly she snatched at the paper so violently that Goliath went tobogganing off with a protesting "meouw."

"Look, look, Cynthia!" she exclaimed, brushing off a cloud of dust with the whisk-broom, and pointing to the top of the sheet. "Here's one of the biggest discoveries yet!" And Cynthia, following her index-finger, read aloud:



"Tuesday, April 16, 1861."

"Which proves," added Joyce, "that whatever happened here did n't take place much *earlier* than this date, or the paper would n't be here. What we want to do now is hunt around and see if there are any newspapers of a *later* date. Let 's do it this minute!"

Forgetting all their weariness, they seized their candles and scurried through the house, finding an occasional paper tucked away in some odd corner. But upon examination these all proved to be of earlier date than that of their first discovery. And when it was clear that there were no more to be found, Joyce announced:

"Well, I 'm convinced that the Boarded-up House mystery happened not earlier than April 16, 1861, and probably not much later. That 's over forty years ago, for this is 1905! Just think, Cynthia, of this place standing shut up and untouched and lonely all that time! It 's wonderful!" But Cynthia had turned and snatched up Goliath.

"You precious cat!" she crooned to him as he struggled unappreciatively in her embrace. "You 're the best detective of us all! We ought to change your name to 'Sherlock Holmes'!"

## CHAPTER VIII

### CYNTHIA HAS AN IDEA

"It 's no use, Cynthia. We 've come to the end of our rope!" Joyce sat back on her heels (she had been rummaging through a box of old trash in the kitchen of the Boarded-up House) and wiped her grimy hands on the dust-cloth. Cynthia, perched gingerly on the edge of a rickety chair, nodded a vigorous assent.

"I gave it up long ago. It seemed so hopeless! But you *would* continue to hunt, so I 've trotted around after you and said nothing."

More than three weeks had elapsed since the finding of the old newspaper and the definite settling of the date. Filled with new hope over this find, the girls had continued to search diligently through the neglected old mansion, strong in the belief that they would eventually discover, if not the missing key, at least a trail of clues that would lead to the unraveling of the mystery. The mystery, however, refused to be unraveled. They made no further discoveries, and to-day even Joyce expressed herself as completely discouraged.

"There 's just one thing that seems to me thoroughly foolish," Cynthia continued. "It 's your still insisting that we keep from mentioning the Boarded-up House to outsiders. Good gracious! do you think they 're all going to suspect that

we 're inside here every other day, just because you happen to speak of the place? If you do, it 's your guilty conscience troubling you!" Cynthia had never spoken quite so sharply before. Joyce looked up, a little hurt.

"Why, Cynthia, what 's the matter with you? One would think I 'd been doing something *wrong*, the way you speak!"

"Oh, I did n't mean it that way," explained Cynthia, contritely. "But you don't know how this remembering *not* to speak of it has got on my nerves! I catch myself a dozen times a day just going to make some innocent remark about the B. U. H., generally at the table, and then I stutter and blush, and they all ask what 's the matter, and I don't know what in the world to answer! Now I have an idea. Perhaps it is n't worth anything; mine generally are n't! But it 's this: why would n't it be a good scheme to get the older folks to talk about this house, without letting them know you have any special interest in it—just start the subject, somehow? I notice folks are liable to talk quite a long while on most any subject that 's started. And they might have something to say that would interest us, and we *might* get some new clues. And I don't see any reason why they should connect us with it, specially."

Joyce considered the subject in thoughtful silence.

"I believe you 're right," she said at last. "It is silly to continue keeping so 'mum' about it, and we might get some good new points. Anyhow, in the detective stories Sherlock Holmes did n't keep everything so quiet, but talked to lots of outside people, and got ideas that way, too. Why did n't I think of it before! Good old Cynthia! You had the right notion that time. Come, let 's go home now. I 'm tired and sick of this dusty grubbing, and we 're not going to do any more of it!"

NEXT morning, Joyce came flying over to Cynthia's house half an hour before it was time to start for high school. She seemed rather excited.

"Come on! Do hurry, Cyn! I 've something important to tell you."

"But it is n't time to start yet," objected Cynthia, "and I 'm only half through breakfast. Tell me here!" Joyce gave her a warning glance before turning away.

"Oh, later will do," she remarked casually, and strolled into the sitting-room to chat with Mrs. Sprague. This was sufficient to hasten Cynthia, who usually loved to linger cozily over her morning meal. She had her hat and coat on and her

books under her arm inside of seven minutes, and the two girls hurried away together. They were no sooner down the steps than Joyce began:

"Last night an idea came to me, just through some remark that Father happened to make. It's queer we never thought of it before. There's a real-estate agent over the other side of town—Mr. Wade—and he ought to know everything about all the property here. That's his business. Let's go to his office and ask him about the old house. He does n't know us, and won't suspect anything. We'll go this afternoon, right after school!"

"But there's a meeting of the Sigma Sigma Society this afternoon," Cynthia remonstrated, "and they're going to give that little play. I'm crazy to see it!"

"I don't care!" cried Joyce, recklessly. "What's the meeting of an old literary society compared to an important thing like this?"

"But we could do it just as well to-morrow."

"I can't wait till to-morrow, Cynthia Sprague!" And that settled the matter. They started on their expedition that very afternoon.

It was a bleak, raw day, and they found Mr. Wade huddled over a red-hot stove in his little office. He stared at them in some surprise as they entered.

"Pardon me," began Joyce, always the spokesman, "but I'd like to ask a question or two about the old boarded-up house on Orchard Avenue." Now the agent was apparently not in the best of spirits that day. Business had been very dull, he had two children at home sick with measles, and he himself was in the first stage of a cold.

"I don't know anything about it!" he mumbled crossly. "It ain't in the market—never was!"

"Oh, we don't want to *buy* it or *rent* it!" explained Joyce, politely. "We only wanted to know if you knew the owners, where they live and what their names are."

"No, I don't!" he reiterated. "Tried to find out once. It's some estate. Business all transacted through lawyers in New York, and they won't open their heads about it. Plain as told me it was none of my affairs!"

"Then perhaps you could tell us—" Joyce was



"DO YOU KNOW ANY REAL ELDERLY PEOPLE, FATHER?" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

persisting, when the agent suddenly interrupted, turning on her suspiciously:

"Say, what do you want to know all this for? What's the old place to you, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all!" protested Joyce, alarmed lest their precious secret was about to be discovered. "We only asked out of curiosity. Good day, sir!" And the two girls fled precipitately from the office.



"I was going to ask him the name of the lawyers," Joyce explained as they hurried away. "But it would n't do any good, I guess, if we knew. We could n't go and question *them*, for it 's plain from what the agent said that they don't want to talk about it. My, but that man was cranky, was n't he!"

"I think he was sick," said Cynthia. "He looked it. Well, I suppose we will have to give it all up! We 've tried just about everything." Suddenly she stopped and stood perfectly still, staring blankly at nothing.

"Come on!" urged Joyce. "Whatever is the matter with you, standing here like that?"

"I was just thinking—seems to me I remember something about the first day we got into the B. U. H. Did n't you tell me that you knew the house was left furnished, that somebody had told your father so?"

"Why, *of course!*" cried Joyce, excited at once. "I certainly did, and what a stupid I am not to have thought of it since!" And she herself stopped short and stood thinking.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Cynthia, impatiently. "Who 's stopping and staring now?"

"The trouble is," said Joyce, slowly, "that the whole thing 's not very clear in my mind. It was several years ago that I heard Father mention it. Somebody was visiting us when we first moved here, and asked him at the table about the old house next door. And Father said, I think, that he did n't know anything much about it only that it was a queer old place, and once he had met an elderly lady who happened to mention to him that she knew the house was left furnished, just as it was, and she did n't think the owners would ever live in it again. I don't know why I happened to remember this. It must have made quite an impression on me, because I was a good deal younger and did n't generally listen much to what they were saying at table."

"Well," announced Cynthia, still standing where she had stopped, and speaking with great positiveness, "there 's only one thing to do now, and that is, find out who the old lady is and hunt her up!"

"I suppose I can find out her name from Father—if he remembers it—but what then? I can't go and scrape up an acquaintance with a perfectly strange person, and she *may* live in Timbuctoo!" objected Joyce.

"It 's the only thing left, the 'last resort' as they say in stories," said Cynthia. "But, of course, you can do as you like. You 're engineering this business!"

"Well, I will," conceded Joyce, not very hopefully, however. "I 'll lead Father round to talk-

ing of her this evening, if I can, and see what comes of it."

Joyce was as good as her word. That evening when she and her father were seated cozily in the library, she studying, her father smoking and reading his paper, while her mother was temporarily out of the room, she began diplomatically:

"Do you know any real elderly people, Father?" He looked up with a quizzical expression.

"Well, a few. Most people do, don't they? What do you inquire for, Duckie? Thinking of founding an old people's home?" he asked teasingly.

"Oh, no! But who are they, Father? Do you mind telling me?"

"Mercy, Joyce! I can't think just now of all of them!" He was deep in a preëlection article in his paper, and wanted to return to it.

"But can't you think of just a *few*?" she implored.

"Well, you are the queerest child! There 's Grandfather Lambert, and your Great-aunt Lucia, and old Mr. Selby, and—oh, I can't think, Joyce! What 's all this foolishness, anyway?" Joyce saw at once that she was getting at nothing very definite along this line, and determined on a bold move.

"Well, who is the old lady that you spoke of once, who, you said, knew something about that queer old boarded-up house next door?"

"Now why in the world did n't you say so at once, without first making me go through the whole list of my elderly acquaintances?" he laughed. "That was your Great-aunt Lucia."

"*What!*" Joyce almost shouted in her astonishment.

"Why, certainly! What 's queer about that? She used to live in New York City, and knew all the best families for miles around. When we first moved here, next to that ramshackle old place, I remember her telling me she 'd known the people who used to live there."

"Who were they?" demanded Joyce, eagerly.

"Oh, I don't remember their name! I don't know that she ever mentioned it. She only said she knew them, and they 'd gone away rather suddenly and left their house all furnished and never came back. Now *do* let me finish my paper in peace, Duckie dear!"

Joyce said no more, and turned again to her studies; but her brain was in a whirl, and she could not concentrate her thoughts on her work. *Great-aunt Lucia!*—of all people! And here she had been wondering how she could ever get to know some stranger well enough to put her questions. But, for that matter, there were difficulties in the way of even questioning Great-aunt Lucia.

She was a very old lady, a confirmed invalid, who lived in Poughkeepsie. For many years she had not left her home, and the family seldom saw her; but her father paid a visit to the old lady once in a while when he was in that vicinity.

Joyce then fell to planning how she could get into communication with this Great-aunt Lucia. She could n't *write* her inquiries,—that certainly would never do! If she could only visit her and get her to talk about it! But Joyce had never visited this relative in her life, had never particularly wanted to, and it would appear strange to seem suddenly so anxious to see the old lady. This, however, was obviously the only solution, and she began to wonder how it could be arranged. Very prudently, she waited till her father had finished his pipe and laid aside his paper. Then she commenced afresh, but casually, as though the idea had just entered her mind:

"Great-aunt Lucia must be a very interesting old lady, Father!"

"She is, she certainly is! I was always very fond of her. My! how she can talk, and the stories she can tell about old times!" said Mr. Kenway, waxing enthusiastic.

"Oh, I *wish* I could visit her!" exclaimed Joyce.

"Well, you certainly may, if you really want to. I've always wanted her to see you since you've grown so, and I've proposed a number of times that you go with me on the trip. But you've always refused to be separated from your precious Cynthia, and I could n't think of inflicting *two* youngsters on her." Joyce remembered

now, with a good deal of self-reproach, how many times she had begged off from accompanying her father. It had not seemed very interesting then, and, as he had said, she did not want to leave Cynthia, even for two or three days. She realized now that she had not only been a little selfish about it, but had plainly missed a golden opportunity.

"Oh, Father," she cried in real contrition, "I was mean to refuse you! I did n't realize that you *wanted* me to go. I thought you only did it to give me a good time, and, somehow, it did n't seem like a good time—then! When are you going again? And won't you take me?"

"I have n't been there in two years," he mused. "I *ought* to go again soon. The old lady may not live very long, she's so feeble. Let's see! Suppose we make it the week-end before election. I'll write to her to-morrow that we're all coming, you and Mother and I."

"Oh, but, Father!" exclaimed Joyce. "Could n't we go sooner? That's nearly a month off!"

"Best I can do, Duckie dear! I simply can't get away before. What's your hurry, anyway? First you won't be hired to go and see her, then you want to rush off and do it at once! What a funny little daughter it is!" He kissed her laughingly, as she bade him good night.

But Joyce slept little that night. She was wild for morning to come so that she could tell Cynthia, and wilder with impatience to think of the long dragging month ahead before the visit to Great-aunt Lucia, and the solution of the mystery.

(To be continued.)



SPRING HAS COME IN THE CITY PARKS.





THE CONQUEST OF THE PACIFIC.—PAINTED BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.

## TITANIA'S PLAYGROUND

### A GLIMPSE OF THE PANAMA EXPOSITION

BY KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

ONCE upon a time, when the world was younger by six centuries than it is to-day, there lived a troubadour in old Provence who sang of Huonet of Bordeaux, a tiny babe carried away to Fairyland and kept there through seven times seven moons. Then Titania, queen of all the fays, took pity on the childless parents back in mortal-land and wafted them to her realm, where they regained their daughter. "Then the magic gates closed forever," the singer continues, "and never again shall human eyes behold Titania's Playground."

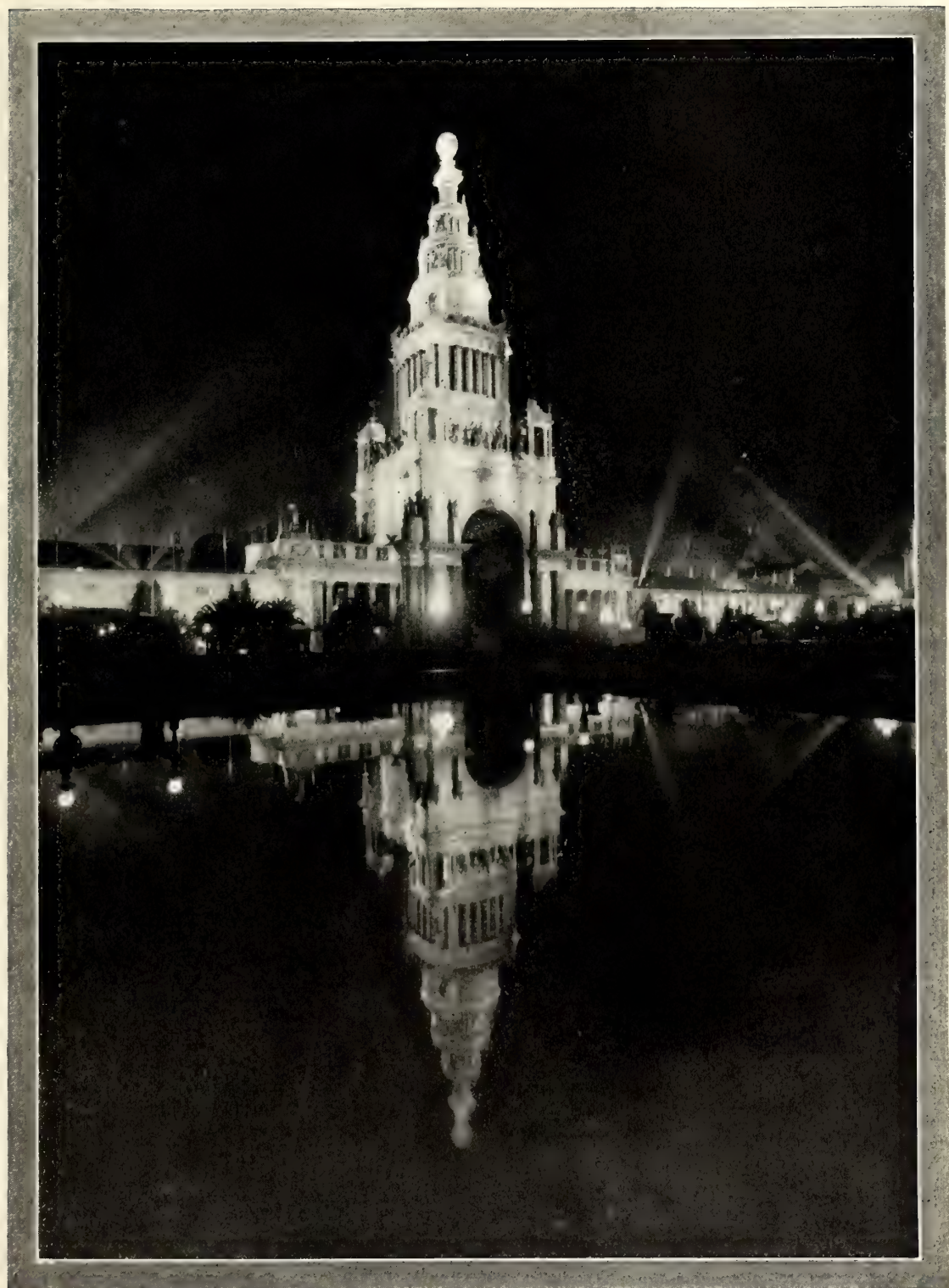
But that old-time bard was mistaken, for thousands of people to-day are seeing Titania's Playground. On the California coast it is to be found, where a golden arm of shore-line reaches down to meet the Golden Gate; and men speak of it as the Panama-Pacific Exposition. But they did n't name it aright. I know, for I have seen it myself.

I have seen it in the blazing light of noon, when the sun hung a sheening yellow globe in a turquoise sky, painting with magical splendor the burnt orange and terra-cotta and soft sienna brown of roof and dome, while out beyond the Marina the sea gleamed green as jade. And I have seen it by night, with the three billion candle-power scintillator enveloping palace and fountain and spire in an aurora borealis, making the Tower of Jewels flash and sparkle as did those of the magic realm seen long ago by Aladdin.

Imagine a sweep of sea-girt land almost three miles long by one half mile in width, with a Tower of Jewels rising grandly in the center and looking down on an Avenue of Palms. Old ivory this building is in tint, as are all those within the

grounds, and its pedestal is crowned by a magnificent sculptured piece, "The Winning of the West," in which priest, soldier, philosopher, and adventurer unite. Each is portrayed with hope in his eyes, and courage and purpose in his face, as had those men who braved desert and mountain and sea and made a blooming region out of a wild sand-dune. Along cornice and terrace, and up and down the slender pillars that make this structure one of wondrous grace, are specially cut prisms, a hundred and five thousand in all, each mounted in its own setting, and hanging pendant to swing with the wind. Every breeze sweeping in from the Pacific, every gust that vibrates the palm-leaves, sways these jewels to catch the rays of light, whether they be of the sun by day, or of scintillator, stars, and moon by night, and they flash and gleam and sparkle, a rainbow dance on a base of ivory.

Beyond the tower on either side and behind it, in the background, are the exhibit buildings, in style of architecture embodying old-world types and new. The visitor from the Ottoman land can look at them and imagine his Bosphorus not far away, while the stranger from France, Spain, and Italy will find much to remind him of home. Even Pericles, and Cæsar, and the rest of those old Greeks and Romans, could they stroll along the Avenue of Palms, would recognize pedestals and domes much used in their day, while folk of the Renaissance period would smile to see familiar vaulted roofs. Yet all is harmonious. Each style of architecture has been modified to attune to some other style, and, although representatives of different climes and different ages, they meet like



THE TOWER OF JEWELS REFLECTED IN ONE OF THE POOLS IN THE SOUTH GARDEN.





THE ARCH OF THE RISING SUN IN THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.



THE ARCH OF THE SETTING SUN IN THE COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.



PALACE OF EDUCATION, ACROSS THE LAGOON FROM THE PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS.



PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS FROM THE LAGOON.



men from far quarters of the globe, in a spirit of brotherhood.

East of the Tower of Jewels is the Manufacturers' Palace, where the progress of the world in manufacturing is to be seen in more than four thousand exhibits. Are you interested in knowing just how our soft velvet carpets grew out of the grass-weaving of the tribes of long ago, or how the heating systems of to-day evolved from the camp-fires of centuries past? You can find out in the Manufacturers' Palace. Or do clocks and watches fascinate you—those of all sizes and kinds, from the first crude ones known, to such as you see to-day; and do you still love toys because of the good old times when you sat on the nursery floor and built whole cities out of blocks? Then the place for you is in the Palace of Varied Industries. If you happen to be a girl, and pretty clothes delight you, you will want to revel among the laces, hats, furs, and silks, to see just how Marie Antoinette knotted her fichu in the Trianon days, to examine the kinds of bodices worn by Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Russia.

like Fairyland? It is Fairyland, too, with its blossoms of many colors, its fountains and statues, and all the things fairies are said to love. Lions guard the entrance, and beyond is the fountain of "Beauty and the Beast," while flower-girls stand in niches, and a fairy looks down on them from the Italian Tower. Here, too, is a fine equestrian statue, "The Pioneer," which represents a dream-eyed adventurer leaving the Atlantic for the then unknown Pacific coast. A brave figure he is, and he has many companions among the sculptured pieces at the Exposition. For the spirit of this great fair, the basic idea that breathes from every statue and mural painting, is of mighty achievement, the conquest of the Pacific, the uniting of two oceans by an effort of man, a city rising triumphant out of her devastation, rebuilding gloriously upon her ashes instead of brooding like a bird with drooping wings over a ruined nest.

Still further east is the Machinery Palace, and behind it to the south are the Mines and Metallurgy Palace and the Transportation Building.

Did you ever play miner, you boys? Did you



GROUP OF JAPANESE PRESENT AT THE DEDICATION OF "JAPAN THE BEAUTIFUL." THE CHILDREN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE FAMOUS DANCERS.

These, too, you will find in the Palace of Varied Industries, and to reach this wonderful array you go just east of the Manufacturers' Palace across the Court of Flowers.

The Court of Flowers! Does n't that sound

ever make believe that you worked down deep, deep, deep in the earth, almost as far as China, with a pick to dig out the ore, and a little lamp on a little cap to break the gloom and blackness of the underground? If so, you ought to see the



THE JAPANESE TEA GARDEN, LOOKING TOWARD THE AVENUE OF PALMS.

model mines in the Mines and Metallurgy Building. I almost shouted with delight when I came upon them, and I was never a boy. You can watch the gold-seeker taking out the precious metal, the coal-worker getting fuel for your winter fire, or the copper- and iron-miner robbing Mother Earth of metals that are to enrich and develop the world's manufacturing. Some very famous mines are reproduced here, and wonderfully interesting they are. And there is one thing you 'll find out if you did n't know it before. Miners don't work with a mule and pick and candle in these days. Electricity has done away with that, so much so, that if jolly Peter, in Bechstein's old story of "The Miner and his Gold" could step among these twentieth-century workers, he would n't recognize a single one of his brethren. There is a wonderful steel exhibit here, also, one that shows every step in steel-working from the time the ore comes from the ground until it becomes a railroad-tie or a knife-blade or a piece of furniture. And, if you girls think steel and iron are just dry uninteresting things, you ought to go to this Palace and change your mind. It is like reading stories from the Arabian Nights.

West of the Tower of Jewels is the Liberal Arts Palace, where are displayed instruments,

and machines, and appliances that have a big part in our lives to-day. The many stages of printing, engraving, type-writing, the development of photography, musical instruments, and many, many other things fascinate one here until he forgets that there are other things just as fascinating in other buildings. They are from the old world and the new, the Orient and the West, these exhibits in the Liberal Arts Palace, and none of them is more wonderful than that of China. Telescopes! I did n't know there were so many. They are of all sorts and kinds, those for seeing stars far distant, as well as for studying the ones nearer our world, and to get among them makes you wonder how it happens that every person in the Flowery Kingdom is n't an astronomer.

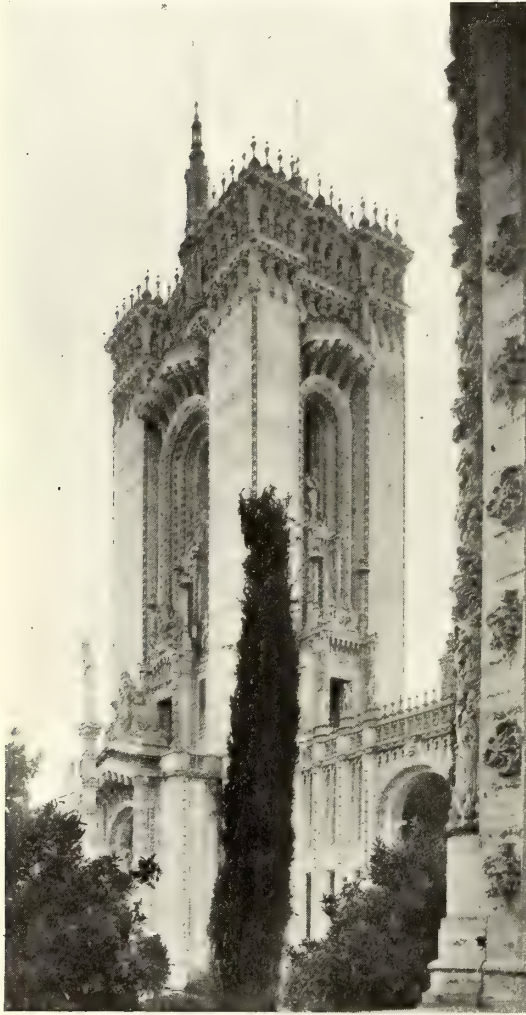
Back of the Liberal Arts Palace, beyond the Venetian Court, is the Palace of Agriculture, where model farming from all quarters of the globe is shown. The hand-planter of China rubs elbows with the highly advanced husbandman of Argentina, and, comparing what they accomplish in fruitage of soil, one realizes that each people and each region has its individual method of achievement, and for that people and that region its own method is good.

West of the Liberal Arts Palace is the lovely Court of Palms, where among trees of the tropics



are several splendid statues. One of these is an equestrian figure, "The End of the Trail," (the companion piece of "The Pioneer," in the Court of Flowers) which shows the rider at the end of his journey, flushed with victory after braving hardships and perils along the way.

Now we come to the building that you, perhaps,



TOWER IN THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE.

have helped to fill, the building where you may find something you have made or done, for it is in the Palace of Education that the school exhibits of the world are to be seen. There are models of open-air schools, relief-maps of all kinds, baskets, hats, and rugs woven by children of Holland, Argentina, China, France, and the Philippines, and a hundred other types of hand-work done in schools far and wide. To feel that all these young folk work and study as we do,

that they have interests and industries like ours, makes them seem very close and not at all like strangers, but a good sort of comrades and play-fellows, if not exactly brothers.

Back of the Education Palace, and separated from it by the Sunset Court, is the Food Products Palace, where one sees the development and preparation of foods. Here is shown a ninety-barrel mill in operation, tea growing and curing in China, the preparation of chocolate and cheese, and many, many other food stuffs, and great indeed is the skill and intricate the processes that go into getting ready for market the things we eat.

Now we are going to Fairyland—real true Fairyland, for across the Avenue of Palms and in front of the Palace of Education is the splendid Horticultural Palace, the most ornate in architecture on the grounds. Wreaths and garlands, beautifully carved, embellish it on every side. Flower urns and vases stand in numerous niches along its creamy façade, and crowning all is a great central dome, almost two hundred feet high, surrounded by eight smaller domes and half-domes, each softly stenciled in a lattice of green. A similar building stands on the shores of the Bosphorus, where the Mosque of Ahmed the First looks out on the Golden Horn. But it is no more truly oriental, in form and outline, no more suggestive of the spirit of the East, of the repose and quiet dreaminess of Oriental gardens, than is this Horticultural Palace by the western sea.

And within, what wonders, what marvels are there! Almost every nation on the globe is represented, almost every state of the union. Here bloom flowers of the north and flowers of the south in blazing, odorous array. Holland has sixty thousand bulbs, of her rarest, loveliest sorts. Imagine the fragrant patch of rainbow they make in that haunt of flowers.

The tulip-garden is but one of the marvels of the Horticultural Palace. Trees, which have grown to great size in far-off parts of the world have been transplanted here. A delightful Japanese garden, soil and all, that came from across the sea, makes one think he is somewhere near Tokio, and there are roses, roses, roses—from England, France, Ireland, and America. Somebody whispered the other day that one of our plant-wizards has perfected a black rose which will soon break into bloom. All the flowers you ever saw, or heard of, or dreamed of are there in fragrant, colorful quantity.

West of the Education Palace stands a beautiful semi-circular structure, with a domed rotunda and stately colonnades facing a shimmering lagoon. Trees and shrubbery embower it, and

flowered terraces lead down to the water, where mosses and vines at the land edge trail out almost to where white swans float. This is the Palace of Fine Arts, and is a fitting home for the treasures it contains. Beautiful is the sculpture that adorns its exterior. A mural painting in the rotunda typifies the "Four Golds of California"—wheat, metal, citrus fruits, and poppies, and a "Priestess of Culture" watches like a guardian over all. Here are gathered treasures from all

step into the foreign buildings and see life as it is lived and scenery such as is found in the country he wishes to visit. Canada shows her upland and valley regions, the animals, both wild and domestic, the fruit and vegetable products, cultivated and uncultivated, that abound in each. Buffalo and elk and bear roaming the wild mountain places, beavers building their villages along a picturesque river, and cattle grazing in the fertile lowlands, show at a glance the varied scenery and



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION SHOWING THE NIGHT ILLUMINATION.

over the world. Japan, from her fine-art works, has sent screen and panel paintings, wrought with tracery delicate as a spider's web and in colors soft as twilight tints. Forty-seven modern painters display the finest fruit of their genius, while from the galleries of Europe have been brought works of the old masters, some of the glorious color achievements of immortal men of France, Italy, Spain, and the Low Countries. And that is not all. There are tapestries, jewelry, mosaics, carvings, laces, and rugs, many of them worth the price of a king's ransom, all exquisitely wrought, all beautiful to behold.

And if one wants a trip to Holland, or China, or New Zealand, or Sweden, or to some other far corner of the earth, without having to take it on a ship and perhaps be so seasick he wishes boats had never been heard of or oceans made, he can

wonderful resources of this dominion of the North. Scandinavia emphasizes her seafaring, her splendid history of navigation, with ships of every size and kind from the barks of the vikings to present-day liners. Turkey and China, New Zealand, Denmark, and other countries have done their part in the buildings along the Avenue of Nations, so that to go into the foreign section is like taking a trip around the world.

And then, the haunt of all the fairies, the meeting-place of fays! That is in the Court of the Universe, the great central part of the exposition, which bears the same relation to the various courts as does the Tower of Jewels to the buildings. Here, on sculptured arches are portrayed "The Nations of the East," and "The Nations of the West," "The Rising and the Setting Sun," "The Elements" and "The Stars," for there



is no warfare here, but all the world meets in brotherhood. Crowning the Arch of the Setting Sun is one of the most sympathetic, exquisite pieces of art work in the exposition, "The Conquest of the Pacific," a mural painting by Frank Vincent Du Mond. It shows an adventurer beside his team of oxen, reaching the shores he has braved so much to find. Father Junipero Serra, the gentle padre who was California's mightiest pioneer, Bret Harte, who sang her early-day songs, and told her stories, Grizzly Adams, dauntless trapper and hunter, and William Keith, the famous painter, march beside him, each a heroic figure in the building of the west.

Then, beside the color, beside the matchless beauty of the buildings, beside the tree-embowered fountains, and lagoons, and sculptured courts, beside the fascination of the exhibits in the palaces, and state and national houses, there is another feature of this great play-place you are sure to want to see, something that, whether one is ten or seventy-five, will make life seem one gay holiday. That is the Zone. There you may take a trip from London to the South Pole without having your nose frost-bitten or staying away from home for a year and a day. You may go into the "Camp of the Forty-Niner" and see the cabins in which Mark Twain, and Marshall, the discoverer of gold, lived in the old historic days. You can sail through the Panama Canal, step into Davy Jones's Locker, smell sandalwood and feel the lure of the Orient in Japan the Beautiful, see peasants jig in an Irish Village, visit an Alligator Farm, or step back three hundred years into quaint Old Nuremberg. I did n't see Hans Sachs and the cobblers, but I did n't stay long. Otherwise I should have come face to face with him and Veit Pagner and all the other bards.

And there on the Zone you will find a delight of delights in Toyland Grown Up. I saw gray-headed men and women who were boys and girls sixty years ago, and boys and girls of to-day all laughing as if it were the very best picnic they had ever attended. Every toy you had when you were three or four is here grown to manhood. The tin soldiers you knew once upon a time have become real giants twenty feet high. Old Mother Hubbard's Dog is a monstrous fellow. The furniture in the Giant's Kitchen is so big it took forty men to build the arm of a chair, while the Shoe of the Old Woman, if put to sea, would make a good-sized boat. The Beanstalk Jack climbed to Giant Land is there. Everything in Toyland is on a huge scale, big enough to satisfy the biggest giant—everything but the night watchman. He is only four feet high.

"Made of wood, or clay, or tin?" you ask.

No indeed! He is made of none of those things. He is a real live person, as live as you are, and his name is Major Simon. Major Simon is a Boer, who, when the European war broke out, was touring France with a company of Lilliputians. Of course he did n't want to stay there at such a time, so he thought of the Toyland man, with whom he had once traveled, and came to the Exposition. But when he got here, there was no place for him. Every position in Toyland was taken, and what was he to do? When one is only four feet high, he can't get out and work at just anything, and Major Simon had to eat. Then a happy thought came to somebody. Toyland had no night-watchman. So the little major was given the position, and, although he guards twenty-foot soldiers and a town-pump that towers a hundred and fifty feet high, he is the only tiny creature about the place.

There are so many things on the Zone I can't name them all, much less tell about them. There are Samoan, Hawaiian, and Maori villages where natives of those islands sing the songs, play the games, and dance the dances of their land. In the Maori village is a carved house brought from New Zealand—the first time in history that the government has permitted such a curio to leave the country. Yellowstone Park is on the Zone, with geysers, Old Faithful and all the rest of the famous ones, sending their streams into mid-air as in the strange park of the Rockies.

These are a few of the interesting things to be seen at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. There are hundreds—yes, thousands—of others, varying from airships, African diamond exhibits, birds' eggs from all parts of the world, and a soap palace that sends out bubbles, to electrical toys, machines, and lights of all kinds, an aëroscope whose car carries one over three hundred feet high, and so many, many others that it takes weeks to see them all.

So don't you think, as I do, that this Exposition should have been named Titania's Playground? Can't you shut your eyes and see the Fairy Queen and all her fays flitting along the Avenue of Palms by night, flashing in the fountain spray and dancing in the iridescence of the jeweled tower? Can't you imagine Oberon and his elves meeting that entire bright array by the "Fountain of Beauty and the Beast" in the Court of Flowers? Can't you hear them uniting in a mad, merry revel where the Nations of the East and West meet in the Court of the Universe, making music such as only elf-folk can make, while stars peep down through the palm-trees, crickets chirp along the lagoons, and out beyond the Marina the sea sings its weird night song?

# PEG O' THE RING

A MAID OF DENEWOOD

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

Authors of "The Lucky Sixpence," "Beatrice of Denewood," etc.

## CHAPTER XIII

### AN UNEXPECTED SITUATION

THE instant the woman beside me announced that she was the wife of Jasper Pilgrim, I saw that we had been tricked, and this revelation, added to the sudden appearance of the two men, struck me dumb with surprise. Then, recollecting that neither Bee nor Mark had, so far as I then knew, ever seen the pair before, I was about to shout a warning. But there was no need. Bee had taken the alarm, and, with a cry of fear, had spurred her horse and galloped rapidly down the road.

Almost at the same moment Jasper Pilgrim's companion, urging his animal to a rapid gait, swerved past Mark and took after her. Mark, with a shout of anger, started in pursuit, and the Quaker followed less recklessly.

All this had taken but a moment, and I sat there watching as if I had naught to do with it, so complete was my astonishment. Then I came to my senses and lifted the reins, digging my heel into my beast to start him off; but, though he stirred restlessly, he would not go forward.

"Go on!" I cried, slapping his side with my free hand again and again; but he held his ground, tossing his head nervously.

"Nay, deary," came the voice of Mrs. Pilgrim, "he 'll not budge till I give the word. So 't is useless to beat him."

"Then make him start!" I cried, exasperated at the delay, for already those in front of us were growing smaller in the distance, and I saw that a bend in the road would soon hide them from me.

"I will an ye give me that ring," she said, half defiantly.

"That ring!" I echoed; "what have you to do with the ring?"

"'T is the one you stole from my wedded husband," she replied, not having the hardihood to meet my eyes, which, I doubt not, were blazing with anger.

"Stole!" I repeated; "you know I never stole a ring from any one!"

"Ah, deary," she whimpered, "I was sure you did naught of the kind, but Jasper vowed ye had it, and what can I do but obey him? Did I not promise it in the church?"

"How comes it, then, that I find you in one house and your husband in another?" I asked, though I had slight interest in the matter, not seeing how the knowledge would serve me.

"We live in the cottage while the other house is rented to a foreign gentleman," she explained, readily enough.

"I would that I had known that an hour ago," I told her plainly; "I little thought that a woman who seemed so kindly and honest would lend herself to such a scurvy trick. You have deceived us."

"Nay, Missy, I am an honest woman," she insisted, with a show of resentment.

"Then tell the horse to go on," I demanded, beginning again to urge the beast.

"The minute you give me the ring," she returned stubbornly.

"But I have it not," I cried, wildly belaboring the animal in my frantic efforts to make him go, for those ahead had disappeared around the bend in the road, and I was half mad with anxiety to know what was happening.

"He said ye had it," Mrs. Pilgrim maintained stubbornly.

"He was mistaken," I said, for all answer. "So we might as well be going on as to stand here."

"Don't tell me ye have n't the ring, Missy," she pleaded, with deep concern in her voice; "don't say ye have n't got it."

"But I *do* say it!" I retorted. "Think you I'd risk having it stolen a second time?"

"Then we must be goin' on," she said sadly. "It goes again' me, but we must be goin' on."

"Hurry then," I urged, for I was in a fever to start.

Mrs. Pilgrim rode her horse close to mine, and, seizing my rein near to the bit, spoke to the animal. Like a lamb it moved forward at a brisk walk, but this was not a pace to suit me in the circumstances.

"We must go faster, Mrs. Pilgrim," I exclaimed. "I must see what has happened to Madam Travers. Hurry now!"

"Nay, we 'll get there fast enough," she answered, and by this we were come to the by-path out of which her husband had appeared. Not till we arrived here did I have a thought that the woman's purpose was other than to obtain the



ring by hook or by crook. Now, however, instead of going straight on, we turned sharp to the right into a grass-grown road which was little more than a lane through the woods.

"Where are you taking me?" I demanded, dragging at the rein I held, which brought the horse to a halt.

"'T is this way we 're to go," she answered; and then, half sobbing, "oh, Missy, don't blame me for it. 'T is his orders—and I promised to obey."

"What do you mean?" I asked, puzzled at her manner, for she seemed as reluctant as I to go forward with the business.

"I was ordered to get the ring," she replied, "and, failing that, to take you to a place I know of. 'T is a clean, wholesome house, that I 'll promise ye, and you 'll be as comfortable as in your own home, I doubt not." She said this last with a half-hopeful smile of conciliation.

"I will not go," I answered angrily.

"Don't say that," she begged sorrowfully; "'t will do no good to fight, for go you must," and she spoke to my horse again, at which it ambled on.

For a few moments there was silence between us while I puzzled to get at the woman's purpose in separating me from the others.

I doubted not her power to do this, for I was no match for her if it came to a physical struggle of any kind, and, moreover, I had no mind for such an encounter. I was not afraid. I could not lose the ring because Mark had it, and, though I might be caused a few hours of discomfort and some anxiety on Bee's account, I thought that at the worst I would but be detained until Pilgrim returned and I convinced him that I did not possess the trinket he sought so persistently.

But Mrs. Pilgrim herself seemed not to like the business any better than I, for, as we rode along, she repeated to herself again and again under her breath, "I promised at church to

obey," and was in anything but a cheerful frame of mind.

In reality, I was not thinking of her or of myself. How Bee and the boy fared was much more important, and I worried myself into a



"'WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?' I DEMANDED."

fever of anxiety, wondering what might be the outcome of the race I had seen started. When they had disappeared, their positions were unchanged except that Jasper Pilgrim had been somewhat distanced. But, though I felt sure that, man to man, Mark could easily protect Bee from the scoundrel who followed her, any accident might end the matter seriously. The roads were somewhat rough for such fast riding, and, should either Bee's or Mark's horse fall, the result might be disastrous.

Yet there was naught that I could do but say a little prayer in my heart for their safety.

Mrs. Pilgrim still held the rein of my horse,

and together we picked our way through the forest for two good hours. The country through which we passed was new to me, and the lane twisted here and there till I could not have told whether we were faring toward Norristown or Germantown. We saw but one person on the way, and that but a boy herding two forlorn cows, which ran into the woods at sight of us, the boy following with many vain shouts at them to stop.

Presently upon our right we came upon a broad cleared stretch of perhaps a hundred acres, divided into pasture and tillage, and looking prosperous enough, though by no means a rich estate.

Set in a clump of maples was a sizeable house with a low second story, containing, as I found later, an attic and two small rooms. Several barns and outbuildings surrounded it, and altogether it had the appearance of a well-cared-for farm inhabited by thrifty people.

"'T is there we stop," Mrs. Pilgrim announced, when we came in sight of the place.

"Whose house is it?" I asked.

"It belongs to that Dutchwoman, Mrs. Schneider," she replied impatiently. "She 's one I can't abide, and that 's a fact."

"I have no wish to stop with her," I said irritably, for the whole proceeding made me cross, and Mrs. Pilgrim's half-reluctant and yet determined way of going through with the affair was harder to bear than if she had been straightforwardly plotting with her husband. It seemed to me that she was trying to retain her honest reputation while helping all she could in a most dishonorable transaction.

"Nay, 't is not a place you 'd be wishful to stop at, that I know," said Mrs. Pilgrim, in answer to my last remark. "She 's not one I 'd trust with a shilling, though there 's some say she 's as honest as the day is long."

I thought this came with a very bad grace from her, but it would serve no good purpose to point it out to her, so I held my peace.

We had been approaching the house from one side, and came at length to a highroad that ran before it; then, entering a short driveway, we stopped before the step, which had old-fashioned settles on either side.

A dog barking furiously served to make our arrival known, for we had scarce halted our horses when a pink-faced German woman appeared. She greeted us in her native language, of which I knew not a word, and seemed not at all surprised at our arrival, but rather as if she had expected us.

She called loudly in the direction of one of the

barns, and a boy came promptly to take the animals. Meanwhile, Mrs. Pilgrim, much to my surprise, was talking volubly to Mrs. Schneider in her own language.

We were led into the house, which for cleanliness would have done credit to Mrs. Mummer herself, and I sat down on a chair that the German woman, with a gesture of invitation, had pointed to. She smiled pleasantly at me, and from her face I should have said no more honest woman lived in the land; but then I should have thought the same of Mrs. Pilgrim. I did not smile in return, for I was in no mood to seem pleased with this business that she was ready to lend a hand to.

I sat as still as I was able, caring naught what happened so long as the time would go by and bring at last Jasper Pilgrim or his doubtful companion. I had never thought to want to see either of these men, but I now knew I should be kept a prisoner till they appeared, and from them would come my first news of what had happened to Bee and little Jack.

Whilst I waited, dinner was prepared by Mrs. Schneider and two stout girls whom I judged to be her daughters. Mine was served on a small stand apart, which consideration I took to be a mark of respect.

At the ringing of a huge bell outside, two farm-hands came in, and all sat down to their dinner, paying little heed to me, though I was sure that both Mrs. Schneider and Mrs. Pilgrim were well aware of my every action, which I put down to their fear that I might attempt to escape.

They were in the midst of the meal when the dog began to bark again, and one of the men went out at once by the yard door. Then I heard the sound of some one talking querulously, and a moment later Jasper Pilgrim entered alone.

He was dusty and rather disheveled, but, as his eye lit upon me, it brightened vindictively, and his twisted, wrinkled smile broadened on his evil face. At his entrance I rose and went toward him.

"Did you catch them?" I cried, in great eagerness.

"Nay, but we 've got thee!" he snarled in answer.

For the moment I cared for naught else but the glad news that Bee was safe. By this time, wherever the other man was, I was quite sure my dear ones were well protected at Denewood.

"So you did n't catch them!" I exclaimed, making no effort to hide my smiles. Then, at his expression of anger and chagrin, I laughed outright, so happy in the thought of Bee's escape



that I considered not at all the fact that this old man still had me in his power.

"Where is that ring?" he demanded.

"I have it not," I answered, but added foolishly, "though, had I it, I would never give it up to you."

Still with his sinister grin on his face, his eyes narrowed till they were mere slits under his heavy brows.

"Would thee not?" he snapped. "I tell thee, girl, thee shall not leave this house until I have the ring."

"I cannot give it to you," I replied steadily, but I confess the man's threat alarmed me for the first time.

He turned from me, and, speaking rapidly in German, addressed Mrs. Schneider. She listened, shaking her head as if unwilling, and glancing at me as before; then, coming to my side, she smiled pleasantly, and motioned me toward a door at the rear of the room.

Taking this as an invitation to accompany her, I shook my head vigorously.

"Tell the woman I will not go with her," I said to the Quaker.

"Ah, deary!" cried Mrs. Pilgrim, much distressed as I could plainly see; "go with her. If not, they 'll make ye. Ye 'd better go peaceable—indeed ye had!"

"What does it all mean?" I demanded, a little bewildered.

"It means thee stays here till I have the ring," exclaimed Jasper Pilgrim, in a harsh, high-pitched voice of anger. "Does thee understand?"

"But how can I give what I have not?" I repeated.

Again he addressed Mrs. Schneider, and once more she motioned toward the door.

"Go with her, deary," Mrs. Pilgrim urged again plaintively; "can't ye see you 're bound to go?"

I looked about, and, counting six people against me, saw naught for it but to follow the German woman. She took me to the door, which, upon being opened, revealed a flight of stairs. Up this she motioned me to lead the way, while she followed, lifting an iron key hanging from a hook in the jamb.

At the top, two doors, side by side, faced me. One of these the woman opened and I entered.

It was a small room, clean enough, but, except for a bed, a stool, and a chair, empty of furniture. At one end was a window toward which I walked as I went in.

Behind me I heard the door close and the key turn in the lock.

I was a prisoner!

## CHAPTER XIV

### AN ANCIENT ENEMY

THERE is little to tell of the days that followed. My first impulse was to find some way of escape; but the stout iron bars at the window made flight by that route impossible. The door, though it fitted none too well and left a wide crack between it and the floor, was of solid oak, not to be broken down by any effort of mine.

The time passed drearily enough, but I must say for Mrs. Schneider and her daughters that they treated me with consideration, and, though they could not talk to me, showed by every gesture a certain friendliness and a regret at the part they were playing. I had no fear of bodily harm, for I felt quite sure that I could count upon the German woman to see that no hurt befell me.

One thing I had to be thankful for: Jasper Pilgrim and his wife departed at once, and I was left alone with Mrs. Schneider and her daughters.

At last, one morning, the door opened and in stepped the man I had seen with Jasper Pilgrim, followed by Mrs. Schneider, who, though she knew no word of what followed, gave me courage by her mere presence.

For the first time I had a really good look at this stranger's face, and, now that I saw him more closely, my memory was stirred. Then, like a flash, I remembered who he was, though it was nigh ten years since I had first met him.

"You are Captain Blundell!" I cried, leaping to my feet.

"At your service," he sneered, with a mocking bow; "though 't is not the name I go by in these parts," he added.

I now understood why Bee had cried out at the sight of him upon the road and had set spurs to her horse to be rid of him. She held this man to be her evil genius, though in the past she had always thwarted him. He had been a captain in the British army when we first knew him, and, had it not been for Bee, would have burned Dene-wood over our heads.

"What do you want with me?" I demanded, though I guessed what his errand was.

"Nay, be not so short with a man who would do you a service," he answered, with a twisted smile upon his lips, as if it irked him to be pleasant.

"Come to the point!" I retorted angrily, for I liked not the man nor his manner toward me.

"As you will," he replied. "I 'm looking for a ring—a peculiar ring that—"

"Aye, your partner, Jasper Pilgrim, is after the same," I interrupted. "He has not found it yet."

"As to a partnership," he replied evenly, "I

think that is well-nigh dissolved. I can scarce use him further. But touching the matter of a certain ring—

"You but waste your time coming to me for it!" I burst out. "I have it not."

"Of that I am well assured," he said, still keeping up his air of lightness; "but it is in my mind that you know where it is."

"Mayhap — or mayhap not," I answered. "At any rate, I shall not tell you aught of it."

"Oh, will you not?" he growled, all pretense gone from his bearing. "Will you not, indeed! Not for your freedom?"

"I want it not at your hands, Captain Blundell," I replied. "I would rather stay here."

He shrugged his shoulders, his lips curling in a smile of scorn.

"Very well. You may stay, an the place pleases you. Nevertheless, you will tell me where the ring is!" he went on insolently.

"Never!" I cried.

"Not for the sake of the boy?" he asked.

"What boy?" I demanded.

"The one with Mistress Beatrice Travers," he replied, drawling the name. "I know not what he is called, but I can lay hands on him an I want to."

"Nay, you can't fright me that way," I laughed back. "You would not dare to enter Denewood. They 'd whip you off the place."

He scowled darkly, but still kept up the semblance of a mocking mirth.

"They scarce guard the house at night," he remarked, "and it is easy of entrance, if one but knows the way."

"You would n't face John Travers, night or day," I taunted him.

"If there was need, I might," he answered; "but, as he and his lady are on their way to Delaware to look for you, I shall not hesitate."

"To Delaware!" I murmured in astonishment. "Looking for me?"

"Aye," he replied, with an evil smile. "They were somewhat exercised over your disappearance, and, having searched the country about



"'NAY, BE NOT SO SHORT WITH A MAN WHO WOULD DO YOU A SERVICE,' HE ANSWERED."

here without success, they were quite ready to start on a wild-goose chase to Delaware. You may be interested to learn that I caused the rumor to be put about that you had been seen faring that way." He ended with a laugh, occasioned, no doubt, by the blank expression of my face.

"Cousin John and Bee gone!" I murmured to myself. "Looking for me?"

"Aye," said Blundell. "So you see, should I



take a notion to the child, I need not fear the redoubtable Mr. Travers."

"But the servants and Mrs. Mummer are there. You'll not fool them!" I retorted, with spirit and confidence.

"All things are easy, if one but knows the way," he answered. "And I know a way from the spring-house to the fireplace in a room that used to be the nursery."

At those words my face must have blanched, for indeed he was speaking of a thing I thought not more than half a dozen people in all the world were aware of. Behind the fireplace in the day-nursery, on the upper floor of the Denewood house, there is an entrance into a secret passage that leads down a rough stair built in between the walls and, going underground, opens in a sort of cave in the spring-house. I found it when I was a wee girl; and Bee always called it "Peg's mouse's hole," because that was the name I gave it. But, except for Bee and Cousin John, Bart, my brother, and Allan McLane, none was supposed to know of it. That secret gave Blundell an entrance to the house wholly unsuspected to those left in it, and put its inmates at his mercy.

"How knew you of that?" I half whispered, for I was greatly frightened and saw that indeed the man had the upper hand of me.

"What difference does it make how I know so long as I *do* know?" he replied; "but, since you ask, I will tell you that the Magus Schmuck, being interested some years ago in finding a map, and having reason to believe it was hid in Denewood, hit upon the secret stairway, though, to be sure, it never helped him to the map. I shared his discovery, and now find it suits my purpose to visit the house again. 'Tis a fine house, think you not?" He ended with a shrug and a bow, as if he talked of trivial matters.

"You would not take the child," I said.

"Why not?" he asked; then, bitterly, "Think you I love John Travers and his wife so well that I would weep to see them suffer? You see what I have come to!" he went on, in a burst of passion. "I, a man of position in my own country, brought to plotting with a scoundrel like Pilgrim. And all because of these Denewood folk who interfered with my plans years ago. I tell you once and for all, I shall have the ring or the child! You may take your choice."

Now, as a matter of fact, Blundell never laid hand on little Jack, nor was the boy ever really lost to us again; but the future was hid from me, and this man seemed to have not only the determination, but the means, to do all he threatened.

"But I have not the ring," I answered, in agony. "I gave it to Mark Powell, and he—"

"Very well," he broke in, "then I take the boy," and he half turned toward the door as if to go.

"Stay!" I cried, for there was no doubt the man held me in the hollow of his hand. What cared I for the ring or anything else when little Jack was in the balance? He might have all I possessed in the world to forego his purpose. His knowledge of the secret passage made me helpless.

"Speak up!" he commanded, hardly stopping; "I've no time to lose."

"I mentioned a place where I keep the ring," I faltered; "I know not whether Mark put it back there or not. But I asked him to, and I think he will have done so."

"Where is that?" he demanded, so eagerly that I saw the ring meant a great deal to him.

"I must have my freedom if I tell you where it is," I answered stiffly.

"That's fair enough," he replied, "but I shall not dare to enter the house at Denewood until, say, eleven o'clock. By that time the servants will be sound asleep and I can find the ring—or the child—without disturbing them. It would take an hour's hard riding to get here afterward, which would bring the time to midnight. You would scarce care to take the road at that hour, so I fear to-morrow morning will be the earliest you can look for freedom."

"And you will not take the child if I tell you where the ring is?" I begged desperately.

Whether he said yes or no made little difference, for I could not trust the man; yet I had to trust him, and longed for some assurance.

"The child would only hamper me," he returned.

"Very well, then," I said. "Listen. My room is next the room you enter coming by the secret passage, and the ring is hid in my powdering-box," I ended. The moment the words were out of my mouth he gave a cry of joy.

"Ah, ha, Mistress Peggy!" he cried. "I'll find my way to the ring, never fear, and until to-morrow, good day to you," and out he went, running down the steps two at a time. Mrs. Schneider followed, locking the door behind her, and I was left alone.

I had parted with my ring and was no nearer freedom than ever; but that was not what troubled me. This sudden appearance of Captain Blundell and the menace of his revengeful presence put a fear into my heart that thrust all else into the background.

(To be continued.)

# PRACTICAL MECHANICS FOR BOYS

## WHAT EVERY AMERICAN BOY—AND MAN— SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES

BY F. B. MASTERS

AT twilight time, as they speed along the old Oregon trail up the steep grades of the Rockies on their way to California and the Panama Expositions, many a boy and girl will hear the story of how the boys and girls of only a generation ago traveled to the Chicago World's Fair in a wonderful train hauled by "999"—most famous of all the "iron steeds"! Yet the World's-Fair Flier of 1893 weighed but a small fraction—about one third—of the all-steel Exposition Express of the present day; and the huge *Mikado*, now hauling the latter up the mountain grades, is two and a half times as big and three times as powerful as "999." And along with more weight and more power and more luxuries has come more speed; the years have clipped the schedules until a whole day has been saved, since 1893, in crossing the continent.

As the train slows down for the next junction stop, the passenger who looks out into the gathering gloom will probably get a glimpse of a gigantic steel monster, so powerful that it hauls with apparent ease, on a level track, a train more than a mile long, loaded with more than eight thousand tons of freight<sup>1</sup>—a greater load than could be hauled and pushed by the combined energy of the three largest freight-engines of 1900.

There is "rhyme and reason," and even romance, in these changes; and interesting facts and developments so characteristically American that every American boy—and man—should know of them.

### THE MOGUL AND THE MIKADO

As a bit of romance, it is interesting to note that the prominent part played by some big engine in nearly all railroad tragedies and comedies, whether of fact or fiction, has usually been recorded as the work of "a big Mogul." Yet how many know what a *Mogul* is? And how did the *Mikado* get its name, and how does it differ from a *Mogul*—and from "999"?

In 1867, the Baldwin Locomotive Works built

the first of a new type of locomotive to haul very heavy freight on grades. It had three pairs of driving-wheels and a forward two-wheeled pony-truck, and was named "E. A. Douglas." Later developments of this type divided with the *Consolidations*, having four pairs of driving-wheels, practically all the heavy freight-hauling until after 1900. Along in the early eighties, passenger- and mail-trains became heavier and needed more power—and thus larger boilers and more wheels—so a big engine of the same type as the "E. A. Douglas" was introduced. As it stood up against the sky, towering over the low-lying en-



SPEEDING ALONG THE GRADES.

gines of those days, it suggested a powerful potentate. Some one called it "The Great Mogul"; stories were written about it, and its fame spread and spread, until a terrible accident occurred near New York in 1913, when both text and picture informed the public that it was an engine "of the latest type, a giant *Mogul*"—which, of course, was not true.

Thirty years after the "E. A. Douglas," or first *Mogul*, the Baldwin Works built the first engine with four pairs of drivers, a pony-truck, and a trailer-truck under the cab. It was for the Nippon Railway of Japan, and quite naturally became known in the shop as "The Mikado," and so all engines of that class have been known as the *Mikado* type.

<sup>1</sup> The "Matt Shay" has hauled, on the Erie Railroad, a train of 250 loaded cars weighing 17,900 tons. This train was 1¾ miles long.



Only within the last four or five years have these *Mikado* locomotives been built extensively. They are mostly used for hauling heavy through-freight, in which service they are proving very efficient, and are fast supplanting the *Consolidations*, which had long ago supplanted the *Moguls*. *Mikados* are also used for passenger service on mountain grades.



A *MOGUL* TYPE FREIGHT-LOCOMOTIVE OF 1890.

A representative Baldwin locomotive of that period, having a tractive force of 13,200 pounds. It is only 23% as powerful as the *Mikado* shown below.

Thus the up-to-date boy knows the *Mogul* as an "old-timer"—"a back number"—even as the famous "999" and all the other locomotives of a generation ago have been supplanted by newer and larger types. At that time, the predominant design for passenger-trains was the *American*

brass and its red paint, and many were elaborately decorated with much scrollwork. Moreover, each had its own crew, who looked after its whole welfare, almost as some parents treat a pampered child. So is it to be wondered at that the locomotive became known as "the most human machine of all man's creations"?

There was "Old Ironsides," and the "Pioneer," and "George Washington," of hill-climbing fame. There was "Hero," and the "Comet," and the "State of Maine," and many other fancy and homely names. But most of these engines were named after politicians, or directors of the road, or other officials; as "J. B. Dobbins," and "Josiah Higginbotham." Later there was "Bull Run," and "Southern Belle," and "Dixie," as well as "Governor Andrew," and "General Hancock," and other war-time names.

Certainly in those days every locomotive had a personality!

A generation later, things began to boom. Prosperity came, and with it an enormous increase in traffic. Big locomotives were ordered in lots of fifty or a hundred at a time.

One of them would come in from a long heavy run, be turned over to the roundhouse men, and in a few hours would be off again with another crew. "First in, first out," became the order of

A *MIKADO* TYPE FREIGHT-LOCOMOTIVE OF 1915.

This type has been developed in the last few years to meet the present-day requirements of heavy through-freight service. Using the same amount of fuel, they haul 35% more tonnage than was hauled by the best engines of 10 years ago.



type—two pairs of drivers and a four-wheeled leading-truck—and the finest of all these was "999." Now this type is used only on light service, for suburban passengers and local freight, and "999," refitted with smaller drivers and under another number, is now busy with the humble task of hauling milk-trains up-state in New York.

#### LOCOMOTIVE NAMES

A *Mogul* or a *Mikado*, therefore, is only one of a type or class. But it was different in the earlier days of railroading. Then traffic was light, and equipment was very light. Locomotives were few; each had its own peculiarities of design; each had its name painted in fancy letters on the cab, sometimes even with the portrait of the person for whom it was named; each had its shining

the day, regardless of crews and old-fashioned ways of doing things; and so the locomotives soon lost their personalities and their names, and were merely numbered serially.

Now, in our day, or a generation later, the pendulum swings back a little, and the most interesting of the latest engines has painted on the side of its cab the name "Matt H. Shay." For that is the way in which the Erie Railroad repays fifty-four years of faithful, loyal service—by thus honoring Engineer Shay, and giving a personality to the wonderful 425-ton steel giant that is able to exert a force of 160,000 pounds in pushing heavy freight-trains up the steep grades of what is known as the Susquehanna Hill.

And it is even more interesting to know that there are other locomotives having names painted on their sides in gold letters—because of the long

records of competent and efficient service of their engineers.

#### TYPE NAMES AND CLASS NUMBERS

At the end of the nineteenth century, there were in general use two or three classes of passenger-engines, and two classes of freight engines. There was the *American* type, like "999," and the *Atlantic*, a brand-new type for express-trains, with a larger and longer boiler and a wider fire-box placed behind the drivers and over a *trailer-truck*. They were called the "4-4-0" class and the "4-4-2" class, according to the number of their wheels—the three numbers corresponding to the

then the giant machines of the first years of the new century were known as "battle-ships."

#### PASSENGER SERVICE AND FREIGHT SERVICE

ALL up-to-date types, it will be noted, are designed for some particular sort of service; so it is well to have clearly in mind the principal characteristics which have been developed by the two most important classes of service—"fast passenger" and "heavy freight." With a boiler of abundant steaming capacity, *speed* with heavy passenger-trains is obtained by using *drivers* of large diameter. A sort of "rule of thumb" has been worked out in practical experience which gives



THE LARGEST AND MOST POWERFUL LOCOMOTIVE EVER BUILT—THE "MATT H. SHAY."

Three complete engines in one locomotive unit. 426½ tons. 24 driving-wheels. It takes the place of three powerful freight-engines in pushing full tonnage trains over a mountain grade of 56 feet per mile. It has hauled 250 cars—17,900 tons—on a level track. It is twelve times as powerful as the *Mogul* type of 1890.

number of wheels used for the forward truck, for drivers, and for the trailer-truck. The freights were of the *Mogul*, or the "2-6-0" class, and *Consolidation*, or the "2-8-0" class. There was also a *ten-wheeler*, or "4-6-0" class, for both passenger and fast-freight service.

Since 1900, the following new types and classes have been built and used extensively:

TYPE	CLASS	SERVICE
<i>Decapod</i>	2-10-0	Heavy freight
<i>Santa Fé</i>	2-10-2	Very heavy freight
<i>Prairie</i>	2-6-2	{ Fast passenger Fast freight
<i>Pacific</i>	4-6-2	Fast heavy-passenger
<i>Mikado</i>	2-8-2	Heavy through-freight
<i>Mountain</i>	4-8-2	Heavy passenger-express on grades
<i>Mallet Articulated</i>		Pushers of heavy
<i>Compound of various wheel arrangements</i>		trains on heavy grades

In railroad stories one often notices other names, such as "hog" and "whale"; but these are the slang terms of the roundhouse and the switch-shanty. The huge, low-lying, many-wheeled freighter of the eighties was known as a "hog"; later the bigger, heavier, higher engines were known as "whales," and even "mastodons"; and

the diameter in inches of the drivers as about equal to the maximum speed in miles per hour; thus an engine with eighty-inch drivers has a maximum speed of eighty miles per hour. On heavy grades the drivers have to be smaller, as the speed must necessarily be less and the tractive force greater. Heavy-freight service requires a slower, harder pull; therefore *smaller* drivers and *more* of them are used, for the hauling capacity is in proportion to the number of driving-wheels and the weight on them.

#### HORSE-POWER

ALL *power* is measured by the product of the *force* exerted multiplied by the *speed*, or distance moved in a given time. Thus, if friction and other losses are neglected, the same amount of *power* is necessary to move *both* a passenger-train and a freight-train, if the latter moves at half the *speed* but requires twice the *force* to move it. Note particularly that, although the *power* is the same, the *force* exerted by the freight-locomotive is double the force exerted by the passenger-engine.

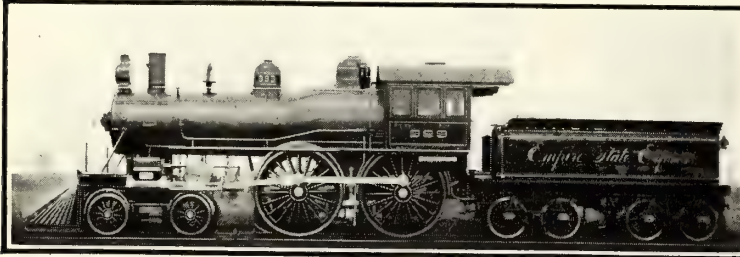
In general engineering practice, all engines are rated according to their horse-power. One theo-



retical horse-power equals 33,000 foot-pounds per minute, or 33,000 times the exertion of a force of one pound through one foot in one minute. Locomotive designers, in proportioning their plans, make use of a theoretical or "cylinder" horse-power which varies directly as the boiler pressure and as the square of the diameter of the cylinder. In practice, however, the horse-power developed

better basis than horse-power for comparison of the different locomotives.

This force is proportional to the boiler pressure and to the size of the cylinder, and is inversely proportional to the diameter of the driving-wheels; so that it is increased by increasing either, or both, of the first two, or by diminishing the third (the size of the wheels). Tractive



"999." AN AMERICAN TYPE LOCOMOTIVE OF 1893.

"One of the wonders of its day." It hauled the "Empire State Express" 10 miles in 5 minutes and 20 seconds, or at the rate of a mile in 32 seconds, or 112½ miles per hour.

by a locomotive is subject to so many variations that the builders prefer not to state definite figures.

It is interesting to note that the huge *Mallet*, "604" of the Virginian Railway (the most powerful locomotive ever built except the "Matt Shay"), in actual service on a 0.2% grade at 21½ miles per hour developed 3100 "indicated" <sup>1</sup> horse-power. On the Altoona testing plant of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a *Pacific* type locomotive, similar to but larger than Pennsylvania Railroad "8661," with a tractive force about one third of "604," developed 3200 horse-power.<sup>2</sup> The builders report that it is questionable whether this has been duplicated in road service. On page 537, approximate "cylinder" horse-powers are given for the passenger-engines, giving roughly

force diminishes as speed increases, especially with locomotives with small boiler capacity; so it must be remembered that the rated tractive force is exerted only at starting speeds. However, more force is needed to start a train and to accelerate it than to keep it going at ordinary speeds.

#### DRAW-BAR PULL

DRAW-BAR pull, or the force exerted in pulling the train, is the amount of tractive force left after allowance is made for speed and locomotive resistance. For an average freight-train moving about ten miles per hour, the draw-bar pull is between 80% and 90% of the tractive force. For an average passenger express-train moving at fifty miles per hour, only about 30% of the rated

#### ONE OF THE EARLY ATLANTIC TYPE LOCOMOTIVES.

It has a record of hauling, in 1897, 6 cars weighing 200 tons 55 miles in 46½ minutes from start to stop, or at an average rate of 72 miles per hour. The regular schedule allowed 52 minutes, or 64 miles per hour.



the relative powers as the locomotives have grown in size from the "old-timers."

#### TRACTIVE FORCE

TRACTIVE force, or the force exerted by the locomotive at the rim of the driving-wheel, forms a

<sup>1</sup> Measured by instruments.

<sup>2</sup> As the horse-powers of the two engines were about equal, and as the force of the *Pacific* was about one third, its speed must have been more than three times as great.

tractive force is available as draw-bar pull. At this speed, however, train resistance on a slight grade would equal only about twelve pounds per ton, or 6000 pounds draw-bar pull for a 500-ton train. If this is 30% of the tractive force, then a locomotive with a rated tractive force of 20,000 pounds is needed to haul the train.

To start a train on a level track, a draw-bar pull of about twenty pounds per ton is necessary, so that the 500-ton train requires a draw-bar pull of about 10,000 pounds. To accelerate or increase the speed of the train requires still more pull. Additional force is also required to move the engine and tender, which weigh about 150 tons. To start the train quickly and get it going at schedule speed probably requires all the tractive force of 20,000 pounds.

#### TON-MILE COST

THE cost of freight service is reduced to so much "per ton-mile," that is, reckoned as the average cost of hauling a ton of freight a mile. To reduce ton-mile expenses, especially on grades, has been one of the big problems of railroad men

sign was patented—two pairs of connected drivers and a forward swivel-truck—the forerunner of the *American* type. Then followed years of experimental types: many with one pair of drivers, and others, for freight, with all six or eight wheels connected. It is difficult now to realize how small and light were these early engines and their loads.<sup>1</sup> In 1848, Baldwin, the Philadelphia silversmith and watchmaker who had been building locomotives since 1832, designed and built a fast passenger-engine, the "Governor Paine," for the Vermont Central. It had one pair of 78-inch drivers and a boiler fifteen feet long, and weighed only twenty-three tons; but it ran a mile in forty-three seconds! Similar engines were built for the Pennsylvania Railroad, with records of four miles in three minutes, and long runs at sixty miles per hour; but they had insufficient adhesion,



THE LATEST, LARGEST, AND MOST POWERFUL PASSENGER-LOCOMOTIVE OF THE *PACIFIC* TYPE.

Weight with tender, 249 tons. Length over 80 feet. Nearly three times the tractive force of "999." The *Pacific* is the standard type of to-day. The *Mountain* type locomotives are still longer and more powerful.

and locomotive builders. And in the United States ton-mile costs are the lowest in the world.

#### THE HIGH LIGHTS OF LOCOMOTIVE HISTORY. HOW THE TYPE NAMES CAME ABOUT

THE early history of locomotive-building in America is a rather complicated story, but there are a few big interesting facts that all should know. About 1830, a few engines were imported from England, built by Stephenson, of "Rocket" and "Planet" fame. One of these was the "John Bull" that sixty-two years later went to the Chicago World's Fair under its own steam.

One of the first of the American-built engines, the "De Witt Clinton," hauled the famous "first steam-railroad passenger-train" from Albany seventeen miles to Schenectady, in 1831. The whole length of the engine and its train of three coaches was about 64 feet—less than that of a modern engine and tender. In 1836, the "Campbell" de-

or grip on the track, due to weight and friction, and were changed to four-driver engines.

At the time of the Civil War, only the type now known as the *American* survived. It was the fittest type for the peculiar conditions met with in our growing country of that time—uneven track, bad curves, and many grades—conditions quite different from the "permanent ways" of England and other countries.

During the Civil War transportation increased, and the Government bought many locomotives; so that many were built, some larger and heavier than had ever been built before. Still the largest weighed only about thirty tons. The striking characteristic of these engines was their large flaring wood-burner "balloon" stacks and low rakish boiler.

In 1866, Baldwin built, for the Lehigh Valley Railroad, a new type which had eight four-foot drivers and a pony-truck, and weighed forty-five tons, especially designed to haul coal on very

<sup>1</sup> In 1843, a new eighteen-ton freight-engine on the Philadelphia and Reading hauled 100 coal-cars, each weighing about two tons and carrying a load of  $3\frac{3}{4}$  tons. The huge and heavy present-day coal-cars carry fifty, seventy-five, and even ninety tons of coal each; that is, the hundred car-loads of coal of 1843—360 tons—could all be carried in four of the largest modern steel cars.



# TWENTIETH CENTURY LOCOMOTIVES—A Table of Sizes, Weights, and Power

Type	Class or Wheel Arrangement	Road and Number	Builders and Date	Cylinders Diameter-Stroke Inches	Driving- Wheels Dia. Inches	Wheel- Base Engine and Tender Feet-Inches	Weight Engine Tons	Weight with Tender Tons	Tractive Force Pounds
ATLANTIC	4-4-2	P.&R.1027	BLW 1896	13 & 22 x 26	84¼	53-2	71½	112½	14,400
		ONE OF BEST IN	1905	20 x 26	79	57-0	90	150	22,400
		PENN.1067	RRCo 1912	23½ x 26	80	63-10	120	199	29,400
PRAIRIE	2-6-2	N.Y.C.3712	ALCo 1905	21½ x 28	79	62-4	116½	200	27,850
PACIFIC	4-6-2	PENN.8661	BLW 1913	26 x 26	80	60-2	147	237	38,300
		4-4-0	PENN.....	17 x 24	62	44-3	35¾	46¾	11,900
	4-6-2	N.Y.C.3370	ALCo 1914	23½ x 26	79	68-0	135½	212	30,900
		4-4-0	N.Y.C.999	19 x 24	86	48-6	62	102	16,270
	4-6-2	ERIE 2509	ALCo 1912	27 x 28	79	68-2	135	215	40,600
		C.&O.182	ALCo 1914	27 x 28	69	71-6	156	249	46,600
MOUNTAIN	4-8-2	C.&O.316	ALCo 1911	29 x 28	62	70-6	165	250	58,000
CONSOLIDATION	2-8-0	N.Y.C.2749	ALCo 1905	23 x 32	63	60-7	113	185	45,700
		W.&L.E.2401	ALCo 1913	26 x 30	57	62-8	133	222	55,900
MIKADO	2-8-2	VIRG.462	BLW 1912	26 x 32	56	71-3	150	250	60,800
		N.P.1743	ALCo 1914	28 x 30	63	68-2	160	257	57,200
		P.&R.1704	BLW 1914	24 x 32	61½	68-6	166	244	57,300
DECAPOD	2-10-0	S.F.940	BLW 1902	19 & 32 x 32	57	66-0	134	200	62,800
SANTA FÉ	2-10-2	S.F.984	BLW 1903	19 & 32 x 32	57	66-0	144	225	62,800
		B.&O.6000	BLW 1914	30 x 32	58	76-6	203	292	84,500
MALLET	2-8-8-2	VIRG.604	ALCo 1912	28 & 44 x 32	56	91-5	270	376	115,000
ARTICULATED	2-10-10-2	S.F.3000	RRCo 1911	28 & 38 x 32	57	108-2	308	425	111,600
COMPOUND	2-8-8-8-2	ERIE "Matt Shay"	BLW 1914	36 x 32(4H-2L)	63	90-0	...	426½	160,000

The above Tables give the principal facts about all the modern locomotives which are shown in the drawings and photographs. A few other locomotives are included, particularly several of a decade ago, which make interesting comparison with those of to-day. Of special interest will be the comparison of the Pennsylvania Railroad locomotives of 1876 and of 1915, and the New York Central "999" of 1893 with the "Twentieth Century Limited" locomotive of to-day.

In the column of builders ALCo stands for the American Locomotive Company, BLW for the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and RRCo for the Railroad Company, when built in the railway's own shops.

Wheel-base, as with automobiles, is the distance between the center of the first and last wheels. The length-over-all for a Pacific engine averages about 10 or 12 feet more than the total wheel-base.

"Cylinder" H.P. or theoretical horse-power, obtained by formula, shows roughly what a locomotive of that size and boiler pressure should develop under the best conditions.

The outline drawings on pages 538 539 are drawn to scale— $\frac{1}{16}$  inch equals 1 foot—and are placed in equal sized spaces so that relative sizes are accurately shown. To emphasize the Wheel Arrangement, on which the types depend, and to show which is the main driving-wheel, the wheels, rods, etc., are indicated in the simplest manner by outline, or center line, and all valve gear is omitted. On account of the small scale, other details, such as air-brakes, etc., are also left out, but the charac-

teristic silhouette is carefully reproduced. The complete outline of the boiler is given, using dotted lines where it is covered by the cab or the wheels, in order to show the enormous growth of both boiler and fire-box during recent years.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE

1831—"DE WITT CLINTON," and train of 3 coaches. Length over all about 64 feet.

1848—"GOVERNOR PAINE," an early aspirant for speed records—1 mile in 43 seconds.

1863—"CIVIL WAR LOCOMOTIVE. Weight of engine about 30 tons.

1876—"CENTENNIAL LOCOMOTIVE. 36 tons. Cost \$9000, or one third the cost of a *Pacific* type in similar service to-day. Compare with this type and especially with P.R.R. No. 1067 *Atlantic* type. At the right is a "diamond" stack from a P.R.R. freight-engine of 1876. Also end sections showing how increase of both driving-wheel diameter and boiler diameter heightened the locomotives, and how the fire-box is lower over trailers in modern locomotives.

1893—"999"—62 tons. Cost \$12,000. Has the world's record for high speed—pulling a 205 ton train at the rate of a mile in 32 seconds.

1915—"3370"—135½ tons. Cost \$26,500. "Twentieth Century Limited," 605 tons at approximately the same average speed as the "Empire State Express" of 1893.

## Service—Number of Cars, Weight of Train, Speed, Grade, and Other Interesting Facts

Passenger (P)		The Largest and Most Powerful Locomotive of its Type at Date Given Shown Thus (*)									
Freight (F)		"	"	"	"	Passenger Locomotive	"	"	"	"	(**)
Date—Service		"	"	"	"	Locomotive Ever Built	"	"	"	"	(***)
1897	P—	"Fastest short distance train in the world." 6 cars—200 tons—55 miles in 46 to 52 minutes.									Cyl. H. P. Approx.
1905	P—	Fast Express. 6 to 8 cars—250 to 450 tons. The best service of 10 years ago.									1300
1915 *	P—	Heavy High Speed Express under the most up-to-date conditions, inc. "Broadway Limited."									2000
1905 **	P—	Heavy Express. 13 cars—740 tons—at an average speed of 44 miles per hour.									1500
1915	P—	"Broadway Limited," 1915—6 cars—450 tons } Speed in 1915 much higher than in 1876.									2400
1876 **	P—										500
1915	P—	"Twentieth Century Limited," 1915—8 cars—615 tons } Average rate of speed									2000
1893 **	P—										1000
1915	P—	Heavy Fast Express. 9 to 12 cars on a difficult schedule over long heavy grades.									2400
1915 *	P—										2400
1915 **	P—	Heavy Ex. on Mountain grades. 10 to 12 steel cars at average speed inc. stops of over 25 m.p.h.									2700
1905	F—	Heavy Through Freight. 100 loaded cars of average freight—3000 to over 4000 tons.									
1915 *	F—										35% heavier train load than same type built 10 years ago.
1912 *	F—	Through Coal Trains of 80 to 100 loaded cars—6000 to over 7500 tons.									
1915	F—	Heavy Through Freight on heavy grades.									
1915 *	F—	Fast Heavy Road service, also very efficient on slow heavy grade work.									
1902 ***	F—	Heavy Freight Hauling on Steep Grades.									
1903 ***	F—	Similar service as <i>Decapod</i> . Mile long trains of 6000 tons on level.									
1915 *	F—	Through Heavy Freight on difficult grades. 7200 tons on 0.6% grade.									
1912 ***	}	Heavy	{ Two of these engines push 4250 ton coal trains on 2.07% grade.								
1911 ***		Freight									
1915 ***		Pushers									
			{ Ten of these engines in service on mountain grades.								
			{ Takes the place of 3 pushers on heavy grade. 17,900 tons on level.								

Has the world's record for sustained high speed capacity—11 steel cars weighing 810 tons at the rate of more than 68 miles per hour over a whole division. FREIGHT, 1905—"2749," 113 ton *Consolidation* type freight-hauler. An excellent example of the best type of freight-locomotive of the first decade of the twentieth century.

## PASSENGER AND FREIGHT GIANTS OF TO-DAY

ATLANTIC—P.R.R. "1067," 120 tons. The most powerful of its type. The most advanced design, giving greatest capacity for sustained pull at high speed. Capable of handling same trains as *Pacific* engines. PACIFIC—ERIE "2509," 135 tons. The 50,000th locomotive built by the American Locomotive Company. Designed, built, and tested as an experimental engine, it embodies the "last word" in design, materials, and construction. Considering power per pound of weight and amount of fuel consumed, it is one of the most powerful passenger-locomotives ever built. In service on the ERIE it hauls heavy trains on difficult schedules; in severe winter weather it made schedule speed, or better, on 163 out of 170 runs, thus showing remarkable sustained capacity.

*Pacifics* are the standard high-class passenger-locomotives of to-day. On many roads, with driving-wheels of about 69 inch diameter, they are in use both for heavy passenger and fast preference freight.

MOUNTAIN—C. & O. "316," 165 tons. The largest and most powerful passenger-locomotive in the world.

MIKADO—P. & R. "1704," 166 tons. The largest and one of the most powerful of its type. Because of larger cylinders and smaller driving-wheels, VIRGINIAN "462" has a greater tractive force. But "1704" has 225 pounds boiler pressure—40 pounds more than "462"—which results in a greater cylinder horse-power.

SANTA FÉ—B. & O. "6000," 203 tons. The largest and most powerful locomotive in the world having all of its driving-wheels in one group. Note that the bell is at the side of the headlight, and that the sand-boxes are four in number, and are on the sides of the boiler as there was not room enough on the top.

MALET—VIRGINIAN "604," 270 tons. The most powerful locomotive ever constructed having its driving-wheels in two groups (Santa Fé engines "3000 to 3009" are the heaviest, 308 tons, and the longest, 121 feet, 7 inches). Six of these locomotives are in service as heavy freight pushers. Two of them at a time push a heavy coal train weighing 4230 tons up a mountain grade that rises 1250 feet in 11½ miles. The engine on the head end hauls the train over the rest of the division. Some slight idea of the power necessary in pushing this train is gained from the facts that the trip takes a little over one hour, five tons of coal are burned, and over 70,000 pounds, or about 9000 gallons, of water are made into steam and used by each engine.



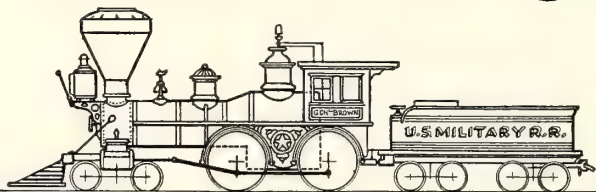
# THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE



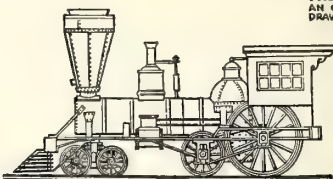
1831

FROM AN  
OLD TIME  
ENGRAVINGFRAMED  
BY A  
"PACIFIC"  
THE  
STANDARD  
PASSENGER  
ENGINE  
OF 1915

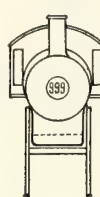
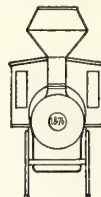
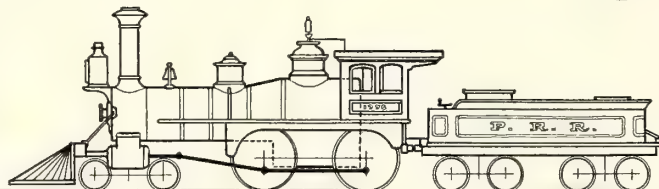
1863



1848

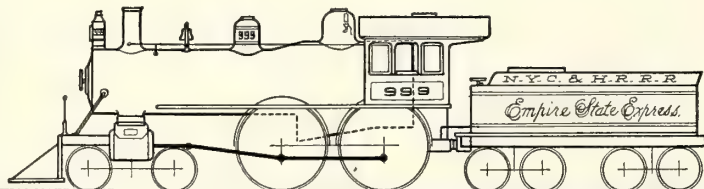
FROM  
AN OLD  
DRAWING

1876

FIREBOX 1876  
BETWEEN AXLES1893  
OVER AXLES1915  
OVER TRAILERS

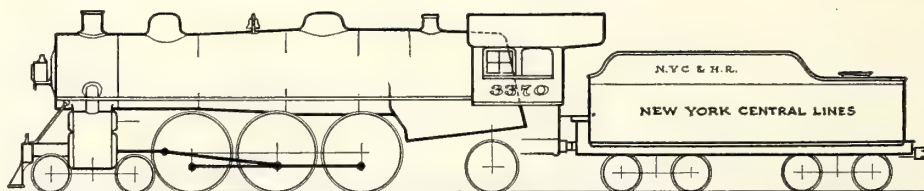
AMERICAN

1893

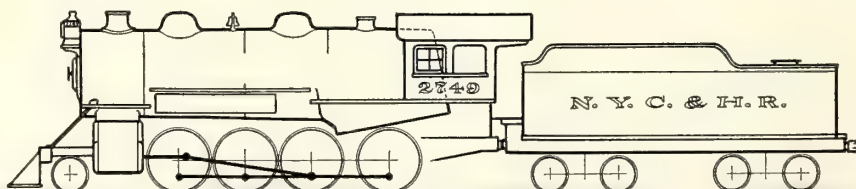


PACIFIC

1915



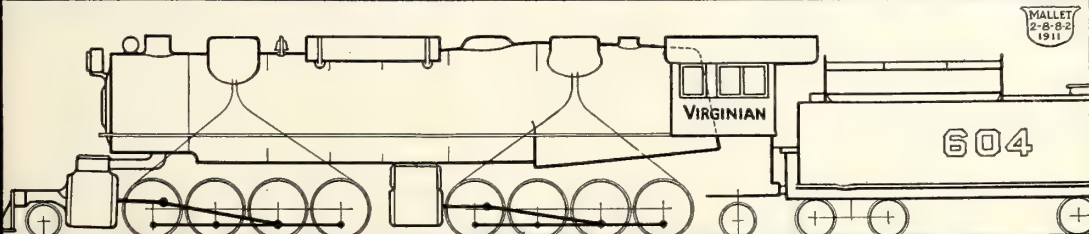
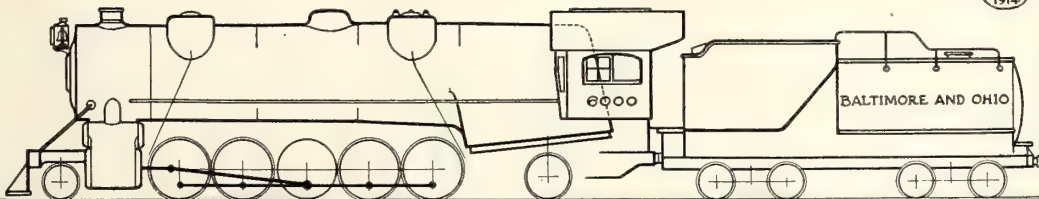
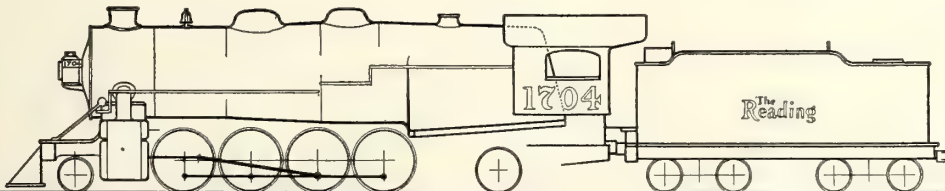
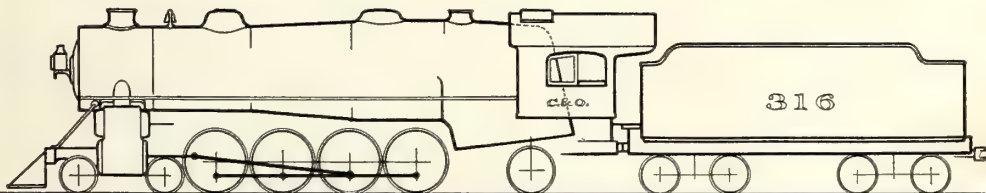
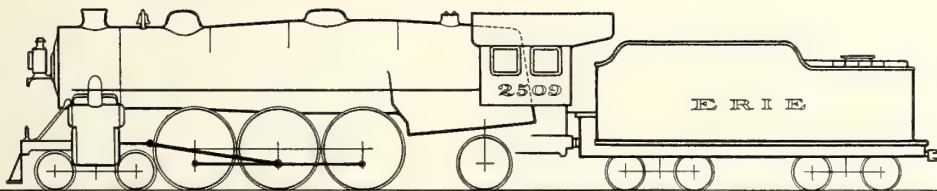
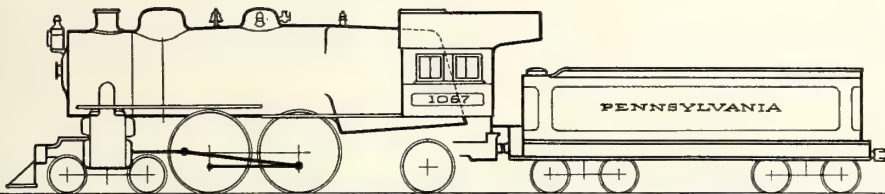
CONSOLIDATION

FREIGHT  
1905

Drawings by

F. B. MASTERS

PASSENGER AND FREIGHT GIANTS OF TO-DAY



ENGINE WHEEL BASE = 57 FEET - 6 INCHES  
SCALE 1/16 INCH = 1 FOOT  
TOTAL WHEEL BASE = 91 FEET - 5 INCHES



steep grades. It was named "Consolidation," to celebrate the consolidation of two or three small roads into the Lehigh Valley Railroad, so that the "2-8-0" class became the *Consolidation* type which developed into the heaviest freight haulers, until the introduction a few years ago of the *Santa Fés* and *Mikados*.

The next year the "E. A. Douglas," the first *Mogul*, was built.

In 1869, Westinghouse proved to the doubting railroad world that there was something very essential and important in his newly invented air-brake. And at about the same time, steel was being substituted for iron, in rails, locomotive construction, bridges, etc. Without these two important links in the development of the railroads—steel and the air-brake—we never could have had our present mile-long freight-trains, "All-Steel Overland Limiteds," and *Mikado* locomotives of such tremendous power.

At the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, in 1876, three types of locomotives for road service were shown: *Consolidation*, *Mogul*, and *American*. The heaviest and most powerful was a *Consolidation* weighing fifty tons. It had a "diamond" smoke-stack (see page 538), as was very characteristic of that period. The *American* type was thought to have reached the acme of perfection. The latest Baldwin locomotive for the Pennsylvania Railroad weighed thirty-six tons, and had a straight stack and other details which became characteristic of the locomotives of the eighties (see page 538). It could haul ten cars, weighing 250 tons, at an average rate of about thirty-five miles per hour. If there were more than six cars, or about 150 tons to the train, helpers were used on grades.

In 1891, the first *Decapod*, or "ten-driver," went into service, "pushing" on the Erie's Susquehanna Hill—doing the work of two *Consolidations*; but this was very special service.

Late in the same year, the New York Central put on the "Empire State Express," running from New York City to Buffalo at an average rate of over fifty-two miles per hour. A special trip made the same distance of 436½ miles in 425¾ minutes, or over a mile a minute. Both of these runs were world's records. In 1893, "999" hauled the Empire State Express and made ten miles in five minutes and twenty seconds, or at the rate of a mile in thirty-two seconds, or 112½ miles per hour—a record that has never been broken.

At the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893, the Baldwin Locomotive Works exhibited a high-speed compound-engine with

two-wheeled leading-truck, two pairs of drivers, and a pair of trailer-wheels, and named "Columbia." Although a type little used, it was the fore-runner of many interesting "trailer" types.

Many historical types were gathered together at the Chicago World's Fair, and remain in that city as a permanent collection in the Field Museum. The "John Bull" is now in a place of honor at the National Museum in Washington.

In 1895, the Baldwin Works built, for the Atlantic Coast Line, a new type similar to the "Columbia" but with a leading-truck of four wheels. This design allowed a larger and deeper fire-box, and a larger boiler placed lower than in the *American* type, as the drivers were in front of the fire-box. Then followed, for the fast trains to Atlantic City, another pattern of the same wheel arrangement, more like the present type, with a wide overhanging fire-box, for burning hard coal, and a huge boiler. So there were two reasons for calling the type *Atlantic*. It is interesting to note that the *Atlantic* City engine was a "Camel-back," with the cab over the center of the boiler; also, that an earlier type for the fast New York-Philadelphia trains had only one pair of drivers, or belonged to the "4-2-2" class.

About 1900, it was considered that the locomotive had practically reached the limit of size and capacity. Rails, road-bed, and bridges could stand no more strain of weight. Owing to the size of bridges, tunnels, etc., the clearance-space would not permit any increase in width or height.

But with the new century came great industrial prosperity, and a tremendous demand for the movement of freight. Steel freight-cars of large capacity, quite double that of a few years before, came into use, vastly increasing the train tonnage.<sup>1</sup> "Double-heading" and "pushing" were resorted to, but were expensive. The enormous tonnage had to be handled more cheaply and with less interference with other traffic. So locomotives of a size and power undreamed of before were built, although it necessitated the rebuilding of road-beds and bridges to withstand the increased strains.

In 1901, a new type, developed from the *Mogul* and trailer and designed to handle heavy trains at high speed over the western plains, was the *Prairie*. The next year, "the largest locomotive ever built," a 134-ton *Decapod*, was turned out by the Baldwin Works for the Santa Fé Railroad, to haul long heavy through-freights over divisions having difficult grades. A year later, in 1903, heavier locomotives were built for the same road, quite similar to the *Decapods* but with

<sup>1</sup> In 1900 coal-cars carried twenty-five and thirty tons of coal. By 1905, steel cars carrying fifty tons were in common use. At the present time, some coal-cars are carrying seventy-five and ninety tons each.

the addition of a trailer-wheel to improve tracking qualities or prevent derailment when running backward. This new "2-10-2" class was called the *Santa Fé* type, and weighed 140 tons, with a total weight, including tender, of 225 tons.

About this same time, the first *Mikados* for use in this country were built.

After the heavy freights came heavy mail- and passenger-trains with schedules demanding more power and speed. So a new type of the "4-6-2" class, with greater boiler capacity and more drivers, was developed from the *Atlantic* and the *Prairie*. As it was first used to haul the trans-continental fliers out of Chicago toward the Pacific, quite naturally it took the name *Pacific*.

Then came the *Mallet Articulated* locomotive, consisting really of two engines under one boiler, and named for the French engineer who first designed the type. This "articulated" or hinged design gives a flexible wheel-base, enabling the locomotive to take curves. The front engine, or set of cylinders and driving-wheels, is hinged to the rear engine. The boiler is firmly attached, or rigid, to the rear engine, while the front engine slides transversely on bearings under the front end of the boiler—the steam-pipes having flexible connections.

This type keeps within the limits of tunnels and bridges in height and width, but can be increased in length to a great extent.<sup>1</sup> As a type, the *Mallets* have proved their worth as the most economical means of getting extra-heavy tonnage over heavy grades.

The latest of the *Mallets*, the "Matt Shay," is really *three* engines in one—two under the boiler and one under the tender, thus using nearly 90% of its total weight for adhesion, a big economical advantage over all previous designs.

Perhaps the day is not far distant when we shall have *Mallets* on heavy passenger-trains; then the *Mallets* will surely need a whole story by themselves.

The last few years have seen the rise of scientific management and the necessity of conducting traffic in the most economical manner possible. Mechanical stokers, superheaters, brick arches, and other up-to-the-minute devices for improving locomotive efficiency have been introduced into the *Mikados* of latest design. In service,

these engines proved to be able to do from thirty to forty per cent. more work, on the same amount of coal consumed, than the *Consolidations* built only a few years before. So, since 1911, *Mikados* have been ordered in lots of fifty and one hundred, and are now the most approved type of heavy through-freight hauler.

On very heavy mountain passenger service, "double-headers" and "pushers" were necessary to keep up the schedule. So efficiency, as the modern "mother of invention," produced in 1912 a new 165-ton giant, the *Mountain* type, developed from both the *Pacific* and the *Mikado*, and able to haul a train of ten or twelve steel passenger-cars weighing nearly 700 tons on a 1.8% grade (or nearly 100 feet to the mile) at a speed of twenty-six miles per hour. A later locomotive of this type on another road hauls 1000 tons in sixteen cars on a constant uphill pull 247 miles long with grades over fifty feet to the mile.

#### THE ELECTRIC-LOCOMOTIVE AND THE STEAM-LOCOMOTIVE

A FEW years ago, one who had watched the introduction of powerful electric-locomotives on several railroads entering New York City said with emphasis and a tone of finality: "The days of the steam-locomotive are numbered!" Probably many others have thought and pondered over the same question, and wondered all the more because the public prints so often, in recent years, have announced the completion of "the largest, heaviest, and most powerful locomotive in the world." The answer is this: where the volume of traffic is large and the load quite constant,—which means many, many units or trains constantly on the move,—and where smoke has to be eliminated, as in the city tunnels, and where natural resources give abundance of power at minimum cost, the electric-locomotive supplants its rival. But all these elements cover only a small bit of our huge railroad system; the great characteristic of the traffic in our big country is the long, heavy, intermittent haul,—now a tremendous load and then little or no load; and nothing has ever been devised, or even dreamed of, to handle this sort of service better or more efficiently than the modern American steam-locomotive.

<sup>1</sup> The *Santa Fé* has several *Mallets* 121 feet long.





# TOMMY AND THE WISHING-STONE

## TOMMY BECOMES A VERY HUMBLE PERSON

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

Author of "Old Mother West Wind," "Bedtime Story-Books," etc.

"HELLO, old Mr. Sobersides! Where are you bound for?" As he spoke, Tommy thrust a foot in front of old Mr. Toad and laughed as Mr. Toad hopped up on it and then off, quite as if he were accustomed to having big feet thrust in his way. Not that Tommy had especially big feet. They simply were big in comparison with Mr. Toad. "Never saw you in a hurry before," continued Tommy. "What 's it all about? You are going as if you were bound for somewhere in particular, and as if you have something special on your mind. What is it, anyway?"

Now of course old Mr. Toad did n't make any reply. At least he did n't make any that Tommy heard. If he had, Tommy would n't have understood it. The fact is, it did look, for all the world, as if it was just as Tommy had said. If ever any one had an important engagement to keep and meant to keep it, Mr. Toad did, if looks counted for anything. Hoppity-hop-hop-hop, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, he went straight down toward the Green Meadows, and he did n't pay any attention to anybody or anything.

Tommy was interested. He had known old Mr. Toad ever since he could remember, and he could n't recall ever having seen him go anywhere in particular. Whenever Tommy had noticed him, he had seemed to be hopping about in the most aimless sort of way, and never took more than half a dozen hops without sitting down to think it over. So it was very surprising to see him traveling along in this determined fashion, and, having nothing better to do, Tommy decided to follow him and find out what he could.

So down the Lone Little Path traveled old Mr. Toad, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, hoppity-hop-hop-hop, and behind him strolled Tommy. And while old Mr. Toad seemed to be going very fast, and was, for him, Tommy was having hard work to go slow enough to stay behind. And this shows what a difference mere size may make. When they reached the wishing-stone, Mr. Toad was tired from having hurried so, and Tommy was equally tired from the effort of going slow, so both were glad to sit down for a rest. Old Mr. Toad crept in under the edge of the wishing-stone on the shady side, and Tommy, still thinking of old Mr. Toad, sat down on the wishing-stone itself.

"I wonder," he chuckled, "if he has come down here to wish. Perhaps he 'll wish himself into something beautiful, as they do in fairy stories. I should think he 'd want to. Goodness knows, he 's homely enough! It 's bad enough to be freckled, but to be covered with warts—ugh! There is n't a single beautiful thing about him."

As he said this, Tommy leaned over that he might better look at old Mr. Toad, and Mr. Toad looked up at Tommy quite as if he understood what Tommy had said, so that Tommy looked straight into Mr. Toad's eyes. It was the first time in all his life that Tommy had ever looked into a toad's eyes. Whoever would think of looking at the eyes of a hop-toad? Certainly not Tommy. Eyes were eyes, and a toad had two of them. Was n't that enough to know? Why under the sun should a fellow bother about the color of them, or anything like that? What difference did it make? Well, it made just the difference between knowing and not knowing; between knowledge and ignorance; between justice and injustice.

Tommy suddenly realized this as he looked straight into the eyes of old Mr. Toad, and it gave him a funny feeling inside. It was something like that feeling you have when you speak to some one you think is an old friend and find him to be a total stranger. "I—I beg your pardon, Mr. Toad," said he. "I take it all back. You have got something beautiful—the most beautiful eyes I 've ever seen. If I had eyes as beautiful as yours, I would n't care how many freckles I had. Why have n't I ever seen them before?"

Old Mr. Toad slowly blinked, as much as to say, "That 's up to you, young man. They 're the same two eyes I 've always had. If you have n't learned to use your own eyes, that is no fault and no business of mine. If I made as little use of my eyes as you do of yours, I should n't last long."

It never before had occurred to Tommy that there was anything particularly interesting about old Mr. Toad. But those beautiful eyes—for a toad's eyes are truly beautiful, so beautiful that they are the cause of the old legend that a toad carries a jewel in his head—set him to thinking.

The more he thought, the more he realized how very little he knew about this homely common neighbor of the garden.

"All I know about him is that he eats bugs," muttered Tommy, "and on that account is a pretty good fellow to have around. My, but he *has* got great eyes! I wonder if there is anything else interesting about him. I wonder if I should wish to be a toad just to learn about him, if I could be one. I guess some of the wishes I've made on this old stone have been sort of foolish, because every time I've been discontented or envious, and I guess the wishes have come true just to teach me a lesson. I'm not discontented now. I should say not! A fellow would be pretty poor stuff to be discontented on a beautiful spring day like this! And I don't envy old Mr. Toad, not a bit, unless it's for his beautiful eyes, and I guess that does n't count. I don't see how he can have a very interesting life, but I almost want to wish just to see if it *will* come true."

At that moment, old Mr. Toad came out from under the wishing-stone and started on down the Lone Little Path. Just as before, he seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere, and to have something on his mind. Tommy had to smile as he watched his awkward hops.

"I may as well let him get a good start, because he goes so awfully slow," thought Tommy, and dreamily watched until old Mr. Toad was just going out of sight around a turn in the Lone Little Path. Then, instead of getting up and following, Tommy suddenly made up his mind to test the old wishing-stone. "I wish," said he right out loud, "I wish that I could be a toad!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he was hurrying down the Lone Little Path after old Mr. Toad, hop-hop-hoppity-hop, a toad himself. He knew now just where old Mr. Toad was bound for, and he was in a hurry, a tremendous hurry, to get there himself. It was the Smiling Pool. He did n't know why he wanted to get there, but he did. It seemed to him that he could n't get there quick enough. It was spring, and the joy of spring made him tingle all over from the tip of his nose to the tips of his toes; but with it was a great longing—a longing for the Smiling Pool. It was a longing very much like homesickness. He felt that he could n't be really happy until he got there, and that nothing could or should keep him away from there. He could n't even stop to eat. He knew, too, that that was just the way old Mr. Toad was feeling, and it did n't surprise him as he hurried along, hop-hop-hoppity-hop, to find other toads all headed in the same direction, and all in just as much of a hurry as he was.

Suddenly he heard a sound that made him hurry faster than ever, or at least try to. It was a clear sweet peep, peep, peep. "It's my cousin Stickytoes the Tree-toad, and he's got there before me," thought Tommy, and tried to hop faster. That single peep grew into a great chorus of peeps, and now he heard other voices, the voices of his other cousins, the frogs. He began to feel that he must sing too, but he could n't stop for that.

At last, Tommy and old Mr. Toad reached the Smiling Pool, and with a last long hop landed in



"TOMMY SAW THEM SITTING UPRIGHT IN THE SHALLOW WATER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the shallow water on the edge. How good the cool water felt to his dry skin! At the very first touch, the great longing left Tommy and a great content took its place. He had reached home, and he knew it. It was the same way with old Mr. Toad and with all the other toads that kept coming and coming from all directions. And the very first thing that many of them did as soon as they had rested a bit was—what do you think? Why, each one began to sing. Yes, sir, a great many of those toads began to sing! If Tommy had been his true self instead of a toad, he probably would have been more surprised than he was when he discovered that old Mr. Toad had beautiful eyes. But he was n't surprised now,



for the very good reason that he was singing himself.

Tommy could no more help singing than he could help breathing. Just as he had to fill his lungs with air, so he had to give expression to the joy that filled him. He just *had* to. And, as the most natural expression of joy is in song, Tommy added his voice to the great chorus of the Smiling Pool. In his throat was a pouch for which he had not been aware that he had any particular use, but now he found out what it was for. He filled it with air, and it swelled and swelled like a little balloon, until it was actually larger than his head; and, though he was n't aware of it, he filled it in a very interesting way. He drew the air in through his nostrils and then forced it through two little slits in the floor of his mouth near the forward end of his tongue. All the time he kept his mouth tightly closed. That little balloon was for the purpose of increasing the sound of his voice. Later he discovered that he could sing when wholly under water, with mouth and nostrils tightly closed, by passing the air back



"ONCE MORE OLD MR. TOAD SMACKED HIS LIPS."

and forth between his lungs and that throat-pouch.

It was the same way with all the other toads, and on all sides Tommy saw them sitting upright

in the shallow water with their funny swelled-out throats, and singing with all their might. In all the Great World, there was no more joyous place than the Smiling Pool in those beautiful spring days. It seemed as if everybody sang—Redwing the Blackbird in the bulrushes, Little Friend the Song-sparrow in the bushes along the edge of the Laughing Brook, Bubbling Bob the Bobolink in the top of the nearest tree on the Green Meadows, and the toads and frogs in every part of the Smiling Pool. But of all those songs there was none sweeter or more expressive of perfect happiness than that of Tommy and his neighbor, homely, almost ugly-looking, old Mr. Toad.

But it was not quite true that everybody sang. Tommy found it out in a way that put an end to his own singing for a little while. Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his brightest, and the singers of the Smiling Pool were doing their very best, when suddenly old Mr. Toad cut his song short right in the middle. So did other toads and frogs on both sides of him. Tommy stopped too, just because the others did. There was something fearsome in that sudden ending of glad song. Tommy sat perfectly still with a queer feeling that something dreadful was happening. He did n't move, but he rolled his eyes this way and that way until he saw something moving on the edge of the shore. It was Mr. Blacksnake, just starting to crawl away, and from his mouth two long legs were feebly kicking. One of the sweet singers would sing no more. After that, no matter how glad and happy he felt as he sang, he kept a sharp watch all the time for Mr. Snake, for he had learned that there was danger even in the midst of joy.

But when the dusk of evening came, he knew that Mr. Snake was no longer to be feared, and he sang in perfect peace and contentment until there came an evening when again that mighty chorus stopped abruptly. A shadow passed over him. Looking up, he saw a great bird with soundless wings, and hanging from its claws one of the sweet singers whose voice was stilled forever. Hooty the Owl had caught his supper. So Tommy learned that not all animal-folk sing their joy in spring, and that those who do not, such as Mr. Blacksnake and Hooty the Owl, were to be watched out for.

"Too bad, too bad!" whispered old Mr. Toad as they waited for some one to start the chorus again. "That fellow was careless. He did n't watch out. He forgot. Bad business, forgetting; bad business. Does n't do at all. Now I've lived a great many years, and I expect to live a great many more. I never forget to watch out.

We toads have n't very many enemies, and if we watch out for the few we have got, there is n't much to worry about. It 's safe to start that chorus again, so here goes."

He swelled his throat out and began to sing. In five minutes it was as if nothing had happened at the Smiling Pool.

So the glad spring passed, and Tommy saw many things of interest. He saw thousands of tiny eggs hatch into funny little tadpoles, and for a while it was hard to tell at first glance the toad tadpoles from their cousins, the frog tadpoles. But the little toad babies grew fast, and it was almost no time at all before they were not tadpoles at all, but tiny little toads with tails. Day by day the tails grew shorter, until there were no tails at all, each baby a perfect little toad no bigger than a good-sized cricket, but big enough to consider that he had outgrown his nursery, and to be eager to leave the Smiling Pool and go out into the Great World.

"Foolish! Foolish! Much better off here. Got a lot to learn before they can take care of themselves in the Great World," grumbled old Mr. Toad. Then he chuckled. "Know just how they feel, though," said he. "Felt the same way myself at their age. Suppose you did, too."

Of course, Tommy, never having been little like that, for he had wished himself into a full-grown toad, had no such memory. But old Mr. Toad did n't seem to expect a reply, for he went right on: "Took care of myself, and I guess those little rascals can do the same thing. By the way, this water is getting uncomfortably warm. Besides, I 've got business to attend to. Can't sing all the time. Holidays are over. Think I 'll start along back to-night. Are you going my way?"

Now Tommy had n't thought anything about the matter. He had noticed that a great many toads were leaving the Smiling Pool, and that he himself did n't care so much about singing. Then, too, he longed for a good meal, for he had eaten little since coming to the Smiling Pool. So when old Mr. Toad asked if he was going his way, Tommy suddenly decided that he was.

"Good!" replied old Mr. Toad. "We 'll start as soon as it begins to grow dark. It 's safer then. Besides, I never could travel in bright, hot weather. It 's bad for the health."

So when the black shadows began to creep across the Green Meadows, old Mr. Toad and Tommy turned their backs on the Smiling Pool and started up the Lone Little Path. They were not in a hurry now, as they had been when they came down the Lone Little Path, and they hopped along slowly, stopping to hunt bugs and slugs

and worms, for they were very, very hungry. Old Mr. Toad fixed his eyes on a fly which had just lighted on the ground two inches in front of him. He sat perfectly still, but there was a lightning-like flash of something pink from his mouth, and the fly was gone. Mr. Toad smacked his lips.



"'TOAD WEATHER! PERFECT TOAD WEATHER!' EXCLAIMED OLD MR. TOAD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I don't see how some people get along with their tongues fastened 'way back in their throats," he remarked. "The proper place for a tongue to be fastened is the way ours are—by the front end. Then you can shoot it out its whole length and get your meat every time. See that spider over there? If I tried to get any nearer, he 'd be gone at the first move. He 's a goner anyway. Watch!" There was that little pink flash again, and, sure enough, the spider had disappeared. Once more old Mr. Toad smacked his lips. "Did n't I tell you he was a goner?" said he, chuckling over his own joke.

Tommy quite agreed with old Mr. Toad. That arrangement of his tongue certainly was most convenient. Any insect he liked to eat that came within two inches of his nose was as good as caught. All he had to do was to shoot out his tongue, which was sticky, and when he drew it back, it brought the bug with it and carried it well



down his throat to a comfortable point to swallow. Yes, it certainly was convenient.

It took so much time to fill their stomachs that they did not travel far that night. The next day they spent under an old board, where they buried themselves in the soft earth by digging holes with their stout hind feet and backing in at the same time until just their noses and eyes showed at the doorways, ready to snap up any foolish bugs or worms who might seek shelter in their hiding-place. It was such a comfortable place that they stayed several days, going out nights to hunt, and returning at daylight.

It was while they were there that old Mr. Toad complained that his skin was getting too tight and uncomfortable, and announced that he was going to change it. And he did. It was a pretty tiresome process, and required a lot of wriggling and kicking, but little by little the old skin split in places and Mr. Toad worked it off, getting his hind legs free first, and later his hands, using the latter to pull the last of it from the top of his head over his eyes. And, as fast as he worked it loose, he swallowed it!

"Now I feel better," said he, as with a final gulp he swallowed the last of his old suit. Tommy was n't sure that he *looked* any better, for the new skin looked very much like the old one; but he did n't say so.

Tommy found that he needed four good meals a day, and filling his stomach took most of his time when he was n't resting. Cutworms he found especially to his liking, and it was astonishing how many he could eat in a night. Caterpillars of many kinds helped out, and it was great fun to sit beside an ant-hill and snap up the busy workers as they came out.

But, beside their daily foraging, there was plenty of excitement, as when a rustling warned them that a snake was near, or a shadow on the grass told them that a hawk was sailing overhead. At those times they simply sat perfectly still, and looked so much like little lumps of earth that they were not seen at all, or, if they were, they were not recognized. Instead of drinking, they soaked water in through the skin. To have a dry skin was to be terribly uncomfortable, and that is why they always sought shelter during the sunny hours.

At last came a rainy day. "Toad weather! Perfect toad weather!" exclaimed old Mr. Toad. "This is the day to travel."

So once more they took up their journey in a leisurely way. A little past noon, the clouds

cleared away and the sun came out bright. "Time to get under cover," grunted old Mr. Toad, and led the way to a great gray rock beside the Lone Little Path and crawled under the edge of it. Tommy was just going to follow—when something happened! He was n't a toad at all—just a freckle-faced boy sitting on the wishing-stone. He pinched himself to make sure. Then he looked under the edge of the wishing-stone for old Mr. Toad. He was n't there. Gradually he remembered that he had seen old Mr. Toad disappearing around a turn in the Lone Little Path, going hoppity-hop-hop-hop, as if he had something on his mind.

"And I thought that there was nothing interesting about a toad!" muttered Tommy. "I wonder if it's all true. I believe I'll run down to the Smiling Pool and just see if that is where Mr. Toad really was going. He must have about reached there by this time."

He jumped to his feet and ran down the Lone Little Path. As he drew near the Smiling Pool, he stopped to listen to the joyous chorus rising from it. He had always thought of the singers as just "peepers," or frogs. Now, for the first time, he noticed that there were different voices. Just ahead of him he saw something moving. It was old Mr. Toad. Softly, very softly, Tommy followed and saw him jump into the shallow water. Carefully he tiptoed nearer and watched. Presently old Mr. Toad's throat began to swell and swell, until it was bigger than his head. Then he began to sing. It was only a couple of notes, tremulous and wonderfully sweet, and so expressive of joy and gladness that Tommy felt his own heart swell with happiness.

"It is true!" he cried. "And all the rest must be true. And I said there was nothing beautiful about a toad, when all the time he has the most wonderful eyes and the sweetest voice I've ever heard. It must be true about that queer tongue, and the way he sheds his skin. I'm going to watch and see for myself. Why, I've known old Mr. Toad all my life, and thought him just a common fellow, when all the time he is just wonderful! I'm glad I've been a toad. Of course there is nothing like being a boy, but I'd rather be a toad than some other things I've been on the old wishing-stone. I'm going to get all the toads I can to live in my garden this summer."

And that is just what Tommy did do, with the result that he had one of the best gardens anywhere around. And nobody knew why but Tommy—and his friends, the toads.

(To be continued.)

# BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

## SELMA LAGERLÖF, SWEDISH GENIUS

IN an old rectory called Mårbacka, in Värmland, Sweden, a little girl, who, if not sickly, was still by no means robust, would refuse to play the rough outdoor games that delighted her brothers and sisters, preferring to sit in the house, by the stove in winter or the open window in summer, and listen to stories.

Stories told by old women who came in to chat with the mistress, and who had strange ghost stories to tell, legends of the old superintendent of the foundries, a dark man, who was said to have driven about the country with a team of black bulls harnessed to his cart, and whom the Evil One would visit of an evening, sitting in the rocker and rocking back and forth while the superintendent's wife, who was as peculiar as her husband, would play on the piano.

Stories told by old army captains, now so poor that their clothes were shabby, who would spend weeks visiting in the rectory, and who, their memories unlocked by warmth and good cheer, would lean back comfortably and tell of the days when they were young, and danced with the prettiest girls, and were chased by wolves across the wide plains covered with snow. And girls would come with their own stories, or with others told them by their grandmothers, and from the neighboring homestead stories drifted in, stories that had to do with the country roundabout, and the folks who had lived there a century past.

Yes, it was a great place for stories. The northland loves to tell them in the long, long winter evenings, when curtains are drawn against the cold searching of the winds that are so strong they shake the walls of the stoutest houses, and that come piled full of snow. No warm and sunny land ever tells such wonderful tales as the northland.

Mårbacka itself was a small place standing snugly under huge trees in the midst of the beautiful Värmland province, where brooks run gaily down the green hills in spring and summer and autumn, and freeze into fantastic ice-forms at the first breath of winter. Sunny fields and fine forests, pretty farms and villages, mills on the edge of the streams with their arms turning with creakings and complaints while the golden grain turns to white flour. A lovely country! And the old rectory a sweet place, where there was never

bickering or disturbance, but much laughter, with a peaceful, restful spirit, a ready welcome for any guest, a love of books, a love of people.

So here the little girl, whose name was Selma Lagerlöf, grew up and lived till she was twenty-two, listening to the stories and reading others.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

SELMA LAGERLÖF.

And also writing stories. Yes, that she did very steadily. But she did not think of writing those that she heard from her friends and neighbors. No, indeed! Those were stories any one could tell. She preferred to write in the manner of Sir Walter Scott, or the Arabian Nights, or other romantic, far-off tale-tellers. She wrote in verse; she wrote plays; she set down long romances. And then she waited for fame and fortune, which were to come, so she tells us, in the form of a stranger who would be struck with the power and beauty of her work, and offer to publish it for the admiration of the world.

But of course, since hers was a true story, the stranger did not come. And so she grew tired of



waiting; and since, moreover, it was necessary that she should set about making a living, she went away at twenty-two to Stockholm, to learn to be a teacher. And then she was so busy that she had to stop writing. But back in her soul there was still the desire to be an author. However, she had no real notion what the story she wanted so much to tell was, nor where she was to find it.

Then something wonderful happened. For she had been only two months in Stockholm, and was walking home from the lecture-room one autumn afternoon, thinking over the lecture, which had been about two of Sweden's writers, when suddenly a great thought flashed into her mind. Why was not the story of Värmland, the legends and the personal adventures and the homestead life, all that woven mass she knew so well, why was not that the story?

Instantly she understood that this was indeed her story. And so great was the effect of the discovery on her that the street rose and sank, rose and sank, before her eyes, as she tells us herself. When it settled again, and she saw the passers-by going calmly along as though nothing at all had happened, she stared at them astonished.

From that exciting moment, Selma Lagerlöf never forgot that she was to write the story of Värmland. But it took many years for her to do it. Yet the years were not wasted. For they each brought her more of the story, her father telling her of a man he had known in his youth, who had every charm of mind and body and temperament and was universally beloved and admired, but who never did anything with all his gifts but waste them and himself. He was the very figure for her hero. And his name came suddenly to her mind, as though it were really his, and not an imaginary name: *Gösta Berling*, that was his name, and the story should be called "The Saga of Gösta Berling."

First she began to write it in the verse form, like the old sagas. But that did not work. That was not the way this story wanted to be told. It took several years to get the first chapter written at all. And several more before it had been cut down from forty pages to nine, and another added to it. The book was begun.

We cannot follow all the adventures of "Gösta Berling" in getting written. Suffice it that when a prize was offered by the "Idun," a Swedish magazine, in the spring of 1890, for short novellettes, Selma Lagerlöf decided to send in the first five chapters of her book, which made a story in themselves. She had to work very hard to get the chapters finished, sitting up all night long to

write the last one, for though she was now over thirty, and the book had been begun when she was twenty-two, that was as far as it had gone. She was a teacher now, living in a small country town called Landskrona, and had little time to give to writing. But she had at last got into the swing of her story, and she hoped to have it finished in three or four more years.

She won the prize, greatly to her astonishment, for she had long ago lost her childish faith in herself, and had ceased to believe that any stranger would find merit in her work. It was only because of her sister that she sent the manuscript in at all. Not only did she get the prize, but the publishers of the magazine told her they would be glad to publish her book if she would get it written.

Only they did not want to wait for perhaps four years.

And then things began to happen. A friend, the Baroness Adlersparre, who herself wrote under the name of "Esselde," took a deep interest in "Gösta Berling." She told Selma that she must resign from her school work and write the book. How long would it take? It would take a year. Very well, the baroness would see that there was money for that time. And after much persuasion, Selma Lagerlöf went to a pretty villa in Sörmland, where lived other friends, who offered to give her peace and freedom and a room to write in. And she wrote.

So "Gösta Berling" came into the world. And in less time than it takes to get around it, the world hailed the writer as a genius. Fame and fortune had really come to the frail quiet little school-teacher in her far-away country home.

One of the first things she did was to buy back her beloved Mårbacka, which had been sold as the family fortunes sank. And then she went on writing. And two friends of hers, King Oscar and Prince Eugene of Sweden, also called the painter-prince because he was an artist of no mean talent, arranged matters so that she could fulfil her great wish and go abroad. That turned her to writing more stories, set in Italy and other places, and especially to her second masterpiece, "Jerusalem," which begins in Dalecarlia, Sweden, her winter home for a number of years. And then she came home again and settled down in Mårbacka.

In 1909 the great honor of the Nobel prize, \$40,000, was given her, as author of the greatest piece of imaginative writing produced within the required period. Was this not very wonderful, happening to the quiet, modest little woman who had been the dreaming, story-loving child in an unknown rectory of that distant northland? Now

the whole world knew of her, and was reading her book, which had been translated into many languages, and was asking for more from her.

She did not write anything especially for children till her "Wonderful Adventures of Nils." In this book all her knowledge of, and sympathy for, her country, its history and legends, its mountains and forests and fields, its picturesque villages and high-pointed churches and snug farm-houses, found a charming expression. On the back of the Wild Goose little *Nils* sees and hears all that goes to make Sweden. And so, too, have countless children the world around.

With all her fame and fortune, Selma Lagerlöf remains the pleasant, unpretentious, fun-loving, kind-hearted woman of her school-teacher days. She has never married, and, since she is now about fifty-six years old, she will probably remain a spinster. But her friends are thick as the leaves in her beloved forests in full summer. From all the ranks of Sweden's population she can number them, not to mention lands beyond. And doubtless she still has a head full of stories to tell us, delightful as those already written.

It is hard to believe, when you read her books, that a life so quiet and uneventful as hers could have produced so deep an understanding of her fellow human beings, so wide and sweet a sympathy. There is a fine nobility about this woman's books; but even when she is telling about some man or woman who worked evil, she never

seems to be blaming, to be setting herself up as a judge, to be preaching a sermon. She simply tells the story, more as though it were something that really existed, like an oak-tree or a mountain, than as if it were the child of her brain. The bad and the good, the happiness and the sorrow, they are all part of the story, all true, and we ourselves can do the judging.

She is always accurate, too, when she tells us some natural fact, describing a flower or the action of winds, or the look of mist in a summer dawn, or the ways of a bird. Whatever she sees, she sees correctly, and she tells it without trying to alter it. This is rarer than it ought to be.

She has a particular comprehension of children, and, whenever a child comes into her work, it is a joy to find it. Lots of people get sentimental over children in their stories, and make you very uncomfortable, but Miss Lagerlöf is just as honest and just as much at home with a child as with a grown woman like herself.

Most of her stories are still too old for you to read, but, if any of you have not read the two volumes of "*Nils*," certainly you have a great good time before you. And perhaps you will be all the more interested in the stories from knowing how wonderful was this school-teacher's own adventure of life, and how natural and attractive the simple home life in the story-haunted old rectory where she was born and to which she has happily returned.

## A BOOK LOVER

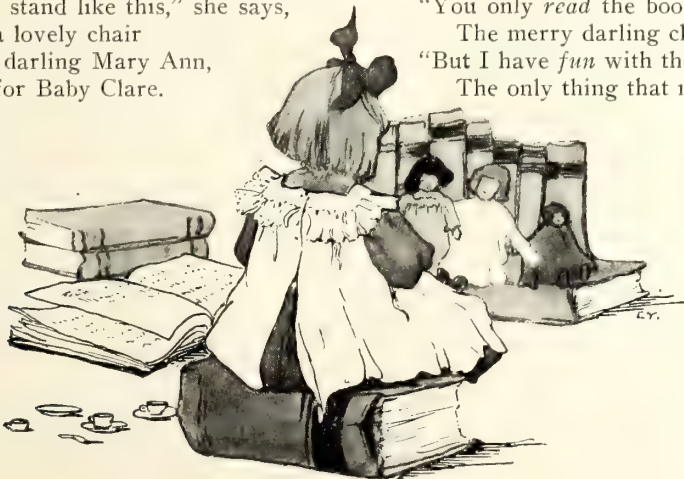
DEAR dainty damsel Dorothy,  
She does n't know a letter;  
I thought that I loved books, but she  
Is sure she loves them better.

"For when they stand like this," she says,  
"They make a lovely chair  
For Rose, and darling Mary Ann,  
With room for Baby Clare.

"This big book is too large for them,  
But just the size for me,  
And when I 'm tired with fam'ly cares,  
I sit and rest, you see.

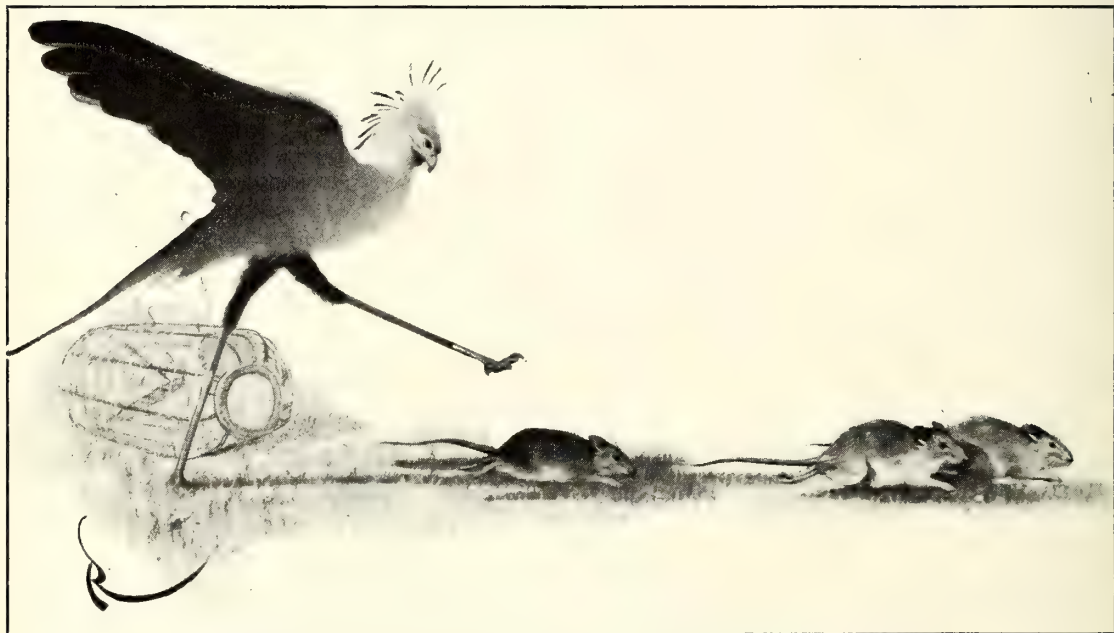
"You only *read* the books, you know,"  
The merry darling chatters;  
"But I have *fun* with them,—and fun 's  
The only thing that matters."

*Anna Yarnell.*





## NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS



"PATRICK WAS NOW A PICTURE OF ACTIVE EFFICIENCY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

### A FEATHERED ST. PATRICK

BY LEE S. CRANDALL

Assistant Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoölogical Park

JOEY was lonesome. Born on his father's isolated farm, he had never known the companionship of children of his own age. Still, there had been no scarcity of animal friends, for South Africa is a land of many pets, and until now he had never felt that anything was missing from his life. But many as were the pets he acquired, accidents had always increased in direct proportion, so uncertain are the lives of wild things in sympathetic but inexperienced hands. A recent series of mishaps had left to the boy only Busy, the fox-terrier, who had outlived a host of less civilized rivals. And only yesterday, during a mad frolic on the neighboring veldt, Busy had carelessly trod on a coiled form, hidden beneath the foliage. There had been a lightning flash of brown, a yelp of surprise from Busy, and, a few short hours later, Joey was companionless. Somehow, the dog had been more lovable, more understanding, than the others. He was ever cheerful, and did not have the curious reversions to wild

instincts so frequently shown by native pets. Moreover, he had come from home, a home which was very real to Joey, although he had never actually seen it.

After the first pangs of grief had passed, Joey's father sought to win him back to cheerfulness by promising a new pet, more interesting than any of its predecessors. He would not tell him what it was to be, but Joey felt that it must be strange indeed to warrant such a description.

This evening, as he sat on the top rail of the long wooden plucking chute—Joey's father was an ostrich farmer—curiosity had almost overcome regret. Not entirely, of course, for Busy had been much loved; but sorrows are never reluctant to give way to joys when one is but eight. Father had promised to bring the vaunted creature that very day, had even agreed to ride considerably out of his way to visit the group of dirty, hive-like huts which formed a Hottentot village a few miles to the north.

As Joey looked across the undulating, flower-covered veldt, he wondered what the new-comer might prove to be. A meerkat, perhaps, or even a ground-hornbill. And once, when passing the

squat hovels of the Hottentots, he had seen and coveted a young baboon, the heart's desire of boyhood.

Some distance off, a group of young ostriches, nearly full grown but still wearing the gray plumage of immaturity, was grazing, partly obscured by the scraggy bushes. As Joey gazed, the birds suddenly stopped feeding, and began to move off, slowly at first, but with increasing speed. Then appeared the horseman who had disturbed them, and at once Joey recognized his father.

As the rider drew near, it could be seen that he gave more attention to the burden with which he was encumbered than to his horse. Joey watched until his father was hidden behind the farm buildings at the right, and then rushed off to meet him at the gate of the horse paddock. His father had already dismounted when he arrived, and was untying a very dirty rag which encircled wings and drawn-up legs of an outraged and rumped bunch of feathers, which, when it had been raised to a more normal position by a pair of extremely thin and inefficient-looking legs, disclosed itself as a well-grown secretary-bird. As it extended itself to its full height, the queer, hawk-like head was nearly three feet from the ground, and at each side, like quills behind the ear of a clerk, drooped the long black quills which give the bird its name. Its soft gray feathers were dragged and dirty, and their condition had not been improved by the journey on horseback.

For all its grotesque appearance, the bird pleased Joey immensely. It must have a name at once, of course, and the boy turned for assistance to his father, who unhesitatingly suggested "Patrick," a choice inspired by a famous snake-hater of a different race. He was absurdly tame, and showed his ready acceptance of this latest change in his fortunes by running up to his new master with the guttural rattle which expresses the entire range of a secretary-bird's emotions. Joey's father thought the rumble meant hunger this time, so the boy sped off to examine a rat-trap he had set the night before. After a few minutes' absence he returned with the cage, containing three of the destructive rodents, all of good size. The hungry eye of the bird noticed them at once, and he showed the wisdom of Father's interpretation by running up and down before the bearer of the trap. Joey was not certain as to how the meal should be served, but just as he had decided that the rats should be drowned, the biggest of the lot, seized with sudden fear, made a dash at the rust-eaten door. It gave way and the rat was free. In the excitement, Joey dropped the trap, and instantly the place seemed alive with the

scrambling creatures. Two or three ostrich herders had come up, and they, with Joey and his father, joined in a wild rush for clubs. The only cool member of the party was Patrick. The soiled, ragged bird was now a picture of active efficiency. With four-foot strides he dashed from rat to rat, and, as he overtook each victim, a smashing blow of the taloned foot flattened it to the ground. A minute, and, as far as Patrick was concerned, the excitement was over. By the time the men had armed themselves, only the tail of the last rat was still to be seen, mute evidence that even a secretary-bird's stomach has its limitations.

Patrick was hailed as the greatest of rat-killers, and Joey's father had visions of barns and corrals freed from vermin. The bird was con-



"AS THE RINGHALS STRUCK, THE BIRD LEAPED LIGHTLY UP AND BACKWARD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

finied to a disused brood-pen at night, but during the long days he and Joey were constant companions. The two searched lumber-piles and outbuildings for rats, Joey driving them from their hiding-places with a long pole, and Patrick despatching them with flashing feet. On one or two occasions, the hunters encountered small ad-



ders, but these the bird despatched without ado, crushing the flattened heads before they could even think of striking.

Then came a time when the fluffy, black-and-buff ostrich chicks were hatching, and the edict went forth that, as a precaution, Patrick must be confined to his pen until the chicks were too large to tempt him.

Patrick had developed wonderfully since he came to Joey. His ravenous appetite had never gone unsated, and an abundance of food had brought him to full strength. His plumage was smooth and tight, the long narrow tail-feathers almost touching the ground as he walked. His step was light and springy, somehow suggestive of the tremendous strength of the black-feathered thighs. It was quite evident that constant confinement to the small inclosure irked the active bird, and Joey often gave him his liberty for an hour or so at a time, keeping him under close watch, and inducing him to take his exercise on the veldt, at a safe distance from the chick-pens.

About ten minutes' walk from the house, on a little brush-topped knoll, was a fallen tree on which Joey often sat while Patrick explored in the vicinity. One sunny afternoon the pair had gone forth after their usual custom. Patrick, engaged in the pleasant task of capturing and swallowing a fat locust, had dropped a little behind, while Joey went on to his resting-place. Just as he seated himself, a slight disturbance caused him to look up, to find himself confronted by the hideous head of a ringhals, the most dreaded snake of the veldt, which reared itself from the ground to such a height that the beady eyes were on a level with those of the stooping boy. Terror-stricken, Joey started up, and, as he did so, a spray of yellow venom, intended for his face, struck the front of his jacket. Small wonder South Africans fear the ringhals, which, in addition to an evil temper, possesses the unique ability to squirt poison at its victims!

Almost paralyzed with fear, the boy shrank back, longing to flee, but fearing to turn his back to the cobra. As Joey backed away, the snake advanced to renew the attack; but, before he was able to strike with the ugly fangs, or eject another stream of venom, the dallying Patrick appeared. At once he dominated the situation. Even the dull-witted reptile seemed to recognize in him an enemy to be feared, and diverted its attack from the cringing boy to the alert bird. Raising itself to as great a height as it was able, and expanding its curving hood to the fullest, the cobra launched itself in a darting lunge at its new adversary. But the heritage of thousands of snake-fighting ancestors was not to be so easily

overcome. As the ringhals struck, the secretary-bird, balancing on its toes, with broad wings extended, leaped lightly up and backward, easily avoiding the needle-like fangs. The next instant the cobra, at the end of its thrust, dropped partly extended to the ground, and the flying foot of Patrick landed on the cruel head with the force and accuracy of a trip-hammer. Partly stunned, the snake drew back to striking position. The bird followed warily, circling about its opponent with long, springy strides. Maddened by the blow and the nearness of its enemy, the snake again struck out. This effort was avoided, however, even more easily than the first, and as the baffled reptile straightened out, the smashing feet delivered a lightning right and left which settled the outcome of the battle.

As Joey, fascinated, peeped from behind the base of the log, he saw the bird calmly stretching the cobra with beak and foot, preparatory to swallowing it. What had been a dreadful experience for the boy, meant merely a good meal to Patrick.

#### THE SNAPPING-TURTLE

ALL of the tortoise family, to which most of our so-called turtles belong, are remarkable not only for their long life and for their amphibious habits, but for the tenacity with which they cling to life even when they have been apparently killed;



WAITING FOR DINNER.

in this latter respect they are fully the equal of the true reptiles.

To these qualities, common to all of the tortoise tribe, the snapping-turtle adds that of extreme ferocity; not only will he defend himself valiantly when attacked, but at certain seasons of the year will often himself take the initiative. As he is by far the largest of the fresh-water tortoises, often attaining a diameter of two feet and a weight of one hundred pounds, he is no mean antagonist; a single snap of his horny jaws



HELIOGRAPHING FROM CUYAMACA PEAK TO MOUNT SAN JACINTO, SIXTY MILES AWAY.

will sometimes remove a finger or a toe, so it is well to beware of him.

As might be expected from his nature and armament, the snapping-turtle does not live exclusively upon plant-life, as do other members of his family, but displays great fondness for a meat diet; young ducks, frogs, fish, and muskrats are all dainties to be added upon occasion to his bill of fare. While he is capable of some speed in the water, his favorite method of hunting seems to be to lie quietly until his victim comes within reach, and then, with a lightning-like dart of his long neck, seize his prospective dinner; he varies this, in the case of ducks and other water-fowl, by rising silently beneath them—a snap of the iron jaws on leg or wing, a despairing flutter in the water, and the luckless bird is dragged beneath the surface to be speedily drowned and eaten at leisure.

Like other cold-blooded creatures, the snapping-turtle lays its eggs in some dry spot where they may be hatched by the sun; from fifty to sixty eggs are deposited early in May, the young emerging about the last of June. When first hatched, the young turtles' shells are soft and they are a prey to snakes, birds, and rats, creatures which, should the young turtle survive, would find him in later life their greatest enemy, next to man.

Considered from a scientific standpoint, the turtle is of some interest, for, although classed

with the reptiles, he has many of the attributes of other groups; thus he has a shell like the mollusks, legs like the mammals, lays eggs like the birds, can live in the water or on the land like certain amphibians, and hibernates in the mud during the cold season as do many of the other cold-blooded creatures. The fact that his flesh is edible, however, and that "turtle soup" is somewhat of a delicacy, marks his chief claim to distinction with many of us.

A. E. SWOYER.

#### A MOUNTAIN SURPRISE

THERE are all kinds of unsuspected things constantly going on in very out-of-the-way places. This fact was enforced upon me one day a year or two ago, when, in the course of a horseback journey through the back country of southern California, my companion and I arrived on the summit of Cuyamaca Peak. This mountain is in the eastern part of San Diego County, on the edge of the Colorado Desert, and about twenty-five miles north of the Mexican line. We had come that morning from the little mining town of Julian, on the crest of the great ridge of mountains that runs down into Lower California, forming a long southern spur of the Sierra Nevada.

For hours we had met no one, and had seen few tokens of human life. After riding as far as we could up the mountain, we tied our horses



and made the last 2000 feet of the climb on foot. It was with no little astonishment that, on reaching the top, prepared to enjoy the vast view that opens from this high and solitary spot, we found a little platform built on the topmost rock, and a young fellow in workmanlike khaki sitting at a rough sort of table, whistling cheerfully while he tap, tap, tapped away at a heliograph. He proved to be one of the men of the United States Geodetic Survey, who had been ordered up here to exchange flashes with a comrade who was to answer him from the peak of San Jacinto, sixty miles away to the north. These two mountains, Cuyamaca Peak of 6515 feet, and Mount San Jacinto of 10,805 feet, are triangulation points of the survey.

We found that our friend had arrived at his post soon after sunrise that morning. It was

to where the Pacific lay shrouded in summer haze. Then we said good-by and left him. He was not much more than a boy, a quite unimportant employee of the service; but, somehow, there seemed to be a pleasant, picturesque idea in it, just a touch of the great, commonplace romance of science. And whenever now I see some fine, solitary peak rising from the plain or towering above a sea of mountains, I wonder whether there is not some young surveyor sitting up there, whistling to himself as he taps away at his heliograph.

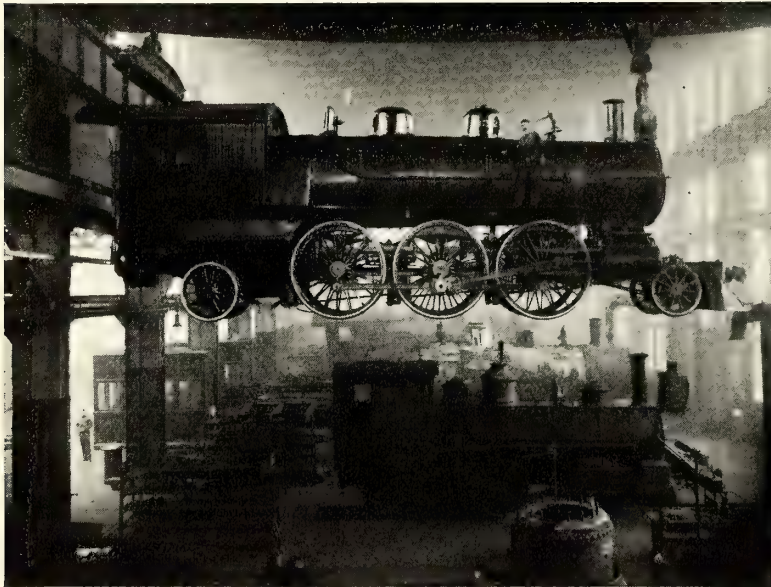
J. S. CHASE.

#### LIFTING A GIANT LOCOMOTIVE

IN connection with the story of the locomotive which appears on page 529 of this number of *ST. NICHOLAS*, the question of handling these great modern monsters, when it is necessary to repair them, is an interesting one.

The accompanying picture shows how this is done in the railroad shops at Collinwood, Ohio, said to be the largest locomotive repair-shops in the world. In these shops, as indicated in the picture, a giant locomotive is lifted in mid-air and carried above the heads of many other locomotives as easily as though it were a toy.

When a locomotive enters this shop for repairs, the tender is uncoupled and the water removed from the locomotive boiler. The front end is then fitted into what is known as a "sling," and the rear end into a cradle. It is then lifted by a 120-ton crane and swung through the air at the rate of



SWINGING THROUGH THE AIR AT THE RATE OF 150 FEET PER MINUTE.

now long past noon, and he had been sitting here hour after hour, with his instrument and his eyes trained upon the distant mountain, patiently serving the cause of accuracy, with special regard to the superb series of maps published by the Government. He would wait here until sunset, or until he received the answering flash. If it did not come to-day, he would camp for the night on the mountain, and would be on the watch again by sunrise next day.

We stayed an hour or two, chatting with the young surveyor and absorbing a magnificent view—to north, east, and south a wilderness of glistening desert and somber mountain, and to the west rolling foot-hill, and cultivated valley and plain,

at least 150 feet per minute, until lowered to the particular track on which it is to receive its repairs. This photograph also enables us to see the difference in size between the small locomotive on the track below and the large one in mid-air.

W. FRANK McCLEURE.

#### A TREE ON STILTS

THIS elm-tree is about 200 years of age, and is situated on the Delaware River, near Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. The rushing waters of the river in the spring freshets have carried the soil away until the great tree has been left on stilts, as the picture shows, yet it withstands the mighty force

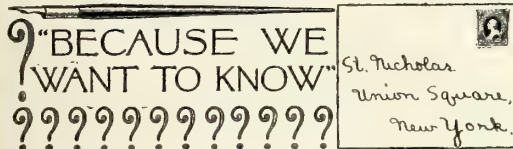
of the storms that have beat against it for the last sixty years. The oldest residents say that



THE OLD ELM-TREE WITH ITS ROOTS EXPOSED.

this tree was on stilts when they were boys. The exposed roots cover a space of about fifteen by twenty-five feet. Some of the roots are fifteen inches in diameter and ten feet long, the tree having two main stems, one about thirty-two inches thick and the other twenty-four inches.

H. E. ZIMMERMAN.



*NOTE: We must regretfully ask our young friends to discontinue sending questions to this "Because We Want to Know" page, for the present. The letters accumulate more rapidly than we can reply to them, and the department cannot afford even as much space as hitherto for these queries and answers.—EDITOR.*

#### CAN WE HEAR OUR OWN HEART-BEATS?

STOCKTON, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can we hear our hearts beat or only feel them? A friend of mine and myself have been having a discussion as to whether you can or not. She thinks you can and I say, "No, you only feel them." Will you please answer our question?

Lovingly,

ALICE A. WOODS (age 11).

Under ordinary circumstances, we can neither feel nor hear the beating of the heart, but after violent exercise, and sometimes under condition of strong emotion, we may both feel and hear

the heart-beats. In some cases of heart disease, the beating is audible to another person standing not far away.—ROBERT T. MORRIS, M.D.

#### THE ELECTRIC FAN AS A MOTOR

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If a sail-boat had on its stern an electric fan as powerful as the wind, would it go? There has been much discussion over this.

Your affectionate reader,

LOIS P. HOPKINS.

If the fan is turned so as to blow air backward over the stern, the boat will move forward. If turned so as to blow air into the sail, the boat will not be moved forward; unless the sail caught all the blast from the fan, the boat would tend to move backward.—E. L. N.

#### THE CAUSE OF "APRIL SHOWERS"

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Why is it that it is supposed to rain more often, and more unexpectedly, in April than in any other month?

Your interested reader,

SERENA E. HAND (age 13).

You ask why it is "that it is supposed to rain more often and unexpectedly in April." Probably because all our weather lore in popular use has been derived from England, or northern Europe. In the northern hemisphere, April is the month when the transition from winter to summer begins to be noticed. "April showers bring forth May flowers" could only have been invented in the northern hemisphere; it is not true for the southern half of the earth, where, of course, the seasons are the reverse of ours.

The variability of this April weather is the expression of the conflict that is going on between the winter weather, as it gradually retreats northward, and the settled summer weather as it gradually advances from the south. The contrast in temperature between southern and intermediate latitudes is becoming less than it was during the northern winter; occasional lapses on the south permit brief incursions of cooler weather and showers, but the summer temperatures and weaker winds with local thunder-storms are steadily advancing.

The variable April and spring weather finds its counterpart in the variable weather of autumn. But then the successive variations tend to leave us a little colder and more wintry after each cool spell. The conditions of the northern hemisphere are changing, but in the opposite direction; summer is retreating and winter is advancing, and temperature contrasts between the north and the tropics are increasing.—CLEVELAND ABBE, JR.





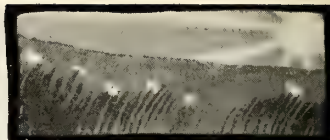
APRIL SHOWERS

## St. Nicholas

OUR young picture-makers have enriched the League's pages this month with a remarkably fine exhibit of their artistic talents—both with the camera and the crayon. There must have been something strangely appealing to girl and boy photographers in the subject "Playmates," or else some good fairy whispered the word into the editor's ear at a most propitious moment—for seldom, if ever, has ST. NICHOLAS received at one time so many prints of such uniformly high quality. In the fifteen or twenty here shown, you will find plenty of chums represented, from dolls, dogs, ponies (and even a chicken!) up to the best of all—human playmates, the real cronies who can enter



BY E. THEO. NELSON, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



BRING MAY FLOWERS

## League-

with full and perfect understanding into our youthful frolics, or games, or quiet fun.

And the young draftsmen are entitled to almost as much credit, for while their contributions were naturally fewer in numbers than those of the photographic clan, they quite rivaled them in ingenuity or artistic merit. Nor are the members of the League in any danger of forgetting that writing is also an art—thanks to the clever work of our young contributors, admirably exemplified in this competition. We commend to your careful reading the admirable sonnet on the opposite page, and other little poems upon "Peace," and the excellent style and finish of several of the little stories.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 182

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Elizabeth Roper** (age 15), Virginia; **Dorothy S. Walworth** (age 14), New Jersey. Silver badges, **Dorothy Donlan** (age 14), New Jersey; **Gertrude Woolf** (age 12), Connecticut.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Mary C. Sherman** (age 16), Virginia; **Florence Lauer Kite** (age 16), Massachusetts. Silver badges, **Evelyn L. Martin** (age 15), Massachusetts.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Frank Bisinger** (age 14), New York. Silver badges, **Katherine E. Smith** (age 17), Pennsylvania; **Francis D. Johnson** (age 16), Massachusetts.

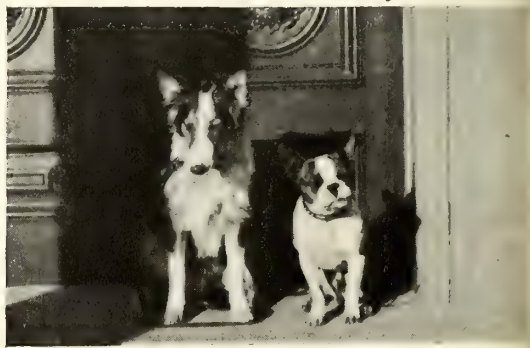
**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Silver badges, **Robert S. McCauley** (age 16), New York; **Muriel Childs** (age 15), Massachusetts; **Julia Cleveland Reynolds** (age 11), Pennsylvania; **Joseph B. Ohliger** (age 14), New Mexico; **Frances A. Elliott** (age 12), Connecticut.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **William H. Leonard** (age 16), New York; **Edna M. Guck** (age 14), New York.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badges, **Louisa Burks** (age 12), Kentucky; **Edmund Burke** (age 13), Texas; **Dorothy Berrall** (age 13), District of Columbia; **Donald V. Weaver** (age 14), New York.



BY ROBERT S. MCCAULEY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MURIEL CHILDS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

"PLAYMATES."

## A SONG OF PEACE

BY MARY C. SHERMAN (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1913)*

I WALKED along a quiet lane  
 And prayed that earthly tumults cease.  
 Sweet music rose like a refrain,  
 And all the little birds sang, "Peace."

Dame Nature was at work that day,  
 And all the earth was stirred to life;  
 I walked along that wooded way,  
 And thought with fear on worldly strife.

The buds were bursting into green;  
 The violets pushing through the mold.  
 The blue sky, through bare branches seen,  
 A world of promise seemed to hold.

God lends His earth that we may live  
 Until He calls us home again.  
 His blessings does He freely give,  
 And we should love our fellow-men.

## THE STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY ELIZABETH ROPER (AGE 15)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won September, 1914)*

"A RAINY day like this always reminds me of one day when I was a little girl," said Grandma, as she sat by the window knitting. Walter and Louise immediately put down their toys and came and stood by her chair. "What happened on that day, Grandma?" asked Walter.

"It was when we lived in the country, four miles from any neighbors, and there was great fear of Indians. One day about noon, it began to rain very hard, and a man who was driving past had to stop at our house, as he

house. Suddenly they started running in our direction, and so, waiting to count only five of them, we all ran to Father and the visitor, begging them to shoot the Indians. They got their guns and went out. All was still until we suddenly heard Father laugh, and he came in followed by six bedraggled boys dressed up like In-



"PLAYMATES." BY LENA TURNBULL, AGE 13.

dians, carrying bows and arrows. They were playing Indians when the rain caught them, and they could n't get home.

"The day was very exciting, and I've never forgotten it," said Grandma, with a smile.

ON THE EUROPEAN WAR—A PRAYER  
FOR PEACE

BY FLORENCE LAUER KITE (AGE 16)

*(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won December, 1913)*

GREAT King of kings, perhaps it is Thy will  
 That Thy poor, foolish, blundering creature, man,  
 Without a word from Thee to bless or ban,  
 Should struggle with his fellow-man until  
 His murderous sword hath drunk of blood its fill;  
 Perhaps it is decreed in Thy great plan  
 That only at such cost the lesson can  
 Be learned, that men must live to love, not kill.  
 And yet—our weak souls cannot meet the test  
 With faith serene in Thee, assured and strong;  
 We cannot find Thee,—panic-struck, distressed.  
 From warring lands we hear of grievous wrong;  
 Of nations in dire need, and sore oppressed.  
 Fain would we cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?"

## A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY DOROTHY DONLAN (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

It was a very rainy afternoon in April, 1790. In a large, hospitable house, in a small town of New Jersey, there was much excitement. Servants ran here and there, and appetizing odors floated out from a large kitchen, where pumpkin, raisin, and other pies were cooling in the window, for that evening a party was to be held to celebrate Sylvia Grey's fifteenth birthday.

Sylvia was very happy, but she longed above all things to see the great General Washington, who was to pass through their town that day, on his way to New York. The town was decorated with flowers and banners, which the rain was doing its best to ruin, for it rained harder and harder as the hours flew by, until two o'clock, when it fell in torrents, and still Washington failed to



"PLAYMATES." BY RUTH HELLER, AGE 15.

could hardly see his way. He had been to the village six miles away, and had heard stories about the Indians that made our hair stand on end to hear him tell. Soon my brother went out and helped him to put his horse into our barn. When they came back, my brother called me aside and told me that he had seen some Indians in the woods back of our house. He told me not to tell Mother, for there was no need to alarm her. We had hardly finished whispering together when we heard a cry from Mother, and, going to where she stood by the window, we saw some Indians pointing toward our



appear. At last the sound of horses' hoofs was heard, and Washington with his men came through the streets. A crowd had assembled on the main street, and among them was Sylvia's father, who, seeing the worried look on Washington's face, pushed forward and, stepping up to the carriage in which he rode, asked him to stop overnight at his house. At this Washington looked relieved and at once consented.

That night was the happiest Sylvia had ever had, for after all the guests had arrived, her father entered with none other than Washington. How surprised she looked, and how the people applauded! And later in the evening, when the fiddlers commenced to play a stately minuet, Washington came to Sylvia and asked to have the first dance with her. Of course she said, "Yes,"

## A RAINY DAY

BY DOROTHY S. WALWORTH (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge. Silver Badge won August, 1913)

ONE of the greatest gifts of Nature is a rainy day; not a day which alternately shines and drizzles, but a steady downpour that lasts your whole waking hours, and perhaps patters on the roof as you sink into dreamland. It gives you time to think. It gives you a sense of well-being to sit before the glowing fire and hear the swish of raindrops outside. Then is the time for a comfortable chair, a good book, and a plate of shining, juicy, rosy apples.

Also, a downpour gives you a sense of freedom from duty. You may stay in all day; no one will expect you anywhere, and no one will rouse you from your delicious solitude. If reading fails, you may do the one hundred and one things, little but necessary, that have escaped you when the sky was blue.

The quality of the air during a rain! Just open the door and feel the cool, sweet air rush in! A nature-lover may find beauties in the landscape, too. Nature is like a nun, the soft, gray sky an ample hood, the raindrops her flowing draperies.

Some may not agree with me; but there is comfort for them when it rains, for they may think that after the rain comes sunshine, and after the storm, light.

## A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY GERTRUDE WOOLF (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

"Oh, what a dreary day it is," said Molly, pressing her nose against the window-pane. And she was right, for it was very stormy and raining steadily. The big drops were falling faster and faster, and the sky was overcast.

"I hate rain," she continued. "I wish it would n't rain at all, so there!"

So saying, she sat down in a large arm-chair. Then a wonderful thing happened, for all of a sudden a little man appeared before her. He was dressed in a queer coat of yellow and green, and wore a high, peaked hat.

"What were you saying just now?" he asked politely.

"Why, I only said that I hated rain," replied Molly.

"Yes, I happened to hear it, and decided to come and have a talk with you.

"I am the Spirit of Rain. Without me there would be no rain. All the wells would dry up, the crops would die for lack of water, and after a while all life would vanish from the face of the earth. I give water to the plants when they thirst, and I fill all the rivers, lakes, oceans, seas, and wells with it.

"I must go now, for I have an important engagement elsewhere; but I hope you will remember my little sermon and—"

Molly sat up in her chair, rubbing her eyes.

"Why, where did he go, that queer little man? Oh, I must have been asleep and dreaming."

But even if she *was* dreaming (which I have my doubts about), Molly took her lesson to heart, and now understands about the use of rain.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FRANK BISINGER, AGE 14.  
(GOLD BADGE. SILVER BADGE WON DEC., 1914.)

and afterward her father told her that if it had not been such a rainy afternoon, Washington would have gone on, and she might never have seen the greatest hero of the time.

## HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY ELIZABETH BENNETT (AGE 10)

It was raining hard, and Roy did not know what to do. He had read all his books and played all his games, and he was rather cross. His mother told him to sit still for a little while, so he sat down in a chair and kept quiet. After a while he thought he was rather ungrateful to fret, for his mother and father had given him all these things to play with, and he had quite a few broken. So he resolved to go and mend his toys at once.

He got the glue-pot and all his toys together in the workshop and began to repair them. After what was really two hours, but seemed only half an hour, his father called him to come to supper.

"Why, Father, it can't be supper-time yet!" Roy cried.

"Yes, it is," answered his father, smiling.

So Roy had to stop work and go to supper.

And now if you ask Roy "how to pass a rainy day," he will say, "Why, I think the best way to pass a rainy day is to be useful."



BY CAROLYN BREWSTER ALLISON, AGE 13.



BY MARGARET GRIFFITH, AGE 17.



BY JANET FRANTZ, AGE 13.



BY FRANCES E. SWEENEY, AGE 15.



BY JANET MARCHANT, AGE 12.



BY JULIA C. REYNOLDS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY FRANKIE W. HAYES, AGE 11.



BY RUTH STEINTHAL, AGE 16.



BY JOSEPH B. OHLIGER, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

"PLAYMATES."





BY FRANCES A. ELLIOTT, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE.)



BY PATRINA M. COLIS, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)



BY PENELOPE POTTER,  
AGE 15.

### "PLAYMATES."

#### A SONG OF PEACE

BY EVELYN L. MARTIN (AGE 15)  
(Silver Badge)

ERE our dear Saviour spoke the parting word  
To those who loved Him best when here below,  
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,  
He said: "My peace I give you ere I go."

His peace, sweet peace! As falls the summer dew  
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer  
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew  
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

His peace, His blessed peace! Not joy, the bright,  
Bewildering sprite that charmed their early years,  
When, with youth's roses crowned and clad in light,  
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimmed by tears.

O Christ, whose human heart remembers still  
The pangs from which death only gave release,  
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must  
fill.—

Withhold what else Thou wilt, but give us peace!

#### A STORY OF A RAINY DAY

BY MARIAN B. MISHLER (AGE 15)

MARJORIE sat before the fire, with her chin buried in her palms.

"Why can't it stop raining?" she pouted. "Oh, I wish I had something to do. If only it was time for St. NICHOLAS to come!"

"If that 's what you want, I can get it for you," cried a tiny voice, and one of Arthur Rackham's queer little elves hopped out of a tongue of fire and stood before her. He blew a whistle, and, with that, familiar forms began to pass by through the flames. First came *The Lass of the Silver Sword*, and, following her, were *Tom, Dick, and Captain Chub*. Then a motor-car drove by, with *Dorothy, the Motor-girl* in the driver's seat. After that, spellbound Marjorie saw many others that she knew and loved. There was winsome *Bee*, leaning on her *John's* arm, with mischievous little *Peg* trotting along beside them; *Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman*, with a huge red stocking full of toys, came next; then two plump *Be-Ba-Boes* rolled by. The *Junior Blairs*, each with a cook-book, told Marjorie how to make delicious gingerbread; and the manly little *Lost Prince*

gracefully saluted *The Matterhorn of Men*, while the children of the "*Rose Alba*" watched him, in eager wonderment. Next came little *Maggie*, with her lucky-stone, and then *Rodman* and *Harriet*. Marjorie thought that they had all gone, when she saw *Will* and *Jim* walking by.

"Say," called *Will*, "would n't you like to go with us to see that new building?"

"No, she can't!" cried the little elf, suddenly. "It 's six o'clock, and time for supper." And with that the three whisked lightly through the flames and were gone, leaving Marjorie rubbing her eyes in bewilderment, and thinking of the lovely afternoon she had spent.

#### A SONG OF PEACE

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 16)  
(Honor Member)

A SONG of peace would be naught to carol  
'Mid fields of ripening corn,  
With autumn trees in their bright apparel,  
Or watching the rosy morn.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY KATHERINE E. SMITH, AGE 17.  
(SILVER BADGE)

But our throats are dumb, our eyes are weeping,  
Our fields are trampled and red  
Where our dear ones lie, forever sleeping,  
With the hosts of the fearless dead

So we watch and hope and wait, while praying  
For this cruel war to cease;  
Each of us striving, God's will obeying—  
And hushed is our song of peace

## A SONG OF PEACE

BY RUTH M. COLE (AGE 15)

EVENING. Across the dusky hills  
The curfew softly rings,  
And Peace, the angel, hovers o'er  
On white and silent wings.

Within the peasant's little hut  
The candle flickers out,  
And the strange shadows of the fire  
Play on the wall about.

Within his castle sleeps the prince,  
And the whole world is still;  
But God's great angel, the angel of Peace,  
Keeps watch upon the hill.



"TOO LATE!" BY FRANCIS D. JOHNSON, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

## THE STORY OF A RAINY DAY

(By Tad, the Scotch terrier puppy)

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

I AM a well-bred puppy, but I hate rain. There is only one time in my memory when I had fun on a rainy day, and this is how it happened.

Jack was studying, Alice reading a magazine, and Edith knitting a muffler. I was on the floor trying to eat the baby's rubber doll.

"Look here!" cried Alice, suddenly. "Here 's just the thing for us!" She showed Edith something in the magazine. "We could cook that if Mother will let us, and we are n't in Katie's way."

"Let 's ask," said Edith, and they bounded away.

Soon they returned, in long aprons, and I followed them to the kitchen, where Alice got out some yellow bowls and Edith got sugar and eggs. In a few minutes, Alice was beating up a queer mess in a bowl, while her sister buttered the pans. Then they put the stuff in the stove.

"Now, let 's practise our duet while we wait," suggested Edith.

I can't bear music, so I retreated into the study with the doll.

Suddenly the music stopped, and I smelled a queer odor. I rushed into the kitchen, and found the girls looking at a black mess in a dish.

"It 's spoiled—and it would have been so good," lamented Edith.

"Tad will eat it," said Alice.

So they gave it to me, and I ate it with relish. To be sure, I could n't tell what it was, except that it was delicious; but then, who cares?

That afternoon they tried again, and I feasted again. But now, worse luck, their cookery succeeds, and never since have I enjoyed so much a rainy day.

## A SONG OF PEACE

BY E. JOSEPHINE DICKSON (AGE 14)

I

THE cannons boom, the thunders roll,  
The world is dark, death 's at his goal;  
The monster War strides through the land,  
His bloody sword is in his hand;  
He laughs, nor heeds the feeble cry—  
The cry for peace ere man doth die.

II

Then, lo! a light shines from above;  
Men's hearts are glad, and fill with love.  
The strife is past, the hate, the fear,  
A song is swelling, do you hear?  
All mankind join, it shall not cease,  
It is the song, the song of peace!

## HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY VIRGINIA M. ALLCOCK (AGE 15)

OUT of doors it was raining "pitchforks and hammer-handles." Beth thought it one of the grayest days she had ever known. What was there to do?



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ANNE EUNICE MOFFETT, AGE 14.

Sew? She detested it.

Amuse herself with music? This was impossible, for Beth was not possessed of musical talent.

Read? The very thing!

She picked up the first book which she saw and opened it at random. It chanced to be the arrival of



*Queen Elizabeth* at the castle of Kenilworth, in the book of that title written by Sir Walter Scott. She immediately became fascinated, and when, having finished that chapter, Beth found that she could not catch the drift of the plot, she turned to the beginning and read until the darkness closed around her and the words could not be seen. Then, lighting the wood fire, she went over what she had read, seeing the pictures in the flames.

Never again did Beth say she had nothing to do on a rainy day. Instead, she would pick up some book of Sir Walter Scott's and revel in the vivid adventures of *Guy Mannering*, *Waverley*, and the others. They were companions who were ever ready to take her with them on their many journeys.

Thus Beth learned "How to Pass a Rainy Day."

## HOW TO PASS A RAINY DAY

BY WILLARD CARPENTER (AGE 11)

JACK lived in the country. One day he thought he would go swimming. It began to cloud up, but nothing was thought of it. Just as Jack got out to the road, it began to rain hard. He went back disgusted. He kept wondering what he could do. Finally he thought of something.

"Mama," he called, "have we any cardboard boxes?"

"Yes, dear," said his mother.

Jack then got the scissors, a pencil, and his paints. He cut out houses, painted their shutters, made wagons with wheels on them, stores, post-office, and fire-station with engine, hose-cart, and hook and ladder wagon. Then he began to move things. In a little while he had quite an industrious city.

That night he said: "I had a good time, even if it was raining."



"PLAYMATES." BY EDWARD S. FATTON, AGE 12.

## A RAINY DAY

BY PAGE WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

"UGH! What a horrid day," exclaimed Elsie, frowning. "We could have played Hare and Hounds if it had n't rained," she said, staring resentfully at the bare, leafless trees, muddy ground, and occasional yellow puddles. "There goes the telephone, what a nuisance! Hello! Yes. A candy-pull! Oh, how lovely it sounds. Yes, I'll be over in a minute."

Rubbers, raincoat, and hat were on before you could say "Jack Robinson," and out she went into the pouring rain. In the house next door a merry party was gathered, and the candy-pull was soon in full swing. A delicious odor arose from the stove. The candy was soon done and the pulling began.

"O-u-c-h! Mine 's too hot. I don't believe I can stand it another minute."

"Whew! It's sticky!"

"Put some butter on your fingers, Goosey."

"I don't believe mine will ever get white."

"Mine is white already."

"No wonder, you put so much flour in it."

Thus the conversation ran until "Quarter of six!" exclaimed Elsie, in dismay. "Why, I've barely time to get home for dinner."



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ETHEL WARREN KIDDER, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER.)

On the way home she said to herself that it had n't been a bad day at all, and one could play Hare and Hounds almost any day.

## A SONG OF PEACE

BY HARRIET S. BAILEY (AGE 14)

I

THROUGH the darkness of this world,

Through the dreary horizon, comes a voice

So sweet, so sad, but yet so lovely,

That my heart would fain rejoice:

"Arise! Arise! Ye nations!

Cast down the spear and sword.

Arise! Ye nations follow

In the footsteps of the Lord!"

II

"And the warning I would give ye,

That ye hearken to my song,

For the message from the Master

Is that Peace shall reign ere long."

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

### PROSE, 1

Esther J. Lowell  
Betty Gray  
Sarah Graham  
Marcella H. Foster  
Lillian Brenton  
Margaretta Horner  
Frances Gilmor  
Dorothy I. Stevely  
Grace F. Ludden  
Kathryn Beck  
Elizabeth B. Rider  
Ruth Preston  
Leda Wilson  
Helen Robertson  
Vail Motter  
Christiana Jordan  
Gertrude McPeck  
Morris Horowitz  
Martha Vandiver  
Lolita Stubblefield  
Lily Goodman

Mildred Richards  
Martha J. Gladden  
Roma Kauffman  
Elizabeth S.  
Hamburger  
Ruth J. Williams  
Ira J. Williams, Jr.  
Alice Alexander  
Maude O. Ross  
Elizabeth C. Cairnes  
Walter Hanlon  
Laura McGee  
Jean C. Warren  
Carolyn Dean  
Margaret Aten  
Margaret Woodall  
Samuel Maidman  
Jarvis Kerr  
Charles H. Tarbox  
Elizabeth J. Cope  
Emilie U. Goode  
Helen Donnelly  
Katherine C. Oldfield

Arvid Janson  
Ruth Millard  
Marguerite Sisson  
Lillian Weber  
Elizabeth Hunting  
Agnes Nolan

### PROSE, 2

Katharine A. Tomkins  
Gertrude Goodman  
Isadore Solkoff  
Anna B. Knapp  
Eleanor Matlack  
Janet MacDougall  
Hallie Warner  
Dorothy Barrett  
Anna C. Hurd  
John R. Maxwell, 3d  
Abel Greenstein  
Jos. M. Watson  
Willard Briggs  
Francis E. Youngman

Howard Kerr  
Robt. W. Lewis, Jr.  
Olive Sears  
Ernest A. Welch  
Ethel F. Satterlee

## VERSE, 1

Dorothy Levy  
Benita Clarke  
Sarah Banks  
Georgette Yeomans  
William R.  
Anderson, Jr.  
Dorothy Smith  
Alice Card  
Sarah F. Borock  
Marian Wightman  
Max E. Konecky  
Mary S. Benson  
Lucy Newman  
Mary E. Verner  
Dorothea E.  
Hoogesteger  
Mary T. Bradley  
Alice M. McLarney  
Ann E. Hamilton  
Josephine Reardon  
Isabel Rathborne  
Mary D. Drummond  
Beatrice C. Traub  
Randolph Goodridge  
Deborah C. Jones  
Helen F. Smith  
Edith H. Walton  
Virginia A. Edwards

## VERSE, 2

Harriet Hurd  
Edward Desfres  
Lena Becker  
Lucy Swallow  
Vesta Tompkins  
Eleanor P. Korthauer  
Rachel E. Saxton  
Albertina Gastonguay  
Fannie M. Bouton  
Farwell G. Bemis  
Marie Mirvis  
Paul Stern  
Robert T. Bowman  
T. Weston  
Oscar K. Rice  
Anna McAnear

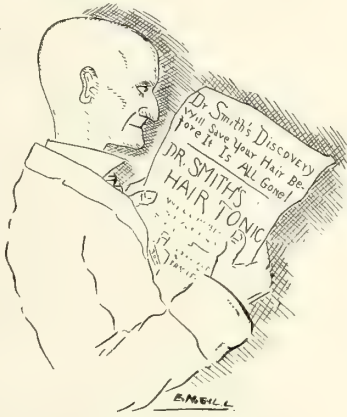
Elizabeth Warren  
Edris Burnett  
Marion F. Chevalier  
Virginia La Branche  
Moses Namenson  
Katharine Martin  
Talcott M. Banks, Jr.  
Catherine Spencer  
Elberta L. Esty

Winifred W.  
Whitehouse  
Louise S. May  
Louis Marder  
Josephine Whitehouse  
Jane T. Webber  
Lillian Scott  
Cécile A. de Witt  
Benjamin Cravens

Oliver Robinson  
Louise Barringer  
Chester E. Barclay  
Margaret Anderson  
Isabel Conklin  
Edward Poole Lay  
Charles B. Johnson  
Moreau Crosby  
Julian L. Ross  
Marguerite A. Harris

O. Muriel Fuller  
Saul Borock  
PUZZLES, 2  
Gertrude H. Hardy  
Ethel S. Polhemus  
Joe Earnest  
Edwin P. Pond, Jr.  
Crispell B. Sturdevant

Helen Handy Allen  
Margaret R. Cox  
Francis G. Christian  
Harry C. Bailey  
Overton G. Ellis  
Helen Fogg  
Catherine Pelton  
Eleanor C. Wolf  
Leona Newman  
Fred Floyd, Jr.



"TOO LATE!" BY EDWIN M. GILL, AGE 15.

Florence Helwig  
Henry Stowell  
Alexander W. Kruger

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Helen Zielsdorf  
Irene Walber  
Margaret Phillips  
Dorothy Edwards  
Janet Stuart  
Elizabeth Allchin  
Donald Steketee  
A. Burroughs  
Clarke T. Baldwin  
Mary E. Graham  
Margaret George  
Marcia Gale  
Esther B. White  
Mildred Conard  
Margaret Brady  
John W. Sanborn  
Quincy S. Cabot  
Peggy Gault  
Julia W. Van Voast  
Elizabeth Taylor  
C. Marguerite Stake  
Adele Noyes  
Margaret M. Horton  
Kathryn N. Rohnert  
A. Wilson Ball  
Isabelle Robinson  
William P. Howe, Jr.  
Margaret John  
Frederick Schaefer  
Agnes Janeway  
Huston Murdoch  
Mae Block  
Virginia E. McConkey  
Joseph W. Richards  
Elizabeth Brooks

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Margaret Wyer  
Marian Hall  
A. Gordon Grove  
Helen M. Lancaster  
George Nichols, Jr.  
Clark Scott  
Lucy B. Duncan

## PUZZLES, 1

Henry N. Pierce  
Ruth West



"TOO LATE!" BY JOHN PEREZ, AGE 14.

Sam Churgel  
Nellie Hogan  
Mary Blackburn  
Reynale Pickering  
Elizabeth Sheble

## DRAWINGS, 1

Francis R. Eaves  
Eleanor Newcomb  
Eleanor Gibbons  
Marjorie B. Clarke  
Helen G. Barnard  
Jessie Niblo

Walter Jensen  
Joseph Steber  
Alene S. Little  
Anna Lincoln  
Fred Pierce  
Venette M. Willard  
Ingebor Nyland  
Philip H. Ward  
Claus Peterson  
Balfour Daniels  
Priscilla Chipman  
Esther Rice  
Susan Flint  
Lois C. Myers

**PRIZE COMPETITION No. 186**  
THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes to Honor Members, when the contribution printed is of unusual merit.

**Competition No. 186** will close **April 24** (for foreign members **April 30**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in **ST. NICHOLAS** for **August**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Harvest."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "An Outing Adventure."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Water, or the Hills, at Twilight."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Going Up!" or a Heading for **August**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of **ST. NICHOLAS**. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

No unused contribution can be returned *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of **ST. NICHOLAS**, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt—and must state in writing—that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only; this, however, does not include the "advertising competition" (see advertising pages) or "Answers to Puzzles."

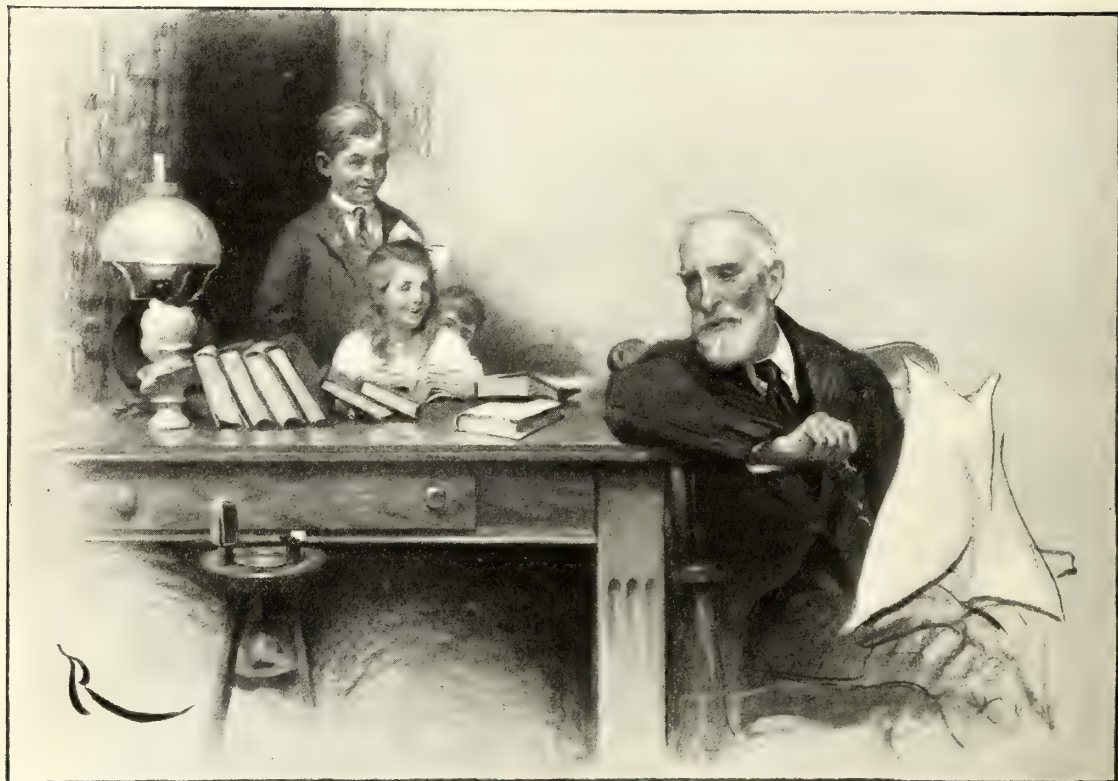
Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
353 Fourth Avenue, New York.



# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## GRANDFATHER'S BARGAIN

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON



"GRANDFATHER WHIRLED QUICKLY. 'WHAT 'S THAT?' HE CRIED, HIS EYES TWINKLING. 'WHAT 'S THAT?'"

GRANDFATHER sat down in the wide rocker, put on his spectacles, picked up the morning paper, and scanned the top line. "Oh, yes," he said aloud, "this is the first day of April, sure enough!"

Richard and Mildred were reading a new story-book, and five-year-old Ted was cutting pictures. "Wonder if we could April fool Grandfather!" whispered Richard, glancing warningly at the rocker.

"Easy!" Mildred whispered back. "Easy!"

"Um!" exclaimed Grandfather. "Sure enough! April first! Well, I certainly should like to see any one make an April fool of me! I should indeed!"

Richard read Mildred's lips as she said behind Grandfather's back, "Of course we can—without half trying!"

Grandfather whirled quickly. "What 's that?" he cried, his eyes twinkling. "What 's that?"

Richard and Mildred straightened their faces and pretended to be reading.



"DON'T BE SCARED," SAID GRANDFATHER, CALMLY. "I GUESS THERE'S NO GREAT RUSH!"



"I'll make a bargain," went on Grandfather, bringing his hand down on the table. "Any boy or girl who makes an April fool of me, Grandfather Gordon, gets a new wagon! Now go to work, for you have a hard job before you."

Richard and Mildred went scurrying to the back porch to think. How could they make an April fool of Grandfather? How? They thought hard, very hard, and all mixed up with their thoughts was a new shiny wagon.

Grandfather smiled and shook his head at the neat package which Richard brought to him. When Mildred suggested that he might find something nice behind his chair, he said: "No, Mildred, I'm busy reading. I really have n't time to look. If you find anything there, worth while, you may have it."

"A letter for you, Grandfather," said Richard, a little later, coming close to Grandfather's chair and handing him an envelop. "Maybe it's from Uncle John."

"Well, hardly," replied Grandfather, winking at Mildred, who was watching at the door. "It is n't Uncle John's turn to write. Just open it yourself, Richard—there's no secret about it, I guess."

Noon came, but no signs of getting that wagon.

"You said it would be easy," said Richard.

Mildred sighed. "I thought just any little trick would do, but we'll have to think harder."

At dinner, they fixed chalk and water for Grandfather's usual glass of milk, but Grandfather seemed to overlook it. "Don't you want the milk, Grandfather?" asked Mildred.

"N-no," replied Grandfather; "for some reason I don't care for milk to-day."

"You have n't put any salt on your potatoes," said Richard.

"You're a very thoughtful boy, Richard," said Grandfather, studying the salt-dish doubtfully. "The potatoes are fine just as they are. Also I prefer them without sugar, thank you."

After dinner they had a bright idea. Surely this would catch Grandfather. He was coming leisurely along the garden walk.

"Grandfather, oh, Grandfather!" called Mildred. "Hurry, hurry! The telephone! Call up Number 3119. Hurry!"

"Three-one-one-nine," repeated Grandfather. "Sure that's the right number?"

"Yes, sure," nodded Richard. "Hurry! Maybe some one is sick. Hurry!"

"Don't be scared," said Grandfather, calmly. "I guess there's no great rush. Perhaps to-morrow will do just as well. I'll have more time then. But if you think best, Richard, just see for yourself what Three-double-one-nine wants."

"With a grandfather like that, what can we do?" asked Richard, when they were out of hearing. After thinking a few moments, Mildred said:

"We look alike—Grandfather himself said so—you can put on my dress and hood and maybe he'll say, 'Why, here's Mildred.'"

She fixed Richard nicely in her blue gingham dress, tied her white hood closely around his face, and hid behind the gate while he went into the garden where Grandfather was working.

"Well, well, you make quite a nice-looking girl, Richard!" said Grandfather. "If it were not for your eyes, nose, mouth, and chin, I might have taken you for Mildred, in that dress."

Richard went back into the house and Mildred helped him out of the blue dress. "We'll have to give it up," said Richard after a long silence.



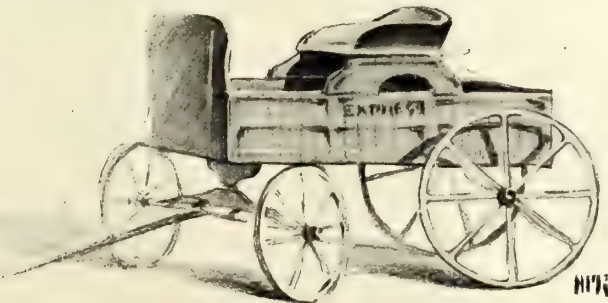
"TED CLAPPED HIS HANDS AND SHOUTED, 'APRIL FOOL! APRIL FOOL, GRANDFATHER!'"

"There goes Grandfather for his afternoon nap. Come on," said Mildred. They followed him to his door. Five-year-old Ted was sitting in the rocker, singing.

"Looks dark in the house after being out in that bright sun," said Grandfather, going toward the lounge in the corner. "Guess I'll take a little nap before—oh, oh, what in the world! Oh, oh, I did n't mean to hurt you, kitty!" Grandfather jumped to his feet and turned to rescue poor Tabby. "Why will you sleep on the lounge when you know—"

Ted clapped his hands and shouted, "April fool! April fool, Grandfather! Oh, oh, it is n't the cat! It is n't the cat at all! April fool! It's only mother's neck-fur. I curled it up to look like the cat. I get the wagon, don't I, Grandfather?"

Grandfather examined the bunch of fur, looked at Richard and Mildred, then at dancing Ted. "Well, well, well! Five-year-old Ted certainly has made an April fool of Grandfather Gordon. I'll see that you have a fine wagon, Ted, green and yellow, and—and big enough for three."





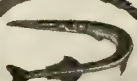
# A FINANCIAL FISH STORY

BY GEORGE O. BUTLER

Young Lionel Hooker had never a cent,  
Nor took the least thought in the world of his purse.  
He was therefore surprised when a-fishing he went,  
To encounter such luck as described here in verse.  
To begin with, he hauled in some fine *Silver Bass*;  
Of *Bill Fish* he took out perhaps half a score.  
He landed *Gold Fish* in a heap on the grass,  
While *Dollar Fish* actually littered the shore!



SILVER BASS

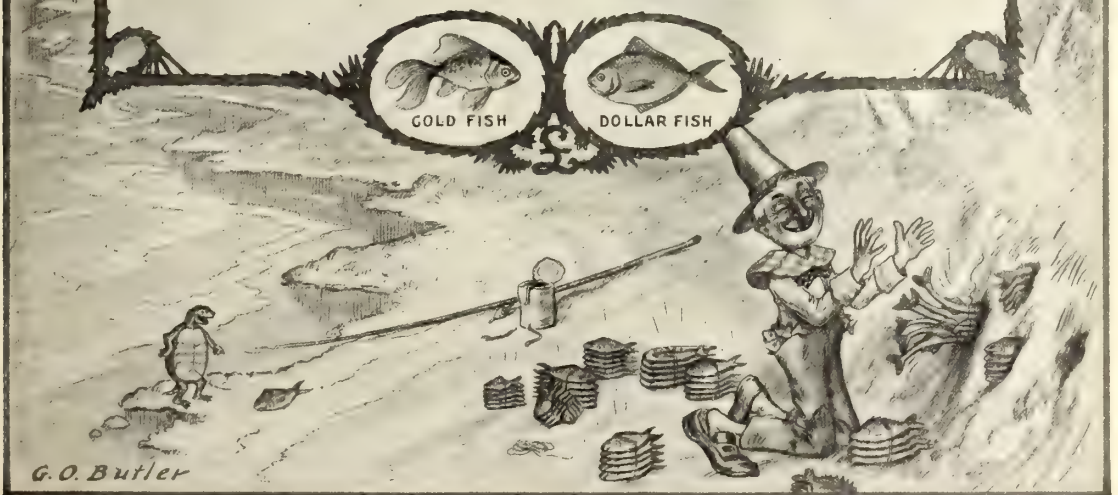
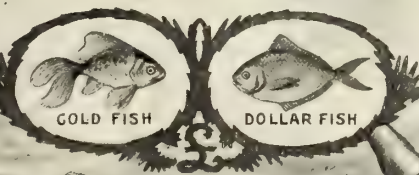


BILL FISH



He guessed he had caught them all after a while;  
So under a tree on the old fishing grounds,  
He gathered them into a glittering pile—  
And counted up something like £45.

He stuffed all his pockets as full as he could,  
Tied the rest in neat bundles—his face all a gleam—  
Then, before starting home through the shadowy wood,  
He *deposited them in the Bank*—of the stream!





# THE FOREST THEATER AT CARMEL-BY- THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

BY EUNICE T. GRAY

THE children in a certain little village on the sea-shore in California can do two things which all children love to do. They can play out of doors almost every day in the year, and they can act plays on a real stage in a forest of pine-trees.

There is no winter with ice and snow in Carmel, and the children do not have the fun of coasting and snow-balling; but they have the sea with its wide white beach, and rocks full of pools where starfish, sea-urchins, and crabs are found; and they have the woods, and deep mountain cañons full of wild flowers; but best of all they have the Forest Theater.

For the past five years, children and grown-ups have given plays upon the stage of this interesting theater, and three of them were produced entirely by children, who never tire of rehearsing out under the trees and playing before the audiences that sit on the sloping hillside before them, a place apparently made just for this purpose.

The first play they gave was "Alice in Wonderland." All those amusing people whom *Alice*

Nights' Entertainment. *Aladdin* was there with his wonderful lamp, and converted the Forest Theater into a marvelously beautiful place where



THE CHORUS OF NURSES IN "SHOCK-HEADED PETER."

most interesting things happened. And last summer they gave a German play which has long amused little folk in England, but was then played in America for the first time.

"Shock-headed Peter" is the name of the play, in which a family of very naughty children, led by the brother, *Shock-headed Peter*, dance and sing themselves into all sorts of difficulties with their parents, and in the end are taught a very good lesson for their bad behavior.

Then, the Carmel children assist the grown-ups with their plays too, and are nymphs and fairies, wood-spirits and Indian children. These parts are very delightful to play, for surely nothing could be more thrilling than to come whirling down from the tree-tops on a still



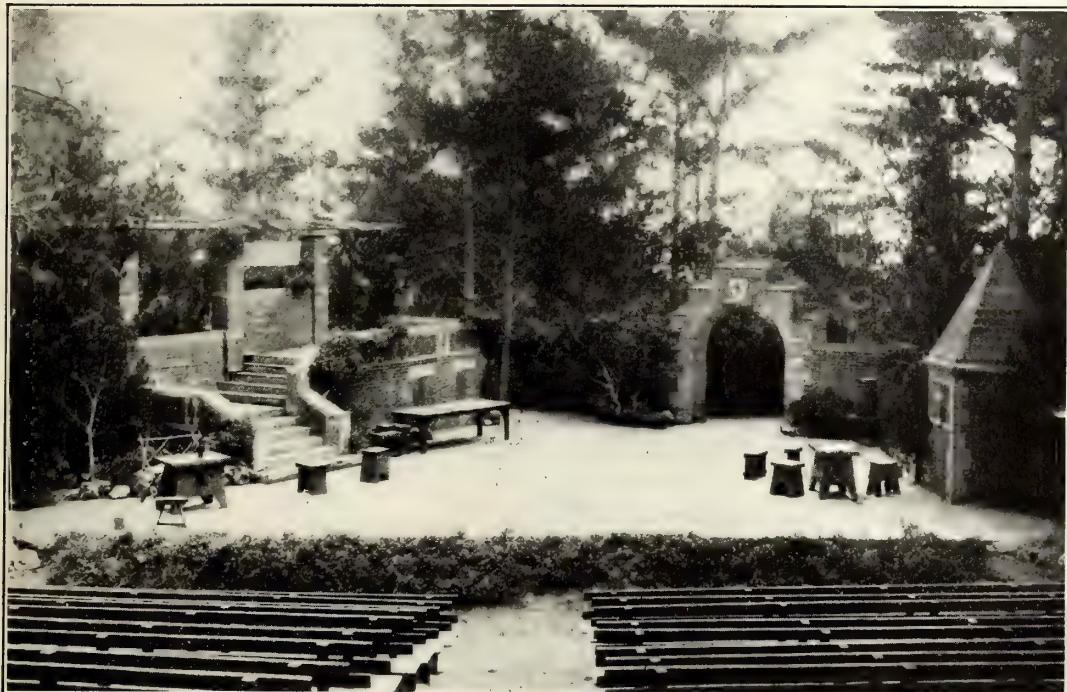
A SCENE FROM "ALADDIN," PRESENTED BY CHILDREN AT THE FOREST THEATER.

met were there—the *Mad Hatter*, the *Sleepy Dormouse*, the *White Rabbit*, the *Queen of Hearts*, and the *Cheshire Cat*—looking just as they do in the pictures in the book.

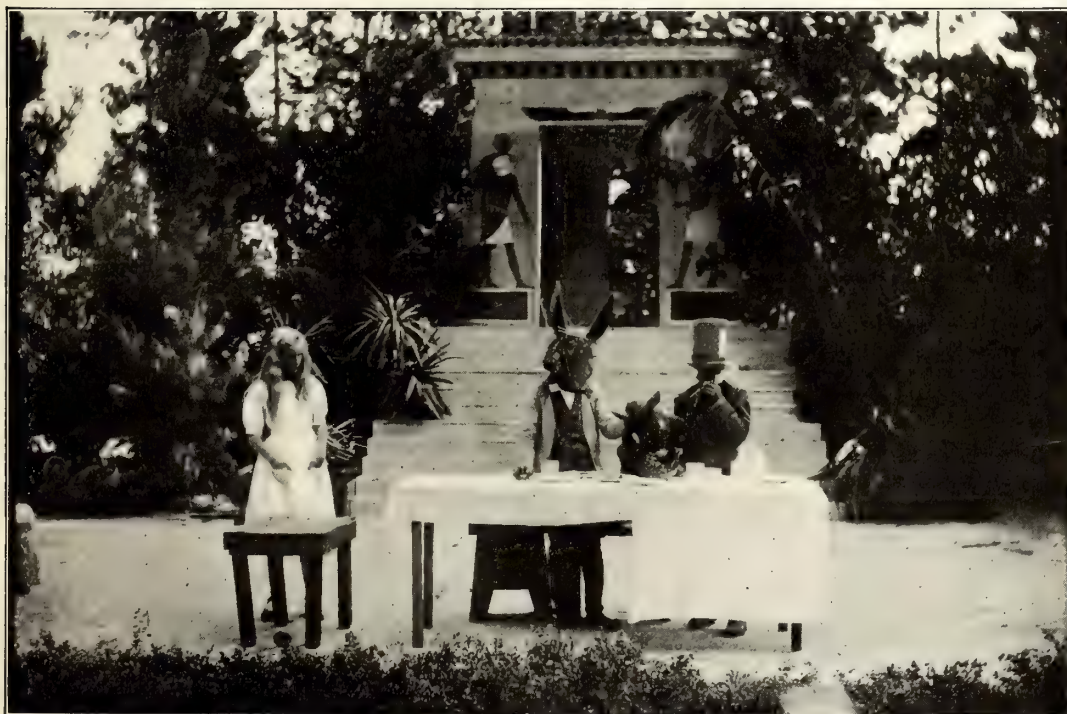
The next year the children gave an Arabian

moonlight night with the surf beating in your ears, and to dance across the stage to waken a sleeping princess, or warn a Spanish captain, with a great audience watching breathlessly out there in the dark, on the forest-clad hillside!





THE STAGE OF THE FOREST THEATER SET FOR A PLAY.



THE MAD HATTER'S TEA-PARTY, FROM "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."





THE FIENDS AND THE BABES.



THE BABES AND THE ROBIN.

## THE BABES IN THE WOOD

(An Impromptu Musical Tragedy)

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

(Air, "The Bold Young Lumberman." The music may be continuous throughout, the action keeping time with it.)

### CHARACTERS

WICKED UNCLE.  
REMORSELESS FIENDS.

BABES.  
ROBIN.

### SCENE I. (Enter Uncle.)

UNCLE. Oh, I am a bold, bad man,  
And I have a bold, bad plan.  
Now mind what you 're about,  
Just watch and see how I carry it out!  
For I am a bold, bad man,  
And I have a bold, bad plan.

(He beckons, and from either side, in cloaks and masks, and armed with daggers, enter Remorseless Fiends.)

FIENDS. Two remorseless fiends are we,  
As anybody can see.  
When a deed of blood 's to do,  
Just send for us and we 'll carry it through;  
For remorseless fiends are we,  
As anybody can see.

(Uncle gives them gold, in bags, and indicates stabbing. They express comprehension. Dance. Curtain.)

SCENE II: WOOD. (Enter Fiends, dragging Babes. They threaten to kill them, but are disarmed by their pleading; they weep, and sing)

FIENDS. Two remorseless fiends are we,  
As anybody can see.

But even for a villain  
There may come a time when Barkis ain't willin',  
Though remorseless fiends are we,  
As anybody can see. (Dance and exeunt.)

BABES. We are poor little babes in the wood,  
And we 've tried all the week to be good.  
But they 've gone and left us here,  
And we really think it 's a little bit queer,  
For we 're poor little babes in the wood,  
And we 've tried all the week to be good.

(They lie down and die.)

(Enter Robin, hopping.)

ROBIN. I 'm a tender-hearted robin,  
And this sad scene sets me sobbin'.  
So, to give my heart relief,  
I will cover them up with a little green leaf,  
Like a tender-hearted robin,  
Whom this sad scene sets a-sobbin'.

(Covers Babes with leaves, and exit.) (CURTAIN)

(Curtain rises again on all the performers, who sing)

We are campers [or "comrades"] bold and true,  
And we 've made this play for you.  
And if you like it not,  
Let us see you make a better one on the spot,  
For we 're campers [or "comrades"] bold and true,  
And we 've made this play for you.

(DANCE AND CURTAIN)



# THE LETTER-BOX

VILLA AMERICANA,  
E. DE SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for ten months, but this is the first time I have written.

Mother and I live with my Grandfather and Grandmother Hall, in a small village called Villa Americana, not very far from São Paulo, the capital of the State. My father was a Presbyterian missionary. He died during a yellow-fever epidemic, when I was about two years old. Since then, the home of Mother's parents has been our home.

There is a cotton and silk factory not far from here, called Carioba, around which quite a village has grown. It is connected with Villa Americana by a road through an avenue of bamboo.

We have a nice new station and electric lights, which last we have n't had very long. There is a wealthy man here who, as he has no children, made a nice park and takes care of it. He calls it his child. It is a nice place to go for picnics. It has a lake (really a pond) with a band-stand in the middle of it. And there are birds and monkeys in cages, and a kind of outdoor ball-room, where, during carnival, the people of the village have fancy-dress balls.

Nearly every little town or village in Brazil has a band, though sometimes they only play one piece. Every Sunday evening, the band plays at the park.

We have many nice fruits here. Several kinds of oranges, pineapples, bananas, figs, *jaboticabas*, guavas, *abacates*, and many others.

I study the Portuguese language with a Brazilian teacher, and also study mathematics with him in Portuguese. I study everything else with Mother, as there is no good school here.

I spent the years from 1910 to 1912 in Virginia, my father's State, and expect to return to the United States to go to college.

I was very much interested in Ruth E. Becker's letter about the *Titanic* in the last April number.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH HALL MORTON (age 12).

CIRCLEVILLE, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read you for three or four years, but this is the first year I have ever taken you. I am much interested in the Letter-box and the League, although I fear the Buckeye State is not very well represented in the former.

I naturally believe that Circleville is the best place on earth. It is situated on the Scioto River, just below Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Circleville got its name from the fact that it was laid out upon the site of a circular fort of the mound-builders.

Your most interested friend and reader,

CHAS. JAS. DRESBACH (age 11).

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The older you grow the more I love your magazine. I am so glad my aunt gave you to us again this year, for I think we would feel lost if we did not receive you every month.

"The Story of 'The Star-Spangled Banner'" in September, 1914, magazine, was very interesting, and I took it to school and showed it to my teacher, and she let the whole class read it for a reading exercise.

We lend ST. NICHOLAS to some of our little friends

who do not take it, and we are glad to let them read the good stories and talk them over together.

Last summer, my aunt had a camp in the country, and she invited Barbara and me to come and spend a while with her. We did so, and certainly had a fine time. You know how much fun you have on a camp near the water. After we stayed about a month, Mama wrote us to come home, and we all went to Brevard, North Carolina, which is a lovely place. It was my first trip to the mountains. While we were there we took a trip to Cæsar's Head, which is a large rock extending out from a mountain. From this rock you can see into



three States, Georgia, North Carolina, and South Carolina. It was so high it made me dizzy to look down.

While we were in North Carolina, we took other trips, to Connistee Falls and many other pretty places.

I inclose a picture of Connistee Falls; on the log are Barbara and I.

Wishing you a long and happy life,

Your interested reader,

FRANCES SHEPPARD (age 13).

SAINT LEONARDS-ON-SEA, SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you ever since 1908, and I think that you are just lovely.

Even as I write this letter I hear the steady tramp, tramp of feet—the sound of the recruits marching. These men are being trained, and, when they are ready, they will go and take their places on the battle-field, to fight for their country.

There are a great many wounded soldiers here, mostly



Belgians, and there are a great number of refugees too. When you go for a walk along the parade, you hear quite as much conversation in French as in English.

Our French mistress at school collects money among her friends and then buys cigarettes with it, which she takes to the Belgians at our two (now Red Cross) hospitals. The men are very much pleased with them.

The biggest of our hospitals is situated on the parade, opposite to the pier and near the band-stand. It has many balconies, where the soldiers who are well enough rest, and smile at the passers-by. They look very happy.

I think that this is all now, dear ST. NICHOLAS. Wishing you good luck and every success.

Your interested reader,  
DOROTHY CATT.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years, and I like you very much.

I am going to tell you about a bird bath we have in our front yard. It is a square slab of stone hollowed out in the center. I fill it with water three or four times a day in hot weather, because so many birds bathe. They jump in and splash the water around with their wings. Often four or five birds stand around waiting their turn. When they are through, they sit on the fence and dry themselves. Robins, wood-thrushes, catbirds, brown thrashers, and wrens come there to bathe and get drinks.

We have two wren houses, and they are both occupied. It is fun to watch the little birds go in and out. One morning a squirrel started up the tree to where the house was. There was quite a commotion. The little wrens began pecking at it so hard that the squirrel was glad to get away.

We keep you until we get twelve numbers. You are then given to a poor family we know, where you are read over and enjoyed very much. I liked "The Lucky Stone" and "The Runaway" best.

Your interested reader,  
CLARA LIEBER (age 12).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am seven years old. I live in the Bronx. I go to school; I am in 1 B. I have a cat. I have a dog. But the dog died. They used to fight, but they don't no more.

My papa has a new auto. I like to ride in it.

My mama reads ST. NICHOLAS to me every month. I like to hear her read it to me.

I wrote this letter all by myself.

Your friend,  
SAMMY GREENBERG.

CHARLOTTE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You make my brother and me very happy each month.

We like the animal stories, and my little brother, who is four years old, enjoyed "The Baby Bears' Adventures." What fun we have guessing the "Riddle-box" puzzles and cross-word enigmas!

I like to read history, and have been reading a Child's History of France. One of my favorite characters in United States history is Marion, "The Swamp Fox." I tell my brother what I read.

We like to watch the large boats on the Genesee River, and we often visit the beautiful parks in Rochester.

On our land we have many fruit trees. Peaches are the best crop around here.

I am making a little garden for myself. I have jonquils in it.

From your friend,  
ROGER PLACE BUTTERFIELD (age 6).

CASABLANCA, MOROCCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I did not tell you in my first letter that I was in the bombardment here (the bombardment was when the Moorish tribes came down from the mountains and fought the French). We had our house outside town, so they got at it easily. As soon as we saw them coming, we knew there was some danger, so we put our silver into a wooden box and went into town to my uncle's house. We stayed three or four days, and then got on a French boat for Gibraltar, and then on an English boat to London. The Moors took all our things; all our books they spoiled, tearing them up and making them black with mud. I had two volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, which we found afterward with a lot of pages torn and burned. I can ride a horse now, and I love it very much. My horse's name is Ginger; he loves sugar, and walks up the front door-steps to eat it out of my hand.

"The Runaway" and "The Lucky Stone" were my favorite stories.

Your most interested reader,  
MARGARET E. FERNAU (age 10).

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your stories interest me very much. I have enjoyed them since I was four years old, and now I should like to write some myself. I thought you would like to hear a very funny story of some robins.

One morning last week, our neighbor put a stuffed owl on the sidewalk in her back yard, so it could air. The birds saw it and thought it was a real owl and were afraid. The bluejays and blackbirds made a terrible noise, but the robins seemed to think it was an injured bird and ought to fly, but still they knew it could n't fly. To my great surprise, they began to dig worms and put before it for it to eat. They continued to do so till our neighbor took the owl into the house.

Your interested reader,  
FLORENCE WADE (age 11).

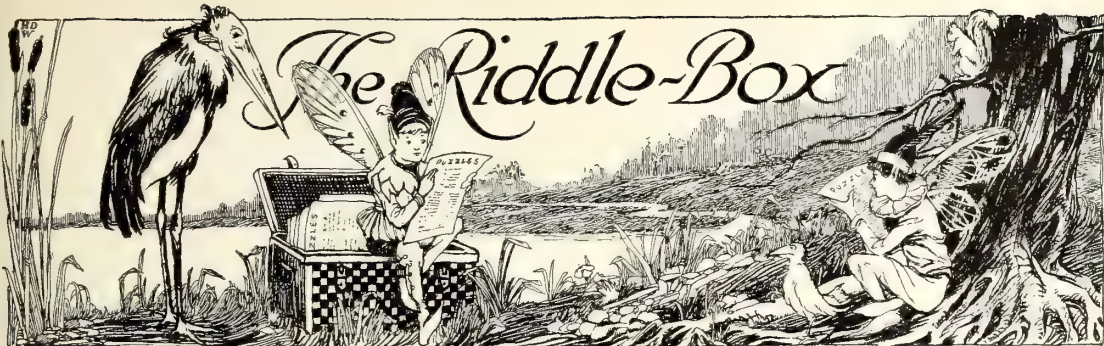
### THE REGRET OF DIVES

Now I have what they call success,  
An empty, hollow thing to hold,—  
But he has the great wilderness,—  
The mountains and the open world.

And I must stay in marts of trade  
And watch my riches grow and grow,  
But he strays through the forest glade.  
He sees the pixies mop and mow.

And I live in a world of greed,  
Of empty sham and glittering show,  
And through it all runs like a weed  
The fear of death that rich men know.

Now he lives in another world,  
Of moonbeam and the Morning Star.  
He knows the road to Avalon.  
He knows where the Good People are!  
STEPHEN V. BENÉT (age 13).



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER

**LETTER PUZZLE.** You, are, a, ell, Ural.

**A REVOLUTIONARY ACROSTIC.** Cross-words: 1. Begin. 2. Eagle. 3. Nutty. 4. Jalap. 5. Abram. 6. Murky. 7. Inner. 8. Ninny. 9. Feast. 10. Rajah. 11. Album. 12. Noose. 13. Knout. 14. Loose. 15. Inflix. 16. Nijni. Initials, Benjamin Franklin. From 1 to 8, Burgoyne; 9 to 14, Marion; 15 to 21, Steuben; 22 to 30, Lafayette; 31 to 43, King's Mountain; 44 to 56, John Paul Jones.

**CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.** Reading.

**NOVEL ACROSTIC.** Primals, Milton; third row, Newton. Cross-words: 1. Mine. 2. Iser. 3. Lawn. 4. Tote. 5. Odor. 6. None.

**ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Centrals, Noah Webster. 1. Penny. 2. Crock. 3. Crane. 4. Bohea. 5. Pewee. 6. Spear. 7. Cabin. 8. Basin. 9. Match. 10. Queen. 11. Three.

**DOUBLE ACROSTIC.** Primals, Mozart; finals, Wagner. Cross-words: 1. Moscow. 2. Olivia. 3. Zigzag. 4. Amazon. 5. Ravine. 6. Tamper.

SOLVERS wishing to compete for prizes must give answers in full, following the plan of the above-printed answers to puzzles.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 24th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Isabel Shaw—Louise Burks—Dorothy Berrall—Edmund Burke—Donald V. Weaver—Max Stolz—Jessie N. Dresser—Lothrop Bartlett—Harry C. Bailey—Katharine C. Barnett—Katherine Clark—Evelyn Hillman—Isabelle M. Craig—Marion Spencer—"Two Pals"—Claire A. Hepner—Katharine Howard—"Allil and Adi"—Frank B. Wyeth—William Perloff—George Scales—Zella M. Nelson—"Chums"—R. Kenneth Everson—"Midwood."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received before January 24 from Frances K. Marlatt, 8—Eleanor Peckham, 8—Jean C. Roy, 8—Janet Tucker, 8—Elizabeth Rodgers, 8—Eleanor Manning, 8—Agnes Rowland, 8—Clifford A. Furst, 8—Isabel Conklin, 8—Bruce W. Chapman, 8—Mary Hankinson, 8—F. Kingsland Smith, 8—Jessie Weiss, 8—Janet B. Fine, 8—Helen A. Moulton, 8—Elizabeth P. Lewis, 7—Florence Noble, 7—Arthur Poulin, 7—Helen A. Vance, 7—John Sholley, 7—Carroll Winrod, 7—Karl Ewerhardt, 7—Veva R. Kellogg, 7—Eloise M. Peckham, 7—Marjorie T. Platt, 6—Julia Coveney, 6—Mary Inez Fry, 6—Irene Wormser, 5—Hubert Barentzen, 5—Evelyn C. Richter, 3—Helene Zinsser, 3—Miriam Hardy, 3—Elizabeth Wells, 3—Minnie Rosen, 2—Helen Johnson, 2—Caroline Graves, 2—D. Achelis, 1—J. McSurely, Jr., 1—H. McGee, 1—E. B. Strong, 1—R. M. Packard, 1—D. L. Tait, 1—C. McCarty, 1—A. H. Bayard, 1—D. L. Dyne, 1—F. Dunn, 1—R. Brooks, 1—E. Haywood, 1—M. F. Burke, 1—H. Nichols, 1—L. Storrs, 1—W. Clarke, 1—D. Glenn, 1—L. Monsarrat, 1—H. H. Jones, 1—M. Borine, 1—C. Graves, 1—J. E. Walker, 1—M. Flood, 1.

## HIDDEN DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the following sentences contains six words. From each word select a single letter. When these six letters are rightly selected, they will form words which answer to the following definitions:

1. A bell. 2. A call. 3. Angry. 4. Indigenous. 5. A governess.

1. Place your curtains before the window.
2. Horace jokes William Wilson, our gardener.
3. I read her fables about equality.
4. Many lads think I deserve forgiveness.
5. That bad boy loves spiced pears.

When these five words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the name of a great country, and the finals the name of a principality.

EDNA M. GUCK (age 14).

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

WHEN a bright little boy, known as Mathematical Mike, was asked his age and his sister's age, he said:

"Three years ago, I was seven times as old as my sister; two years ago, I was four times as old; last

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. S. 2. Nap. 3. Sable. 4. Pliny. 5. En-sue. 6. Yukon. 7. Eolic. 8. Nidus. 9. Cumin. 10. Silex. 11. Newel. 12. Xebec. 13. Lemur. 14. Cubit. 15. Rib. 16. T.

**BIOGRAPHICAL DIAGONAL.** Trenton. Cross-words: 1. Thoreau. 2. Fremont. 3. Sherman. 4. Clinton. 5. Webster. 6. Johnson. 7. Lincoln.

**WORD-ADDITIONS.** Rhode Island. 1. Ran-sack. 2. Ham-mock. 3. Out-cast. 4. Dec-line. 5. Ear-nest. 6. Ill-bred. 7. Sea-port. 8. Leo-nine. 9. Arm-hole. 10. New-Year. 11. Den-mark.

**SWASTIKA.** From 1 to 2, napkins; 2 to 3, shred; 3 to 4, den; 4 to 5, never; 5 to 6, rut; 6 to 7, turning; 7 to 8, grams; 8 to 9, sea; 9 to 10, aroma; 10 to 11, Ada; 11 to 12, Alabama; 12 to 13, apish; 13 to 14, hag; 14 to 15, gaunt; 15 to 16, tri; 16 to 17, imbosom; 17 to 18, macaw; 18 to 19, who; 19 to 20, oaken; 20 to 1, nun. Washington, Adams, Grant.

year, I was three times as old; this year, I am two and one half times as old."

How old were Mike and his sister?

DOROTHY ROSE OPPENHEIM (age 10), *League Member*.

## NUMERICAL ACROSTIC

3	22	44	10	21	13	19	CROSS-WORDS: 1. The
47	30	5	.	14	2	color of the sky. 2. To	
9	24	6	26	34	.	17	rail against. 3. To re-
51	37	16	.	4	8	58	ftrain. 4. Traced. 5.
62	53	20	15	12	.	32	Vales. 6. Midday. 7.
64	29	63	48	18	23	.	Succeeds. 8. A little
55	36	28	33	56	.	43	bone. 9. A degree of
40	45	50	.	.	39	31	honor between a baron
35	46	.	59	60	25	54	and a knight. 10. An-
38	49	42	57	61	7	41	cient Persian governors.
27	11	52	.	.	1	.	11. Bravery.

When the above words have been rightly guessed, the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 11 will spell the surname of a very famous man; from 12 to 18, his native land; from 19 to 27, the monarch during whose reign the famous man lived; from 28 to 42, one of his famous productions; from 43 to 49, the Christian name of his daughter; from 50 to 64, his birthplace.

EDMUND BURKE (age 13), *League Member*.



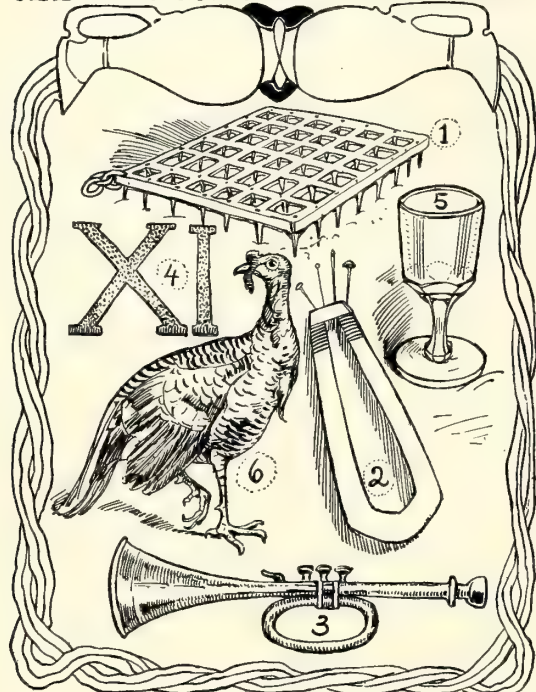
## NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-two letters, and form a quotation from Tennyson.

My 20-46-50-33 is a Mexican laborer. My 27-11-25-44-36 is strikes violently and noisily. My 30-15-6-49-3 is to faint. My 52-45-19-21-39 is clever. My 48-41-24-2-9 is a disk of metal struck with a device. My 8-5-43-35-18 is to touch slightly in passing. My 29-31-13-10-38 is the subject of a famous poem. My 26-7-23-34-17-37-32-14 is the Christmas season. My 40-22-42-4-47-16-28-51-12-1 is pertaining to acting.

MARJORIE WARD (age 14), *League Member*.

## ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL



IN this puzzle the words are pictured instead of described. When the six objects shown have been rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous English physician who was born on April first, more than three hundred years ago.

## WORD-SQUARE

1. A TIME beloved by poets. 2. A tree. 3. To set in rows. 4. A mass of unwrought precious metal. 5. Lists of candidates for any office.

EDITH MABEL SMITH (age 16), *Honor Member*.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a large city in the United States.

1. A country of North America. 2. An island in the Mediterranean. 3. A country of North America. 4. A country of Europe. 5. A river of India. 6. A city in

the Philippines. 7. A continent. 8. A city in the northern part of South America. 9. A sea east of China. 10. The capital city of one of the United States. 11. A famous desert.

ELIZABETH BRAY (age 12), *League Member*.

## DIAMOND

1. IN locomotive. 2. A common conveyance. 3. To sing. 4. A kind of candy. 5. A Shaksperian character. 6. A constellation. 7. In locomotive.

MURIEL MARTIN (age 14), *League Member*.

## CROSS PUZZLE

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Exploit. 2. Portion. 3. Sick. 4. A Grecian hero. 5. To find out. 6. A builder. 7. A feminine name. 8. Since. 9. A fabric with a corded surface.

When the foregoing words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the letters from 1 to 2 will spell the surname of a famous author.

BESSIE RADLOFSKY (age 14), *League Member*.

## PRIMAL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a familiar quotation.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A fruit. 2. A salt-water fish. 3. Circular. 4. A pointer. 5. Extensive. 6. A court. 7. Imaginary monsters. 8. A dangerous drug. 9. Toil.

ROBERT LEWIS WIEL (age 12), *League Member*.

## CONNECTED SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

.....	1	**	2	.....	1	**	2	.....
.....	3	**	4	.....	3	**	4	.....
.....	5	**	6	.....	5	**	6	.....
.....	7	**	8	.....	7	**	8	.....
.....	9	**	10	.....	9	**	10	.....

THOUGH only three squares are shown in the diagram, there are five squares in the puzzle.

I. FIRST WORD-SQUARE: 1. Part of a watch. 2. An exclamation. 3. A joint of the body. 4. To run away. 5. To let down.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a light; 3 to 4, used in soup; 5 to 6, to flog; 7 to 8, brink; 9 to 10, to bellow.

II. SECOND WORD-SQUARE: 1. A journal. 2. Active. 3. Tubes. 4. Appoint. 5. Reposes.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, hastens; 3 to 4, a point of the compass; 5 to 6, a pleasant beverage; 7 to 8, rent; 9 to 10, kind.

III. THIRD WORD-SQUARE: 1. To begin. 2. Anguish. 3. Defensive covering. 4. Apartments. 5. Concise.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a salver; 3 to 4, border; 5 to 6, a feminine name; 7 to 8, bends under pressure; 9 to 10, a point of the compass.

IV. FOURTH WORD-SQUARE: 1. An ingredient in bread. 2. To write down. 3. To expiate. 4. Meaning. 5. Plants of the largest class.

CONNECTING WORDS: From 1 to 2, a soft mineral; 3 to 4, a feminine name; 5 to 6, to merit by service; 7 to 8, brink; 9 to 10, crimes.

V. FIFTH WORD-SQUARE: 1. Walking-sticks. 2. A coral island. 3. Clamor. 4. A feminine name. 5. Rain mingled with hail or snow.

WILLIAM H. LEONARD (age 16).



### Wise little mother!

"Grocer-boy, you're just in time:  
My children all are crying.  
This fretful group wants *Campbell's Soup*,  
A need there's no denying.

"I want them satisfied and full.  
I want them strong and healthy.  
For thus, you see, they're bound to be,  
In time, renowned and wealthy.

"Besides, the Duchess comes to dine.  
She brings her royal cousin.  
And each, at least, will want a feast.  
*I hope you brought a dozen!"*

### She knows what's good!

She knows it is good in many different and tempting ways. And she knows *why*. So do all you intelligent youngsters who eat

### Campbell's Tomato Soup

You know that it is just as good for you as it is for grown folks; and just as good for the regular every-day meals as it is for special occasions. A pure, healthful, appetizing dish easy to prepare, as light or as hearty as you want it; and easy for Mother to have ready in three minutes without labor or fuss.

Why not ask her to let *you* order a dozen *today*?

21 kinds

10c a can



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL





## The Trail to the Gardens of Enchantment

By IRWIN WILLIAMS

Two Arabian Nights Entertainments, continuing through Spring, Summer, and Autumn, wait by the white beaches of California's Riviera this year for every Easterner who hearkens to their call through the din and turmoil of his daily round. The lucky man, and the wise man who wishes to enlarge his education, to know his country, and to give himself a holiday fit for the gods into the bargain, will heed that summons soon. San Francisco by the Golden Gate and San Diego further south present their gorgeous spectacles as Meccas to a regenerating sea and overland pilgrimage. They celebrate the triumphant conclusion of the greatest engineering feat of

all time. The San Francisco Exposition especially allures, with its exhibits of forty-two foreign nations and of forty-three States and Territories enclosed in an architectural scheme upon which the greatest designers and colorists of our country have lavished their imagination. At night the multifold domes and towers light up like bubbles of orange, cream, and gold, and day is ablaze with the splendid festival.

As to the trip that lies between you and these delights, if you choose wisely, take the Southern trail, and follow the Gulf Stream. From the time you pass Absecon Light off Atlantic City to the hour of your landing on the levee at New Orleans, where romance wreathes the quaint "Vieux Carré," you will have had five golden days of utter rest and refreshment at sea. After that, three days more by rail through the wonders of the American Southwest will set you at your goal. In the meanwhile a brilliant panorama of your country's history, past and present, will have unrolled before you.

"There are just three big cities that are story cities," once wrote the late Frank Norris,



The Mississippi cotton steamers make New Orleans their headquarters



Festival Hall, Panama-Pacific Exposition

master of romantic realism: "New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco." An uncommon opportunity is yours to contrast their fascinations. Say that late March snow and rain and the early-blustering winds of April are contending with heavy business cares to somber your mind. Let me dream for you a moment. Sun-dazzled, foam-marbled, the indigo water slides past the rail. Afar is the flash of a dolphin, the glint of a petrel's wing. Air like golden wine thrills around you. You are steaming south. Pleasant companionship or the relaxed enjoyment of solitude in communion with ineffable beauty is yours as you will. The blue horizon is the symbol of peace that rejuvenates you. Later, off the Great Bahama Banks, your vessel changes her course to re-cross the Gulf Stream, and in time lifts Jupiter Light on the coast of Florida. Now you are steaming past Florida, the lights on her coral reefs guiding you till Sand Key Light appears. You are within a little more than fifty miles of the tropic line, and have passed the United States' most southern possession. Next you have turned the tip of Florida and are actually moving through

the Gulf of Mexico, and now northwest to the Mississippi delta and New Orleans.

This is only part of the good dream. The city of the Creole, of the old-time buccaneers, of French émigrés, "Old Hickory's" famous victory, and the modern Mardi Gras, is still before us. Once arrived, memory has its way with us and we wander from the "Café des Exiles" to the Spanish Fort. We stroll through the famous French market, view the Cabildo, quaint old Spanish courtyards and the historic Duelling

Oak. A year would be far too short a time in which to linger. Historic associations beguile us at every corner, in every square or quarter; and the new Crescent City, illumined with progress and prosperity, its stately antebellum homes set on beautiful lawns shaded by oak and magnolia, healthily shakes our Northern conceit. But soon we have climbed aboard the new steel steed, the Sunset Limited, that is to complete our journey and education. The road-bed before us is perfection, and our luxurious Pullman like a special opera seat from which we watch the rich Louisiana plantations of rice, cotton, and sugar-cane fly past. The next day brings us into San Antonio, Texas, where the "Alamo" stands to commemorate Crockett's heroic defense against Santa



To see California's old missions is to step across the waters to medieval Spain



Anna. On the same day we pass through Paisano, the highest point of the transcontinental line, and on the day following we are in Arizona. Before reaching that State, however, we may have a glimpse of Mexico's historic city, Juarez, by dipping down from El Paso, the old pass of the north from old Mexico to New. Once in Arizona, old pueblos, buried villages that lure the archæologist, an atmosphere clear as crystal but saturate with the barbaric colors of distant mesas,—all this sinks deep into the senses. There

is also a side trip which has just been opened through a hitherto inaccessible portion of the great Southwest, namely, divergence at this point by way of the Arizona Eastern Railroad from Bowie to Globe, thence by automobile to Phoenix, through the Salt River Canyon, and then on past alfalfa and grain fields, not to mention tree-lined irrigation canals, passing the caves of the cliff-dwellers where one finds the record of prehistoric man, and viewing the famous Roosevelt Dam. Throughout we are under the shadow of Four Peaks, which, with an elevation of over seven thousand five hundred feet, dominates the whole region.

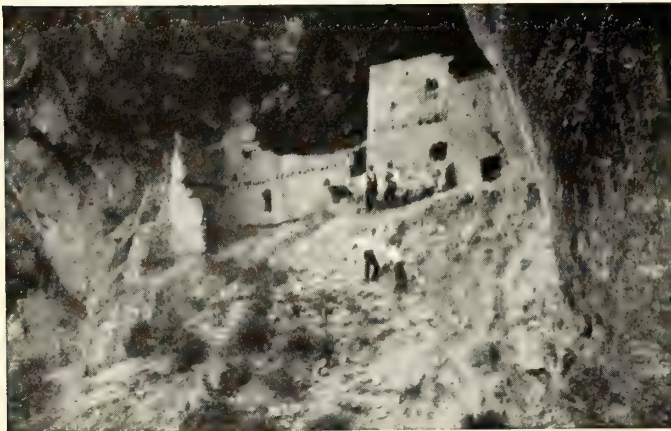
Yuma, reclaimed to an orchard spot by the Government, stands Arizona's last outpost



One hundred golden hours at sea on a Southern Pacific Steamship

upon the Colorado River, and the main line crosses the Sierra Madre. We are soon rushing down the San Timoteo Canyon from the San Gorgonio pass into Redlands of the orange groves. Once in California, we have a choice of two northern routes, the coast-line or the trip through central California. On the one hand, we may head immediately for San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition, where we will have also the prospect of surf and sunshine on the matchless sands of Coronado, and may even try a visit to the large Theosophist colony at Point Loma, where "The Purple Mother" trains her cohorts in artistic life. We may also take the glass-bottomed boats at Santa Catalina Island, a little farther north,

and cruise its miniature bay of Naples, observing the iridescent fish that glide deeply through the wonderfully clear water. Or we may choose a different approach to San Francisco and pass through Los Angeles on to Santa Barbara, and so up the Coast by old Spanish missions and storied sands, through fascinating Monterey, social Del Monte, and the sequoia groves of Santa Cruz to the Queen City on San Mateo Peninsula. On the other hand, we may be rather tempted to ex-



In the Arizona cliff-dwellings one sees the record of prehistoric man

perience the majesties of the Yosemite National Park. El Capitan, the Mariposa Grove, Mirror Lake, and the natural grandeurs of a National Park of titanic proportions wherein these names picture to the memory the most glorious crags, chasms, and waterfalls, may well hold us for a little while even from the works of man's genius. For here God's genius transfigures natural contours and transcends even the most uplifted works of man. Truly California is inexhaustible. The high Sierras are the ideal camping country, building brain and brawn in their heady air among the sapphire lakes that lie scattered beneath their snow-crowns like the necklace of some careless goddess of the clouds. Lower down, the orchard and vineyard land drips color and abundance. The profusion of flowers and fruits that welcomes one is symbolic of the generous-hearted Coast. We feel that the Hesperides have at last been discovered. We are come into the enchanted gardens of the sun!



In the Yosemite Valley, the wonder place of a State and a Nation

Once within the grounds of the Exposition itself there is a prospect of gardens, courts, concourses and esplanades decorated by the finest contemporary American sculptors: Karl

Bitter, Daniel Chester French, Robert Aitken, and others. And from the time one enters the grounds by the main entrance on Scott Street, traversing the South Gardens onward to the Tower through the arcade of which one reaches the Court of the Universe, the mind is held and amazed by the architectural magnificence of the scheme: the grandeur of the symbolic statuary, relieved by the delicate beauty of coruscant pools and spraying fountains; the exquisite color plan, resting and refreshing the sight. Aztec, Greek, and Levantine are some of the artistic influences described in the Dream City, but above all it is superbly American in its achievement of a great vision.

The article above describes the journey from New York to the California Expositions via the

## Southern Pacific—Sunset Route

*"The Exposition Line"*

New York to New Orleans on palatial Southern Pacific steamers, thence through the golden southwest on the

## Sunset Limited

(Every Day in the Year—No Extra Fare)

Full particulars, literature and helpful suggestions for planning your trip promptly supplied, if you will call upon any of the following Southern Pacific officials, or cut this out, fill in your name and address and mail to nearest office shown:

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent  
366 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

J. H. R. PARSONS, General Passenger Agent  
Metropolitan Bank Bldg., New Orleans, La.

C. K. DUNLAP, Traffic Manager  
Southern Pacific Bldg., Houston, Texas

CHAS. S. FEE, Passenger Traffic Manager  
Flood Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....





Continental  
Pattern



## 1847 ROGERS BROS.

*"Silver Plate that Wears"*

THIS silverware comes into the family as wedding gifts and remains as heirlooms. Ask your mother to look at her spoons and forks and to answer these questions:

1. What is the trade-mark stamp on the back?
2. How long have her spoons been in use?
3. Have they proven satisfactory?
4. Would she like to see illustrations of new designs?

Write the answers on a postal card and mail to us and we will send you a set of

### Poster Stamps FREE

No stamp album could be complete without these beautiful poster stamps printed in colors. There are four in the set—two of which are shown here. Send your answers to

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.  
Meriden, Conn.



Poster Stamp—Reduced Size



Poster Stamp—Reduced Size

# ANSCO

## CAMERAS & FILM

TAKING pictures with an Ansco is bully good sport that lasts *all year round*. You simply can't beat it for real fun, as those who've tried it can tell you. The No. 3A Folding Buster Brown camera shown in this ad takes a picture  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  in. (postcard size) and costs \$10. There are smaller Folding Buster Browns at \$9, \$8 and \$6. Ansco Camera, Ansco Film, Cyko Paper—that's the All-American team that wins every time. Catalog from your dealer or us, free upon request.

This is the sign of the Ansco Dealer, the man who will show you the different models of Ansco Cameras and tell you all about them. See him. Write us for specimen picture taken with model you contemplate buying.



*Millions of dollars were recently awarded in a suit for infringement upon Ansco patent rights, establishing Ansco Film legally as the original film.*



**ANSCO**  
**COMPANY**  
 BINGHAMTON  
 NEW YORK



## 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.

# Make Vim-Food Tempting

## Let the Flavor Win the Child



It's a mistake to make oat food compulsory.

The right way is to make it inviting.

Serve only the luscious flakes. Make this the wanted dish. Then this energy food, which you know a child should have, will be the food it loves to get.

That's the theory behind Quaker Oats.

We use just the big, plump, richly-flavored grains, and our process brings out their aroma. We get but ten pounds of these flakes from a bushel, but all the charms of the oat are in them.

This rare dish, with all its extra fascinations, costs no extra price. It's a pity not to serve it when vitality means so much.

# Quaker Oats

## *The Best-Loved Oat Food*

In a marvelous way, Nature stores up energy in oats. Every dish contains a wealth of vim-producing power. Oats stand unique as animating food.

This is also the food for growth. It is rich in the elements of which brains and nerves are made.

Most mothers know this, and most children get it. But they rarely get enough. They know in but a small degree the spirit-giving power of oats.

### Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats, for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

That's why Quaker Oats is important. It fosters a love for this dish. It leads to larger use. And millions of people, young and old, would benefit by that.

Try serving these big white flakes. Note how folks enjoy them. You will always get this super-quality when you ask for Quaker Oats. That is why this brand, all the world over, holds the first place among oat foods.

**10c and 25c per Package**  
**Except in Far West and South**

NEXT  
TO  
WINGS



## Do You Remember—?

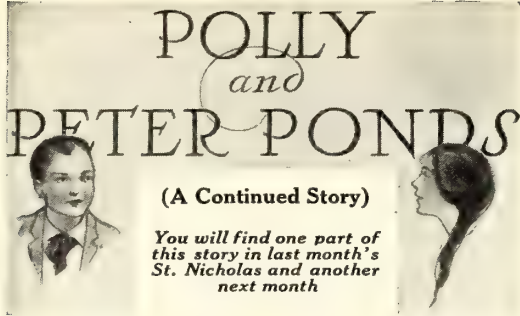
How Mercury was the light-footed, wing'd-footed messenger of Jove?—and how he flitted so easily from one end of the earth to the other?

### Try a pair of O'Sullivan's Heels of New *live* Rubber

and you will see why this same Mercury has consented to pose for his picture and let it represent the nearest approach to his wings that man has discovered.

*50c. attached—  
at all cobblers*





IT was the last basket-ball game of the season. In fact it was, more properly speaking, the game after the last, for B— Academy and their dearest rivals, M— School, had been tied for the inter-scholastic championship of the State, when the season closed, and were now playing off the tie.

The game in B— Academy's "gym" had been rough—not intentionally, of course, but because it meant so much to each school.

When there were only five minutes more to play, Bill Conley, in the middle of a hot scrimmage, was struck under the chin by somebody's elbow. Bill, being hot-tempered, struck the nearest man with his clenched fist before he knew who was to blame. Immediately from all over the running track came jeers and cries of "Take him out!" This man happened to be one of the B— Academy's FIVE, so the referee did not take Bill out, but cautioned him. But just then, as the game continued, Bill

slipped, or was tripped, and down he went with a great thud on the slippery floor.

He got up immediately, for though he had many bad qualities, Bill was no coward. It was not long before Bill shot for a goal, missing by a quarter of an inch because an M— School man grabbed his arm. When the game was called for this foul, there was the usual profound silence while the goal was being "shot." In the midst of it, Bill—perhaps because his knee pained exceedingly—looked up at Peter in the "gallery" and called out in a sneery but not very loud voice: "Hey, Pondy, I suppose you would have quit if you had the bruise I got!"

Well, of course all eyes were turned on Peter, whose face was as red as a beet.

Some of the boys nudged him and said, "Hand it right back to him, Peter." "Give him what he deserves, Peter." But Peter just glared at Bill and said never a word. This was an exhibition of self-control that did n't please Bill at all. He felt like fighting.

But just then the whistle blew and the game continued, but it was all over in a second or two, and B— Academy had lost by one point! You may think that was too bad, but if you had seen the game you'd know that it was not because the M— School team was better, but because the B— Academy boys were rougher. They lost on fouls, which is probably the worst way to lose. And Bill, we regret to say, was responsible for most of them. That boy will have to control his temper if he expects to get very far in this world.

Bill neglected to put Pond's Extract on his injured knee, and the next day he was a sorry sight, limping around the campus with a cane. It seems that the gymnasium floor had a surface containing some ingredient which poisoned his bruise. If he had rubbed Pond's Extract in immediately, the bruise would soon have cleared up—but Bill just neglected it.



The next day the school physician got hold of him, cleansed the bruise, and covered it with a cloth saturated with

## POND'S EXTRACT

"I don't know yet how he will come out," he told inquiring Peter. The same afternoon one of the boys told Peter he heard Bill say: "I may get angry at Peter once in a while, but I don't at Pond's Extract. I guess Pond's Extract is the best friend anybody could have."

But now let us go a good many miles from this turbulent scene and see if Polly Ponds and Molly Conley are quarreling too.

To relieve your suspense, we will tell you right now that they are as happy as larks, and as friendly as doves. They have organized a new club, called the Pond's Society. Already it has made a great hit, and there are 29 members who have signed this pledge:

*Whereas:* Pond's Extract has long soothed our injuries, such as bruises, bumps, concussions, and et cetera.\*

*Whereas:* Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps our complexions clear and our skin soft and fine.

*Therefore:* Be it resolved that we, members of the Pond's Society, will hereafter use and prefer all the Pond's products in preference to others, to wit and namely—

Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Face Powder (when necessary), Pond's Tooth Paste (morning and night) and Pond's Soap, and of course Pond's Extract and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

(Signed) POLLY PONDS  
MOLLY CONLEY  
etc., etc., etc.

(\*This is just the way the secretary wrote it, so they left it that way, even though they did know better.)

It may be just a coincidence, but anyway all the best-looking (and the brightest and the cheer-fullest) girls in the school are among the first 29 to join the Pond's Society.

We can see right now that the Pond's Society is going to have some great larks before school closes in June. We shall tell you much more next month.

Next month we shall also let you know whether Bill and Peter succeeded in "making up." We hope their quarrel is not serious.

If you have had the little samples of the things the Pond's Extract Company makes, you are already a member of the Pond's Society. If you have not had them, send this little "coupon" to us and you will become a member.

### POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street, New York

DEAR COMPANY: I want to belong to the Pond's Society. Please send me the samples of Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream and Tooth Paste so my family can try them.

Name .....

Address .....

(Continued in the May ST. NICHOLAS)

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY'S Vanishing Cream—  
Cold Cream—Toilet Soap—Pond's Extract

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY

131 Hudson Street

New York







## Mothers Who Don't Darn

### Buy Holeproof Stockings for the Children

Three pairs of children's Holeproof for \$1, made from the best cotton yarn, are guaranteed to wear without holes for three months. If any of the three pairs fail in that time we will replace them with new hose free.

They are stylish, comfortable and soft. Boys and girls like to wear them. Thousands of mothers who buy Holeproof are never bothered with darning.

We make these hose in medium weights for boys. For misses, in medium and light weights. Three pairs \$1, guaranteed three months; six pairs \$2, guaranteed six months. Four pairs of infants' Holeproof \$1, guaranteed six months.

Try them. See what they save in time, trouble and money. Get the whole family to wear Holeproof Hose.



Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Office, 1906

## Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

The genuine Holeproofs are sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Write for free book that tells all about these hose.

### At the Price of Ordinary Hose

\$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; \$2.00 and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; \$1.00 per box

for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. \$1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. \$2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks. \$3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproof for men, \$1.50; for women, \$2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

**HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.**

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Canada

Holeproof Hosiery Co., 10 Church Alley, Liverpool, Eng.

### The New Elastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed cotton top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable

for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style. If your dealer hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you get it. (633)

## PENNSYLVANIA

*Red Oilproof Tread*

### VACUUM CUP BICYCLE TIRES

Just think of it! Bicycle tires made with 15½ oz. fabric—the kind that's used for small size automobile tires. It makes your 1915 V.C. tires as *puncture-proof* as bicycle tires can be made.

Of course, V.C.'s were far and away the *highest grade tires on earth* before—oilproof, anti-skid, guaranteed for a whole season—now they're a whole lot more so.



## Our Three New Models at Three Popular Prices

### PENNSYLVANIA ★THREE★STAR★ BICYCLE TIRES

1. The "Triple Tread."
2. The "Sturdy Stud."
3. The "Success."

Each the "Star" tire at its price, leaving no rider any excuse for not getting fine tire service.

Triple  
Tread

STURDY  
STUD

SUCCESS

## Automobile Tires Motorcycle Size

### PENNSYLVANIA

### Oilproof VACUUM CUP MOTORCYCLE TIRES

have proved that what's needed for the "two-legged automobile" is regular V.C. Automobile tire construction—and that's what you get in these tires.

Most V. C. riders easily double the 5,000 mile Guarantee and their numbers are great and growing



A Close Second to V. C.'s—

### STURDY STUD

*Oilproof*

### MOTORCYCLE TIRES



These new tires are put out to sell at a very easy price, and we have made them so good that we put behind them a

### Guarantee of 4,000 miles

This means they will average 7,000 or 8,000. Dealers everywhere have been quick to stock to be ready for your demands.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.

Atlanta  
Boston  
Chicago

Cleveland  
Dallas  
Detroit

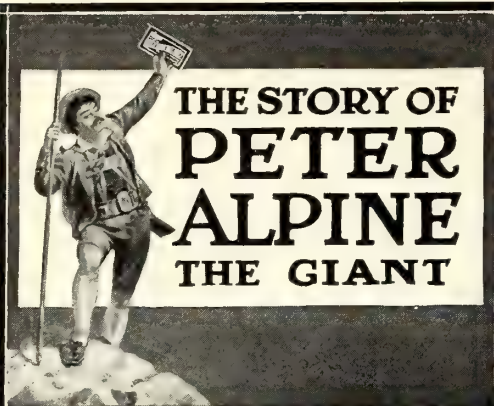
Kansas City, Mo.  
Philadelphia  
Minneapolis

New York  
Omaha  
Seattle

Pittsburgh  
St. Paul  
San Francisco

An Independent Company with an Independent Selling Policy





## THE STORY OF PETER ALPINE THE GIANT

Several hundred men in uniform were busy with pick and shovel, digging a trench. Far off on the horizon puffs of smoke and faint "booms" showed where the enemy's line was.

One of the men said to his neighbor, "'Ow 'ungry hi ham!" And the neighbor responded, "J'ai une grande faim." Indeed they were nearly famished, for the supply train was miles away. Suddenly one of the men rose up out of the trench, threw down his shovel and ran as if for dear life.

As the others looked up they spied a giant looking like a mountinous Alpine guide come tramping across the field, leaving a foot track big enough for a man to lie down in.

As the others started to run, the giant stood at the top of the trench and said in a voice that rumbled like thunder, "Say, there, where are you going? Wait a minute! Look what I've brought you!" And with that he handed them the big package of Peter's Chocolate he carried in his up-raised hand, as you remember seeing him do in all his pictures

Seeing what it was, the men all gathered around him, gave a great cheer, and immediately began to eat it with evident joy. For all soldiers love chocolate. In fact it is one of their principal sources of nourishment. Being a compact food, it is easy to carry and does n't spoil.

When they discovered by its taste that it really was real **Peter's Chocolate**, they looked up to thank their benefactor again, but by this time he was fifty steps away, and of course not even a well-trained officer's voice will carry a half-mile. But just then the giant looked around, waved his hand, and disappeared over the hill.



## THE BOOK MAN

*Come forth into the light of things,  
Let Nature be your teacher.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850).

*Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the  
laughing soil.*

REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

ALL winter we have been kept indoors by inclement weather; books have been almost the only recreation open to most of us. But George Crabbe tells us, in an essay on "Schools," that "Books cannot always please, however good." Now is the time when every one, young and old, wants to be out of doors. There is so much to be seen and heard and felt and done outside of the house; some enjoy long walks in the woods, searching for the early flowers, and marking the changes in Nature's handiwork day by day; others like to watch the little folk of field and wood; still others, and I am sure there must be many of these among the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS*, are planning gardens of their own. And all are sure to find that there are many things they want to know about the doings of Mother Nature—things they can't learn from their own observations alone. For these curious ones have been published many books, which, read on rainy days, make the sunshiny, out-of-door days much more pleasant.

First, for the young gardeners, is "Mary's Garden and How it Grew," by Frances Duncan. This is the story of a little girl's garden, told in such a way that it is interesting reading, and, at the same time, a splendid guide for garden-making. From it one can learn about every stage necessary, from preparing the ground in early spring, and planting seeds in pots for house cultivation, to grafting and planting trees, and making fertilizer in the fall for use the following spring. The illustrations are very helpful. The book costs \$1.25.

For other nature lovers, Dallas Lore Sharp has written three books well worth reading.

## THE BOOK MAN—Continued

"A Watcher in the Woods" is made up of a number of short stories and sketches about animals. There are fascinating accounts of the winter homes of birds and small furry creatures, stories of the birds which nest near the author's home, of frogs, and squirrels, and field-mice, and others.



"Roof and Meadow" tells more about the same little wild folk, city birds, dwellers in the marsh, the story of the cat who was foster-mother to two squirrels, and a dragon story too, only the dragon is a black snake.

"Beyond the Pasture Bars" contains, besides many stories similar to those in "A Watcher in the Woods" and "Roof and Meadow," a splendid description of the great American bird, the turkey.



Recently there has been issued a list of good books for girls and boys. The idea in publishing this list is to help parents and librarians to select suitable and helpful books for girls and boys, and books that the young folks will fully enjoy. There are enough in the list to last a year, at the rate of one book a week. Among these carefully chosen books are many from The Century Co.'s lists. These are only a few, of course, of many splendid books which you can learn all about in The Century Co.'s illustrated catalogue.



A reader of The Book Man columns, interested in Kipling's works, and also in the question raised last fall in regard to the popularity of Dickens's works, asks which of Kipling's stories the other readers of this column like best. Drop a card to-day, with the name of your favorite among Kipling's works written on it, to

**The Book Man**

Look out  
for the  
Limited  
Express  
!!!!!!



**WE THANK YOU  
EVER SO MUCH**

REMEMBER how you used to love to romp and race around? Don't your small sisters or cousins or little brothers or neighbors' children love it now? 'Course they do!

But Mother wants them to be well dressed *all* the time, too, doesn't she? That's just why Ford & Allen Wash Suits happened to be made. They always look so beautiful that Mother is delighted and they suit small ones "to a T," they're so "comfy."

Now what you must do to make everybody happy is just this: Send the little messenger down in the corner to Ford & Allen with your mother's name and address put down on the message. Won't you do that for us and for the kiddies? We hope you will. That's why we said "Thank you very much!" right at the start.

**FORD & ALLEN**  
Man-Tailored Wash Suits  
Age 2 to 8. Girls' and Boys'

"I'M THE BOY FOR YOU TO SEND"

## COUPON

FORD & ALLEN, INC.,  
45 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.  
Dear Mr. Ford and Mr. Allen:—  
"I am a messenger sent to ask you  
"Won't you please send one of your  
little catalogs of Tailored Wash Suits  
to this lady whose name is written here;  
'cause she loves beautiful things!"  
Please do this and oblige, Yours truly  
The Messenger.

Name.....  
Street.....  
Town.....  
State.....





## For Catarrh—BORAX

Colds do not last long if nose and throat membranes are kept cleansed and soothed with

# Borated Vaseline

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The mild antiseptic properties of boric acid, combined with a pure "Vaseline" base.

Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. Write for illustrated booklet describing the various "Vaseline" preparations and their many uses.



**CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.**  
(Consolidated)

38 State Street, New York City

**This size  
TRIAL  
BOTTLE  
sent free**



Your home should never be without Dioxogen. It is the first protection against infectious disease. Dioxogen is not ordinary peroxide. It is 99-961/1000 per cent. pure—entirely free from acetanilid, the bitter, questionable preservative which other peroxides require. It is stronger, too. That you may know what Dioxogen is, we will gladly send you this trial size bottle, on request. Write today.

The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York

## ANY ORPHAN

Rear Elevation Front Elevation



My only name is Judy,  
I've no other name at all.  
I'm just a little orphan,  
A Daddy-Long-Legs doll.

If YOU will be my mother,  
And love and hold me tight,  
You'll help another orphan  
To be tucked in bed at night,  
And to find a really mother,  
Which she has n't now at all,  
Let me be your little Judy,  
Your Daddy-Long-Legs doll.

There is a book "Daddy-Long-Legs," you know. Jean Webster wrote it. And there is a play "Daddy-Long-Legs." Jean Webster wrote *that* too, and everybody in New York is going to see it.

Now come "Daddy-Long-Legs" dolls, and every doll that is sold goes to help place some homeless child in a real home with a real mother and father, through the State Charities Aid Association.

Daddy-Long-Legs doll dressed, with postage **60c.**

Daddy-Long-Legs doll dressed, without postage..... **50c.**

Daddy-Long-Legs doll undressed, with patterns and materials for clothes, with postage.... **60c.**

Daddy-Long-Legs doll undressed, with patterns and materials for clothes, without postage... **50c.**

Of course you want to help. You can find out all about it by writing to

## DADDY-LONG-LEGS

Care of St. Nicholas

**353 Fourth Avenue,  
at 26th Street,  
New York**



For the Handy Boy  
—or Girl

## Box Furniture

How to Make a Hundred Useful Articles for the Home

By LOUISE BRIGHAM

The author of the articles in the "Practical Mechanics for Boys" series, now running in ST. NICHOLAS, tells in this book how to make one hundred serviceable, artistic pieces of furniture for the house. And she tells just *how* to make them. Nothing is left to chance or guess-work.

*Over 160 helpful illustrations  
Price \$1.60 net, postage 12 cents*

## The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes

How to Build and Fly Them: With a Story of the Evolution of the Flying Machine

By FRANCIS A. COLLINS

Just the book needed by the boy interested in air craft, which are being used so much in the great war. Explicit instructions for making the little aeroplanes and flying them, and a short but complete history of flying from 67 A.D. to the present, with accounts of record flights.

*Illustrated with many photographs and diagrams. Price \$1.20 net, postage 10 cents*

## Art Crafts for Beginners

By FRANK G. SANFORD

A guide for the boy or girl who wants to go further in arts and crafts work than is possible in an ordinary school course. Instructions for making many articles in Wood-work, Sheet-metal Work, Leather-work, Bookbinding, Simple Pottery, etc., etc.

*Illustrations by the author  
Price \$1.20 net, postage 12 cents*

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Avenue  
at 26th Street

New York City

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter



**O**NLY a minute to make a Beech-Nut Peanut Butter Sandwich. It's one of the few things that mother will be glad to have you eat between meals, because she knows its value as a balanced food, and the Beech-Nut standards of purity and flavor. Sold by all good grocers.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., Canajoharie, N. Y.



©  
G. F. CO.  
1914

**H**EALTHY kiddies are active from morning till night at hard play that is good for their little bodies. They exercise more muscles than do grown-ups and the things they wear must stand great strain and rough service.



**Velvet Grip**

OBLONG RUBBER BUTTON  
HOSE SUPPORTERS

Child's sample pair (give age) 15c. postpaid

Sold Everywhere

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON



## APRIL FOOL

### Advertising Competition No. 160

A boy and girl were once upon a time riding on a train. It was a long, tiresome ride, and just before the trainmen turned the lights on in the twilight, their minds began to feel drowsy-like, and they thought they heard the conductor call out: "The next Station is Blunderland."

Then right before their eyes, alongside the track, appeared signs that read:

1. "Gives a rich creamy lather—Northern Pacific Railway."
2. "Fine with crackers—Dioxogen."
3. "Prepared with milk—Everready Electric Hand Lights and Lanterns."
4. "That's what fixed you up—Victrola."
5. "Try it morning and night—Coward Shoes."
6. "And father asks for it at night when scarce inside the door—Mellin's Food."
7. "Puncture proof—Holeproof."
8. "Put up in seven pure fruit flavors—Old Dutch Cleanser."
9. "Serve with desserts and at afternoon teas—Ivory Soap."
10. "For chapped hands and lips—Baker's Cocoa."
11. "Ask your mother if she has any—Fairly Soap."
12. "Valuable in preventing or overcoming roughness—Jell-O."

You being wide-awake and not a bit drowsy, realize at once that these are April foolish statements concerning the particular products named.

But they are very, *very* sensible and truthful statements when applied to the right product, which may or may not be named on this page, but which is advertised in the March ST. NICHOLAS.

Think for a moment of how unfortunate it would be for these above-mentioned children to go through life thinking that "Northern Pacific Railway gives a rich creamy lather"! Think, too, how valuable it would be for them to understand the *real* beauties of this railway route and the value of all the good things ST. NICHOLAS advertises.

You must straighten these things out for them.

Put the numbered phrases all down in a column as they appear above, and after them write the *correct* answer. You will find each quoted phrase in some advertisement in March ST. NICHOLAS. The name of that particular product as written in the March advertisements will be the right answer.

Now everybody get to work and help to enlighten these deluded children.

After doing this good work, write us a note of not over fifty words telling us what kind of music interests you most; what kind of musical instruments you play, if any; and what make of piano your family has.

In the event of equally correct solutions of the competition, the prizes will go to those who write us the most interesting and specific note, answering the three questions asked above, telling us definitely and sincerely about these things.

Here are the RULES and REGULATIONS: be sure to comply with all of these conditions if you want to win a prize.

1. Send in a list numbering and showing the things from which these particular phrases were taken, as they appeared in the March advertisements.

2. Write us the fifty-word note, answering the three questions as asked above.

3. The prizes will go to those who send in the correct or most nearly correct list accompanied by the most interesting and specific letter.

4. In the upper left-hand corner of your answer paper give name, address, and the number of the competition (160).

5. All answers must be submitted by April 20th, 1915.

6. Do not use a lead pencil.

7. Address answers:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 160,  
ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE,  
353 Fourth Avenue,  
New York City.

There will be sixteen prizes awarded. One First Prize of \$5.00. Two Second Prizes of \$3.00 each; Three Third Prizes of \$2.00 each, and Ten Fourth Prizes of \$1.00 each.

*Note*—Prize-winners who are not subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS are given special subscription rates upon immediate application.

**This Competition is open freely to all who may desire to compete without charge or consideration of any kind. Prospective contestants need not be subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS in order to compete for prizes offered.**



"It isn't  
always  
the biggest  
fisherman  
who catches  
the biggest  
fish."

# Bristol

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

No old  
fisherman  
can compete  
but only  
boys and  
girls under  
18

## FISHING CONTEST

### A New Kind of Competition for Both Boys and Girls

FISHING is more fun than you have any idea of unless you are already a fisherman. We have been wondering how we could make ST. NICHOLAS readers see just how much fun it is. So we thought and thought. And finally we agreed that the best way would be to offer prizes to the Boys and the Girls who catch the biggest Fish during the present season. You see, it isn't the oldest or the biggest fisherman who catches the biggest fish. And besides, no old fisherman can compete for these prizes, so every ST. NICHOLAS reader has a chance to capture a prize and have all the neighbors say: "My! What a wonderful fisherman you must be!"

There are a good many prizes, too, so even if your fish isn't the very biggest, it may win a prize. By "Biggest" we mean the one of greatest weight.

Don't hesitate about sending in your entry, because there is not only one Grand Prize, but six others. The Grand Prize is for the boy or girl who catches the biggest fish between April first and September first, inclusive. The six other prizes will be divided between boys and girls: a First, Second, and Third Prize for boys only, and a First, Second, and Third Prize for girls only.

Be sure to send us the measurements of your big fish. And if you want to, write us a letter now asking about anything you want to know.

### PRIZES

The winners will be permitted to select any fishing rod in our entire line at a price not more than the prices listed below.

Grand Prize for Boys or Girls: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$12.00 in value.

#### Additional Prizes

##### FOR BOYS ONLY

FIRST PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$6.00 in value.

SECOND PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$4.50 in value.

THIRD PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$3.00 in value.

##### FOR GIRLS ONLY

FIRST PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$6.00 in value.

SECOND PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$4.50 in value.

THIRD PRIZE: A Bristol Steel Rod—Any rod up to \$3.00 in value.

#### Regulations

The first regulation is that you must not be more than 18 years old.

Your entry must be made on or before September 1, 1915, which is the closing date of this competition.

You don't need to use a "Bristol" Rod.

After you catch your big fish write to us and give us the following information:

Name ..... Address .....

Your age ..... Kind of fish .....

Weight of fish ..... Length of fish ..... Girth of fish .....

When caught ..... Where caught .....

Kind of Rod used .....

Indorsement of parent or guardian (which must be given) .....

guaranteeing above statements. ....

Prize Winners will be announced in the November issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

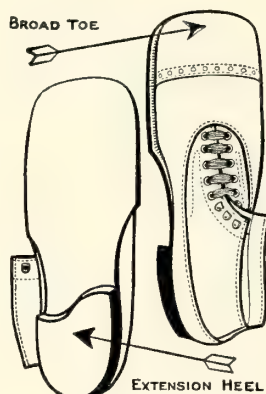
In case of tie, each tying contestant will receive a prize identical with that tied for.

HORTON MFG. CO. 167 Horton Street BRISTOL, CONN.



# The Coward Shoe

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



"Turned" ankles are straightened, and weak arches strengthened by the Coward Arch Support Shoe. The Coward Extension Heel gives sureness to the step, while the broad "tread" allows the great toe to meet the ground naturally, and properly balance the body. Children walk confidently in this Coward Shoe, because it supports, protects and controls the foot muscles.

**Mail Orders Filled—Send for Catalogue**

SOLD NOWHERE ELSE

**JAMES S. COWARD**

264-274 Greenwich St., New York City

(NEAR WARREN STREET)

## REPORT ON ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 158

The Druggist and the Grocery-man who fell asleep in their stores and dreamed they woke up in Topsy-Turvyland and found their packages all jumbled together and the labels all changed, were simply delighted with the way ST. NICHOLAS readers helped them out. When we explained to them that the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine is read "from cover to cover," and that the advertisements were 'most as interesting as the stories, they then understood how it happened that so many of our readers were able to be of service to them.

The bicycle stories were all excellent, and nearly every one who sent in an answer to the competition either had a bicycle or wanted one very badly. One of our readers said he wanted one with four legs and a tail, but as that kind was not made, he would be satisfied with one with two wheels. Many of the bicycles had names, such as "Doughnuts," "Pickles," "Faithful," "Bluebird," etc.,—not the names of the particular brand, of course, but names that had been given to the bicycles by the boys and girls.

The Judges scratched their heads and heaved a sigh when they saw all the answers from so many bright young folks. They started right in to correct the answers and read the letters, and before they knew it their sighs turned to smiles, because the letters told of so many interesting experiences our young friends have had with their bicycles—all true stories, of course, which makes them all the more interesting.

Would n't you like to know who have won the prizes? Here is the list of those who are to receive One Dollar each, as we offered twenty-seven One Dollar prizes this time, instead of following the usual method.

Ruth Crook, age 14, Ohio.  
Lawrence E. Emmons, age 14, Illinois.  
Dorothy Judd, age 11, Illinois.  
Hulda Howard, age 12, New York.  
Emil Webb, age 10, Kentucky.  
Frederic Voedisch, age 11, South Dakota.  
Agnes Rapiet, age 10, Louisiana.  
Helen Zielsdorf, age 13, Wisconsin.  
Verner H. Eman, age 13, Michigan.  
Norman McLeod, age 8, California.  
Mary E. Van Dyck, age 15, New Jersey.  
Mildred Stone, age 12, New Jersey.  
Beth MacDuffie, age 17, Massachusetts.  
Arthur W. Tryon, age 11, Connecticut.  
Alfred B. Jones, age 14, South Carolina.  
John Walkama, age 16, Michigan.  
Veryl Madison, age 12, Iowa.  
Kenneth W. Plumb, age 15, Michigan.  
Merrill Buffington, age 14, Minnesota.  
Hu. B. Kirkman, age 11, Missouri.  
Revere B. Gurley, age 12, Maryland.  
Margaret M. Horton, age 16, Georgia.  
Lilian Rogers, age 13, Ontario.  
Esther C. Jennings, age 13, Rhode Island.  
Huntley D. Dibble, age 9, Minnesota.  
James F. Davenport, age 11, Massachusetts.  
Katharine B. Graves, age 17, Pennsylvania.

The books of Rudyard Kipling  
sell better every year than  
those of any other living author

Every child should have for  
companions

## THE JUNGLE BOOK

## THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK

## CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

### THE JUNGLE BOOK\* and THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK

are both to be had in two editions:  
green cloth, *\$1.50 each*; pocket edi-  
tion in flexible red leather, *\$1.50 net*,  
*postage 12 cents*. Both have interest-  
ing illustrations, those in "The Second  
Jungle Book" by John Lockwood  
Kipling, the author's father.

### THE JUNGLE BOOK

has been issued also with sixteen  
full-page illustrations in rich color  
by the famous English artists Maurice  
and Edward Detmold. *Price \$2.50*  
*net, postage 12 cents*.

### CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

perhaps Rudyard Kipling's greatest  
book for boys is also published now  
in two editions: green cloth, *\$1.50*;  
pocket edition in flexible red leather,  
*\$1.50 net, postage 12 cents*.

THE CENTURY CO.

353 Fourth Ave. New York

## Betty's Lessons

(In which she finds that some les-  
sons can be very interesting indeed)

### III. GEOGRAPHY



THIS is quite an import-  
ant subject, yet nearly all  
of Betty's class like it. That  
is because of the funny cos-  
tumes and *customs* of people  
in foreign lands.

One day the word "customs"  
was mentioned and a boy  
who was studying "Com-  
mercial Geography" was asked to define it.  
"Customs," he said, "is the tax paid on imported  
goods." And all the class burst out laughing,  
because they were thinking of the other kind of  
*customs*, meaning people's "habits" or "manners."

But the teacher spoke up quickly. "That is quite right,  
and I am glad to see you know about things like that."  
Then, illustrating the definition, she added, "A customs  
tax is like this: Manufacturers like I. W. Lyon & Sons,  
for example, buy many of the ingredients of their tooth  
powder in foreign lands."

"Why?" interposed some one.

"Because they cannot secure a fine enough quality in this  
country," the teacher continued. "They get one thing  
from England, another from Italy, and another from Spain.  
When all these things arrive in New York, 'customs'  
men meet the ship and decide how much tax the Lyon  
Company shall pay. And the money they pay helps  
support the Government."

When Betty told her father that night, he said, "Well,  
daughter dear, you know more than I did at your age.  
But I've known Dr. Lyon's fine Tooth Powder for  
almost fifty years. That's why I want you to use,  
night and morning, either

## Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder OR Dental Cream



Send 2c. to-day

for a trial package of  
either DR. LYON'S  
PERFECT TOOTH  
POWDER or DENT-  
AL CREAM. There's  
enough to last for nearly  
two weeks. See what  
fun it really is to brush  
your teeth with denti-  
fice that you like—that  
tastes as good as it looks.



I. W. LYON & SONS

533 W. 27th St., New York City



# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE

## NEW ISSUES

NEW issues still gladden the heart of the ardent philatelist. Sometimes one wonders whether there is real need for so many of them, and the smaller the country the more stamps it seems to need. This is seen in the recent Balkan troubles. Several new countries came into the stamp issuing field, notably Albania and Epirus. Both have done well in their brief period of



EPIRUS, FIRST ISSUE

existence. Epirus, especially, has issued some very interesting stamps. No picture of the first issue really does justice to these stamps. The piratical skull and cross-bones, emblematic perhaps of an in-



EPIRUS, LATER ISSUE

tended raid upon the pockets of collectors, are softened by the coloring into a very fascinating stamp, one which is certainly attractive upon the pages of an album. We illustrate the issue, and also a later one from the same country. In this latter, the center of the stamp represents the pilot flag of Greece—a white cross upon a blue background. In all values the blue background is the same; but the double-headed eagle, the lettering at the bottom and sides, and the framework around the flag vary with each value. The one lepton is brown, 5 l. green,



VENEZUELA, NEW SERIES

10 l. red, 25 l. dark blue, 50 l. violet, 1 drachma red, 2 d. yellow, 5 d. green. At the left is the word "Autonomous," at the right "Epirus," while at the bottom is the value. The stamps are evidently of Greek origin, or from the firm which prints the Greek stamps, for they have the same style of rouletting. And it is not very satisfactory either, for it is difficult to separate the stamps evenly. The little projecting points of the roulette are very easily torn off. From poor little Belgium comes still another set of charity stamps. This time the head of King Albert is much larger. In both the lower corners is



BELGIUM CHARITY STAMP

still the symbol of the Red Cross; both portrait and crosses being in red. There are three values, as before, 5, 10, and 20 centimes. They are sold at double face, the proceeds going to charity. Venezuela also has issued a new series, but few collectors take interest in her stamps—probably because there are always so many remainders coming on the market and keeping the price down. One likes to see purchases advance in price in the catalogue. But Venezuela stamps have a bad habit of going lower and lower. The new stamp is of good design and excellent workmanship. The portrait in the center is the ever popular patriot, Simon Bolivar, through whose genius so much of South America threw off the Spanish yoke. Next month we shall show the new stamps of Switzerland.

## THE RAREST STAMPS

ONE of the questions asked us most frequently is, which is the rarest of all the stamps. There are not a few claimants for this honor, all of which are exceedingly rare, stamps of which but a single copy is known to exist. Indeed, there is evidence which leads us to believe that some stamps were printed and used of which no copies at all are known to be in existence. Of those stamps of which only one copy is known, the first is a postmaster's provisional issued at Boscawen, New Hampshire (see Scott's Catalogue, Number 111a). Another is British Guiana No. 13. Only one copy of this is known, and is in a celebrated collection in Paris, France, probably the largest collection in the world. In 1893, the Niger Coast Protectorate issued a series of surcharged stamps, all of which are scarce and some of them are in the ranks of the world's greatest rarities. This refers especially to the twenty-shilling values. Of the twenty-shillings, surcharged in violet, only five copies were ever printed; of the vermilion surcharge, only two copies, and of the black surcharge, only one copy. As there is and can be only one copy of this last stamp, it is justly entitled to be considered the rarest of all stamps. It probably would not sell so high as the better known and more popular "Post-office" stamps of Mauritius. Yet of these, there are known fourteen copies of the one-penny and twelve of the two-penny.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

UTILIZE as much as possible the space underneath the stamps in your album. The little jottings which may be entered here help to make the collection interesting. This space is very limited, of course, but we can easily note the date each stamp was obtained, the initials of the dealer from whom it was purchased, and the price paid for it. It takes but a few moments to do all this, but later on you will be glad you took the time. It is so interesting to lift up a stamp one has had for a long time and note whence it came—to compare the price with the present catalogue quotation. We advise all our readers to take the trouble necessary to keep such a record.

A scrap-book to accompany a stamp-collection is not a new thing, but it is a very helpful one. Collect

(Continued on page 33)



## Helpful Suggestions

ON this page are suggestions where most ideal pets may be found. Dolls can't play with you, games sometimes grow tiresome, and toys wear out, but a loving little pet will bring a new companionship and happiness into the home, growing stronger with passing years, oftentimes aiding in health and character building and frequently proving a staunch protector and friend. We are always ready to assist in the selection of a pet and like to help when possible. We try to carry only the most reliable advertisements and believe you can count on courteous and reliable service from the dealers shown below. ST. NICHOLAS PET DEPARTMENT



Wren House  
\$5.00



Martin House  
\$12.00



Bird Bath  
\$17.00

## Bird Houses

### DODSON HOUSES WIN SONG BIRDS TO YOUR GARDEN

**Free Book** tells how to attract Bluebirds, Wrens, Martins, Flickers, etc., to live near you. Thousands of Dodson Bird Houses successful all over America. I've been building bird houses for 10 years. Get a Dodson Bird House and have birds this summer.

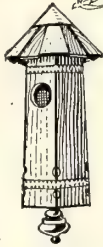
Bluebird House—solid oak, cypress roof, \$5; Purple Martin House—26 rooms and attic, \$12—with all-copper roof, \$15; Flicker Houses, \$2.50 to \$5.00; Chickadee or Nuthatch Houses, \$1.50 to \$3; Bird Baths—Zinc, \$7; Cement, \$17.

The famous Dodson Sparrow Trap catches sparrows automatically—as many as 75 a day. Price, \$5. Get rid of sparrows; song birds will return.

*All prices quoted are f.o.b. Chicago. Write for free illustrated book about birds.*

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Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society



Flicker House  
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Bluebird House  
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Your choice for \$1.25, the three for \$3.50. Booklet "Bird Architecture" 20 cents, free with every order. Parcel Post prepaid within 3d Zone.

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### PONIES for sale

Buying a sweet gentle pet for your children is the best way to invest a small amount for them. To have charge of a pony develops self-reliance, makes healthy, happy children and useful boys and girls. Order now, \$75.00 up. Write your wants—Dept. B.

**SHADY NOOK FARM**  
Addison County, North Ferrisburgh, Vermont

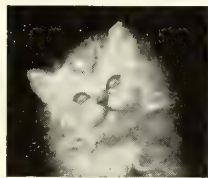
Keep your dog in condition by feeding him on

### Spratt's Dog Cakes

The best all-round Dog Food in the world.

Send 2c. stamp for "Dog Culture."

**SPRATT'S PATENT LTD., NEWARK, N. J.**



### EQUAL PARTNERS

is the relationship existing between the child and his pet. They share each day's joys and sorrows on an equal basis, and the welfare of one is the welfare of the other. Put your child in partnership with the ideal pet—one of our Persian Kittens.

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America's  
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### Book on Dog Diseases And How to Feed

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### Playmates of Royalty

In ancient China, this little fellow's ancestors played with princes and princesses. Perhaps that is why these beautiful wee

### PEKINGESE

make such brave, lovable little pets. All my dogs are champion bred. There are over 50 to choose from of every color. Prices, \$25 on up. I will be glad to tell you more about them, if you write to

Mrs. H. A. Baxter, Telephone 418,  
Great Neck, L. I., or 489 Fifth  
Ave., New York City (Tel.)



### The Easter Gift for YOU!

Not a wee chick or pretty bunny but a soft, fluffy baby puppy from

### Sunnybrae Collie Kennels

Make this, and the many following Easter, happy days indeed! Not much time, so write at once to **Mr. F. R. Clarke, Box 136, Bloomington, Ill.**, and ask him to choose a real "St. Nicholas" pup. His book on dog training, price 25c., will also help you train your dog.

### HOW TO TELL A GOOD DOG

*The Blue Book of Dogdom Gives the Standards of the Breeds Illustrated*

This book will enable anyone to tell just how good a dog is, and what he should be. The only work giving the scale of points and standards of breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club. Illustrated with pictures of champion dogs.

**PRICE FIFTY CENTS POSTPAID**  
*Money back if dissatisfied*

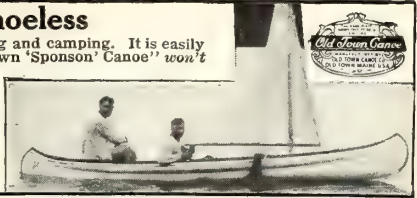
**C. S. R. CO., P. O. Box 1028, New York City**

## Don't Spend Another Summer Canoeless

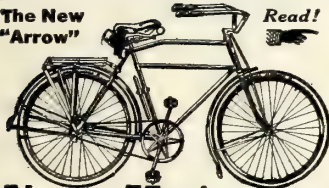
To be sure of a finer vacation than ever before, get an "Old Town Canoe" for fishing and camping. It is easily paddled, easily carried, and its broad bottom makes it hard to upset. The "Old Town 'Sponson' Canoe" won't upset. An "Old Town Canoe" is such a beauty it will make you the envy of the crowd. Send for free catalog. 4000 low-priced canoes ready. Dealers everywhere.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 434 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

# "Old Town Canoes"



The New  
"Arrow"



Read!

Electrically  
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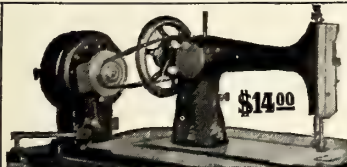
Easy motorcycle saddle—New coaster brake—motorcycle mud guards—stand and parcel rack—motorcycle pedals—long rubber grip motorcycle handle bars—re-inforced motorcycle frame. Fisk Red Tread Clincher Tires—beautiful finish. Write.

## New Motorcycle Type

Write for our new 1915 catalog. Read the wonderful 1915 improvements above. Nothing like this bicycle ever offered before. Other features, too. Send for catalog. The New Arrow—the most wonderful bicycle value ever built. Perfect motorcycle type. All sizes for boys, men and women.

**Pay As You Ride** A small amount down brings you the 1915 Arrow—enjoy riding it right away—pay just a little each month while you ride. Write for rock-bottom direct offer.

**Write Today** Get our new free catalog of this wonderful 1915 Arrow and our rock-bottom offer. No obligations. Don't delay. Your name on a postal will do. Write today—NOW. Arrow Cycle Co. Dept. 1374 19th St. & California Ave. Chicago



FIDELITY ELECTRIC CO., LANCASTER, PA.

**Sewing Machine Electric Motor** Will fit any make sewing machine and costs only 1/4 cent per hour for electricity. Price complete, \$14. Write for circular. Guaranteed.

## STAMP PAGE—Continued from page 31

all the items you see about stamps and put them in your scrap-book under the country to which they refer. Several readers of St. NICHOLAS have written us that they do this with the Stamp Page every month. The news items give them much interesting information about the various countries, and the pictures help in identifying and placing new stamps. As time passes and the clippings become more and more numerous, the scrap-book becomes more and more useful as a book of reference. ¶ The watermark of a stamp can sometimes be detected by holding the stamp to a strong light, but not always. A better way is to use a water-mark detector. Get from some photographer a sheet of tintype plate, place the stamp face downward on this, and pour on it a few drops of benzine. The benzine will not injure the color of the stamp, nor dissolve the gum of an unused specimen. Indeed, a canceled stamp is often improved in appearance by a benzine bath. Our advertisers have on sale a regular benzine cup with a black bottom which is not expensive and is better than the tin.

## Leedawl COMPASS



A Lesson Every Boy Scout Learns is to tell direction, follow a trail, and read a map, with the aid of a compass. The

## Leedawl Jeweled Compass

is guaranteed and has a jeweled needle—heavy and tempered steel point—silvered metal dial—screw stop and white metal non-tarnishing case. It is the only GUARANTEED JEWELLED compass at the price.

Most dealers sell the Leedawl Compass. If your dealer does not have them (like illustration) or will not order for you, send us his name and address with \$1.00 and we will send you one.

Descriptive matter 5-40 mailed on request.

Taylor Instrument Companies  
AMES STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

There's a Tyco's Thermometer for Every Purpose

## Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and show a new 1915 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our liberal terms. **DELIVERED FREE** on approval and **30 days' trial**. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms. **FACTORY CLEARING SALE**—a limited number of old models of various makes, \$7 to \$12. A few good second-hand wheels \$3 to \$8. Write if you want a bargain. Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, motorcycle supplies of all kinds at half usual prices. Write us before buying. **MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO**

## STAMP DIRECTORY—Continued from p. 31



**FREE**—The above fine set of Hayti, 1904, 6 varieties catalog value 48c. if you send 10c. for 10 weeks subn. to *Mykeel's Stamp Weekly*, Boston, Mass.

## NEW WESTERN POSTER STAMPS

Beautiful assortment of 20 stamps, all different, 10c. 60 Poster Stamps, no two alike, 25c. Album, 10c., or *Free* with 25c. order. 6 Extra Stamps *Free* if you send names and addresses of a few other collectors with order. NATIONAL POSTER STAMP CO., 605 EXCHANGE BLDG., DENVER, COLO.



**FREE**—Siam set above, King Chulalongkorn, 1910, 2 to 28 satangs catalog value 46c. if you send 25c. for 6 mos. subn. to *Mykeel's Stamp Weekly*, Boston, Mass.

The  
**Prophy-lactic**

is the

**ONE Tooth Brush in universal use today—everywhere**



# *Watch for the* **MAY ST. NICHOLAS**

**Big Guns of the Fire Department.** Fifty fire-engines of the size you usually see, and all pumping at the same time into the same hose, could not raise a stream higher than does the new high-pressure water system of New York City.

Charles T. Hill will write about all the new machinery that is used in modern fire fighting. Lots of pictures.

**Uncle Ezra's Shoes.** Lorraine Anderson Allen will tell the marvelous story of your shoes. Nearly every country in the world sent something to help make them—Siam, India, Russia, Australia, and many more.

**A First-Class Argument.** George M. Johnson will have a motor-cycle story in which a boy finds a way to win something he has longed for. The story moves as fast as the motor-cycle.

**Green Cap.** This will be a fairy tale for ST. NICHOLAS little folks.

**Mr. Dog and Mr. Bear.** In this story Mr. Bear becomes the servant of Mr. Dog. There is a falling out, and—well, you'd better read it in the MAY ST. NICHOLAS.

And there will be more good chapters of the continued stories about which the ST. NICHOLAS family is so enthusiastic: **The Lost Prince, Peg o' the Ring, Tommy and the Wishing-Stone,** and **The Boarded-Up House;** besides more stories, articles, and verses, and pictures for everything.

Are you who are reading this page a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS? If you are not, why not join the big ST. NICHOLAS family and have the magazine come to your house in your own name every month? Then you will be sure not to miss a chapter of the stories that run from one month to another; and you can take time to read everything in it whenever you like.

If you really want the three dollars to subscribe for a year, why then just make the getting of them a problem, such as you do in school, and work it out. The great men and women of the world have become great because they early began working out their problems. Think on it hard and the answer will come. The little coupon below is for your convenience. Just write in your name and address, then put it and three dollars in an envelope and send to the address printed on the coupon. Write us a letter telling how you worked out your problem. Tear off the coupon now, then you won't forget it.

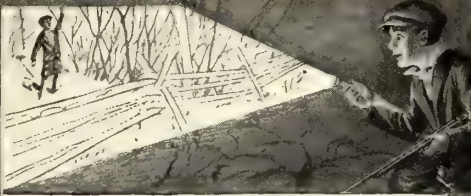
**CENTURY CO., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City.**

Gentlemen: Please find enclosed \$3, for which send ST. NICHOLAS for one year, beginning with the May Number, to

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(St. N.—4)



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Learn to flash messages by night with an EVEREADY Flashlight. You can use the regular army heliograph signal system, Morse code, or you can devise a secret signal system of your own. Signals flashed from the attic window can be seen and read several blocks away on a clear night. The

## EVEREADY FLASHLIGHT

gives a strong, far-reaching beam of light that flashes out instantly at the touch of your finger. With a little practice you can make the EVEREADY "talk" as plainly and as rapidly as an army signalman who uses the regulation apparatus.

EVEREADY Flashlight No. 2602 is the ideal light for signaling and for carrying in the pocket. Be sure the light you buy is an EVEREADY, equipped with the famous EVEREADY Tungsten Battery. These lights and batteries are guaranteed by the oldest and largest manufacturers of flashlights in the world. They never "go back on you"—they are sturdy and give long service.

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**AMERICAN EVER READY WORKS**  
of National Carbon Company  
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## It's The Little Things That Tell

whether your home is spick and span.

3-in-One cleans and keeps bright nickel parts of stoves, door plates, bath room fixtures, etc. Lubricates clocks, guns, sewing machines, bicycles. Polishes and removes stains and scars from pianos, fine furniture, all varnished surfaces. Contains no acid, no disagreeable odor, will not dry out, cake, gum or collect dust.

# FREE

Write now for liberal free sample bottle and booklet.

**Three-in-One Oil Co.**  
42 QW. Broadway, New York.



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The words have assumed a new significance for the year 1915.

The annual vacation of thousands will be spent at the greatest of world Expositions, where the progress and achievements of the past decade are being shown.

## The California Expositions

Present a rare opportunity to inspect the accomplishments of more than forty nations.

*Go via*

## Northern Pacific Railway

And the Great Northern Pacific S. S. Co.

Over the "Scenic Highway" through some of the most wonderful scenery on the American continent coupled with a 600-mile ocean voyage.

"The Exposition Starts When You Board the Northern Pacific Train."

*Stop Off at*

## Yellowstone National Park

America's Only Geyserland and "Nature's Own World's Exposition," and view the majestic scenery and strange phenomena of Wonderland.

Send for free travel literature including handsome Exposition Folder

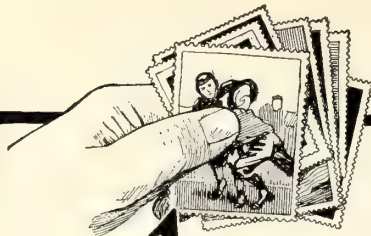
*A. M. Cleland  
Gen. Pass. Agent  
St. Paul, Minn.*



A. M. CLELAND, Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul  
Send me free Travel Literature as advertised in St. Nicholas  
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





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**T**HIS sample packet is sent with *your* membership in the Art Stamp League.

This fascinating pastime, collecting art stamps, has spread all over Europe and has just come to America. Hundreds of bright boys and girls are collecting these beautiful, artistic Poster Stamps. They're about twice the size of postage stamps and are works of art.

It is easy to get the stamps, too. We have started a Poster Stamp Collectors League—and have ready for our members a large number of assortments of Poster Stamps.

To become a member send twenty-five cents (in stamps or coin) for an attractive stamp album, a member's special stamp, and any one of the above stamp assortments. From time to time each member of the Art Stamp League will receive *absolutely free* special assortments of new stamps. You will not be able to buy them.

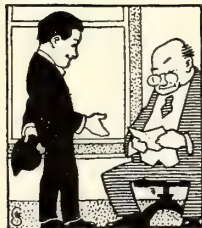
Join the League now. Send us your name and address, with either four cents in stamps for the sample packet or 25 cents for membership stamp and the album and assortment of stamps.

**THE ART STAMP LEAGUE OF AMERICA, INC.**

SUCCESSOR TO POSTER STAMP BUREAU

80 Maiden Lane

New York



Have you seen the

## "Thrifty Alexander"

## Poster Stamps?

There are 52 of them, genuine miniature Posters, drawn by the noted artist, F. G. Cooper.

They are a fascinating "moving picture" story of Thrifty Alexander's journey on the road to fortune.

They are issued only by banks. Take this ad. to your bank and see if you can get the entire series.

If you can't, we will send you the first ten, anyway, for ten cents in stamps.

We will also send 60 stamps, American Advertisers, including ten Thrifty Alexander, for 25 cents.

20 beautiful Poster Stamp views of St. Paul, 10 cents.

A good Poster Stamp album, capacity 288 stamps, 25 cents.

**HARVEY BLODGETT COMPANY**

Makers of Poster Stamps

Fifth and Minnesota Streets

St. Paul, Minn.

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# SWARTHMORE

## Preparatory School for Boys

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Modern buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool, athletic fields. Eleven miles from Philadelphia in a residential and college suburb; no saloons or factories.

Remarkable health record for twenty-one years due to careful observance of laws of health in equipment and habits.

Junior House for smaller boys.

For catalogue and information address

**A. H. TOMLINSON, Headmaster**

**SWARTHMORE, PA.**

NEW-YORK, Briarcliff Manor.

## Mrs. Marshall's School for Little Girls

A home-like boarding and day school for girls under fifteen, affording an abundance of healthful recreation and play in rural surroundings with elevating companionship. Booklet free on request.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington (Suburbs).

**National Park Seminary** For the higher education of young women. Extension courses of two years' collegiate work above high school. Thoroughly equipped departments of Home Economics, Floriculture, Arts and Crafts, Music, Painting, Dramatic Art, systematic study of the National Capital. Illustrated book on request to Registrar. Box 178, Forest Glen, Md.

**Minne-Wawa** NEW JERSEY, Bordentown. Summer Camp for Boys and Young Men. Located at Lake of Two Rivers, Algonquin Provincial Park in the heart of Ontario Highlands. Unsurpassed for fishing, canoeing, observation of nature and wild animal photography. Just the camp you have been looking for. Wholesome moral atmosphere. Highest references. Reasonable terms. Write for booklet D. W. L. Wise, Ph. B.

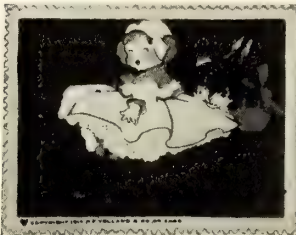
**CAMP BELGRADE FOR BOYS** In the Maine Woods. A bully place for a real bang-up vacation. Write for illustrated booklet and see just what good times the camp offers.

FRANK S. SCHRENK, A.M.,  
1435 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

G. P. BLAKE,  
Oakland, Me.

## Are you, for sure, All ready for Easter?

**I**F you are, all you need to do to make it a perfect Easter is send to us 10c. for 24 separate Easter stamps to put on Easter-greetings for the 24 best friends. Then if you are making a collection, send us another 10c. for a second set for your album. If you have no album, we'll send a 32-page one with 24 well-selected stamps for 25c.



Have you the beautiful California series and Exposition series people are talking so much about? We'll send 36 of one kind for 10c. and the other 36 for 10c. more.

Please send us 2c. extra for postage if  
you order only ONE set

**POSTER STAMP CLUB** 17 Madison Avenue  
NEW YORK CITY



## Consider Others

Most people love children—love to fondle them.

A baby is always at its best if it wears

*Kleinert's*

Waterproof  
BABY  
PANTS



Single Texture, 25c.



Double Texture, 50c.

**Blaisdell** Paper Pencils

IF YOU WANT fine colored pencils, go to the store next door to your school and ask for **BLAISDELLS**. Send for color chart. Philadelphia.

## CLASS PINS

For School, College or Society.

We make the "right kind" from hand cut steeldies. Beauty of detail and quality guaranteed. No pins

less than \$5.00 a dozen. Catalog showing many artistic designs free. FLOWER CITY CLASS PIN CO., 686 Central Building, Rochester, N. Y.



**TOUCHWOOD**

and put the kibosh on your jinx.  
Displayed wherever jewelry is sold.



## RIDE a RANGER

bicycle and know you have the best. Buy a machine you can prove before accepting.

**DELIVERED FREE ON APPROVAL and 30 days' trial.** No expense to you if you do not wish to keep it.

**LOW FACTORY COST**, great improvements and values never before equalled in our 1915 models.

**WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our complete line of 1915 bicycles, TIRES, sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful new offers and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at factory to user prices. Do not buy until you know what we can do for you.

**MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. A-15, CHICAGO**

## For 20 Cents a Day

### Own a Real Brunswick Home Billiard Table

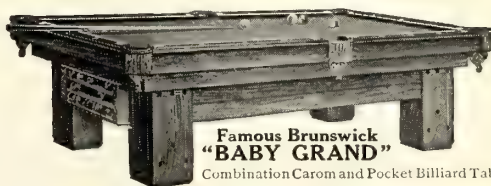
Social life centers these days around the billiard table. It is the same in thousands of mansions and cottages. Folks of all ages are *enchanted* with Carom and Pocket Billiards.

Each evening this royal sport exhilarates the grown-ups. It banishes brain-fag, care and fatigue.

And Billiards safeguards boys—brings out their manly traits and *makes home win them from the "corner gang!"*

## Superb BRUNSWICK Home Billiard Tables

The Choice of Experts



Famous Brunswick  
"BABY GRAND"

Combination Carom and Pocket Billiard Table

Not toys—not shaky, collapsible contraptions made to look like billiard tables. But *real* regulation tables, modified only in size and design to harmonize with home surroundings.

The famous "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are made of magnificent San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid.

"Convertible" styles can be changed in a moment from Dining or Library Tables to real billiard tables.

Billiard wizards—Hoppe, Sutton, Inman—perform their marvelous shots on these Brunswick Home Tables.

### 30 Days' Home Trial

You—*everyone*—can learn to play. And our free trial offer lets you sample the raptures of these grand old games at home. Then billiards will win the whole family as it is winning thousands everywhere.

### Playing Outfit FREE

Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Brush, Table Cover, Tips, Cue-Clamps, expert book on "How to Play," etc., included complete without extra cost.

Full details, easy terms, low factory prices, and indorsements of parents and educators now given in our handsome book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." Sent FREE post-paid. Mail the coupon while the edition lasts.

## This Brings Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Dept. 14M, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send me, free, your book in colors—

**"Billiards—The Home Magnet"**

and details of 30-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

(424)



## A Boy of Eight Has Eight Hundred

Poster Stamps in his collection—and every one of them is different from every other one. When he began to collect them an older boy friend said: “Oh, you won’t get any fun out of that. You can’t get enough different ones to make it interesting.” But no sooner had the younger boy secured fifty stamps than the other boy began to collect, and now there is a race on between them. But the younger is ahead because he began first and had more stamps for “trading.” Trading one kind of stamps for another, with friends, is not the least interesting part of collecting.

You can imagine what a lot of joy they both get out of showing their collections to friends, and what good fun it is to pursue and capture a new kind of stamp.

Why don’t you start a collection? It is a lot of fun. You have to use as much ingenuity (meaning “brightness”) in finding new ways and places of getting new stamps as any wily woodsman or Indian ever used in trailing wild animals through a forest.

The way to begin collecting stamps is to sit down now and write to ST. NICHOLAS, or send the little coupon down in the corner with 10c. in U. S. postage stamps. Then we will send you the 32-page ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album and the ST. NICHOLAS Stamp.

Please be sure to send a 2c. postage stamp whenever you write to an advertiser for poster stamps. They are quite expensive of themselves and when one has to send out hundreds of sets the postage costs a good deal. So always send the advertiser a 2c. stamp.

ST. NICHOLAS  
ADVERTISING STAMP ALBUM



ST. NICHOLAS  
353 Fourth Ave., New York

Dear ST. NICHOLAS: Enclosed  
find 10c. in stamps. Please send me  
the ST. NICHOLAS STAMP and the 32-page  
ST. NICHOLAS Advertising Stamp Album.

NAME

ADDRESS



## Dear ST. NICHOLAS Boys and Girls:

Here it is April and out of doors you go. Only some days it rains. Well—here on this page we show you things for fair and rainy weather, for indoors and outdoors.

Last month we showed you some others.

We told you all you had to do to get them for your very own was to collect "United Profit-Sharing Coupons."

Turn back and read page 33, in March ST. NICHOLAS, if you didn't happen to see it. But anyway, all you have to do to get these things is to save these coupons regularly.

So that must be your watchword from now on! Say it over and over, because that is the way to learn things. "Save United Coupons!" "Save United Profit-Sharing Coupons!" "Save United Coupons!" "Save United Profit-Sharing Coupons!"

We told you last month that they are given with different kinds of goods. Remember we said: "Ask Father! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!" So let that be your watchword, too.

Here is your whole watchword: "Save United Profit-Sharing Coupons! Ask Mother! Ask Cook!" Tell Father to give you his United Cigar Stores Coupons. They count the same as United Profit-Sharing Coupons.

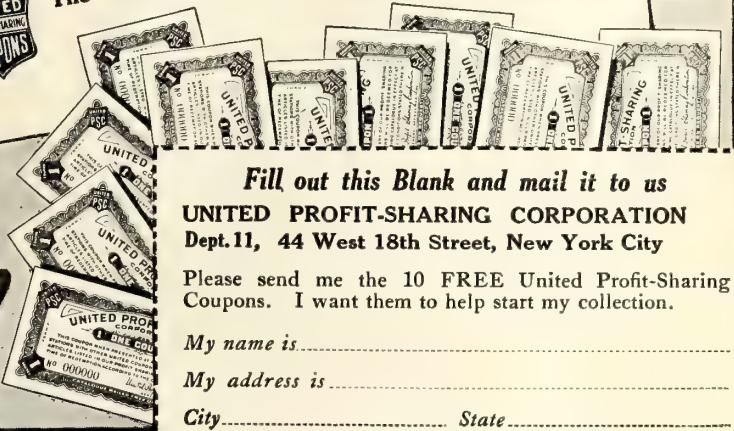
Have you learned it for sure?

Copy it from ST. NICHOLAS and pin it to the wall in your own room so you surely won't forget!

To help you start saving these coupons, we will send you 10 Coupons FREE. All you have to do is to cut out and send us the little "blank" below bearing your name and address. Please write plainly.

Sincerely yours,

**The UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION**



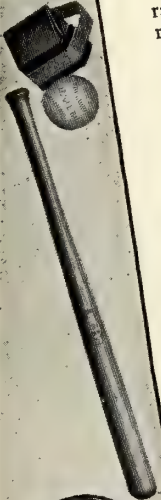
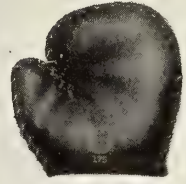
**Fill out this Blank and mail it to us**  
**UNITED PROFIT-SHARING CORPORATION**  
**Dept. 11, 44 West 18th Street, New York City**

Please send me the 10 FREE United Profit-Sharing Coupons. I want them to help start my collection.

My name is .....

My address is .....

City..... State.....





## Give the Children Guaranteed Candies

Almost every little boy and girl  
"just loves candy." Let them  
satisfy their natural "sweet-  
tooth" by giving them

### Necco Wafers

Glazed Paper Wrapper

### Hub Wafers

Transparent Paper Wrapper

You never need worry about the  
quality, for they're guaranteed pure,  
fresh and wholesome. Necco and  
Hub Wafers are made in a delicious  
assortment of nine tasty flavors.

*Five cents everywhere in  
the protective wrapper.*

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY  
COMPANY, Boston, Mass.





## "Our Boys Drink Welch's"

There's health in Welch's—the health that Nature creates from the dews of spring, the sunshine of summer and the crisp air of autumn—the health that Nature surrounds with the purple skin of the Concord grape.

# Welch's

*"The National Drink"*

A small glass of Welch's at breakfast makes a most appetizing fruit course—a most acceptable beginning for a good day.



The exact, sanitary Welch method secures and retains unchanged all the goodness Nature puts into the choicest selected Concord. It is not manufactured. It is unadulterated and unsweetened and absolutely pure.

For family use it is a good plan to buy Welch's by the case.

*Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—  
say **WELCH'S**—and GET IT!*

If unable to obtain Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample individual bottle, by mail, ten cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, New York





***It's So Easy to Keep  
"Catchy" Finger Tips Soft and Smooth,—***

a little Hinds Cream used every day makes all the difference. It may be applied at any time, for it is not sticky or greasy and will not injure the most delicate fabric.

***Hinds* HONEY AND ALMOND *Cream***

quickly restores rough, sore, irritated skin to normal condition—prevents chapping and windburn in any climate; maintains the beautiful, clear, girlish complexion that defies weather conditions.

Hinds Cream is guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price.

Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c.

Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

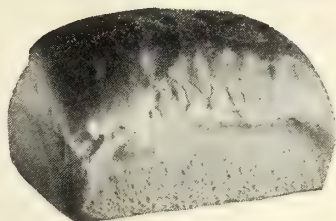
Samples of Cream will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

**A. S. HINDS 242 West Street Portland, Maine**

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No Soap samples.

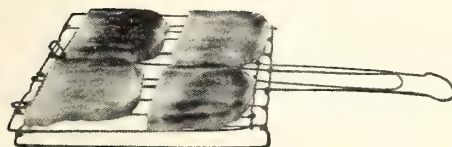


## Single Cooking

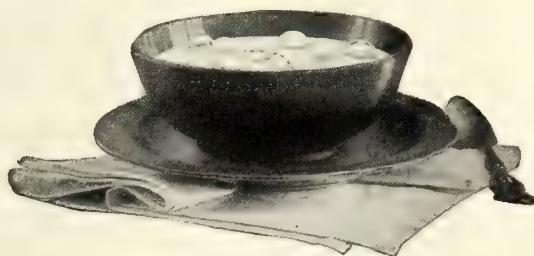


Sometimes wheat is simply baked, and in a moderate oven. That breaks up some part of the food granules. But those granules, of course, are mainly starch in any white flour product. Much of the wheat is omitted.

## Double Cooking



When ease of digestion is wanted the baked bread is toasted. That breaks up more of the granules. That's why toast is suggested for breakfast. And why doctors prescribe it for maximum nourishment with minimum tax on the stomach.



## Triple Cooking

Puffed Wheat is baked in super-heated ovens—at 550 degrees. It is toasted by rolling for one hour in that fearful heat. So it's baked and toasted in a matchless way.

Then it is steam exploded. A hundred million explosions—one for each granule—are caused in every grain. Thus every whole-wheat atom is fitted for digestion as it never was before.

That's what Prof. Anderson's invention means in a hygienic way. And that's why millions of mothers serve Wheat and Rice in puffed form to their children. You will do it also when you know the facts, especially between meals and at bedtime.

**Puffed Wheat, 12c**  
**Puffed Rice, 15c**

*Except in Extreme West*

**CORN**  
**PUFFS**  
*15¢*

## Thin, Airy, Flimsy Bubbles

These are enticing morsels. They seem to melt like snowflakes. The grains are eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread. The taste is like toasted nuts.

They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections. Use them like nut meats in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

(814)



# MORE ADVENTURES OF IVORY SHIP LAND AND SEA

## Chapter 4. NEWS OF ROBBERS!



I know where some  
Robbers live!

let's clean this corner up; at least, 'twill do no harm to try."

"Aye, aye," said Bob and Betty, too.

"Bow, meow," said Yow and Snip, as Gniff climbed to his steering wheel, prepared to make the trip. But all at



They sneak forth  
every night.

**A** DRAGON drinking tea was quite the strangest of all things, but what was stranger still was that this dragon sprouted wings! Our little heroes saw them sprout like leaves upon a tree; what's more, they grew exactly where nice useful wings should be.

"Oh, oh!" said Betty.

"Ah!" said Bob.

"He, ho!" said Dragon beast, "don't be surprised, these wings do not surprise me in the least. Your IVORY SOAP has tidied up my naughty nature so that pretty wings just had to sprout for in they could not grow. Since we've had tea, it seems to me we could not go far wrong if we should start out right away and pass this good along.

"Now I know where some robbers live full seven hills away in dark and loathsome caverns that ne'er see the light of day. These robbers sneak forth every night on missions foul and dire a-seeking everything that's clean, to muss it up with mire. Now if, perchance, your IVORY SOAP such vileness can defy,

once a piercing wail from all the children rose; to be left out of such good work they did not now propose. Old Dragon's heart was ready with a very cozy plan.

"Climb on my back," that Dragon said, "as quickly as you can."

The sobbing ceased, they dried their eyes, and scrambled up each side, from head to tail of Dragon beast the children sat astride. He opened up his brand new wings and shook them in the breeze, then with a wriggle and a dip he flew with grace and ease.

Meanwhile our heroes started up their IVORY aeroplane, and soon were sailing skyward on the shining Dragon's train.



He flew with grace and ease.

*The way that Dragon's pinions as well as virtue grew,  
Must be a proof of all the good your IVORY SOAP can do.*

THIS PAGE IS  
REPRODUCED BY  
SPECIAL PERMIS-  
SION OF "JOHN  
MARTIN'S BOOK"  
(A MAGAZINE FOR  
LITTLE CHILDREN)

# IVORY SOAP



# IT FLOATS

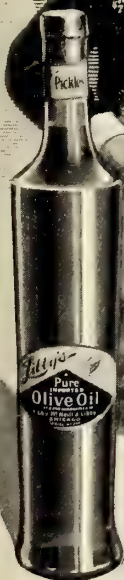
# Libby's Olives

The choice of the hostess for her luncheon and dinner party. Hand-picked fruit from the world's most famous olive orchards at Seville, Spain

## —and Olive Oil

The limpid, golden juice of the finest Spanish olives, refined and clarified by modern methods. Its rich, delicate flavor makes every salad a success.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago





“FOR VALOR”



Victoria Cross  
of England



Legion of Honor  
of France



Iron Cross  
of Germany

Deeds of Valor come from men  
of sturdy strength and  
active brain

**Grape-Nuts**

FOOD

builds stout bodies and keen minds

“There’s a Reason”

MADE IN THE U. S. A.





















